

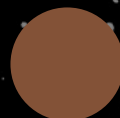
the **GOLDEBRIARS**



The GoldeBriars' Story **"Whatever Happened to Jezebel?"** *The GoldeBriars' Epic Years*



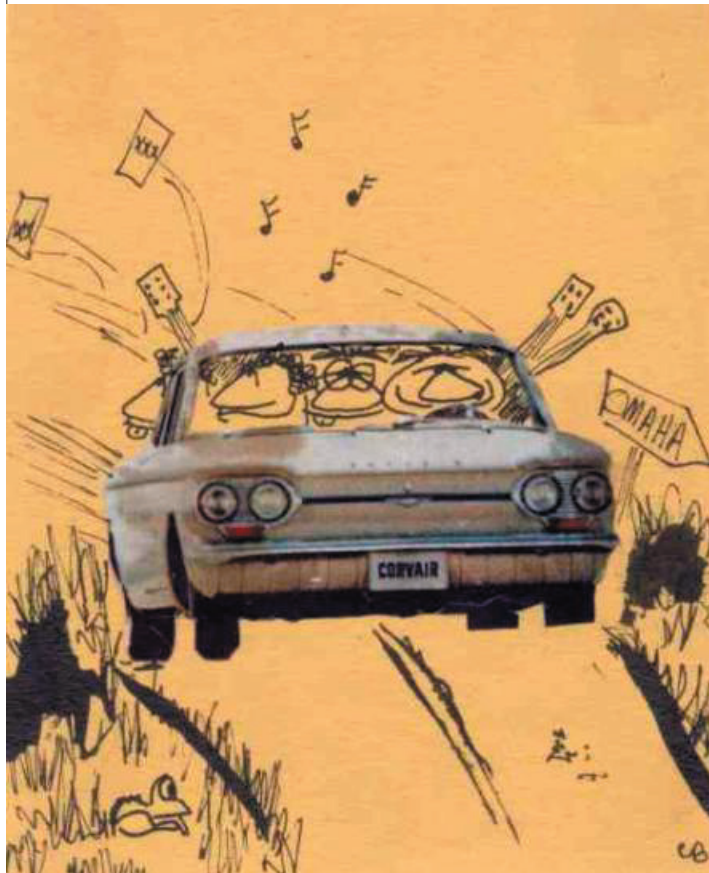
Written by
Dotti J. Holmberg-Waddell
(ex-GoldeBriar)



CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story “Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”

The GoldeBriars' Epic Years



Cartooning above by Curt Boettcher with his “Mungs” characters

Written by
Dotti J. Holmberg-Waddell
(ex-GoldeBriar)

**On the Brink of Success...
Starving, Laughing, Crying**

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ABC Hootenanny Show
January 1964
Knoxville Tennessee – Episode 31 Filming
Right to Use 1964 Vintage Movie Clip—
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ABC, American Broadcasting Company, American Broadcasting, Inc., American Broadcasting Television Network, ABC Hootenanny Television Series, Episode #31, 1964, Hootennanny #31, 1964.

ABC Hootenanny January 1964 film clip on this CD

This vintage black and white film was obtained in the early 1990s from Dawn Eden (biographer of Curt Boettcher); she graciously provided Sheri & Dotti a copy of The GoldeBriars' performance in video format, which Dotti had transferred to CD for this book. The quality of the film isn't of perfection because of the technology in the 1960s.

"Saro Jane" performed by The GoldeBriars for this show is a "traditional song" and can be traced back to the 19th century as an old sea chantey. ("Traditional" means that the original versions of these songs have long since outlived their period of copyright, if indeed they ever were copyrighted. Most of them go back far in time for convincing traces of initial authorship. Their domain is truly public.)

To play the film clip, open your Windows Explorer, navigate to your CD Drive & "Right Click" on file "Saro Jane .mpg" and then select "Play with Media Player". (You may wish to wait to view this film clip until The GoldeBriar story gets to the "Hootenanny Show" part, or if you can't wait, play it now and then again when you get to that part of the story.) If you don't use Windows Media Player, follow the instructions to the player you use to play the movie clip.

CD-Rom Graphic Designing Created by Atsuo Kondo, Tokyo, Japan
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the GOLDEBRIARS

An innovative folk-pop-rock group of the 1960s



Promo Picture for 1st GoldeBriar Album
(From Left: Ron Neilson, Dotti Holmberg, Curt Boettcher & Sheri Holmberg)

“DEDICATION”

WE

who

SEEK

to FIND

to GIVE

The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

TABLE OF CONTENTS

iii	COPYRIGHTS-REGISTRATION
v	DEDICATION
1	INTRODUCTION
1	PREFIX
4	HISTORY OF GOLDEBRIARS
6	FOLK PRELUDE
7	FOLK FAVORITES
	CHAPTERS
11	I “ONCE UPON A TIME”
21	II “DAYS OF RICE AND ROSES”
30	III “OUR BRAVE NEW WORLD”
34	IV “MUSICAL CHAIRS”
59	V “STRAIGHT AHEAD!”
67	VI “SIX-RING CIRCUS”
83	VII “ROUGH ROADS AHEAD”
93	VIII “FAME OR FAMINE”
105	IX “THE FINALE”
	GROUP CORNER
108	More Pictures
111	Golden Recipe
112	Excerpts From Letters
115	Novelty Productions, Etc
122	Poetry
126	Curt’s Cartooning
	Exclusive Mungs Cartoon Strip
	Caricature of Six-Member Group
128	Artwork by Sheri
	AFTERTHOUGHT
131	Music Trivia
132	Flash Forward a Year after Group broke up
133	Summary
134	Extensions of Time...Where We were in 1969
136	Afterthought
137	Update of Group Members & Friends as of 2002-2004
141	Whatever happened to Jezebel?
	FOOTNOTES
143	1–1966 “Hopscotch” by Dotti Holmberg recording premieres here
146	2–GoldeBriars’ Song Lyrics (to 18 songs)
166	3–All About “Sometimes Happy Times” by Dotti Holmberg (Includes liner notes and song lyrics)

INTRODUCTION

A diary, a travelogue of a short period of Dotti Jean Holmberg's life (February 1963 to June 1965), capturing a newness of life, unbelievable happenings encountered with one "Once Upon A Time" musical group called "The GoldeBriars".

Dotti also pooled many of the original GoldeBriar scrapbook pictures and drawings (which she inherited from her sister, Sheri) into this travelogue to make it more interesting and a more complete GoldeBriar story.

PREFIX

(Reflecting 1-1/2 years after completing my GoldeBriar diary...)

We were little feet strengthening to boldly stalk our earth in search of our truth...to find our "hidden souls" which were buried somehow by past environments and confused minds.

We were to take in the green grass, the blue sky, the yellow flowers...the born simplicity we were all searching within.

Our mystic minds sensed their purposes and were driven to goals to exclaim a hurt, a joy, and/or sentiment of what we were, what we would find, and what we truly wished for.

We raked over the hot coals--only to get our feet hot enough to keep us at a steady pace for we had faith in ourselves and each other to search together.

Show biz is not one big bed of roses; the roses must be constantly fed to survive and to multiply. We show people must continually feed our minds with experiences of others and ourselves in order to grow with and sense our emotions to communicate our message to others.

(So, when we get on our towers and yell—listen to what we little people cry and will cry forever!)

"Ring around our circles with people of many kinds". We people of arts are like a circus with the world as our stage. If someone will roll out a carpet for us, we will tell our story.

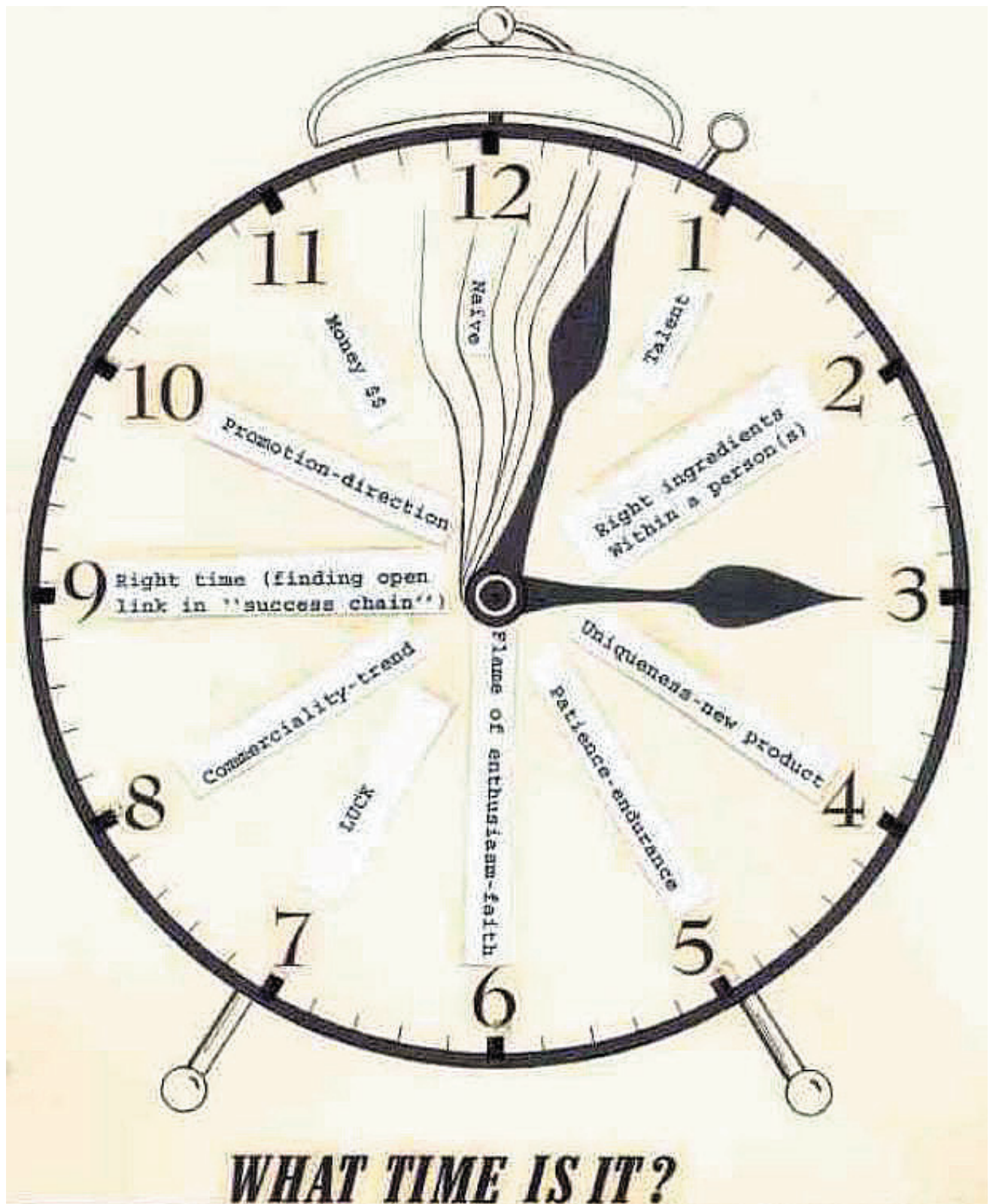
"The GoldeBriars", only one small group that existed, will let you grow with their world and let you almost live their hysteria and trauma and then will let you feel the fall as their world stopped...but now continues as different worlds within our world.

“Live
and
learn...
Is the way
you concern
Yourself
With
Yourself...
for others.”

“We were young and naive people who skipped into the show business scene only to trip many times—and to now walk slowly and cautiously.

My “GoldeBriar” diary is at your disposal.

(And so today we separately continue to drive ourselves in search of our truth...Will you listen?)



“Was there ever, will there ever be a Magic Formula for Success in the many fields of talent? Can we pretend to Know? Can we be so naïve to put together with the chemistry of our minds a formula to obtain success?”
IN THE CRAZY PATTERN OF TIME, CAN WE FIND THE RHYME?

HISTORY OF GOLDEBRIARS

Formed: February 1963.

Original Members:

Curt Boettcher—(vocalist, arranger of songs, and rhythm guitarist)

Ron Neilson, lead guitarist, banjo player & instrumental arranger

My sister, **Sheri Holmberg**—vocalist & tambourine player
(shortened name from Sharon to Sheri for group)

Myself—**Dotti Holmberg**—vocalist
(shortened name from Dottie to Dotti for group)

1963 I graduated from high school and we all moved into Minneapolis (MN) in June 1963. We all got office jobs, except Ron who was working for his father, and rehearsed as much as possible after office hours and on weekends.

Went to New York to record our first album under Columbia Contracts with Epic Label in November 1963.

1964 First album released (of original 4 members) February 1964 titled “The GoldeBriars”. Columbia-Epic Album release numbers: LN24087 (Monaural) & BN26087 (Stereo)

Second album released (of original 4 members): August 1964 titled “Straight Ahead! The GoldeBriars” (Columbia-Epic Album release numbers LN24114 (Monaural) & BN26114 (Stereo)

Ron Neilson left group in August 1964 unsure of his life’s ambitions. Murray Planta from Minneapolis, Minnesota replaced Ron. Murray was a friend of Ron’s. At this point we decided to amplify our group sound and also added Tom Dorholt as bass guitarist and Ron Edgar as drummer also from the Twin Cities.

Sheri left group for 3-1/2 months (in between recording the 2nd and 3rd GoldeBriar albums) due to exhaustion and a nervous breakdown. She was replaced by Cathi Weaver a singer who performed as a duet with Curt in a group called “The Chalice”. Cathi was from Wisconsin. Cathi didn’t take kindly to the circus gypsy road life we led and due to her engagement to be married left the group and Sheri, refreshed and perky, rejoined the group.

Recorded 3rd album at Columbia in New York in November 1964 with six-member group. A single from this album “June Bride Baby” backed with “I’m Gonna Marry You” was released from this album. Epic Record Number is: 5-9806. The group broke up before this album could be released. Columbia asked us to sign a release that they could form another group called the GoldeBriars and then they would release the third album but we declined their offer (much to my regrets now as we don’t have a copy of the rest of the recorded songs on this album, and this was by far our most innovative album of the three.)

1965 Ron Edgar – drummer (left group in May 1965 to join “The Music Machine”) – Replaced by: Bill Taylor

GoldeBriar Group disbanded: June 1965.

Chronological Order of GoldeBriar Recordings

ALBUMS

“GoldeBriars” Epic BN 26087 1964 (Monaural & Stereo versions)
“Straight Ahead” Epic BN 26114 1964 (Monaural & Stereo versions)

45’s

“Pretty Girls and Rolling Stones”/“Shenandoah” Epic 9673 1964
“Castle on the Corner”/“I’m Got to Love Somebody” Epic 9719 1964
“Sea of Tears”/“I’ve Got to Love Somebody”
*Columbia DB 7384 1964 *Released Only in the United Kingdom
“I’m Gonna Marry You”/“June Bride Baby” Epic 9806 1965

FOLK PRELUDE (written end of 1969)

Because of the “hard core” feeling of our world today, we look back, reach back for the beginning of the folk days...Here we found the mellow, easy-going musician-singer-performer giving out the fresh message of stories portraying the common folk...and the listeners could sometimes capture themselves in their own identity of these “folk tales”...

Since then, the days have become further away from those days; harder and longer to live with; having lived among the flower children of Los Angeles and the drug and sexual revolution and watching the civil unrest of the Los Angeles Watt’s Riots (frightfully watching many fires burning from the top of my Hollywood, California apartment building).

The world is living in a tighter bag than ever before...Our expressions, maybe once freer, can be felt now as “explosive emotions”.....

Where to go to release our minds?...So full of “What to do today?”.....

And so today, we hold onto the simplicity of what the folk days meant to us; the simplicity of what the common folk was...

And we reach back to more ‘clearly put our fingers on’, to sit back and relax with...THE FOLK DAYS.

(CAN WE ENTERTAIN YOU?)

“FOLK FAVORITES” (REMEMBER?)



THE KINGSTON TRIO

JOHN STEWART

NICK REYNOLDS

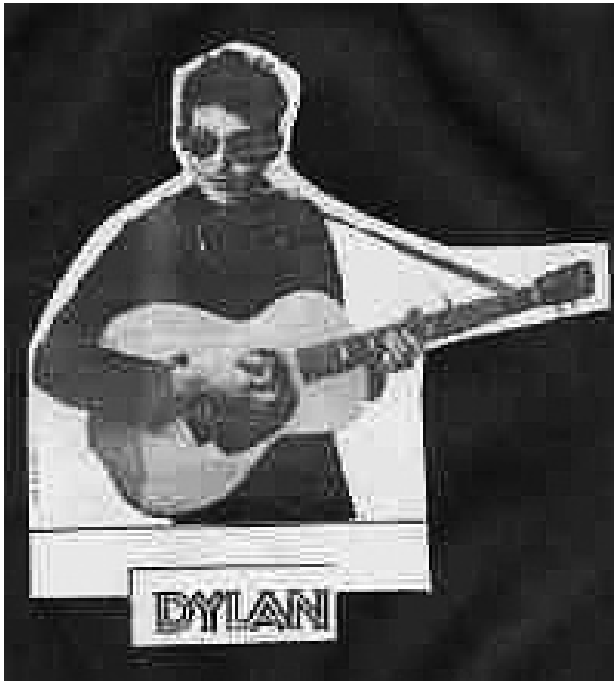
BOB SHANE

1. **THE KINGSTON TRIO**—A big part of the premiere of the folk fad—with “Hang Down Your Head Tom Dooley” and “The MTA” ..trailing close behind.



Peter Paul and Mary

2. **PETER, PAUL, & MARY**—At the peak of the folk guitar (“acoustical sound”), their simplicity captured the adult and the child with a “clean sound”, portraying their deep feeling.



3. **BOB DYLAN**—Muddy looking country boy who took the country by storm; rhyming, personifying with reason, the message of his songs—whether lengthy verse or not—he said a lot.



4. **JOAN BAEZ**—High mellow songbird that captivated the hearts of many—and with her high morals, she holds onto many hearts.



5. **LIMELITERS**—The family-type get together with a “nice sound”—and voices that stood out, even up to today—of Glenn Yarborough.



6. **JEANIE RITCHE**—With the dulcimer (a wire-stringed instrument of trapezoidal shape played with light (hammers), she plays in the mountain air, ringing her songs out in an ethnic style that echo a part of...THE FOLK DAYS.

(Pictures of each artist acquired from Billboard Publications, New York)

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The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

CHAPTER

I

“ONCE UPON A TIME”

CHAPTER I: "ONCE UPON A TIME"

In the beginning, there were only four members plus a mascot—Let me explain—

Once upon a time on a dark cold night in January 1963, two country sisters, Dottie (aka Dotti) and Sharon (aka Sheri) Holmberg, met a navy brat, Curt Boettcher, in a small Minneapolis Coffee House named "Le Zoo". Curt was performing there as a single act.



CURT as soloist

Sheri and I had stopped at Le Zoo to convince our brother, Gary, who was there visiting that it was time to go home. At that time, Sheri lived in St. Paul & I lived in Hugo, Minnesota. On that day, Sheri, Gary and I, along with Ron Neilson, had auditioned for a small local TV show with our folk group called The Key Notes. (The Key Notes were only a few months old but had already gained recognition with winning a couple of local contests; one at the St. Paul Auditorium where we won \$50 as 1st place prize, and for back then this was a lot of money.)



The Key Notes (from left: Gary, Sheri, Dotti & Ron)

Upon seeing Gary, we knew he would be occupied for a while, so we sat down and listened to this “little fellow” sing.

It was a dead night (the audience consisting of only a couple of people) but Curt was determined to have a sing-along. Sheri and I were quite amazed at all the power he had in his voice. We began to sing along in harmony.

Before we knew what was happening, one of the managers of the coffee shop, Paul Hewitt, told my sister and I to get on stage and sing along with Curt. We thought he was joking, so we just sat there and laughed. We knew, however, that he was serious when he took off our coats and planted us on stage alongside Curt.

In a state of confusion, we all introduced ourselves. We found out that this “youngster” was actually a college man who was in his freshman year at the University of Minnesota.

(Sheri & I had performed together for many years at charitable functions, such as hospitals and nursing homes and during this time, besides singing with The Key Notes, we were performing as a duet at a night club singing old favorites; such as “Mississippi Mud”, “Feudin’, Fussin’ & A’Fightin’”, and “Third Man Theme”. We had been performing a cappella with jazz harmonies in the night club for a while. We called ourselves “The Holmberg Hi-Lite Sisters From Hugo, Minnesota”.)

We sang several songs on stage, making up our harmony as we went along. We were all quite excited to hear that we had a “wild” blend. When we finished singing, we all hinted around about getting together sometime “for the fun of it” so on the following Sunday, Sheri and I met Curt at the Delta Tau fraternity house, where he was then serving his pledgeship.

'Key Notes'

Sing For Fun

"Folk singing is taking the place of rock and roll, and we're helping it," a folk singing enthusiast explained Friday evening. The folk singer was Sharon Holmberg who sings with the "Key Notes", a folk singing quartet which made its second Centennial appearance at a High School dance Friday.

The "Key Notes" are local young people. Sharon, her sister, Dotty, and her brother, Gary hail from Hugo where their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Holmberg, live. Mr. Holmberg owns a radio shop in White Bear Lake. The fourth member of the quartet is Ron Nelson, a friend who lives in Minneapolis. Dotty is a senior at Centennial High. Sharon works for an insurance company, Gary is putting himself through the U., and Ron is a junior at West High.

Though the group has been singing together only since August their singing experience goes back farther than that. Dotty and Sharon have been singing old favorites for church groups and children's hospitals for several years. The group has already chalked up



RON NELSON AND DOTTY, SHARON, AND GARY HOLMBERG

some solid successes. It has entered three talent shows and placed first in all three. It has sung at the St. Paul Auditorium, Prom Center, LeZoo Coffee Shop in Minneapolis, the Walter Zudd convention in Minneapolis, at the West Junior High School one hundredth anniversary celebration, and at the State Fair.

Last week the "Key Notes" sang several folk songs over Radio Station KUOM, and they will be appearing on the Bill Carlson Show on WCCO TV this Saturday.

All performers have to adjust to the unexpected, and the "Key Notes" are no exception. There

was the time Ron forgot his banjo—they were in a contest, but they still won first place. "That's how important my banjo is," quips Ron.

"Folks songs are for listening—not to dance to," says Dotty. Many of them tell stories, and they have a lot of depth and feeling." The "Key Notes" work out their own arrangements. They hope to stay together for at least two years, since it takes that long to become a successful group. That they enjoy singing together was quite apparent to the Centennial students who heard them Friday night.

The Key Notes (from left: Ron, Dotti, Sheri & Gary), Circulating Pines, January 24, 1963

The first two songs we learned were "Pretty Mary" and "Puff the Magic Dragon." Curt gave Sheri and I our harmony parts by singing them to us as none of us could read sheet music. As Sheri was a natural harmonizer, she would often add many of her own creative ideas to the harmonies.

(Newspaper says: "Keeping Warm Inside the Chalet was the main order of business Saturday and Sunday when 400 University of Minnesota students participated in Swiss week end activities at Sugar Hills. It was 20 below outside, but in the chalet there were musicians, singers, a roaring fireplace and plenty of food.")



"Jamming" & performance at Swiss Chalet (Northern Minnesota)
Transition time from Key Notes & GoldeBriars to just GoldeBriars
(L-Gary, Sheri, Ron & Curt)

After getting together and trying our new sound out, we liked the results and decided to form an official group. (Gary already had another folk group, The Stowaways, he joined before The Key Notes and the members of his group made sure he realized they came first, so this left the door open for us to join up with Curt).

We tried to think up a group name for about three hours, and after trying such names as the "Shenandoah's" and "The Gold Nuggets", we decided to call ourselves "The GoldeBriars (to omit confusion, the "e" is silent) not only because it was unique in sound but because at the same time, it was a very different name for a folk music group. We sure found out how different it was in the future, when no one could spell it correctly or even remember it. They called us such "delightful" names as the "Gold Bugs," "Gold Brickers," "Gold Burgers," "The Green Briars," "Bold Briars," and The Gold Bladders."

When asked what our name meant, we would say that the "Gold" stood for something special and the "Briar" stood for something common, as did the common folk of the "folk days"--and when put together with an "e" in the middle, the name meant something special interwoven with something common; as was our music, for we started out singing folk songs, but couldn't be categorized as having a typical 'folk sound', but something "different".

We also decided if we kept on singing mainly Peter, Paul & Mary songs that Sheri and I would have to play the roles as "Peter & Paul" and Curt as "Mary". We were very fortunate while practicing with the group at the University of Minnesota that Peter, Paul & Mary just popped in one day unannounced on the campus grounds and did a free concert. We were all so impressed at their charisma as a group and their special folk sound!

Since we had a different kind of vocal sound we wanted to apply this sound to songs that weren't being sung in the popular media. We started with one of Curt's originals, "My Song" (Curt had written a handful of originals at that time.)

"My Song"

Written by Curt Boettcher

(Girls sang ooh while Curt sang lead)

If I were a king, I'd sing a song of power
And if I were a butterfly I'd sing a song of joy—
Sittin' on a flower

(We all sang in harmony)

And if I were a swallow, I'd sing a song of love
And if I were an angel, I'd sing in God's heaven above

(Song changed to minor key Girls sang ooh while Curt sang lead)

But if I were a liar, gambler or a thief
My song would be of trouble, sorrow and grief

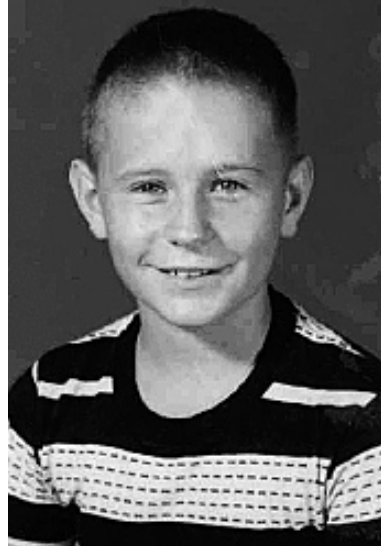
(We all sang in harmony)

But I am so lonely, so sad, and shy
That my heart stopped singing
And my song passed me by

Song went out with "ooh"s and "ahs"

We practiced every weekend, wherever we could make a lot of noise. At first our accompaniment consisted of Curt, who played a folk Martin guitar, and Sheri who sometimes played the tambourine. After The GoldeBriars had been together two weeks, Sheri and I brought the banjo and guitar player, Ron Neilson from the Key Notes (who had now dissolved) along to listen. Ron started fooling around with his guitar in the background adding so much to the sound that in a few minutes, we added a fourth member into The GoldeBriars, making the group complete.

KIDDIE PICTURES



CURT



RON



DOTTI



SHERI

Note: Our frocks were made by our grandmother out of feed/flour sacks...
...aren't they cute?



I found the following old pic of Baby Cousin Donna, Gary, Dotti & Sheri

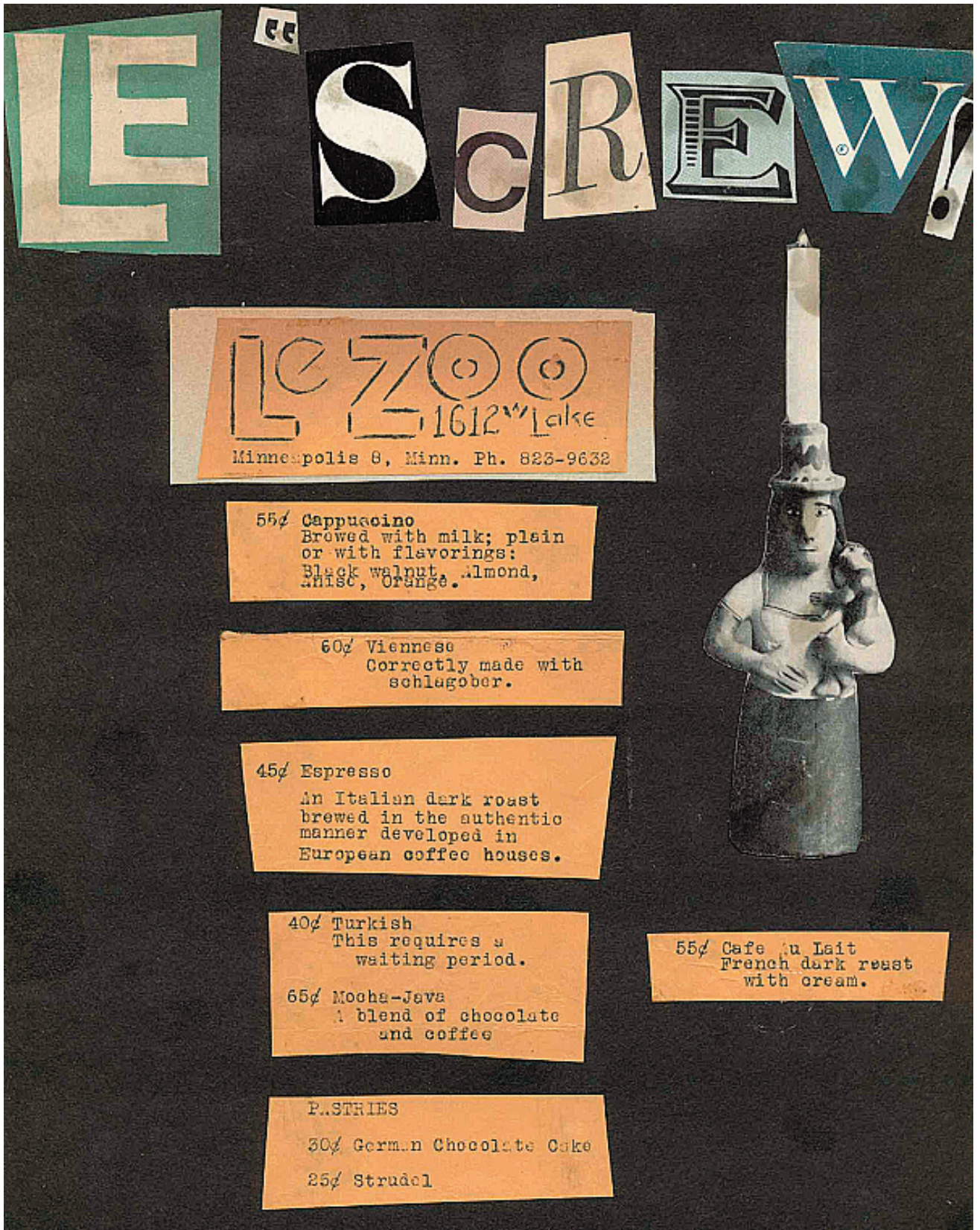
We were a very young group: Curt being eighteen, Sheri was nineteen, Ron was sixteen and I was seventeen. Our group's debut was to be in the Le Zoo Coffee House...

“The Le Screw Story” (Quoted from GoldeBriar Group Scrapbook)

“The owners were more than eager to put this group, “formed by them” on stage. Thus, after four short weeks of GoldeBriar existence, we were thrust upon their stage for a “sneak preview,” with publicity furnished by WCCO-TV on “The Bill Carlson Show” (the only publicity that the group received from Le Zoo’s management). The “Le Zoo Story” lasted fourteen weeks, with an algebraic pay scale. As the customer fees doubled—the pay halved. With promises of stardom under Le Zoo management, and with no other place to go, we were forced to remain as “captive entertainers.”

Under the promise of lucrative summer bookings, Curt prepared to terminate his education at the University of Minnesota, Sheri quit her job at a St. Paul insurance firm, (Dotti & Ron were still in high school) and the group, ready to sign management contracts with “Hedahl Enterprises,” (The special corporation designed for the promotion and management of the GoldeBriars, formed by the owners of Le Zoo) prepared to spend the summer “on the road,” minus a car, repertoire, staging material, and lastly but not least of all, money (Le Zoo’s debt totaled \$500), but buoyed with the glittering promises of instant success, stardom, record contracts, movie contracts, etc., etc. etc.

Needless to say, as the summer approached, the promises remained as unfulfilled promises, and were overshadowed by the reality of four disillusioned folk singers stranded with no visible (audible) means of support. But we still had our hopes.”



At the end of the engagement, we found ourselves sitting on top of our first “blind” experience. How else can a young naive performing group learn? We trusted the owner of the club when he kept on delaying our weekly salary, until we were permanently out of \$500.00. We were beginning to realize believing in people too much can disappoint you...people continued to disappoint us in the future and we continued to learn about the rough show biz world, which doesn't contain all roses, as some may think.

"FIRSTS"



1st pictures taken



1st club played



1st album cover



FIRSTS"

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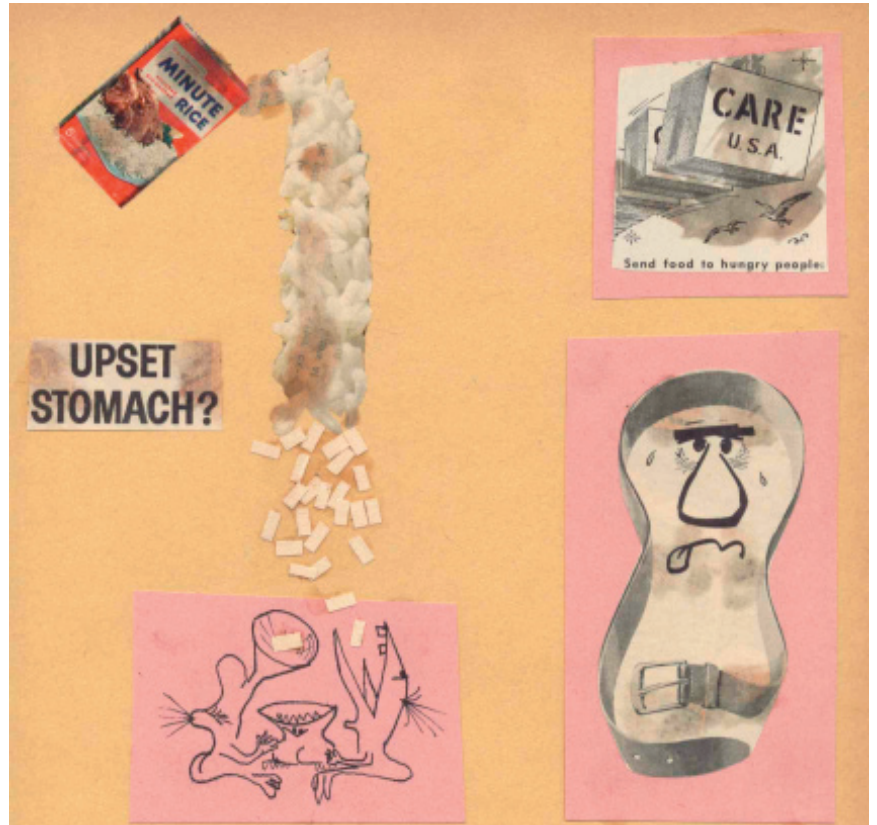
CHAPTER

2

“DAYS OF RICE AND ROSES”

CHAPTER II: "DAYS OF RICE AND ROSES"

After my high school graduation (June 1963), we all proceeded to get summer jobs and continued to build our "GoldeBriar" sound. We found most jobs were already swamped with applications, so we started our "first era of being broke." We moved into apartments on borrowed money and bought a 25 lb. bag of rice and had many "rice celebrations," which consisted of about twenty different rice dishes, which we ate for about three months.



Rice Procedure—

1. 4 cups of water
2. Pinch of salt
3. 1 cup rice
4. Cook #'s 1, 2 and 3 on medium. Heat until rice is done.

Oh, with all the rice, we had a variety once in a while, with raw fish-head and sea weed soup (more commonly called "Dashi No Moto in Japanese), government surplus meat and cheese.

I guess this gave us an appreciation for mother's cooking. Really, the meals were good, but after a while my taste buds were kind of numbed; dinner was like talking the same vitamin each day. Curt was the supervised chef with a good background in Japanese foods, having lived in Japan with his family as his father was stationed there serving in the Navy.

After a month of searching, we were all secure with jobs—contrasting jobs: Sheri got a job in a seed company, Curt in a tractor factory, and myself in a flour company. We felt like starting our own agriculture department. Ron was working for his Dad.

By now we had added a fifth member, a fertility goddess named Jezebel. I must tell you about this unusual wooden idol. Jezebel's history probably started when some "over-sexed" native in the Marshall Islands decided to carve her out of a palm stump. Ron's father brought her back after serving in the Pacific Theater during World War II. Jezebel's role, as official mascot and good-luck charm of the GoldeBriar's started during the group's "last days" at The Le Zoo when Ron and Curt decided to put her on stage to embarrass us girls, and as expected, we were embarrassed, but also unexpectedly took a liking to the "old girl", who outnumbered us all in age.

As a group, we noticed that Jezebel seemed to give us a "sort of matronly support," and so she was dubbed as an official GoldeBriar with duties of bringing good luck, and of being chief mascot for the group...As time went on, Jezebel drew many curious stares and comments, ranging from "mild amusement" to "outright indignation."

With the little salary our jobs brought us, we put it all in a "group pot" and pooled out for our rent, food, debts, and for our first group car, being a 1951 Dodge. This car was sort of ugly, gray, and looked like an army tank. We christened our Dodge, "THE". Its name was born when we were going to paint "The GoldeBriars" in big black letters on the side of our car. Well, after we painted "THE" on the car, we decided that painting a group's name was too trite. People would ask "The what?" and we would reply "The Car"...So remained "THE," which caused a lot of discussion and wonderment when we drove through town.



As summer went on, we started looking for a manager whom we needed to help give us exposure to establish ourselves in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Through Judy Helgeland and Mark Hollenquist, John Haeny met “The GoldeBriars,”. Judy was a waitress at the Le Zoo and told Mark Hollenquist, one of “The Flinthill Singers” (a local folk group), who relayed the information to his manager, John Haeny. With the reports of a “new” and “different” folk group, John’s “talent seeking curiosity” placed him, a few nights later, at one of “Le Zoo’s” tiny tables in time to catch The GoldeBriars’ last show of the night.

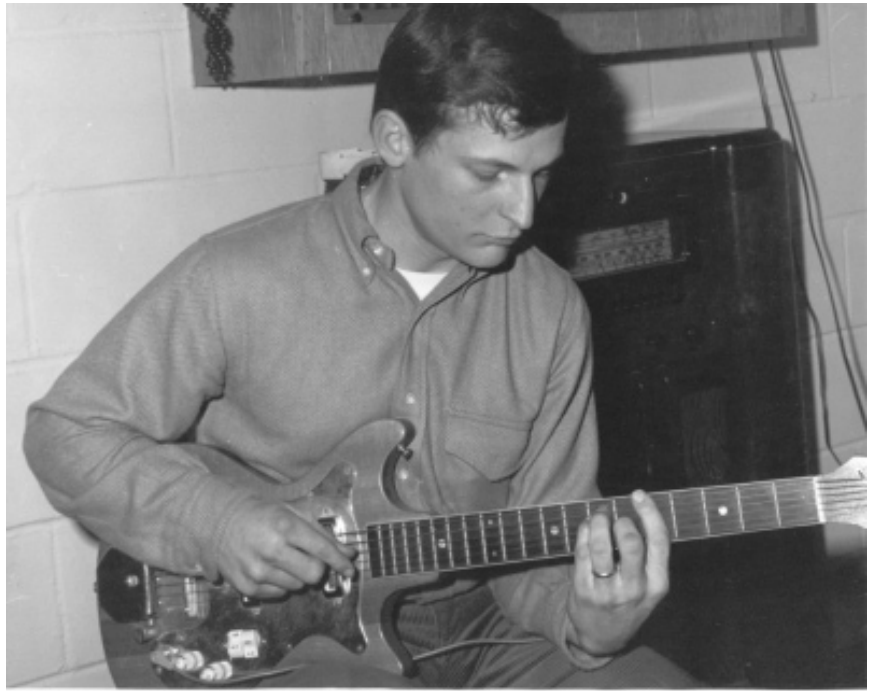
After the set, John told us that he was interested in recording our group with hopes of selling the finished product. These efforts were almost squelched by the owners of Le Zoo who rudely and falsely told John that we already had a recording contract with a major record company. However, we overruled their desires and informed John that we would be glad to have him record us. The owners of Le Zoo, sensing that their monopoly of our commodity was in danger, started quickly drawing up contracts which were to be complete with full power of attorney (ha-ha-ha). As we became more involved with John, we realized that he could help us out of our rut with Le Zoo, so when he offered us a management contract, we were happy to oblige. His management company was called “Contemporary Talent.” Since that time Le Zoo and company became quite defunct, and The GoldeBriars, under the management of “Mama John” (as he took us under his wing) began to prosper. We finally signed our management contract with John Haeny in July 1963.

Our first summer together was spent in the Twin Cities playing charities, benefits, and small gigs. John helped The GoldeBriars get jobs by having the group audition for the Al Sheehan Booking Agency. Our first job through this agency was gratis for the “Minneapolis Aquatennial,” a chaotic festival, influenced by various Minneapolis “big wigs” and “psuedo-socialites.” We spent two “hell bent” weeks playing the Minneapolis major hotels and country clubs for a various assortment of drunks and undesirables.

Contemporary Talent continued supplying us with such jobs as the “Midwest Hootenanny Festival,” “The University of Minnesota Welcome Week,” a lawyers’ convention, a hootenanny at White Bear Lake, Minnesota, a hootenanny at Midway Shopping Center in St. Paul (where we had KDWB’s Hal Murray as our “Masters of Ceremony”), A Dayton’s Fashion Show (with the models of “Seventeen Magazine”), “The WDGY Hootenanny,” at the Midway Stadium, and a hootenanny sponsored by WDGY, in South St. Paul. These jobs carried us into the month of November 1963.

Curt was obviously the leader of the GoldeBriars and made certain decisions without Sheri’s and my approval: For a very brief time, Curt said he wanted to add a fourth voice (perhaps baritone voice) to the GoldeBriar sound. Sheri’s and my brother, Gary, tried out (The Stowaways had disbanded by this time) but Curt showed no interest in adding his million dollar voice which blended great with Sheri’s & my voice and would have been a perfect addition to the group sound.

(FLASH FORWARD—Gary did record a 45 single with Twentieth Century Fox Records in the late 1960s with Ray Molina. They went by Gary and Ray and the songs on their single were: “Why” and “Meaning of My Mind.” This is the only professional recording Gary ever did—even with his million dollar voice.)



Brother Gary

Instead Curt added Tom Peterson as a 4th voice/5th member to the group. I couldn't understand why he added Tom as he didn't have "true" pitch and even had a hard time staying on tune. He was cute, blond and blue-eyed and very nice but that wasn't a good enough reason to add him. Tom was later released from our group when the group's pace really picked up and it was obvious he didn't fit in vocally. (Tom is in 2 of the pictures on the next page.)

By this time, Curt, Sheri and I lived at the Hennepin Arms Apartments. We girls shared rent with Judy (the ex-waitress from Le Zoo) and Curt shared his apartment with Edward Lake and Tom Peterson.

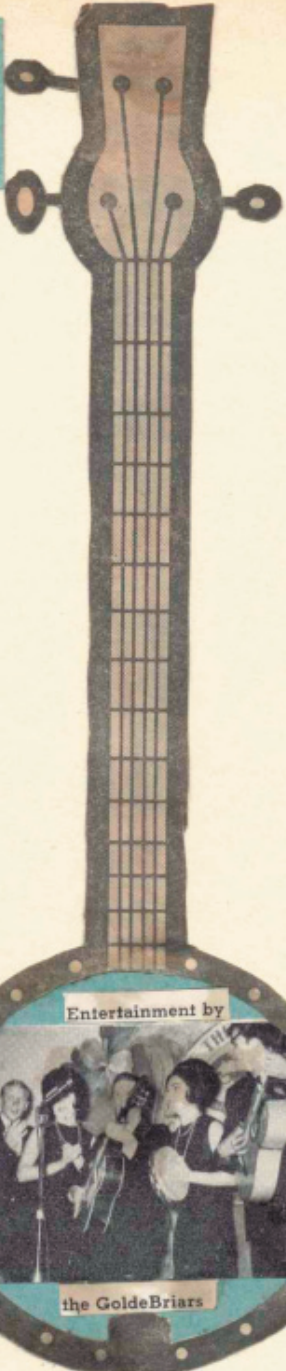
Quote from Curt from GoldeBriar Scrapbook: "This domicilic period of time engulfs the group when it was at The Hennepin Arms, and the group, in turn, engulfed the people surrounding them and digested them into a loving package of life-long friends."



Hootenanny at Padded Cell 1963

hoo-tən-ən-ny (hōōt' n-an'i), n. [pl. HOOTENANNIES (-iz)], (orig. in sense of "dingus," "thingumajig"; a fanciful coinage, used also as derogatory epithet; assimilated in form to *Hootin' Annie*). [Slang], a meeting of folk singers, especially for public entertainment.

THE PARKETTS
PRESENT
THE
MIDWEST
HOOTENANNY
FESTIVAL
SAT. SEPT. 14
8:00 P.M.
ST. LOUIS PARK HIGH



"THE GOLDEBRIARS"

The "GoldeBriars" are one of the most exciting new folk groups in the entertainment industry today. Although not easily done, they have developed a sound, a style, and a image without parallel in folk music.

Together for over half a year, they previously have worked with various other folk groups, or as singles. Therefore, when they formed "The GoldeBriars," each individual brought along with their talent, a sizeable background in folk music and entertainment. What resulted from their merger, was just as expected, "THE GOLDEBRIAR SOUND."

The "GoldeBriars" are composed of Curt Boettcher, who is group leader, lead vocal, and does the bulk of the groups arranging. Dotti and Sheri Holmberg, supply their fine voices to the "GoldeBriar Sound", and Ron Nielson, who supplies additional accompaniment on the Martin guitar, Goys Classical guitar, and Vege long neck 5 string banjo.



Feminine voices contribute to the blended, balanced sound produced by the Goldbriars at the St. Louis Park gathering.

Dayton's



3:00-4:00 FASHION SHOW with the SEVENTEEN models! It's SEVENTEEN'S "Holiday Hootenanny" Fashion Show, with commentary by Editor Anita Blanchard, songs by the GoldeBriars folk group, and exciting fashion for teens modeled by the SEVENTEEN models and Dayton's Teen Boards. River Room, Cedar level.
4:30-5:30 Repeat performance! SEVENTEEN'S "Holiday Hootenanny" Fashion Show with the same great stars! River Room, Cedar level.

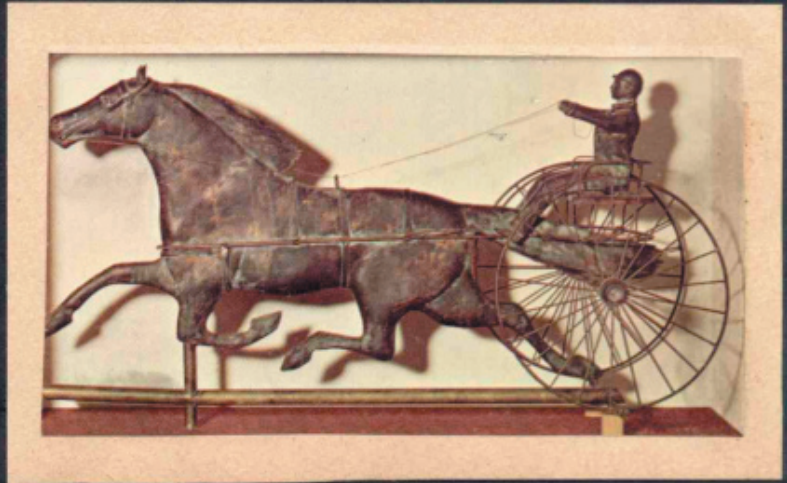
80th
ANNUAL MEETING
Honoring the Past Presidents of
INDEPENDENT INSURANCE AGENTS OF MINNEAPOLIS

112 - Hi. 7-9266 Ta. 2-2703
COURTESY CARD
This will admit the bearer and party to the
Glendale Supper Club
Introduced by *Lee Nolan*
Arrange Your Own Refreshments
Setups and Beer Available
Open Wed. thru Sun. from 5:30 P.M.

Jul 1-1951



S. Entertainment - "The Goldebriars."



As summer passed, talk was starting to spread about our new “folk” sound. We learned more and more songs as our sound grew. We got some of our material from folk singers who just passed through town ‘on the wind’ (and my shorthand from school began to get quite a working out); from some old ethnic favorites such as Jeanie Ritche (and her dulcimer), who I don’t think would hardly recognize her own songs when Curt finished vocally arranging them, from other folk album collections, from friends, and from Curt whose writing talent was musically expressed by us when we added more of his songs to our repertoire.

John’s behind-the-scenes man in Contemporary Talent was David Hersk. David’s parents owned Gaiety Recording Company where our first demonstration record, engineered by John, was produced. David had the novel idea of recording The GoldeBriars and The Flinthills Singers on the first plastic square stereo record ever. This record $7\text{-}3/4" \times 7\text{-}1/4"$ could be played at $33\text{-}1/3$ RPM.

We nicknamed John “Mama John” as he was such a “mother hen” to the group. And thought of David as “The Star of David” as he was an aggressive Jewish salesman for us and was very noticeable with his bad allergies.



The GoldeBriars take on “Mama John” & “Star of David”



Our Plastic Square Stereo Record (which I'm sure would play just fine)

The GoldeBriars 2 songs on this record were: “Rollin’ Stones” and “Old Time Religion” and The Flinthill Singers two songs were: “Blowin’ in the Wind” and “Come Along. This plastic square stereo record opened doors for The GoldeBriars with David’s salesmanship and his travels and our group got three Major Record Company offers: Dot Records, Mercury/Phillips & Columbia Records. We decided to sign Columbia contracts and at the same time went under the “Epic” (subsidiary of Columbia) label.

From then on, things started to move “fast.” We saved all our pennies and went to New York (in November 1963) to record our first album.

Ron arranged to do his schooling “on the road” as he was only 16 and had one more year left of high school. Ron was very intellectual and could speak several languages and schooling “on the road” was not a problem for him.

CD-Rom eBook

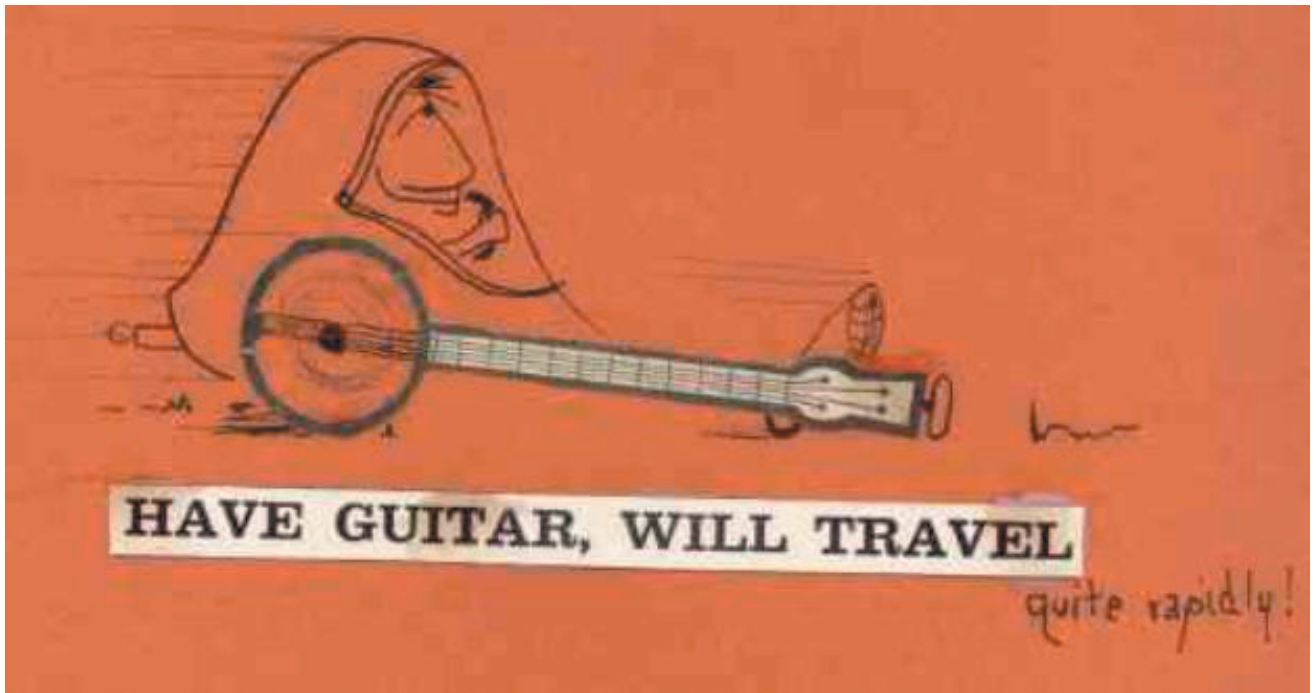
The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

CHAPTER

3

“OUR BRAVE NEW WORLD”

CHAPTER III: "OUR BRAVE NEW WORLD"



Artwork by Curt

It was a cold Saturday morning, when “The GoldeBriars” and “Mama John,” somehow managed to fit themselves into the overstuffed carcass of the 1951 “The.”

We kissed everyone goodbye and the “The” with a full head of steam lumbered away from the Hennepin Arms.

Quote—upon takeoff (From the original GoldeBriar’s scrapbook)
“The car wasn’t actually too crowded because we filled the floor-well up with suitcases, making for “sort of a reclining type sardine can existence.” Poor long-legged Ron!! We must have looked like a runaway, burning, rubbish heap when someone lit up a cigarette (cough!!).

Our first stop was in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Curt’s hometown, where we had a delicious old-fashioned, home cooked meal with Curt’s grandparents. Following the meal, we bid adieu and pushed off across the country, leaving a pile of litter in our wake; we amused waitresses at the places where we stopped and we burned a quart of oil per tank of gas, which was being consumed by speeds rated up to 90 mph when Ron was at the wheel!!

To think Sheri and I would be going to New York! We had only traveled out of Minnesota once in our lives (to Wisconsin) and knew we would be surely entering another world on our trip to New York. Of course, our only form of transportation was our “THE”. Can you imagine stuffing four GoldeBriars (plus Jezebel), a manager and much luggage into this army tank? We didn’t even have a trailer or carrier. Sheri and I had never packed for a big trip before, so we brought almost everything we owned in suitcases, paper bags, boxes and baskets. We supplied our “THE” with our own radio set-up; we hung a transistor radio plus a jungle of wires for aerials, more or less, on the low ceiling of our car. To appease our hunger, the front seat

floor was stocked with three sacks of groceries, leaving little room for legs, which found themselves small corners (in a sack of groceries, on a dashboard, etc.)...some place inconvenient.

Sheri and I stayed awake almost the whole trip expecting to see an extreme change from state to state. After twelve hours of traveling, we were surprised to find out that we were really out of Minnesota.

“Quote—upon arriving in New York (From the original GoldeBriar’s scrapbook) “At long last we GoldeBriars and our (by then) gray-haired manager arrived Sunday afternoon in New York City in front of the Victoria Hotel, twenty-eight hours; one broken fan belt; one dying battery; one slow leaking tire...and much gas and oil later. Even the complacent New Yorkers were somewhat awed at the sight of six (with Jezebel) unloading our “THE” on the sidewalk, accompanied by the sounds of “ooing” and “awing” and “Where’s my girdle?”

After we secured our hotel suite, which had two baths and two and one-half bedrooms, the gang proceeded to unpack and Curt, who had a cold, crammed himself full of Vitamin “C” and Coriciden, and went to bed.”

At first, New York was a big letdown to my sister who looked at all the dusty buildings and “circus of people” nearly knocking one another down in the sidewalk rushes. But our first subway ride, our first view of quaint Greenwich Village, dress shops and theater spots, and our first visit to the 30th Street Columbia Studios that we were to record in, added a lot of variety and excitement to our stay.

New York was a book of knowledge to me the “first time around.” I was shocked to find out the world had guys that had unusual relationships with other guys, etc. When younger, I could remember people mentioning a “queer”, but thought there were only a few in the world. I kept my life quite sheltered from the knowledge of sex because of the disillusionment of sex magazines and many unhappy marriages around me. I thought when I reached a good understanding age and was less naive I would read an educational book on sex...(At nineteen, my mind was surprised at all I didn’t know!)

So many things were so different about New York; their “so-called” regular coffee (which came naturally with cream) brought about a few arguments. We thought we should be getting black coffee...which we found to be strong enough to put hair on a man’s chest. Curt said it could more-like dissolve it. One of our popular meals that fit into our budget (with our one meal per day) was a steak dinner (which included a steak, baked potato, chef salad with Roquefort dressing and a garlic French roll) for only \$1.19 at Tad’s Steaks on 7th Avenue and 48th Street. When we had a little extra money, we could all get cheesecake for dessert. We would make our daily visit for this dinner until a worker in the restaurant told us the meat we were eating sat in meat tenderizers for over a week. From that time forward, we kept searching for new eating spots as we would find ourselves analyzing what we were really eating.

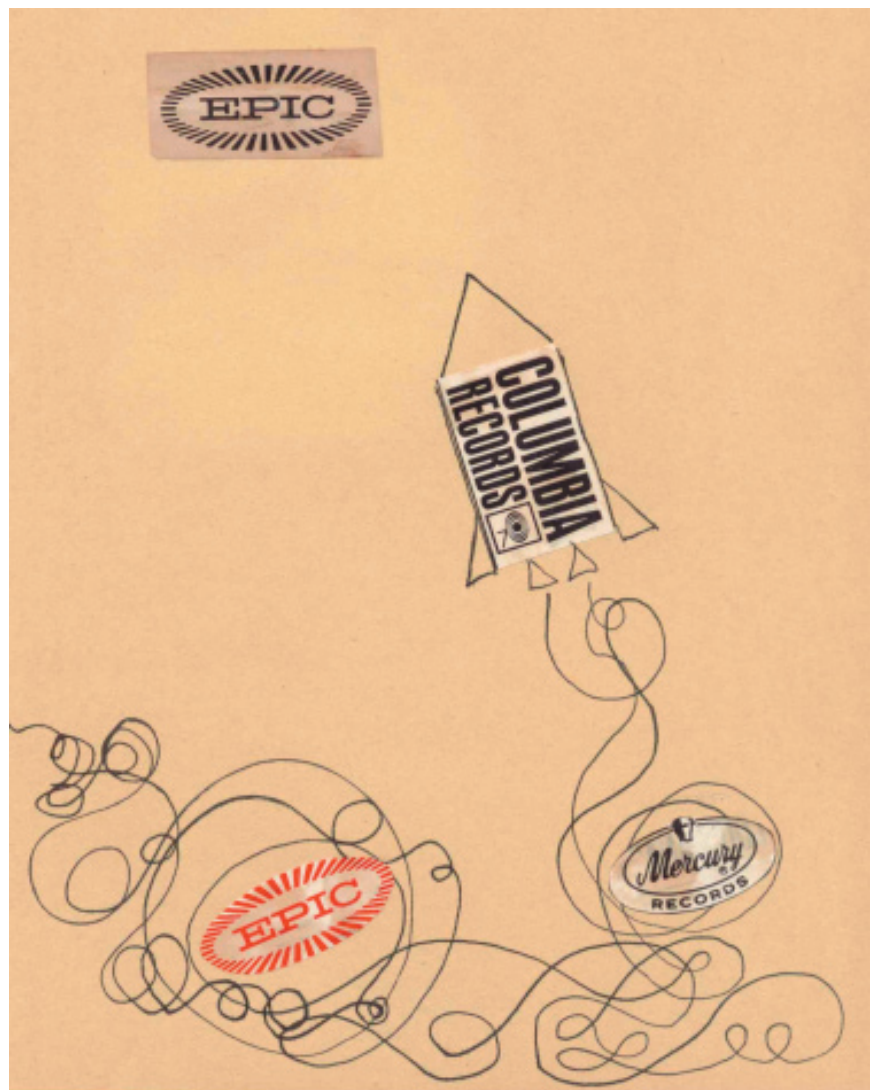
We sounded like the rest of the New York foreigners with “our” form of Midwest nasal accent; especially Sheri and I. We didn’t realize that we talked so much like Minnesotans. We asked for a b-a-a-g of popcorn and people looked at us like we were typical farmers. But at first the New York

women sounded loud and boisterous to us with their Nuu-Yauk accent and the New Joi-see talk sounded even more unusual.

New York was like a meeting place for the sidewalks of the world...So many lingoes and languages mixed together in a crowded city. Sheri was like the shy freckled farm girl landing in the big city. Curt and Ron were two intelligent guys that didn't know much when they came to New York, and I was the tomboy with the chubby cheeks that made me look like an Eskimo wherever I went.

“Quote—(From the original GoldeBriar’s scrapbook) In New York, our first impression was that not many people spoke English but between Ron and Curt, they were able to converse in Spanish, French, German, Russian, Hini-Urdu and Japanese; and many of these languages got a “workout.”

Our first subway ride was “something else”—kind of spooky late at night. Greenwich Village turned out to be a tourist trap.”



CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

CHAPTER

4

“MUSICAL CHAIRS”

CHAPTER IV: "MUSICAL CHAIRS"

Our second day in New York, The GoldeBriars met "Epic" and that night we arrived at Columbia's 30th street studio for our first session. We were greatly surprised to find that all the people we worked with were among the nicest people we had ever met. Among those which we formed close attachments to were: our producer, Robert Morgan, Mr. Len Levey, general manager of Epic, Rolf Harris (The "Tie Me Kangaroo Down" hit singer from Australia), Frank our "smiling" engineer, our bass player Norman Keenan (who predicted our future visit to ABC's Hootenanny) and "ginchy" Russ and our Dr. and Eddy who brought us tea.



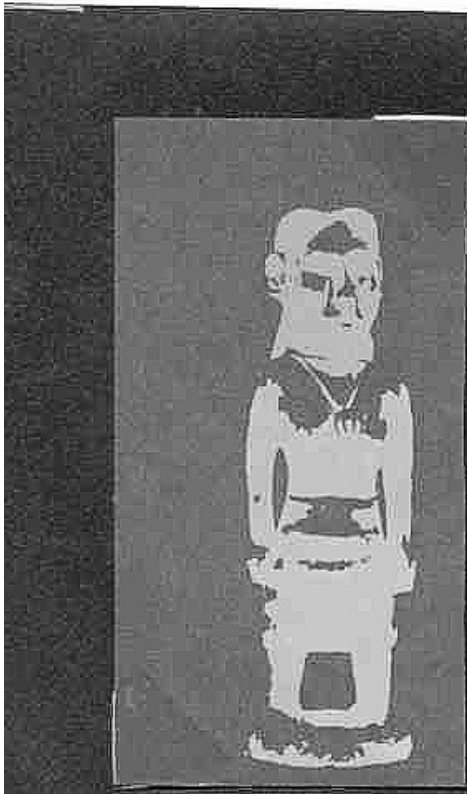
Cartoon by Rolf Harris of his portrait of Curt & Sheri recording



INTRODUCING . . . THE GOLDEBRIARS ***

EXCLUSIVELY ON EPIC RECORDS

*** AND JEZEBEL, TOO



Recording Session & Epic's marketing of albums



HERE ARE GREAT NEW POPULAR LP'S!



LN 24114 / BN 26114*

Includes "Sea of Tears," "Sweet Potatoes," "Ride That Chimney" and others.



LN 24100 / BN 26100*

Includes "Red River Valley," "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," "On bama Bound," "the Trail" and others.



LN 24087 / BN 26087*

Includes "Railroad Boy," "Ain't Tumbling Tumbleweeds," "On bama Bound," "Shenandoah" and others.



RECORDS

AN EXCITING DIMENSION IN VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT

*Stereo

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Everything went fine that first night at the recording session and continued to go fine until just after midday the next day on November 22nd (1963) when our president was assassinated. It is difficult to express the deep emotions of four people but it was easy for anyone to see that we were grief stricken and felt no music in our souls; only tears. It was amazing walking down the sidewalks of New York City before we knew President Kennedy had been killed and so many people were crying. We finally went into a restaurant and asked what was happening and at that time heard the terrible news. It was a very eerie, gray day.



SKETCH OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY DRAWN BY SOMEONE RIGHT AFTER ASSASSINATION
(Signature of artist looks like "Lermanski")

We had a scheduled recording session that night and we knew we had to rise above all the gloom which was real hard but we were told the professional rule in show biz was “The show must go on!” and it did!

When we recorded our first album, folk music was still the fad. Epic wanted us to be the next folk group to hit; there hadn't been any new ones since Peter, Paul and Mary. Well, we sang folk songs, but with sort of a “pop” style. We sang songs like “Railroad Boy” and “Mumblin' Word”, but often branched out into jazz harmonies. People said sometimes our harmonies sounded oriental. This was true because of Curt's interest in Japanese music while living there. Curt did the vocal arranging for our first album (with Sheri's influence on her parts) and Curt and Ron did their instrumental arrangements. The only extra musician we added was a bass fiddle player.

A lot of faith and excitement was aroused when we finished recording. Billboard and Cash Box pushed the release of our album one month before it came out. Epic sent out a very sophisticated Promo Package to radio stations introducing The GoldeBriars and in it was a single (45 RPM) which had four songs from our first album: “He Was a Friend of Mine”, “Mumblin' Word,” “Shenandoah,” and “Old Time Religion.”

We were built up as “the new sound of 1964.” Epic sent out several promotional advertisements about our first album coming out; they were all accompanied with a picture of Jezebel saying: “Coming Soon,” “Almost Here on Epic,” etc. Jezebel was used as a gimmick by Epic.

Good luck can be a pinch of salt thrown over a shoulder, a four-leaf clover or a rabbit's foot. But to The GoldeBriars, the exciting new Epic folk group, good luck is a shady lady from the Marshall Islands. Her name is Jezebel. She wears an elephant bell around her neck, and very little else—as you can



see. Before joining The GoldeBriars, Jezebel presided as a fertility goddess in the South Seas. She has more spice than salt, more curves than a four-leaf clover and more warmth than a rabbit's foot. The GoldeBriars never, never move without her—and she can't without them.

JEZEBEL & EPIC PROMOTION PICTURE



INTRODUCES THE NEW, FRESH, EXCITING SOUND OF '64!



Jezebel
is
here!
and
so
are
the

GOLDEBRIARS



EPIC PROMOTION FOR PREMIERE ALBUM
PLUS RADIO PROMO SINGLE



FRESH!
IMAGINATIVE!
&
SUPERSTITIOUS?



The following is the Bio Epic Records included in our Promo Package:

Bio From Epic Records - February 1964:

“The GoldeBriars”

They call themselves The GoldeBriars “for no particular reason” and insist they are five, “our wooden idol Jezebel being a silent partner.” Their sound is fresh, bright and unreservedly healthy. Their arrangements and style have been influenced by everything from rock and roll to Japanese Kabuki music. As a unit, their previous professional experience has been limited to the stage of a coffeehouse called the Le Zoo in Minneapolis plus five days in Omaha because “they have lots of coffeehouses there.” But, Kurt Boettcher, Ron Neilson, Sheri Holmberg and her sister Dotti are, together, the most dynamic and unusual new folk group since the rage began. The only thing that can rival their buoyant enthusiasm is the excitement among Epic personnel over the group’s debut album, “The GoldeBriars,” which will be released on Epic Records this month. Most groups develop a little more slowly than The GoldeBriars, whose origin was anything but gradual. “Ron, Sheri and I,” says Dotti, “walked in the Le Zoo one night last January and Kurt was there singing solo. We can’t say how it happened but there was a sing-along and we landed up on the stage with Kurt.”

The four became The GoldeBriars, title and all, that same night and were immediately engaged for fourteen weeks by the management of the Le Zoo. “We worked there last summer too, but we weren’t paid much and for a while, we couldn’t afford to eat anything but rice—25 pounds of it one month and every rice recipe conceivable,” says Kurt, who did the cooking. “I got used to eating a lot of rice in Japan but not that used to it.”

Kurt learned much more than an assortment of rice recipes in Japan where he once lived. At various times he also lived in Florida, San Diego, California, Minnesota and Whidbey Island, Washington. “My father is an officer in the Navy and we’ve never lived very long in one place.” Japan, Kurt feels, contributed more than anything else to his musical development. It was in Japan, of all places, that he became interested in Jazz through, of all things, Moscow radio. Furthermore, he began playing guitar in the country and western vein with a group of marines, studied Kabuki music, had a disc jockey show, and in a small town near Hiroshima, had another radio show which he shared with a female singer. Attracted to its honest simplicity, Kurt began singing folk music during his senior year in a Wisconsin high school. Afterwards, he entered the University of Minnesota as a language major and also started at the Le Zoo.

Seriously interested in music since his early teens, Kurt had an incredible variety of other talents that range from science and languages to cartooning, painting, choreography and dramatics. “I guess I got interested in all those things because I never had much of a chance to make friends due to all the moving around.”

Kurt, who is very outgoing and seems anything but the result of a lonely childhood, still enjoys his non-musical activities. An expert with Japanese brush stroke and the watercolor techniques he studied in the Far East, Kurt has also invented a set of cartoon characters he calls “Mungs.” He is adept at French, Spanish, Latin, Japanese and Hindi-Urdu.

20-year old Sheri Holmberg and her sister, Dotti, age 18, were born in Los Angeles and raised in White Bear Lake near St. Paul, Minnesota. “I used to tap dance,” recalls Dotti, “while Sheri would sing, and we volunteered to entertain every neighbor we knew whether they wanted us around or not.” A little later, the pair became more popular in White Bear and after singing for a while in the local church, found themselves in demand for appearances at charity benefits, old folk homes, and homes for crippled children. “We were supposed to do pretty conservative things so we’d go in, sing a few church chorales and then start doing pop and folk song routines. The audiences always loved it.”

The girls sang a cappella until they met Ron Neilson in August 1962. The circumstances were a high school talent contest and Sheri and Dotti, who play no instruments, were reluctant to enter as an a cappella duo. They met Ron through their older brother, rehearsed songs they never sang before for three weeks and took first place in the contest. “We decided to continue working together—practicing would be a better word—because we weren’t working. Anyway, we called ourselves the Keynotes until we walked into the Le Zoo and met Kurt.”

The youngest member of The GoldeBriars is 17-year old Ron Neilson, who provides the banjo accompaniment. Born in Davenport, Iowa, Ron was raised, “all over California, from San Francisco to San Diego.” Later, Ron moved with his family to Minneapolis. More interested in art and sculpting when he was younger, Ron later began playing drums and vibes, then listening to everything from rock and roll to jazz. “I just happened to learn five-string banjo and that’s how I got around to folk music.”

As for Jezebel, the fifth and most indispensable (to The GoldeBriars, at least) member of the group, she was contributed by Ron’s father who found her in the Marshall Islands. It was Kurt, however, who gave Jezebel her name, “because she’s so seductive.” Less openly exuberant than the rest of the group, Jezebel provides good luck, keeps secrets and exerts an irresistible though admittedly quiet charm.

Kurt, who plays guitar and does the arranging for the group, also writes much of his own material. “My songs are more or less like English and Appalachian melodies but in my own material and in the arrangements I do, jazz, classical music, rock and roll and even the Kabuki music I studied in Japan, have a part. The point is to enhance the feeling and words of the song.”

The GoldeBriars feel that it is important to understand the background of folk songs but that it isn’t necessary to be purist. “We learn things from an ethnic standpoint but if you’re too ethnic you lose touch with the times and sound of now.” (END OF BIO)

Promos are not always totally accurate. For instance in our promo, they spelled Curt’s name wrong (with a “K”). They should also have noted that Ron Neilson was our lead guitarist and banjo player. Curt played the rhythm guitar.

Our first album was simply called “The GoldeBriars.” The Columbia Studios in New York City where we recorded used to be an old church with super high ceilings which created beautiful natural acoustics and was great for enhancing our GoldeBriar sound. We could see why Columbia chose this building for their recording studio. Such artists as Johnny Mathis and Barbra Streisand had recorded here. We all marveled over the big sound our three young voices produced. Sometimes we could imagine ourselves being a whole choir. We overdubbed once over our same vocal part to even make our sound bigger.

STEREO/BN 26087



MONAURAL/LN 24087



“The GoldeBriars”
(songs on first album:)

- “Railroad Boy”
- “He Was a Friend of Mine”
- “Come Walk Me Out”
- “Alabama Bound”
- “Pretty Girls & Rolling Stones”
- “A Mumblin’ Word”
- “Old Time Religion”
- “Long Time Travellin’”
- “Shenandoah”
- “No More Auction Block”
- “Sing Out Terry O’Day”
- “Voyager’s Lament”

Columbia producers said we were the fastest recording group they had ever worked with and that some recording artists took one day to record even one song. So when our first album came out, we already had extra songs “in the can” for hopefully another GoldeBriar album.

FLASH FORWARD—I was just reminded by Ron Neilson that right after completion of the songs for our first album, Bob Morgan, our A&R Epic Producer, called us into his office and played two different versions of the GoldeBriar recorded sound: 1) The one with no overdubbing of the voices—totally pure, clean sound & 2) The one with the overdubs where our 3 voices sounded like a cherub choir. Bob Morgan allowed Curt to make the decision of which “GoldeBriar sound” would be introduced on our premiere album. Curt chose the overdubbed version as he thought it would make us more competitive and commercial sounding compared to the other folk groups on the market then. So it was then established how the mastering of our recordings would define our sound.

Before we went to New York to record our album, we had to settle on a group image/style of clothes to wear on stage. We all dyed our hair black.

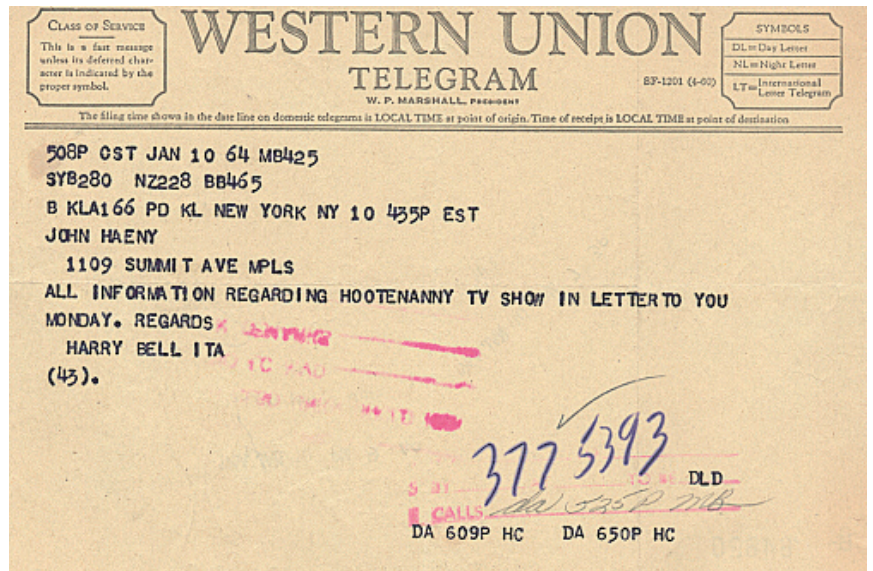
Sheri's and my hairstyle were originally inspired by the Seventeen models that we met in Minneapolis when the GoldeBriars performed at a modeling show for a Dayton Department Store featuring these (at the time very renown) models. Sheri and I fell in love with their hairstyle (simple but sophisticated) and gave up our ratted hairdos and worked hard at duplicating their look. Curt and Ron wore black boots and we all wore a lot of black turtle-necks; one of the main colors for our group at that time was black, as it was striking and sophisticated.

Epic thought we could be the "new folk sound"—that is, until our album was released February 1964 right in time for "The Beatles" first visit to the U.S. and the beginning of the Beatle album invasion. We loved "The Beatles," but we were sorry to say very few new album releases were even looked at then. The Beatles also had the black image; black clothes, black boots and dark hair with similar hairstyles of Curt and Ron. When in New York City around this time, our group was even mistaken for The Beatles... ..Bummer!!

Our first album sold more copies than many new group albums but it sure wasn't the hit Epic believed it would be. We had a little luck with our first single, "Shenandoah" and "Pretty Girls," both were "Pick Hits of the Month" in Cash Box. "Shenandoah" hit big in about five major U.S. cities, holding the number one position on "pop" radio stations in St. Louis, Missouri for over a month (over The Beatles "I Want to Hold Your Hand" single).

The ABC-TV Network show "Hootenanny Show" which helped feed the folk craze, invited the GoldeBriars on their show when they were filming in Knoxville, Tennessee. We were all shaking in our boots to be doing our first national program but enjoyed the experience, which was good and bad. We were happy when we were to do one of our favorite songs, "Saro Jane", but not when our instrumental introduction was eliminated because of rigid schedules and not when our song was changed vocally for staging purposes so we didn't feel we were able to do our best...our sound should never have been compromised for any program!





We GoldeBriars certainly could see what was happening...The Producer of the Show also managed the group that performed on all the Hootenanny Shows, and we could see that no one was to upstage the Producer's group...even if it was at the cost of our performance.

At this point, John Haeny was no longer our manager due to a falling out. Curt had said there were conflicts of interest in the GoldeBriar finances that John was handling and that it was a mutual agreement for John to step aside. I can't confirm any of these rumors but know that all of a sudden John was no longer with us.

I was so busy just being a GoldeBriar that I didn't ask many business/financial questions. Looking back now, all I can say is it was John Haeny and David Hursk that helped us land our record contract with Columbia. I don't know what the financial arrangement was with John in the GoldeBriar group as Curt handled that. Curt was our direct link with John regarding our finances and any advances the GoldeBriars made due to Columbia's record contract, and any other money we made from bookings up to that point.

The date of our Hootenanny filming was January 21, 1964 and groups performing on that show with The GoldeBriars were: The Cumberland Trio (University of Tennessee, Knoxville's own talent), Bill Monroe & The Blue Grass Boys, Homer & Jethro, Doc Watson, The Geezenslaw Brothers (comics) and Joan Toliver (big voice folk balladeer), Pete Fountain & Serendipity Singers.

(The ABC Hootenanny Shows were first aired April 1963 with the last show being aired September 1964 and were filmed at different Universities around the country. In 1964, ABC cancelled Hootenanny in favor of a new music program: Shindig!)

If The GoldeBriars would have had a good manager during the Hootenanny Show we could have protected our image and sound and not let the producers of the show take advantage of us.

We all had to learn The Hootenanny Saturday Night song before the show aired: "We'll have a Hootenanny, Hootenanny Saturday Night, etc." (Lyrics by Alfred Uhry and Music by Richard Lewine)



January 21, 1964 ABC Hootenanny Show Singing Theme Song (The GoldeBriars bottom row toward center)

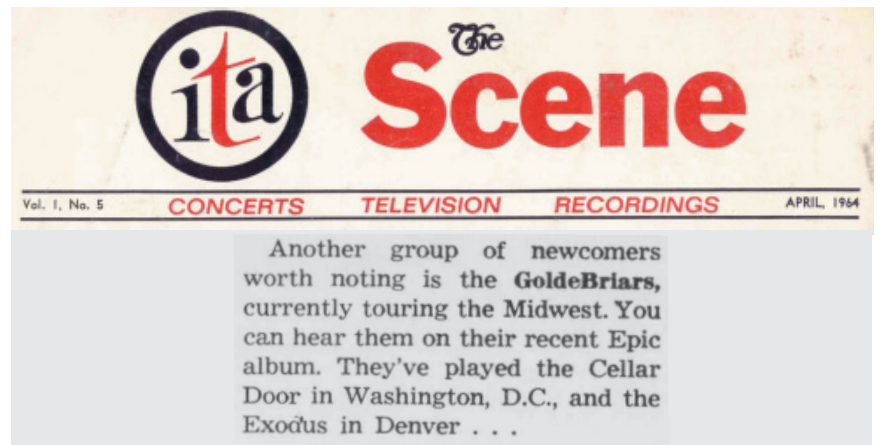
(FLASH FORWARD—YEARS LATER IN THE EARLY 1990'S, a GoldeBriar fan, Dawn Eden who is known as a Curt Boettcher biographer, provided Sheri and I with a copy of the GoldeBriars' ABC Hootenanny Show performance of January 1964. There weren't video cameras to record television programs like today so I was astonished someone had given her a copy of this film (visual was a bit fuzzy but audio was excellent). One thing I want to point out when I watched this copy of our performance, they say in the old days black & white television put 10 lbs. on you, well when viewing this film the 10 lbs. appeared to be added totally to my already Eskimo baby fat cheeks...I wasn't chubby weight-wise but this video when zooming into our profiles make me look like 400 lbs!!!)

(FLASH-FLASH FORWARD—In 2003 from emails from a GoldeBriar fan, I was able to track down Jerre Haskew of the Cumberland Trio. The Cumberland Trio were very nice to our group during the taping of the Hootenanny Show and we hung out together. Jerre has provided the Hootenanny vintage photos for my use in this book. By the way, The Cumberland Trio just had a Reunion Concert November 9, 2001 at the Bijou Theatre Center in Knoxville, Tennessee and you can read about it (and their video available from this concert) at www.cumberlandtrio.com).



The Cumberland Trio – ABC Hootenanny Show 1-21-64 (From Left: Jim Shuptrine, Jerre Haskew, Andy Garverick & Tom Kilpatrick)

During our first visit to New York, a big booking agency, ITA, signed us. When we met the “big wigs” of our new agency, I felt like I was seeing a movie, for I was in such an unfamiliar world; as I watched the “smartly suited cigar smokers” walking with such dignity, I wondered if I was seeing a movie instead of meeting real people. I sure won’t forget the president of this agency coming up to Sheri and I in a joking way and saying, “Oh, are you two sisters? I knew he knew we were sisters, so we followed up his comment and smiled and said, “No, we’re brothers”...and he proceeded to smile and choke on his cigar.



When we went to New York, I never knew one star from the other because I never really cared, only that I loved singing and performing since I was probably 3 or 4 years old. Since I believed in being honest, if I was introduced to a star and really didn’t know their works, I would just smile, say “hi” and just keep walking...causing some people much embarrassment.

Our agents were raring to start booking us right away. It was nice to have a booking agency but not to be a group without an act, and that’s what we were. We knew many songs but adlibbed all our introductions. Using our own personalities on stage and our disorganized manner, some nights the people just sat back and wondered what was going on.

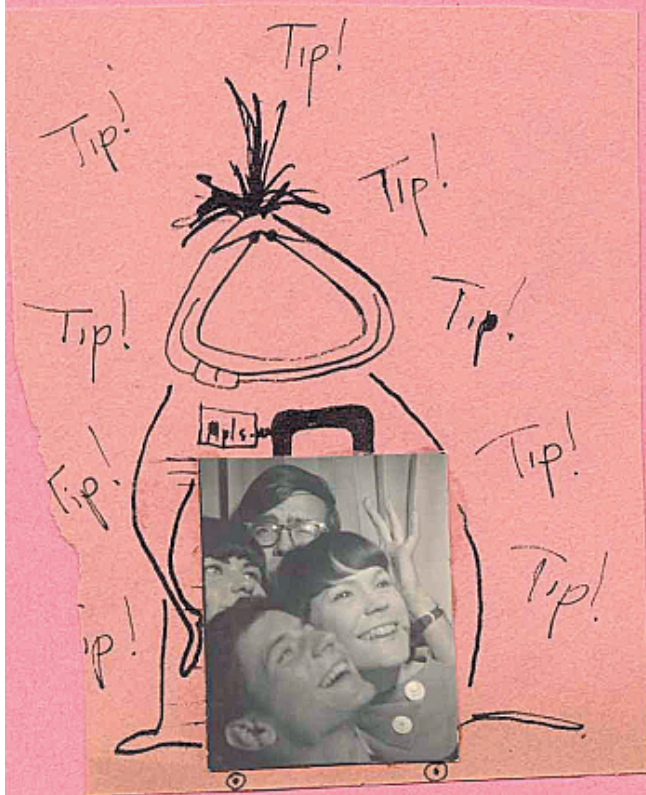
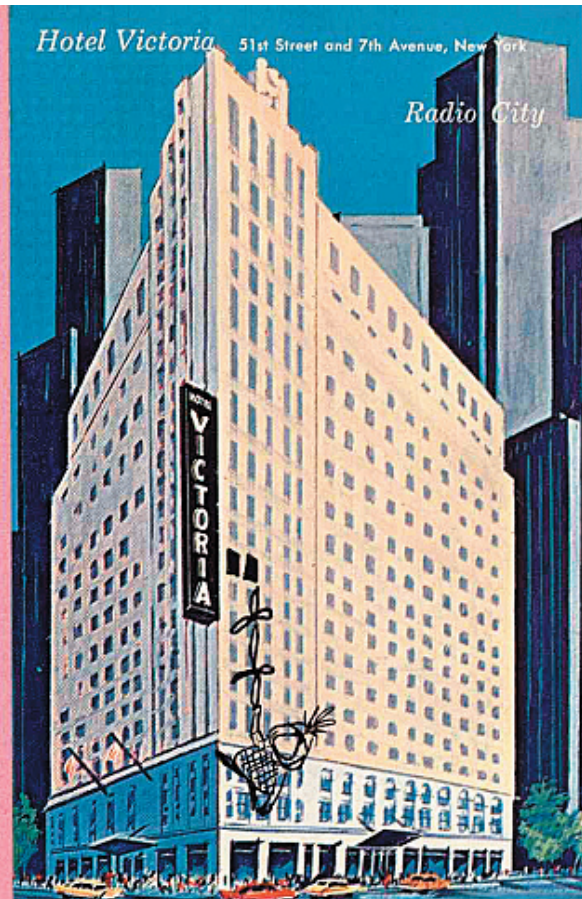
We hadn’t performed on stage enough to freeze our “good adlibbed lines”. We were really set up as “stool pigeons” when our agency put us in the New York Blue Angel Club which was very prestigious and well-known and where sometimes new talent would be discovered. We were to do a guest set with Rolf Harris (who was also on the Epic label), who was then popular with his hit song, “Tie Me Kangaroo Down.” Our well rehearsed music could never have covered up our non-existing act...How could we make people feel at home when we didn’t feel at home ourselves with all those big wig show biz associates there to see us? During that time, Sheri and I still wore tall spiked heels as part of our image...We both weren’t at all that confident walking in them, so you can imagine seeing four vibrating legs on stage. Ron was so frightened that when he attempted to introduce one song, twice, he just mumbled on the microphone, “Boy, am I nervous” and made everyone (including the audience) feel more at ease by facing the reality of our situation...and Curt just stared straight ahead, wishing we had an act. When the trance of our stage time broke and we were to leave stage, I was still in another world and continued to shuffle my feet in the wrong direction hunting for the exit (where there wasn’t one), climbing the walls..calling out, “How do you get out of here anyway?”...making people really laugh for the first time all night thinking it was part of our act. And as we would hear, “That’s ...Show Biz??”

“Quote—(From the original GoldeBriar’s scrapbook).

“All in all, New York was a “gas” and we’re all looking forward to going back for a second look.”

NEW YORK! NEW YORK!





CURT'S Mung Cartooning around our photo booth pic

...So, our actless group started to work some clubs in Illinois (such as the Know Where Club in Joliet, Illinois), New York, and Washington, D.C., trying to perfect our sound and obtain an act. The folk club, "The Cellar Door," in D.C., which we played, introduced us to some people which we got to know quite well in the future, such as: Gale Garnett (We'll Sing in the Sunshine) and her bass player, Keith Olsen. The Shadows was a club right down the street where we met "The Modern Folk Quartet," "The Big Three" (James Hendrics, Tim Rose & Cass Elliot), which became "The Mugwumps" (Zal Yanovsky, James Hendrics, Cass Elliot & Denny Doherty) and then partially changed to "The Mamas and The Papas" (John Phillips, Denny Doherty, Cass Elliot & Michelle Phillips) and "The Lovin' Spoonful" (Zal Yanovsky and Steve Boone and Joe Butler, John Sebastian) and Judy Henske. We would run down the street to The Shadows club in between our sets and after our final set of the night to jam with the other performers.

(FLASH FORWARD—In the liner notes of “The Ballroom” album (a late 1960s soft pop group of Curt’s), Curt is quoted comparing the GoldeBriar sound to the “The Mamas and The Papas: “We (the GoldeBriars) were the beginning of the sound that became The Mamas and The Papas. Our biggest fans were John Phillips, Cass Elliot and Zally (Yanovsky). Every time we were playing in the same town, they used to come and watch us, and any time we came to watch them— (Cass & Zal) were in the Mugwumps at the time— they would always ask us to come up and sing with them. Interestingly enough when they put together The Mamas & The Papas, they had the same kind of harmonies we had.”)

The scattered show biz world can often seem small, for you keep running into your same fellow competitors consistently.





Our group didn't bomb in our first clubs but we knew in order to sell our weird, unique sound, we needed a unique commercial act to present to the public. At the moment of our "act frustrations," Bob Goldstein (no silent "e") who co-wrote the hit, "Washington Square," came on the scene (Our manager, Burt Block, drops us in his lap and he didn't stand up fast enough.) We immediately signed him as writer for our act and stage director.



Bob Goldstein

He took our sound and our own personalities and helped us build an act around them. He brightened up our act with many of his specialty numbers and some of his original pop songs. Bob first started working with us in Florida where we had bookings in both Miami and Cocoa Beach. We were all excited to go to Florida which we perceived as the vacation land of the world...We were due for a little relaxation around our working schedule because our group was overcome with one big headache; a week before we left for our Florida bookings, a friend of ours smashed up our 2nd "G.B." car, being a 1963 Plymouth station wagon and unpaid! So, we stretched our small budget and flew to our Florida bookings.

When we got off the plane in Miami, Jezebel's feet fell right off before our eyes...we wondered if this could be a bad omen, and our superstitions from here on out started to mount up.

Enjoying and awing at Florida's nature, Sheri was "taken back" by her first possession of a cactus by sniffing its flower and ending up with a face full of cactus stickers.

I'll never forget my first sight of the ocean! I just stood and stared and stared. It was so unusual to see such a large mass of water that seemed to stretch on forever. Even though Minnesota is nicknamed the "Land of 10,000 Lakes," I could see across the lakes. Curt and Ron, being like fish, persuaded Sheri and I to "hop waves" with them. It was fun but because of my salty burning eyes, I had to quickly go back to shore. When I reached our beach towels, I picked them up and shook the sand off of them. But before I could dry myself, I saw Sheri running toward me from the water like some sort of a "mad buffalo", yelling "Where's the shells that you shook off the towel?...My contact lenses were in them!" After we gave up a lost search in the beach sand, I found out she had forgotten to bring her contact lens case along, and she and Curt had invented another way to store them while we were swimming, by putting each lens in a separate seashell.

By the end of the Florida bookings, our wardrobe had expanded to about three outfits a piece. Our image had changed to more on the “mod” side for we girls; we would wear a floor-length skirt with a black turtle-neck top for one show and a tunic-jumper with black leotards and a beret the next. The guys were just “different;” they wore black slacks, black and other colored boots, black turtle-neck tops with unusual tunics over them (they were made out of Minnesota “work shirts”.....We cut off the sleeves and collars of these shirts, hemmed them and dyed them different earth colors). Much of our stage image was still created by Curt who was talented in many art fields.

We glued Jezebel’s feet back on. Our stage director Bob looked very curious wondering what kind of circus he had joined. In Miami, we stayed at a ritzy motel that had a pool. We all had TVs and air conditioning in our rooms. We girls thought we had drinking fountains in our bathrooms but were told before we could use them that they were douches...It was a little embarrassing, especially to be told this by Curt.

Every night before our show, we were prodded on by the boys to finish ironing their stage outfits (this is when the guys had us convinced they couldn’t iron). Well, it takes a girl longer to get ready with makeup and hair, so we would wind up rushing through our ironing. We had our own traveling iron but always had trouble finding an ironing board from the motel in time, so we wound up ironing on everything but the ceilings, making me burn my legs every other night for I would forget the floor had no place to let you know where the edge of its ironing ended.

Bob set up a rigid daily rehearsal schedule for us to follow, so we could begin the formation of our act. But the beginning of his schedule was altered by one GoldeBriar girl (ME) facing a health problem...My past years in good health could no longer hold up to “our rice days,” and attacked me all at once one night after our performances, as I just started crying without any warning and couldn’t stop. So the next day I was ushered off to the doctor and found out I was anemic (not enough iron in my blood). My eating habits had become so poor since the beginning of the group and when we did have money for a good meal, I would order all these side dishes and forget the meat or the iron foods that my body surely needed.

Well, we all thought in show biz no one was supposed to let your public know you were sick, so with my liver injections, pills and more pills, and more rest, I would appear nightly as an enthusiastic GoldeBriar.

THE SHOE BOAT STORY



“Publicity stunts combined with adventures can keep some show people’s soles surviving and can keep your public on their toes waiting for more...Anyway, stories are told and remembered, resulting from one Miami sunny
(Excuse the long pause but my toilet just overflowed).....day.”

Once upon a time, we GoldeBriars were brave and more willing to do a free job for publicity. How we ever survived the “shoe boat story,” is a mystery now...

On a bright sunny day, one garbage scowl was cleaned off and a huge bright banner was hoisted up with the Tom McCann shoe brand name painted on...creating a new form of transportation. Well, a gig like this must have some sort of stunt to go with it and that’s where we came in...

A band of Tom McCann shoe promoters proposed the idea to us and our writer to be part of an expedition on their “shoe boat,” which was to sail from Miami Beach to right outside the Fort Lauderdale Beach area, where a swamp of beachcombers would be able to listen to we G.B.’s sing and to be aware that some shoe stores had the talent of advertising (who needs the sky when we had the whole ocean!).

We accepted the proposal when we were told we would be filmed by special people stationed along the shores, to catch us as we sailed by, and that this film would be released on a news series, such as Huntley-Brinkley. We were verbally promised good exposure (along with Tom McCann) in the televised news and also name exposure on the barge.

After appearing like “puffed up lobsters” during the first week of our Florida sunning, we all wore long slacks and long-sleeved tops and hats. In all our intelligence, Sheri and I still forgot about anything as small as our feet and wore thongs (which wound up looking like they were still on our feet after we took them off).

We found our barge to be well equipped with eager shoe promoters, one baking sun, sufficient liquor, rationed food, no sign of the door with the moon painted on, one forgotten “GoldeBriar” banner, a bad sound system and an unprotected turntable that would play our G.B. album while we pantomimed to it (after all, at least it was OUR album), and quite an ocean wind brewing up trouble...Upon rehearsing our songs and skit to our record, we found it too much competition with the wind constantly blowing our record off the turntable. We looked like scampering rats trying to do a fast job of rescuing our record in order to finish one of our songs.

After 2 hours of our 3 hours journey, Sheri and I persuaded the shoe promoters (who were having a jolly time “boozing it up” by now) to radio to shore to have a boat pick her and I up, so we could use a restroom and get some snacks. It really hit Sheri and I funny on the way back to our barge when we had a hard time finding our “shoe boat” which was somewhere bobbing up and down in the ocean.

As we and our shoe boat neared our destination, we G.B.’s started to sing sea chanteys to all the “happy waves” around our barge that were playing games with our boat, sweeping over the sides a little at a time, making us gradually huddle all our instruments and bodies more in the center of the boat.

When we could finally see the beachcombers waving at us, we proceeded to once again turn on our speaker system, smile, and look like we were singing our hearts out but the wind was so strong the waves actually started to jump over the sides and to blow our record all over the barge...

By this time, we didn’t know what to save first—our record, instruments, or bodies...The beachcombers continued to flag their arms around, warning us not to come any closer to the beach for fear of loosing our lives. Our garbage scowl felt like a pancake being tossed around! (What to do with drunk shoe promoters, harbor patrol ordering us to turn off our speakers for it was against the law, a writer thinking he wrote his last song, and four G.B.’s knowing we would surely go down in history?)...HELP!!...

The film hit the news but only in our writer’s apartment where it was a favorite encore for his “film parties.”(We didn’t even go home with a pair of shoes.)

And so we finished our Miami booking and went to Cocoa Beach where we found our energy to be slowing down more and more and couldn't figure out what could be wrong with us after all the good food and rest we were getting, until we started having voice problems causing shorter rehearsals and then our voices just started petering out...So off we all went for checkups and felt sicker when we found we had all been affected by spring pollen and were stricken with viruses. So, our finale wasn't an encore but the early canceling of our booking. This left us with no work for three weeks, while we revived ourselves back to health. Besides "shoe boat stories" told in Cocoa Beach, we left Florida behind (and as we would mutter: "Oh, Jezebel, what a jinx you are turning into!"). After our sick leave, our next project was to record another album.

CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

CHAPTER

5

“STRAIGHT AHEAD!”

STRAIGHT AHEAD! THE GOLDEBRIARS

Sea of Tears
MacDougal Street
I've Got to Love Somebody
Jump Down
Sweet Potatoes
Haiku
No More Bomb
Queen of Sheba
Joy, Joy, Joy
Castle on the Corner
Zum Gale Gale
Ride That Chariot



“Straight Ahead!” (songs on second album:)

“Sea of Tears”
“MacDougal Street”
“I’ve Got to Love Somebody”
“Jump Down”
“Sweet Potatoes”
“Haiku”
“No More Bomb”
“Queen of Sheba”
“Joy, Joy, Joy”
“Castle on the Corner”
“Zum Gale Gale”
“Ride That Chariot”

It was now June '64 and the folk fad was dying, so we branched out and came up with a pop/folk/rock sound for our second album, entitled "Straight Ahead!"



Here's a negative from 2nd album photo shoot (it's showing some age flaws)

"The Beatles" and other English groups had now conquered "all" including our black hairdos, so we all attempted the blond image in time for our second album cover. If Sheri could have had any other color of hair, she would have had blond but bleaching my hair really scared me! (Can you imagine waking up to a mirror with a stranger staring into it?) Curt and Ron talked about going blond saying with cracked smiles, "That's show biz!" So, a day before our new album photos were to be taken, we all marched down to a beauty school, since our budget wasn't too elastic at the time. In the school, we all had to sign cards when we entered saying we would not hold them liable for the results. This even made me more nervous but the outcome made everyone nervous, for the guys looked like washed out paint heads and Sheri's skin was too pale for the blond shade and mine just looked like straw. The operator who did my hair told me when he finished that he had tried a new process on my head. Oh, what a mess

to face the photographers with! So, when we got home that night, Sheri and I super conditioned our new hair and I cut a lot of the broken ends off of mine (with tears), and the guys dyed theirs black again, not giving their new blond look a second thought. Our album photos were snapped the next day with two blond-haired and two black-haired people and one mascot curiously awaiting the results.

When we finished our second album, we not only got a taste of more recording sounds, but had just finished a candy bar excursion at “The Christopher Hotel”; our penny budget had booked our living quarters into a truck driver’s antique palace....which appeared to be barely standing.

“The Christopher Hotel” resembled “one tall dusty cracker box” and attracted husky truck drivers, two hotel working prostitutes, and we poor, poor GoldeBriars. It looked like it was built around the time of Christopher Columbus.

By accident one day, Sheri and I met an old barefooted painter with a long brown beard, who peeked out of his hotel door, which was across the hall from us, at the same time we were looking out of ours. We thought we were seeing things until he asked to paint our pictures (which we declined).

This hotel, actually “OTEL” as the “H” fell off the sign, was across from our writer’s apartment in Greenwich Village, and where our stomachs bulged from feasting on the candy machine to keep our bodies going in between our one meal a day budget. We had all stayed at our writer’s place for a short while but there were just too many bodies and possessions to keep invading him with...Anyway, we did want some of our own privacy. Since we rehearsed with each other day in and day out, it was just healthier to get away from each other at times. His apartment consisted of one huge room, resembling a long hall when he first moved in, but as time went on and with his eccentric taste, his abode had quite a uniqueness, filled with his many “collector items” and, of course, was a true expression of his talents.

My poor sister, who was about 10 lbs. lighter than me before this New York trip and smaller boned, was heavier than me when we left...She could really stuff those candy bars down. Ron’s substitute for candy bars was peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

“Our Straight Ahead” album was not as simple as our first folk/pop album; more people, instruments and planning was involved. We added instruments, such as the vibes, harpsichord, tuba, and drums. Just as our sound was new to some of the side musicians, so were some of their instruments to me. I never knew the tuning of the tympani drums was such an intricate job.

By this time, our writer had introduced us to a friend of his, Beverly Ross, who had written “Candy Man,” “Lollipop,” and “Judy’s Turn To Cry.” She liked our sound and we liked much of her original material, so we recorded one of her songs, “MacDougal Street” for our second album (which is about

a girl and boy meeting on a street in Greenwich Village). One song Curt sang solo on the album was one of his originals, a love song named “Haiku,” (named this because of its Japanese verse style). Bob Goldstein wrote our album jacket notes the second time around:

Quote—The GoldeBriars (and please remember the “e”) could only have happened in Minnesota, home of Judy Garland, the Andrews Sisters, Bob Dylan, and Scotch Tape. No wait! That’s not completely true. They could also have happened in Mecca or in the Casbah; but they’re sure they would never have gotten together if their hometown had been as prosaic as Hollywood or as lackluster as New York. Curt Boettcher, the oft-spokesman for the group, says this about their home base: “It’s wild there. Can you believe it? Minneapolis has a load of great young singers who sort of stay around, exchanging songs and singing in small clubs and coffee houses.”

Quote—The material in this album alone spans the musical gamut from off-Broadway show tunes down through pop, and rhythm ‘n blues to songs with a folk history. As Curt says: “No matter what it is when we start working on a song, it always comes out “GoldeBriar.” We can hear some guy playing a piano and really messing up a song—even a song we’re hearing for the first time—and though he’s playing different chords than we would and he’s giving it a different beat than we’d give it, if it’s really “GoldeBriar,” we can tell.”

Quote—I had planned, at this point, to devote a few lines to Jezebel, their two-and-a-half-foot-high brown fertility goddess from the Marshall Islands, who goes everywhere they go. She adores to be discussed, and believe me, the voluminous state of her stomach does cause discussion. I am of the mind, however, that it was she who caused the recent GoldeBriar plague of measles and various other mishaps. If there’s anything I hate, it’s cheap attention-getting devices. Two other GoldeBriars are making their debut on this record (also helping to steal some of Jezebel’s fire). Elmer Elephant Bell plays an important role in “Zum Gale Gale”; and Winifred Tabla Drum is heard in “Queen of Sheba.”

Curt and Ron loved their subway adventures and use to ride them and get lost on them when they had some time off. Once when Curt came back from shopping in some relics store in Greenwich Village, he reached in his pocket to show us a neat pottery frog he had bought as a gift for someone and wound up pulling out a small bag of ice someone had slipped in his pocket in exchange for the frog...Curt lost his composure for a moment! Not what you would call a fair exchange!

By the time we finished recording our second album in New York, Sheri decided to leave the group. I was really taken off guard! I thought at the time she just had nervous exhaustion due to our strenuous schedule, but was not aware that it was due to Curt being Sheri’s first love and he had decided at this point to break it off.

I was engaged to be married when the GoldeBriars first left Minnesota for New York (I was only 18) to someone I had only known a few months. The guy I was engaged to was very nice but as I began to travel around and get a little educated about life outside of Minnesota, I realized not only did I not know much about life, I certainly didn't know myself well enough to get married. So I broke off my engagement when I met a young man at a party in Washington D.C. named John Moneymaker (impressive name I thought).

First loves and when someone breaks off the relationship with you can really be painful as I also found out in the future when I really fell in love for the first time. An (unnamed) musical talent really pursued me in the future until I noticed him (I was really in my own little world being an Aquarian air sign so it was harder to get my attention).

I was warned by many others that he had a girl in every port but I didn't listen and fell in love with him and was shattered when I found out he pretty much did have a girl in every port; especially one in California that I met at a future party with him, at which time I was so devastated, I got drunk, was driven back to my motel room and walked into my room without first turning on the lights and walked into a corner of a wall and got a black eye—right in time for a live TV shoot with the Sam Riddle Show the next day (The doctors couldn't give me any help on my black eye but to wear a lot of makeup for the TV show and put cold packs on it).

So Sheri and I found out that growing up can often be accompanied by lots of “growing pains” of which we had our share.

(Sheri was gone from the group for three months.)

In the meantime, another girl, Cathi Weaver, (from Eau Claire, Wisconsin) took her place. She used to be a duet with Curt back in Minnesota, so Curt knew he could rely on her to fill in for Sheri. She luckily fit into our image with her blond hair and voice similar to Sheri's. Cathi took Sheri's place right in time for “The GoldeBriars” to premiere in their first movie, which was to be filmed in Miami, Florida (yes, Florida again!). The movie was called “Once Upon a Coffee House.” We were given the theme song to sing and also a few scenes to act in, which we found out as we got further into the project that we were to “make up our parts” for these scenes.

(FLASH FORWARD— Upon surfing the internet in 2002, I found a web site by Mike Dugo of a data base he compiled of 1960s garage and psych bands in U.S. films. He had “Once Upon a Coffee House” in his data base with the following info: “ONCE UPON A COFFEE HOUSE,” RELEASED BY: FRED BERNEY PRODUCTIONS, 1965, DIRECTED BY SHEPARD TRAUBE, BANDS IN MOVIE: THE GOLDEBRIARS & THE FREEWHEELERS, HOLLYWOOD ROCK LISTED THIS MIAMI-LENSED FILM ABOUT A SINGING COFFEE HOUSE WAITRESS.)

“Once Upon a Coffee House”

Words & Music by Carl Yale

Chorus:

Hey diddle dumpkin pumpkin pie
Bluebirds sing buttermilk sky
Hey diddle dumpkin cat and mouse
Once upon a coffee house

Verse 1:

Once a little cat came to town
Saw the sights and looked around
He spied a shapely pretty little mouse
Followed her straight to the coffee house

Verse 2:

The mouse sang songs and played guitar
The cat, he watched her from afar.
Wishing there, with all his might
He were the guitar she held each night

Verse 3:

One night by chance she smiled at him
The strings of his heart went, Bim-Bam-Bim
He knew it was love, and me oh my,
You should have been there to see the fur fly

Verse 4:

Now if you go to the coffee house
You're sure to see this cat and mouse
Making the big love scene duet
Like Romeo and Juliet

To be in a movie may seem like a glorifying experience.....Well, it was a pretty hectic experience as the filming was “well-disorganized”; Curt wound up arranging everyone else’s songs (no salary involved) and my voice was pumped so much (learning songs that weren’t even used) that I got nodes in my throat—at least they paid the doctor bill! In one part of the movie, I adlibbed (enthusiastically), “Oh, I’ll play the tambourine!” Well, the director made such a spectacle out of that one part and wanted to get a close up of me saying that one line. Do you think I could say the same thing twice the same way?—Of course, not.

The movie was in color, so we were all plastered with all sorts of stage makeup. I never wore much lipstick, so when they painted some purple T.V. lipstick on me, I looked like some old knickknack (portraying the wild '20's). Curt and Ron looked like two Indians with their stage makeup on. The theme song of the movie was about a cat and mouse falling in love in a coffee house...It was a lullaby category and when we finished our arrangement (mastered by Curt again), it really sounded pretty special.

Well at least, we accomplished something musically in our first movie, and we also got acquainted with Joan Rivers, who was also in the movie. We left the film, once again, being shorted money-wise; a situation which was supposed to be legally taken care of in the future. We did hear a year or so later that someone had read in Playboy Magazine that United Artists had purchased the movie and planned to release it...that's the last I heard of the movie, though. (I sure would love to see this movie today; it would have to be a real classic!)

(FLASH FORWARD—March 2004. While surfing the web, I found a couple more movie data bases listing “Once Upon a Coffee House” so I searched further and found an email address for the movie’s producer, Fred Berney....I was able to quickly get in touch with Fred and found out he had the “Once Upon a Coffee House” film in his possession and had transferred it to DVD...So within a week, I had my very own copy....Now, how would I describe this moment of viewing the film?.....Since I had never seen any of the filming (having only experienced the “behind scenes filming”), I found myself being entertained by a stereotyped “real sixties” story and cast of characters....It was delightfully comical. I really enjoyed seeing a young Joan Rivers in her comedy musical group, “Jim, Jake & Joan”, and I loved Oscar Brand’s performances....and the pizza fight at the end of the story was too much to believe!

This film also was the only time Cathi Weaver performed as a GoldeBriar, and since I didn't have any pictures of Cathi to put in this book, this film is the only time anyone can see her....When our scene came up in the movie with The GoldeBriars singing “Honey Bunny” (perfect song for the script), it was really freaky going way back in time to see me performing live with blond hair! Another scene in the movie Curt sings a spiritual with several people singing background and he sounds awesome!)

For the next couple months, we lived with Curt's parents who were now living in McLean, Virginia while we were teaching Cathi our songs and act, and eagerly waiting for a club booking, which never came. When the summer ended, we went back to Minnesota to pick up Sheri, who was now ready to rejoin us. The timing for Sheri to return was right as Cathi was engaged and wanted to be reunited with her fiancée...Cathi was not that happy with our gypsy road life.

This marks the “End of the Beginning” (Time span, January 1963 through August 1964.)

CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

CHAPTER

6

“SIX-RING CIRCUS”

CHAPTER VI: "SIX-RING CIRCUS"



September 11, 1964.....12:30 a.m.(First meeting held with Tom Dorholt, our last “new” member.)

Well, we’re off to a new start again! Our “GoldeBriar” group has expanded (and not with the help of Jezebel); we are now six members. Curt, Sheri, and I are back together.

Ron Neilson decided to leave The GoldeBriars and went back to Minnesota unsure of his life’s ambitions. At this point, Ron told Curt that Jezebel could still be part of the GoldeBriar group. And so we headed for Minnesota where we picked up Sheri. Our circus life was definitely not for everyone!

We decided to become more innovative by amplifying our instruments and by adding a drummer and base player. Our new members included: Ron Edgar, an ambitious jazz drummer, Murray Planta, a classically-minded lead guitarist (similar to Ron Neilson’s style), and Tom Dorholt, a very down-home Minneapolis bass player. By amplifying our instruments, we hoped to lean more towards the “rock bag.” We were all determined to try to find a sound to fill the gap between the “Beach Boys” and “Beatles” sound.



Six-Member group: From Left-Tom Dorholt, Murray Planta, Dotti, Sheri, Ron Edgar & Curt sitting up front

What we have been working on with our new members now (besides briefing them on rice and a low budget) sounds reach “ginchy.” We’re in the process of looking for a new manager but we’re looking slowly and carefully. So far, one person has expressed interest in us—Al Grossman who manages Peter, Paul and Mary. Our new single, “I’ve Got to Love Somebody” backed with “Castle on the Corner,” was released two days ago. We hope with some real pushing, one of these songs will make a national hit. We think St. Louis may be our best bet, Minneapolis our worse (Isn’t it something when you have trouble getting your own home city to promote you at all?). Next week, Bob Goldstein, who doesn’t object to babysitting Winifred (tabla drum) and Elmer (elephant bell) for us, is coming to Minneapolis for one week to help us prepare for our next engagement in Winnipeg, Canada.

Our meeting with Tom Dorholt lasted about two hours. We discussed our plan of attack for the next couple months.



September 15th...Tuesday: We had number one rice dish for dinner. Mrs. Planta (who has more or less taken us and our rehearsals under her wing) has a new name for Egg Foo Yung; she insists on calling it Man Chu Yen.

Our group image is going to be basically the same as the four original G.B.'s with some added attractions. Our look is going to be more on the "gypsy line"; the boys will all have black hair (one way or the other) and one ear pierced.

(FLASH FORWARD: WHO WOULD HAVE PREDICTED THAT GUYS HAVING ONE GOLD EARRING WOULD BECOME SUCH A FAD IN THE FUTURE!)

Curt said the earrings were part of the gypsy image—even though Sheri and I would not be wearing earrings for the gypsy image.

Murray, Ron (Alfalfa—called this because of the way some of his hair sticks up) and Tom have to have their ears pierced as of yet. Tom may have to be put under some sort of sedation to get his ear pierced for his worse enemies are doctors.

I dyed my hair back to black today for it started to fall out from the bleaching. Since my hair was naturally dark brown, the dying wasn't as hard on it. Sheri and I are going to keep our hair dark to emphasize the gypsy look (just in case of unpreventable circumstances, we hope there are a few bald gypsies).



September 19th...Saturday--(First night performing at 300 King St.) As usual, our plans changed and guess where we are now?—Only in Charleston, South Carolina!

Last Wednesday, our booking agency called us and told us that we were going to play a new club in Charleston, starting the following Saturday for four weeks, and that the Winnipeg engagement was canceled. If plans were organized, I guess we wouldn't know how to accept it anymore. Our new 1952 Buick Bomb (latest addition to new GoldeBriar group that looked like an old, fat station wagon with wooden doors) arrived in Charleston with many pieces; six suitcases, several instruments, amplifiers, food, miscellaneous junk and six sore, crumbling bodies. We drove straight through from Minneapolis, averaging a "slim" 36 hours...We just loved the rainy weather we were confronted with; it made sliding down the mountains more fun.

Boy, we all ran around like crazy in Minnesota for two days trying to cut out for Charleston on Thursday night. Sheri had to quit her secretarial job in one day and sneak out of her apartment the next, fearing the manager would try to charge her for another month's rent. We were broke as usual, so Curt

wired for money from New York so we could buy gas and called his mother and told her to send our image clothes to Charleston. We had left our stage clothes at Curt's parents home in Virginia for we had wanted to travel "light" on our trip back to Minnesota and figured we would have enough time to have our clothes forwarded to our next booking. Curt's mom also sewed some of Sheri's and my stage clothes and we were very thankful for her talents as we were very proud of them.

No one knew how we could manage playing the South Carolina club for Tom had only been in the group for five days and Ron and Murray for two weeks. Tom was not only upset about his bass parts but his hair for Curt had dyed his hair three times in one night, making his scalp rather scaly and slightly infected...Poor thing! I don't know why the dye didn't take in his hair the first time. He was naturally light headed. Tom was married and had 3 young children. Needless to say, his wife was not too enthused about Tom going on the road with us. Tom was known for his peculiar happenings; he told us about a time when he drank a gallon of root beer then jumped on a trampoline and went cross-eyed for about 15 seconds—Quite a strange experience, huh?

Arrival at Charleston, South Carolina--Everyone here has given us a warm welcome, especially, "THE WAYFARERS," a folk group under RCA who own 300 King Street Club, the club we are going to play, which has only been in operation for about a month. Besides "The Wayfarers", we would be the first group to perform here. One thing seems a little unusual to me; I think we "G.B.'s" are the minority here. I'm not prejudiced but since this is the first time I have been in this situation, I feel a little strange....Our clothes didn't arrive until Monday, so we had to wear our other "slops" on stage Saturday night...and often the slops aren't that fresh smelling after a long dusty ride.

Whew! Setting up our amplifiers took a lot of work. It took over 15 minutes to get started on stage after we were announced; it was so dark on stage and the club had just been remodeled, making it hard to find sockets to plug the amplifiers into. Nothing like running a tight ship!



September 21st...Monday—The publicity in this town might turn out to be pretty good for we were already on a local T.V. program today, lip-synching to three of our songs.



September 22nd...Tuesday night (GOODIE HOUSE restaurant)

Boy am I "pooped." Tonight was our third night on stage. We have been working our —off! So far, the results have been great, though. But this is quite a treat for these people for 300 King St. is the only club of its kind situated in this big city...This old city doesn't have skyscrapers but quaint little buildings that look like they are definitely extensions of time. Road signs, cafeteria signs, etc.; such as SUCCESSIONVILLE housing development, GOODIE HOUSE restaurant, SOCIETY Street, and SWAMP FOX INN lodging have a uniqueness of catching the eye. Many people are

so quiet; they walk around as if they have a secret or something. It could be the climate that created part of this “lazy, rather slow” atmosphere. Like day and night compared to Minnesota.

Right now, we’re living at a place called Snug Harbor, located by Folly Beach, which is 10 miles from Charleston and about 3 blocks from the ocean. I must say our living quarters are snug! The dampness in the air affects our voices and makes sleeping a little uncomfortable, its like the sheets we sleep on were washed but never quite dried, so we are moving into Charleston soon. Bob Goldstein (I guess we can say the “golds” work together) is here to work with us for most of the engagement. We rehearse in the club everyday. So far, our cramming on our act has been successful. We do a comedy skit on “Mississippi Mud” with all of us doing our own interpretations of this song, using our musical pasts, and supervised like the Ted Mack Amateur Hour. Sheri and I do our original a cappella version of this song with a little soft shoe added. Curt, Sheri and I performed an exotic version of this with gypsy tambourines, accented with a jazz vocal arrangement. Murray, who reminds me of Huckleberry Finn because of going barefoot so often, and the “mountain” hat that he was known to wear, presented a down-home solo of this song, which people loved.



September 23rd...Wednesday Morning—

This is what Curt told us back in the old days: We have decided to keep “Jez” at Curt’s parents home, where we last left her because everyone is superstitious of all the bad luck we had with her and we feel our good luck down here so far might be too good to be true. If anyone asks where Jezebel is, we could say she’s waiting out her “condition” (while we are resting with ours...that is, a little peace of mind).

This morning, I saw an elegant white horse grazing on someone’s front lawn. I had never seen this sort of thing in Minnesota. Ron Edgar (still described as Alfalfa) also fills our lives with variety; whenever he drives, the concentration of the road hypnotizes him and he usually drives everywhere but where we’re going. It’s really a surprise when you fall asleep in the car and wake up to find yourself parked in some foreign place with Ron sitting behind the wheel looking quite bewildered, wondering where we might be...But I must say every town has its own method of putting its streets together, number-wise, etc.



September 24th...Thursday (3 p.m.)—Our day has been very busy. We all got up early and went over to the Nathaniel Russell Home, which is an old colonial house built shortly before 1809 by Mr. Nathaniel Russell, son of a Chief Justice of Rhode Island and supposedly one of the city’s principal merchants. This house was very stately and tours were executed daily. We GoldeBriars were to have our publicity pictures taken for the newspaper here.

We posed on a spiral staircase and in the entry while the irritated landlady followed us around for someone had forgotten to get permission for us to

use this historical palace, but with Bob G.'s "winning act," pictures were snapped as fast as the lady could "...!" "...!" From there, we raced over to a studio to film our second local T.V. program. As usual, we almost didn't make it because of a 'slight mix-up on time.' (Sometimes, we would stop off at a local radio station late in the evening after our performance, where we would record different "radio spots"...advertising both the radio station and our group. At the same time, I learned that certain big businesses in Charleston, such as this radio station, protected themselves by carrying guns.Latest news—four policemen are on trial for breaking into a store while on patrol—Quite a switch, huh?)



September 26th...Saturday night—Our group is known for its chaotic confusion and surprises on stage. But enough is enough: 1.) Tripping over chords, 2.) Not being able to find vibrator button, 3.) Buzzing amplifiers, 4.) Playing guitars in wrong keys, 5.) One of the guy's fly was open, 6.) Bad capos, and 7.) Sheri's shoe flying off in one of our production numbers, "Hush, Hush."



October 5th, Monday evening (starting of 3rd week at "300 King")—You know, gypsies travel a lot; well, the whole group plus "Uncle Bob" have been kicked out of our second Charleston home, which was the city's hotel. The manager took one look at the boys' outfits, their pierced ears and our long skirts, and "imagined" we were causing a disturbance. This was such an event to remember that we found time to laugh about it in our performances at night....And in the future, out of curiosity, this hotel manager couldn't help but to come see us perform...and on that particular night, he heard a story about our "quick exit" out of his hotel.

End of Third Week to Last Couple Days in Charleston—We all live now at a motel. The hospitality at this place is very warm. We even have a swimming pool which Curt and Tom took advantage of one night after having a night out at a place called the Azalea Gardens. They both drank a wild concoction called a "ZOMBIE"...and the boys seemed to enjoy themselves in the pool that night—stage clothes on and all. Each motel room entertains us by what is called a Muzak Box. This thing not only plays you symphony music to relax by, but is interrupted every 15 minutes by a commercial about the motel, which you can more or less repeat in your sleep after a couple of days: "Notice our wall to wall carpets, our porcelain sinks, and our large comfortable beds...and keep your eye peeled for the small, amiable 'box elder-like' bugs that make themselves at home in your suitcases and beds (I think, this phrase was only over our speaker)...and be sure to take advantage of our prompt wakeup service in the morning (the boys were late twice for business appointments from not being woken up)...And remember, our motel is the most conveniently located and serves all its customers with....." Oh well, we must admit this advertisement added variety to the other music.

We have found out one thing about southern food; it is either heart warming or heart burning. During the first couple weeks in Charleston, we didn't know which restaurants were good and which ones were bad, and we sure hit (with our poor money situation) a majority of bad ones, for we all had at least one case of food poisoning, leaving Curt collapsed on the dressing room floor one night and rushed off to the hospital. Thank goodness, the food is good where we live now. Bob stayed in Charleston to help us with our act for the first three weeks. Many things about this town had already affected both Bob and us deeply; the sentimentality that had grown in all of us was beautifully expressed in Bob's song, called "Charleston," that he wrote before he went back to New York:

“CHARLESTON”

You won't stay away from Charleston
Once you've ever traveled there
For there you come face-to-face
With life that leads a different pace:
While ahead the whole world plows –
Charleston pauses, Charleston bows.

You won't stay away from Charleston
It's that 'something' in the air
So once you've left, you will find
Charleston lingers in your mind
All the time – everywhere.

(BRIDGE)

These are the things we'll remember –
Things we always will recall:
The sound of laughter through half-closed shutters,
A shaded, cobblestone lane,
A vendor hollering “Swimpee, swimpee”
'Zalea gardens splashed with rain

You won't stay away from Charleston
No! No matter where you roam
So when you're tired of seeing
Cities that have no reason for being,
Charleston says – Come home!
Come Home!

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This song was so beautiful that a Charleston radio station advertised its premiere performance as a “300 King Friday Surprise” for a week, every 30 minutes...Friday night, the club was storming with many curious people. The audience's response, when we presented them with “Charleston” was overwhelming, with both tears and smiles.

300 King Street Performance Pics ①



300 King Street Performance Pics ②



right top picture of blond girl...she was Murray's fan

300 King Street Performance Pics ③



The time Bob left, our act had improved so much that the people that saw us the first night we opened, could hardly recognize us when they came back now. At this time, I would like to tell you what kind of instruments we used in our “new group” and our technique of amplifying Curt’s old acoustical Martin guitar, which he had played in the “original” GoldeBriar group. We all felt Curt’s Martin had a very special sound (some guitars have better sounds than others, depending upon different things such as the “action of the guitar,” etc.), so he amplified it by putting a pickup microphone inside of the guitar body, producing an excellent sound. Murray played a Guild guitar with his “fresh” style, Tom played a Fender bass, which we nicknamed his “Candy apple bass,” for it was sort of a honey red color, and Ron E. played a set of Gretch drums (Ron could produce many aesthetic sounds with his “added” tabla drum, originating from India, elephant bell, also from India, triangle, and other subtle artistic percussions. His drum set began to look like a jungle of percussions, but he did a great job of playing “everything.”) Sheri still played the occasional tambourine. On rare occasions, we set our guitars in what was called Open Tuning. This type of tuning had its own special mood, which could be described as heavy, eerie, or suspenseful. We used it on such complacent songs as “Woman At The Well” and “East Virginia.” A well-known folk singer, Judy Collins, is known for using Open Tuning in many of the songs she performs.

Our act just kept mushrooming out due to Bob’s discipline during our daily rehearsals. The specialty material we now had in our act, written by Bob or some of his Broadway friends, turned our act into somewhat of a Broadway production, which we had a lot of fun with. Bob had even worked a light show around our act (he became well known in the future for his own phenomenal light shows called the LIGHT WORKS. This production even had a theme song that Bob and a few people wrote called “At the Light Works” and was shown with many unique colors, some of which were created by an artistic partner).....

*Amazing News !!! The man who expedited us out of the hotel has just been elected travel agent of Charleston. Knowing this, we couldn’t help but smile, for we knew that he was very good at making people travel, anyway. Last weekend Lady Byrd Johnson traveled through Charleston on a political campaign and brought with her what she called “The Lady Byrd Special,” which featured entertainment by a group called “The Villagers.” We met this folk group when they came to see us perform one night and we continued to keep in touch with them for about a year. The whole group was from the neighboring state of North Carolina.

Last Couple Days in Charleston—Well, our last few days at Charleston sure flew! We had so much to do in such a little time but we all got it done with, of course, little sleep. We had the hardest time finding a trailer to haul all our amplified equipment and extra luggage in but with the help of a sympathetic friend, Luther, we got a hold of one on Sunday (the day we were “supposed” to leave). Since we strongly felt Jezebel had become a jinx for us, we all decided to find a new mascot...and what did we decide upon but a bear! What a sweet thing, as small as a kitten at 5 weeks old but who

knows, maybe it grows as tall as a polar bear--Can you imagine this? ..Well, thank goodness, it actually only gets as big as a cocker spaniel. It is known as a kinkajou or honey bear, originating from Brazil. We decided to name our bear (which is a “he”), Boogy Woogie, or just plain Boogy (we were surprised to find out what “Boogy Woogie” meant as a southern term). Out of pure change of atmosphere, Boogy was sick with diarrhea for quite some time after we purchased him. With big brown eyes, a pointed nose, and a medium brown coat; we couldn’t help but love him.

Origin of Boogy Woogie...KINKAJOU

‘A nocturnal mammal also known as “honey bear.” The kinkajou, *Potos flavus*, lives in the warm tropical forests that extend from southern Mexico to the state of Mato Grosso in Brazil. Mexican natives call this animal *mico leon*, or monkey lion, although it is neither monkey nor lion and does not hunt monkeys. The origin of the name kinkajou has been traced to the Tupi Indians of South America. The genus name, *Potos*, is from Poto, a Central American native name for the animal. This is of special interest because an African lemur, that resembles the kinkajou in many ways, has the native name *potto*. The kinkajou, however, is a member of the raccoon family. The kinkajou is a long-bodied, short-legged animal, with a thick coat of soft, golden brown fur that has no markings. It has a head and body length of about 20 inches, and its head is rounded with short, low ears, a pointed nose, and large eyes. The evenly tapered tail exhibits strength; it is slightly longer than the body with a prehensile tip, and naked on the underside and is used to supplement the four feet for grasping. It rarely descends to the ground, preferring to travel in monkeylike fashion by swinging from tree to tree in the tropical forest.



Our Mascot Boogy Woogie

Our last matinee was a scream—yeah, that’s what all those girls did again!! We have gathered quite a fan club down here, and the girls were “obvious” with their shrill little screams...they sure loved the guys in the group. Mooseface and her mother (really two loving fans of ours...but, who had acquired nicknames), baked us approximately our 25th nut cake, upon seeing us off. They also gave us all small souvenirs to remember them by: Sheri—a lamb (to symbolize “Mary Had A Little Lamb,” which was part of one of our production numbers, THE SAFETY SONGS). Curt—a hand grenade (symbolic of our song, “No More Bomb”). Ron - an Egyptian guide (from our song “Queen of Sheba”). Tom—a set of pickup sticks (from “Sticks and Stones”, a part of THE SAFETY SONGS). Murray—a “choo choo” train (to represent his frequent “train sounds” on stage). Me—a dolly (From our specialty number “The Dolly Song”).

Our last night at “300 King” was packed for all of our sets. Our last audience stood up as we sang our encore, “Charleston.” Practically, everyone was crying; it was like a FARE THEE WELL party. After the last set, everyone sang “Happy Birthday” to Sheri, who was going to be 21 the following Thursday. We planned on leaving Charleston Sunday around 1:00 p.m. but because of the party the club threw for us, we couldn’t get ourselves going until 3:00 a.m., Monday morning. We were bid farewell by Frank and Kay (a duet to follow us at “300 King”), the club bartender and his wife, many friends, and a most important person, Father Summer, whom we had met the last week we were in Charleston. We got to know and admire Father Summer so much that we decided to adopt him as “our group father.” We left Charleston as being the #1 requested group on the leading radio stations.



October 31st – Evening. Here I sit—No place but the Boettcher’s (Curt’s parents home in McLean, Virginia). It wouldn’t be hard to guess where we G.B.’s would be when we weren’t working. I don’t know how they can put up with our “gypsy circus” so much. They have been very good to us. Last Sunday evening, we performed at the “Little Fox Theater,” in Greenwich Village, set up as our own “Review” by Bob Goldstein who invited around 200 people, most of them affiliated with the show business field. Our performance went over well with most everyone except our booking agency...and boy, do they count when you want to make a living...even though, they can’t manage to consistently book our “strange group,” which can be most fully described now as a pop/folk/rock group with a Broadway presentation and a gypsy image...People say it’s like we landed from somewhere. I guess with all our unusual humors (for we still concentrate our act around being ourselves), we do have a different affect on a lot of people.

(REFLECTION SOME YEARS AFTER GROUP DISBANNED: We seemed to have a certain naiveté by being ourselves, sophistication by incorporating all of the specialty numbers that gave us a Broadway presentation, a most unusual vocal and instrumental sound...seeming to be way ahead of the musical times...and a most unique and strange gypsy image.)

One of the most exciting feelings for me on stage is to feel you are actually communicating with the audience; it's like there is one circle of warm vibrations between you ("the group") and the audience....like a giving-receiving feeling.

Another person has supposedly expressed an interest in managing us, that being Peter Nero's manager. Our new single out, "I've Got to Love Somebody," backed with "Castle on the Corner," still hasn't hit anywhere besides Philadelphia from what we hear—and we don't hear very much at times. But "Sea of Tears," the first song on our second album has been literally dropped (meaning no special promotion) on the market in England. We have been told by our business associates that this single has sold over 3 pressings in one week.

.....After the review, I think our booking agency well-expressed their feelings for us when they sent us off to our next booking in Boston, which was to a place called The Outside Inn. To tell you the truth, I don't think the agency knew how to label or what to do with our unique group. We left right from the review, having had no sleep, and eagerly started off toward Boston. It didn't take us long to get into Boston, but we drove in it for about 4 hours, trying to find the club because we didn't have the address (having left New York too fast!)....And nobody we asked in Boston heard of the place!! But once we found it we were sorry for all there was, was a piano on a "little stage" and tables surrounding it, making it look like the combination of a restaurant and piano bar. We only played the club one night because we were told it was 'strictly folk'...and we weren't!...So, here I sit, wondering what's going to develop when Curt and Sheri go up to our agency and raise a storm.



November 4th—Well, we're back in Charleston now at "300 King" to play a 5 day engagement. A comedian who was booked into the club just picked up and fled town—From what we hear, he didn't go over very well. Mickey, the manager of the club, heard about our Boston booking and asked us if we would finish this comedian's booking. We gladly accepted his offer and were happy to know we could once again feed six mouths plus a bear's and pay for our instruments (the monthly payments seem to come around quicker than we could keep the money coming in).

We sure got a warm reception; they had been advertising our return on radio and T.V. and had put posters up all over the town saying: "GoldeBriars are back by popular demand" (Really, it didn't even seem like we left the first time). Father Summer, whom we have nicknamed "Daddio," said he was going to pray for us to come back soon..He sure must have prayed hard. All he had to do now is to pray for another engagement soon after this short booking. We all are eager to make what people call "salaries."

A short time back, Sheri and I had received a letter with a picture enclosed from some little Charleston girls, sending it to our New York address. They wrote us to tell us that they had painted “us” (meaning Sheri and I) on a fire hydrant, but the rain had washed “us” away, so they repainted us on the hydrant with waterproof paint...And this even made the local newspaper. The picture they sent in the letter was in color, showing their artistic hydrant. We were amazed to see how exact these girls had painted it, using our second album cover as their draft; they even got down to the details of the designs in our floor-length skirts that we wore on this album cover.



Keith Olsen (Sheri's new boyfriend) who was the bass player for Gale Garnett ("Sing in the Sunshine" girl)...and who also previously was the bass player for Jimmy Rodgers...has been kind enough to finance our trip down here. Can you imagine we had 7 people and one bear packed into our "Woody" this time! Thank goodness, we had a trailer to stuff our luggage into. Our car is still holding up, even on a month old battery! It only had one flat tire on the way down here!

"300 King St." is sure getting to be plush. In 2 weeks time, new seats, lights, and a better sound system was put in plus many small luxuries. In a short time, they are also going to carpet the whole place. We heard the club had a little excitement while we were gone. They were raided! South Carolina has the most peculiar liquor laws. Liquor is supposed to be outlawed in the state. Clubs can sell beer but not hard liquor. "300 King" didn't take this rule seriously, however, and besides selling beer, also sold hard liquor on the side. Also, their liquor license had expired and they had forgotten to renew it. Several times while performing, we would be interrupted by the police raiding the upstairs where the liquor was sold. We all had to admit that it did add a bit of excitement to our performance.



November 5th—Thursday—One night some of our friends in Charleston decided we needed some entertainment so they guided us to a rock 'n roll place called "The Merchant Seaman Club," featuring a wild band called "The Magnificent Six" which consisted of sax, bass, drums, and electric guitars. When the club knew we were there, they made us get up and do a number. —Well, by that time, we were all feeling "pretty good"...this was the first time in a long time we could let loose, so we all drank our "quota of liquor"...and were more than "happy" to perform a song. We didn't have our instruments or amplifiers there, so we had to get along with the band's equipment—It turned out to be quite a scene; the electric guitar Curt got stuck with sounded like a "play banjo," the drums were so high pitched that they sounded like tin cans, Sheri played a tambourine that resembled the salvation army one, and poor Murray couldn't even play because there weren't even enough electric guitars to go around...We all danced until we were exhausted. Father Summer even joined us doing the jitterbug and a Charleston dance called "The Shag."

By the end of the engagement in Charleston this time, all the little girls from our matinees had gone completely wild over the G.B. boys, for they not only mobbed us when we arrived at our motel after our matinee, but they also made a special cake for each of the guys. One girl even happened to somehow get into the boys' motel room in time to see Murray in his skivvies...escaping into his bed. Charleston now has its own G.B. cult; four boys have dyed their hair, pierced one of their ears, and wear tunics. ***We just found out our next destination is in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where we will be playing a two-week engagement.

CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

CHAPTER

7

“ROUGH ROADS AHEAD”

CHAPTER VII: "ROUGH ROADS AHEAD"

"Move Out We Gotta Get There"

Song by Curt Boettcher – 1964

Refrain:

Move out we gotta get there
Move out we gotta get there
Look sharp, we're gonna split hair
We're off, but we don't know where
You know, we're rollin' so you better look out
Our car is smilin' so you better look out
Confusion reigning, so you better look out...

Well, we're driving down the highway in our GoldeBriar car
We got a big flat tire, so we don't go far
We pull off the road to get the tire jack
But when we look in the back we can't find where it's at

Repeat Refrain

We're packin' up the car with our boxes and stuff
It's bustin' at the seams but it still looks tough
With the weirdoes hanging out,
Like a junk man's cart
We rev up the engine,
Cause we're ready to start

Repeat Refrain



November 8th - Sunday Night (In the Tennessee Mountains)—

Right now, I'm sitting in our 1952 gypsy wagon (which is hoisted up in a garage) wondering what's wrong with our car! We have had so much trouble with it since we left Charleston this morning. We just had a new battery and tire put on it before we left but we think it might be a shot transmission or broken seal...I really don't know much about cars, but I do know that our car leaked about 8 quarts of transmission fluid and oil within 5 miles and we wound up pushing the car up hills, coasting it down hills, trying to find a gas station.

But we found out that once you get car trouble in the mountains, you are just "stuck" because civilization up here is pretty scattered, consisting mainly of old "shattered sugar shacks" with the outdoor toilets, the laundry hanging out the windows, and the whole bit. I don't know how a lot of people up here earn enough money to stay alive. Many of them make their living by raising tobacco, tomatoes, etc. from what I'm told...They are also known for their "hidden talents" of making their own corn whiskey...One thing surprised me; many of the "shattered sugar shacks" had up-to-date cars parked by the side of them—it must be those 'buy now, pay later' (much later) deals. After we couldn't push the car another foot, we realized we needed a tow truck to tow our car to a gas station. Since Keith (whom Sheri married a few years later) and Sheri were the most presentable of our whole troop, we elected them to hitchhike to the nearest gas station to get us help. The rest of us hid behind some bushes, figuring we may scare people off, until a truck driver offered Keith and Sheri a lift. When they returned with a tow truck, they told us about the person who had picked them up. They

said he was a rather suspicious looking man with old overalls and suspenders on, and who carried a shotgun with him. They said they really didn't feel they would get to the gas station safely, for when he started talking to them, they began to feel like hostages. He insisted upon driving them back to our car once they got us a tow truck, but Sheri and Keith told the people at the gas station that this old truck driver made them feel very suspicious of him, so they came back safely in the tow truck.

Bob Goldstein usually has pretty good intuition when something unusual is going to happen to us. Well, he dreamed that this trip to Milwaukee was going to be a nightmare—It has a good start. I don't know how we can make it in time for our opening night on Monday.



November 10th (From Tennessee Mountains to Chicago Skyway Loop)—On November 9th, we had to stay at a small cheap mountain hotel in Newport, Tenn. because our car had to have new gaskets and seals for the transmission and we had to wait until the next morning before we could get a hold of these parts—Not many repair garages are open on Sunday. As usual, we all observed a few unique things...Newport, which had a population of 5,000, specializes in their own cab company, which is called "SUPER CAB CO." and looks like an unpainted outhouse and has one lonely 1955 Ford cab parked in front of it. As we walked down the sidewalk, we were all uneasy to find the majority of people carrying rifles and holstered guns. Must be wild up here! It must be 'year 'round hunting season.' Tom even observed a chubby woman with kinky carrot red hair chewing tobacco, who didn't hesitate to spit it on the sidewalk, barely missing his feet.

The transmission was fixed and we were on our way again at about 6:00 the next evening. Then came the next string of bad luck—Ten miles out of Newport our new battery registered dead. We finally got our car started with a battery cable charger and enthusiastically started ahead, when we were halted this time by our water pump gasket springing a leak...so we filled it up with a bottle of Barleak (that smelled terrible and had little things floating in it that looked like rabbit pellets) and to our surprise, it stopped the leak. We continued toward Milwaukee when our car overheated East of Gary, Indiana and we had to have the battery charged again. We plunged on until we hit the Chicago Skyway Loop...We all thought the only thing that could happen now would be our trailer falling off...But at the moment of all of us laughing at this idea, our left front tire flattened. Curt got out of the car to get a spare tire and was disgusted to find out that when we had a new tire put on our car in Charleston, the serviceman forgot to put our spare back. Everyone collected their thoughts and Curt and Murray flagged down a cab to go buy a new tire at a gas station.

Confusion plus! What would you do in the middle of the Chicago Skyway Loop in the center island with furiously racing cars on both sides?.....Well, Tom, Ron, Keith, Sheri, and I pulled out our leftover food, which consisted of potato chips, water soaked bologna, prune juice, and soda pop, and had a PICNIC. A curious patrolman stopped and we told him the "successful" story of this trip. Instead of telling us to hurry and get our car off the side of the busy traffic, he took pity on us and bought us some coffee until Curt and Murray returned. By now, our budget that Murray had spent hours planning out was scraping the bottom. The tire they bought, which wasn't even new, cost \$22, plus all our other repairs, came to quite an expense. The cab driver, that drove Curt and Murray up and back for the tire was quite a "kook"; one of his statements: "Ninety-five percent of the people in the world are damn fools, the other five percent are crazy." We

didn't know if we wanted to fall in either of these categories. What a nerve-racking trip! Besides our car going out of whack, Boogy had some kind of ailment. He squeaked and screamed for about five hours straight. He doesn't even know where to go to the bathroom yet. He finds the most convenient place available, such as in his food and on Curt's shirt. He isn't sure what his kitty litter is for yet.

We all have some sort of mouth disorder also: Tom has an abscessed tooth, Curt has a lot of pain from his new wisdom teeth, Sheri has sore gums, and I have canker sores in mine.

Our booking agency was burning up when they found out that we had to make our engagement a day late. With all the confusion our agency has caused us, Curt got mad and told them that car trouble could happen to anyone, even with a new car.....But, not this much car trouble....we went 30 miles and the tire we just put on went flat.....Oh, well, we made it to Milwaukee 5:00 Tuesday afternoon to start playing the Holiday Inn that night.



November 17th—Tuesday—Last Saturday night at the Holiday Inn, a little excitement was created in the middle of one of our serious songs, “No More Bomb.” Little Boogy Woogie, who was being saved in the dressing room to be introduced later in the set, decided to join our act early. He somehow got out of the dressing room and thought he would show his skills by scaling our microphone. Some men in the audience thought it was funny, but some of the women screamed in hysteria when he hopped off the microphone and ran under their table, and they didn't appreciate Ron having to crawl under their table to capture him. Well, he was escorted back to the dressing room and we finished our song, “No More Bomb.”

The Holiday Inn is quite plush; such people as Frank Sinatra, Doris Day, Tony Bennett and Nat King Cole have performed here. Our competition was playing our music against the clanging of dishes and glasses, the laughing and talking of people discussing their dinners, and the “loaded bar stools.” It's a very nice supper club, but not the kind of atmosphere for our act, which is set up like a Broadway review. Here, we don't have anyone to even set us up by giving us a good introduction—explaining that we are like gypsies and we have a “new sound” to offer, and telling the places we have played, and about our recordings. Instead, Murray just sneaks up to the microphone in the dark after Tom, Ron, and Murray's instrumental and says: “And now presenting the new modern gypsies?” At 300 King we played a wild instrumental record before the boys instrumental and after our act called “Cincinnati” that had a wild gypsy mood to it, and we always had a formal introduction, which I feel we need because we are so different and people need to get ready for us.

We also had an efficient light man at 300 King. Here, we had to ask for a light man and wound up with an unenthusiastic one named Ollie, who has a fractured finger and somehow broke his glasses, which he can barely see without—With the combination of these disabilities plus drowning himself in liquor every night, he wasn't very efficient.

In another part of the Holiday Inn, through two glass doors, is what is called the “A Go Go” room, which features some professional twisters who are there to keep the audience in the dancing mood on the weekend nights. The audience twists and shouts and nearly knock themselves out...Really, with all the people that are packed in that small room every weekend, you can barely move. All the dancing music is MC'd by Milwaukee's leading radio station announcer whose stage name is Tex. He happened to be in St. Louis when our 1st single, “Shenandoah” backed with “Pretty Girls and Rolling Stones,” was number one for one month on the popular radio charts there. He is very excited about our sound and interviews us in the “A Go-Go” room every night.

The hotel that we are now staying in is actually spookier than the Hotel Christopher in New York. This Milwaukee hotel, which has five stories, more modern than The Christopher, uses a self-operated elevator, compared to the self-winding one at The Christopher, but is like a tomb. I have only seen two other boarders in one week's time (this must be the slow season). In most hotels, you see people sitting in the lobby every so often but only the deskman, usually sleeping on a couch, can be seen here. Yesterday, Sheri and I were greeted by an empty whiskey bottle as we walked out of our hotel room.

We haven't got any more reports on “Sea of Tears” release in England, but the last we heard “I've Got To Love Somebody” was number 18 on the Philadelphia charts. At least this song is doing something.



November 24th—Tuesday—Well, we all landed in New York in our “Woodie” last night. We are concentrating our stay here (which will be two weeks or so) on recording sessions...when we will then head towards Winnipeg, Canada to play our next engagement. At the moment, the group is quite proud of itself; we showed ourselves with the Milwaukee engagement that we could hold our act together even when we had to play under a difficult situation. On our last night in Milwaukee, we were happy to see Murray's Mom and sister (and of course, his loving dog, Jacques). Animals, such as small dogs and cats were allowed in our hotel, but Jacques looked more like a small cow--he actually is a giant poodle for he weighs 75 lbs. and is 3-1/2 feet long. Upon looking at him, you might gather he has just been to the beauty parlor, for his body is covered with gray curls. We all knew the hotel management wouldn't welcome Jacques, so we sneaked him through the back entrance and carted him up the elevator, managing to get him into one of our rooms without anyone seeing him. The next morning was spent playing a game of ‘hide ‘n seek’ with the maid for as soon as she finished cleaning one of our rooms, we would smuggle Jacques into it, so she could clean another one without discovering him. While proceeding to check out of the hotel, the manager informed us that he was going to sue us for causing a disturbance of noise (he said) three nights in a row. We knew this wasn't true, but we caught his “game” quickly; he was another person who thought we were wealthy show biz people and he thought we would “share” our money with him. (If he only knew!) Anyway, we told him about our efficient New York lawyer and told him to refer his complaint to him—Boy, did that shut him up quick!

As usual, the beginning of our trips are full of surprises...We were starting on our way out of Milwaukee, having gone only one block from the hotel when we found ourselves stalled in the middle of the road. We were all disgusted because we had just spent another \$95.00 on repairs on our "Woodie" and thought something more was critically wrong with it, but after a little inspection, though, we found our car was out of gas!!

None of us flipped over the city of Milwaukee. It just didn't seem to have a distinguishable personality like some of the cities we had been in. Maybe, our eyes just weren't open to the right things, or we didn't have the time to be in the right places. I didn't learn a lot about the city, but I do know it is noted for its military posts (the city being located on the Great Lakes), its cold winter weather (that reached a freezing two below zero during our stay), and its variety of breweries that keep a lot of people "happy".



November 26th—Thursday—New York City (Thanksgiving)—Today is Thanksgiving and we are going to spend it at Bob Goldstein's place, where we will cook our own dinner. Beverly Ross will also be there...It will be nice to see her again. We love her original songs, not forgetting the two of hers we recorded on our second album. She always brings a new package of originals along when we get together. Since Bob has a piano in his apartment, Bev can play her songs and we can adlib harmonies around her melodies. We all respect her talent. Bev has written two songs for our new recording sessions. One, which is called "June Bride Baby," she wrote with Bob and is predicted to be our next single. It's such a catchy song (we even use a New York accent in it), and we are hoping it will get our group off the ground with our first national hit.

Our recording sessions this time are going to be concentrated on recording material we think has single potential. With our new songs, amplification, and the extra sidemen we're adding to our sessions, our recordings should be at a peak of our present commerciality. Our Thanksgiving dinner turned out to be a feast. We "GoldeBriar Pilgrims" prepared it, starting by putting our 21 lb. turkey in the oven at 7:30 in the morning. The boys were so cautious about keeping it basted that it got too moist (probably the oven door opening so much didn't help) and we had to leave it in the oven two extra hours, but we didn't mind waiting for our dinner; which consisted of stuffing, tossed vegetable salad, baked potatoes, cranberries, rolls, a variety of wines, and, of course, pumpkin pie. Bob's parents and brother came up from Philadelphia, so we had a total of 14 people there.

While in New York, we again stayed at the Christopher Hotel. The Christopher is the only OTEL in New York; ever since we first stayed at this place, the "H" on the hotel has been missing. The outside of the hotel resembles a haunted house. Walking inside, you will be greeted year 'round by a "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year's" sign. While waiting for the elevator, you can make yourself comfortable by sitting on one of the benches, for the elevator can fit very few people and its operation is very slow. On arriving on your floor of the OTEL, you are hit with some very unusual odors (not too pleasant). The apartments, consisting of a bathroom and bedroom are very unique, having slanted floors and water that works when "you're not running it". Most people install air conditioners in their living rooms, but Sheri and I have one in our bathroom, consisting of a large hole in our wall that must lead outside because a draft is constantly drifting in. You can tell our walls have been painted several times, for they feel rather crusty and have now turned out to be sort of a burnt peach color. There are a few things I like about this hotel, though; first of all, it is very adventurous watching all the unusual people who live here, and second of

all, the beds I've slept on are the most comfortable ones I've slept on so far in our travels. You figure they must be broken in by now...being so ancient.

Right before we leave New York for Winnipeg, we are going to add another person to our G.B. group who will be our road manager. His name is Luther Gaillard. He is a typical "southern gentleman" from Charleston, South Carolina. We need someone to check on conditions for our bookings, to take care of our budget, to operate our lights during our act, plus many other miscellaneous jobs. Luther helped us out with many things during our bookings in Charleston and we think he fits the qualifications for our road manager. I just got a letter from Luther today and he said he went to a football game in Charleston and saw three "new" boys dressed up just like our G.B. boys and they were selling peanuts. (If we don't get a hit single from our recording sessions this time, we might all have to join the "new" G.B. boys in Charleston in selling peanuts.)

Boogy seems to be taming down quite a bit; he doesn't bite as much as he did when we first picked him up. His bite is always a playful one, but it hurts! We're all glad he has his rabies shots. Curt and I took him out for a walk the other night. He sure is an attention-getter, for people stop on sidewalks and in their cars to ask what kind of animal he is. Two people thought he was an anteater or sloth.

We recorded four songs yesterday: "Last Two People," "Hush, Hush," "Nothing Wrong With You (That My Love Can't Cure)," and "June Bride Baby." The sessions ran from 2:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m., making us quite exhausted, but we didn't mind because the results of these songs turned out wild! So far, everyone's favoring "Nothing Wrong With You" (written by Bob and Bev) for it creates a spontaneous feeling when you listen to it. It also fits right into the kind of songs that are making hits today; the song seems to be "English Oriented" with the G.B. style. We used some weird sound effects in two of our songs; in "June Bride Baby," Bob used his old-fashioned clock that produced a kind of "cash register ringing sound" and he, also shook Murray's amplifier in "Last Two People," which created an indescribable, but spooky sound....kind of like static thunder.

We decided if we don't get a hit out of one of our sessions, a good name for our next album could be "No More Bomb." To support a large group such as ours...to really make a little money for each member because of our high upkeep of our group, we've got to produce a "happening record."

As usual, wherever we go the boys are still called "The Beatles," "Rollin' Stones," etc. But you can't say any of the English groups have long hairy sideburns and an earring like Curt, Ron, Murray and Tom. I think anyone who has long dark hair is considered a Beatle. Sheri and I have even been called "Beatles" with our dark hairdos—I really don't see the resemblance.

Today, Boogy Woogie met the big New York society for we took him up to meet our lawyer and Epic. The secretaries at Epic were screaming so loud in amazement, watching him scale the desks and coat racks, that the President of Epic came out of his office and told them to hold down the noise. I guess the G.B.'s caused commotion again...Bob Morgan, our A & R man at Epic, seemed to like Boogy.

There are so many empty hotel rooms at the Christopher that Boogy has been vacated to his own room, so he doesn't keep anyone awake at night; he is a nocturnal animal, you know. Late one night, the deskman gave us the news that Boogy somehow got out of his room and was running around the five floors of the OTEL. I guess he's adventurous too.

A couple of days ago, we were all guests at a Rolf Harris recording session. Rolf is one of the first show biz people we met. Since then, he has been a good friend of ours. All of his songs (I already mentioned his hit song, "Tie Me Kangaroo Down") are accompanied by weird sound effects, some being produced by his wobble board and dijareedoo (probably instruments he picked up from his native country, Australia).

New York (last week recording)—When we finished recording, we had felt like we had just gone through boot camp. Our new commercial songs took a lot of hard work. It took many cuts of each song to gain perfection. We had many side men to organize ourselves with (and to hear ourselves over). There were so many mikes, instruments and side men that we looked like a "musical jungle". You actually had to crawl to your microphone. Once I tripped over Curt's amp chord (that was attached to his guitar) and ripped it right out of his amplifier, causing excitement, but Frank, the engineer, came to my rescue (before getting hit with a guitar) and repaired the damage.

In five sessions, we cut eight songs. Everyone's favorite still was "Nothing Wrong With You." Instead of "June Bride Baby," as we speculated as our single before the recordings, we now feel this other song should be released as our next single (but, as unpredictable as this business is and always will be, "June Bride Baby" was still chosen by the head men at our record company to be our next single)...which should be released sometime this coming January.

Murray's new name is "Mountain Murray," for every time we go on a trip, he always asks "Are we in the mountains yet?" Well, he wears this dirty old hat all the time now (I think even to bed) and we call it his mountain cap. Now he has two important properties: His hat and his briefcase. Curt joined the hat fashion parade and now wears a hat that makes him look like one of the West Side Gang. Ron has a hat that fits his personality also; it's a maroon stocking cap that makes him resemble one of the Seven Dwarfs—meaning Sleepy; yeah, that's what he does as often as he can find a bed. Every time he finishes eating, he always says: "Oh, I've got to sleep this off." He's the only human sleeping pill I know. He even drives half asleep (as I have commented on before). You can tell something is wrong when Ron is driving and our car politely sways from one side of the centerline of the road to the other.

I guess all the G.B. members are "nuts." Tom has the most unusual talk, which sounds like a child's mumble. I think he talks rather cute, but I can't understand him all the time.

After the recording sessions, we finally knew where our group's next

destination was for sure. We had a booking set up once again in Winnipeg, but we also got a 5-week offer from Charleston. We just didn't go for 30 degree below Canadian weather and decided to join the birds and fly (I mean drive) South and take the Charleston booking. I'm sure in Canada our car would quit, our bear would die, and we wouldn't last long with our "Miami clothes."

Good old Sheri got smart and took a jet with her boyfriend, Keith, to Charleston. Here we go, another trip!...Rancidity (as Tom says) is a good word for this trip because we haven't had time to clean our car out and the traveling Woodie picks up a little extra dust too, and adding our bear to this kind of situation gives us a rancid trip.

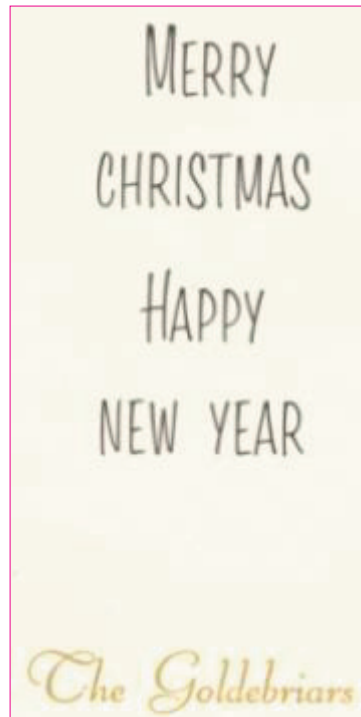
Charleston (First two weeks back)—"Come home, Come home"—Here we are again. I guess this is the second best place to spend Christmas. So many people have seemed to adopt us down here, I think it would be hard to distinguish who our Charleston parents are. We are staying at Luther's house. He lived there alone because his father is in the service in Spain along with his mother and sister. His house is just huge. Since we've moved in, it looks like a boarding house. With so many boys in this house, it feels like a boy scout camp to me.

The Wayfarers, the owners of 300 King, made sure we were furnished with a maid to clean and help us cook. In the South, maids' salaries are very reasonable. Our maid's name was Ida Mae. We referred to her as Ida Mae Maid, for it sort of rhymed. She's quite a character; she's a hard worker with glasses about an inch thick, but she still can't see too well, having once dropped half our dinner on the floor. We still are very fond of her, though.

This year, Luther made sure we had special G.B. Christmas cards made. We got writers' cramp addressing about 200 cards, of which 100 were business. At least many people will know we're thinking about them (and our writer's cramp) at Christmas this year.

We had a fabulous Xmas dinner, which was fit for an army; we had a huge turkey, ham, fruit salad, stuffing, baked potatoes, cooked and raw vegetables, cranberries, plus, plus much, much more. We prepared the dinner at Luther's house, which created a "holy mess" ..(in keeping with the Xmas spirit). Our dinner atmosphere wasn't ruined, though, for we ate at Father Summer's. There was so much food, we barely made a dent in it. Now we won't have to worry about groceries for another week. Boogy even had his own Xmas, for he received some lollipops from a loyal G.B. fan. He made such a pig out of himself (eating both candy and wrapper) that it took him two days to recover from his Xmas festival.

We didn't really appreciate performing on Xmas Eve and day at the club, but "that's show biz." But we didn't let that ruin our Xmas celebration, for we learned enough Xmas songs to substitute them into our act.



Curt's mom made Sheri and I some new stage outfits that have been a pleasure wearing. Those poor floor-length skirts we wore them so long, we almost wore them down to their last threads. The poor boys are still wearing their, what we call, Peter Pan Tunics with a couple pair of colored boots but they are soon to leave these outfits in a lonely corner, for they are ordering themselves new outfits this week. Performing 4 or 5 sets a night with the same outfits gets very boring. 'As Spring comes but once a year', we can look forward to new stage clothes to add to our wardrobe.

We are all trying to polish up our act and are adding a lot of new material in case our new single (soon to be released) makes a hit! Our first two weeks in Charleston have been very successful. Most of the crowds have been big, putting the club back on its feet. Three more weeks here and who knows where we will be heading next. I really hope it's the West Coast but surprises are always happening!

CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story
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CHAPTER

8

“FAME OR FAMINE”

CHAPTER VIII: "FAME OR FAMINE"



January 1st—Charleston—New Year's Resolution: "Fame or Famine"

We had a New Year's dance after 12 midnight. People were blowing horns and wearing silly little hats. Mickey and the waiters decorated the club with crepe paper and helium filled balloons. Bev, Curt's new girlfriend, and Janet, Tom's wife, made it to Charleston from Minnesota for the New Year's Holiday. Bev has blond hair and resembles Sheri so much that most people think they are sisters or twins.

I guess, Boogy Woogie looks more like my sister, which by the way, the boys only recently discovered our bear mascot is a girl--now the boys in our group only outnumber Sheri and I by one.

The other night, Daddio, more commonly called Reverend Summer, told us of some of his unusual church experiences: 1) One Sunday during Communion, one of his congregation slyly slipped the wafer (known as Communion Bread) into his pocket instead of into his mouth, 2) In a wedding, it's the custom for the bride-to-be to wear something 'old, new, borrowed, blue'. Well, I'm afraid the bride borrowed something that didn't quite fit her, for when she walked down the aisle, her panties fell to her ankles, 3) One damp morning, while the Reverend was giving a funeral sermon and the body was about to be lowered into its grave, Daddio leaned over to say the benediction and the dirt gave way under his feet and he gracefully fell into the grave.



On January 7th, Curt turned the "legal" age of 21 and we had a surprise party for him at 300 King after our last performance that night. We received a tape of our new recorded songs from Epic. We all listened to them getting more excited about the releasing of our next single, even though our first choice was "Nothing Wrong With You."

The boys are continuing to get more fan mail and are now autographing girl's arms. Murray received a paper in the mail with his name written on it 500 times and he also got a train...another "choo choo train," which he pushed around on stage one night, causing the little girls to scream in pure glee.

Last Sunday, we finally got some fresh outdoor air and went to a plantation and rode horses, motor scooters, and had juicy steak dinners. Everyone was so out of condition that we are still suffering from aching muscles.

Our Woodie is in surgery now--the boys are digging around in the city dumps getting it a new speedometer, inside nightlight and other goodies. We are also having four new tires put on it, new seats and reupholstering added, and a whole new paint job done on it, in other words, an overall checkup. I hope it is comfortably mended and in good running shape by the time we are ready to take off for our next booking.

Keith left Sheri and the rest of us last week to go to California where he would once again continue his career. He also brought along a tape of our new recorded songs, so he and "The Wayfarers," who were playing a California club now, could do some West Coast plugging for us.

As bookings stand now, we have a New York Concert coming up February 7th, an indefinite booking in Lansing, Michigan on February 8th through February 14th and a two week booking in Denver, Colorado at The Exodus, starting February 16th. After Denver, we hope to go straight to California to play “somewhere.”

A new nationwide program called “Hullabaloo,” which features the “Top 40” commercial type groups, premiered last Tuesday on T.V. One background scene showed a billboard of albums, in which we saw both our G.B. albums. Now we can say we were on the first Hullabaloo program.

Boogy had an adventurous time at Luther’s house last night while we were performing at the club. Somehow, she got out of her cage and devoured and destroyed such things as half a homemade cake, biscuits, and a treasured corsage of Sheri’s and other leftovers. Her poor stomach looked like a pouch. It was so fat, we couldn’t help laughing. We have been training Luther for the job as our road manager, slowly but surely. He is learning fast, running around doing different business errands and he even operates our lights for our shows. We have a lot of confidence in him.



January 23rd through 26th (From Charleston to Canada)—Once again, we G.B.’s leave Charleston and begin another adventure, this time we are really going to Canada. We are accompanied by rain, snow, and fog in the first part of our journey, confronting our driver with quite a challenge. This trip is different from the others, for this time our road manager, Luther, has been brave enough to join our chaotic group. Luther drove the majority of the way to the Canadian border—he is quite a “roadster”; we know all roads lead to Rome (and we hope Canada is on the way) but not all paths...He seemed to find roads where there weren’t any. Our “Woodie” appears a little different after coming out of surgery: a.) It was painted gray on top of its old maroon color—to me it looked gloomier, b.) New speedometer..Now at least we’re aware when we speed, c.) New upholstery was put on the floors and side panels inside the car..One mistake on the part of the garage; they forgot to cover up a hold in the floor when reupholstering it. Oh well, it only affected Curt who discovered a water fountain under his feet when it started to rain—free car or Curt wash?, d.) The garage didn’t have time to put floor insulation in, so we all had free foot heating from our pistol hot floor fed by the heat from the engine, and e.) Our car now has 3 seats...the back seat, which we added is reverse of the other seats. The people riding in the back, “more or less riding,” get the impression they’re going to Charleston while the rest of us are leaving. Conclusion of car surgery: Car is different now. More surgery needed in future.

Boogy Woogie is amazingly calm. Her calmness was not on her own..No muzzle was used, only tranquilizers. What won’t they invent next?

Our engagement is in London, Canada, where we will film two “Sing Out” programs MC’d by the old folk singer, Oscar Brand. To our disadvantage, this program is strictly a folk program, but we will try our best and sing our “commercial folk songs.”

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia....That's where we are now with about 1,000 miles to go. All of these mountains remind me of one big roller coaster ride. Some appear to be 'in fashion' with their white peaked caps. The many rambling houses we pass seem to appear so deserted and lonely. I suppose the insects and wild animals take advantage of these places.

*****We are about to become foreigners...Most of us for the first time, but difficulties have arisen: We are at the immigration office and found out we can't pass through the Canadian border without permission from the directors of the Oscar Brand Show authorizing our business involvement in their country. I guess they have had a lot of so-called show people in the past say they had jobs to play in Canada and it didn't hold true, and maybe did illegal things instead. Oh well, it's hard to understand for I've never had to go to a different country before...and, of course, our booking agency didn't set things up in the right business manner again, and at the moment, I feel like some kind of a criminal with all the questions they are firing at us...I felt like putting my hands up and surrendering everything extra I had on me, but the only thing I had in my coat pocket was a toothbrush and I'm sure this wasn't going to prove anything....The immigration clerk then asked us if we had any pets to claim. (We were hoping he wouldn't ask this because Boogy was sick and we didn't think they would let her cross the border.) We then told him we had a bear in the car. He asked to see the bear and also papers proving she had her shots. Sheri carried our limp, slightly constipated bear into the immigration office and gently laid him on the counter. At this time, Boogy decided not to be constipated anymore...She literally ran from one end of the counter to the next, squeaking and pooping all the way, then jumped from the counter and continued running all around the room with the immigration clerk chasing close behind her with kleenex, paper towels, etc. trying to wipe up Boogy's mess. All this time, Sheri kept exclaiming "Boogy Baby, you're well again!" Well, the clerk decided Boogy was well enough to cross the border--I think he wanted to get her anywhere other than his office.

While trying to get a hold of our booking agency and our Canadian business associates, we slept on a police station floor in the U.S. near the Canadian border...(We didn't have enough money for a hotel)...You see, it was very frigid out and our car's manifold was broken and if we allowed our car to run while we all slept in it, we might allow carbon monoxide to take over our bodies and we weren't ready yet for our "eternal sleep." A kind police officer hearing our sad story told us we could use the police station floor for the night. It wound up being so cold on the floor that we decided to sleep in our car, anyway...At least we'd die warm. We were awakened the next morning with many curious people peering in at us...We must have been quite a sight, all seven of us and a bear sleeping in layers.

.....And as time can be an answer to problems, we were finally allowed to cross over into Canada. Our Canadian associates had finally been contacted and gave verbal authorization of our purpose in Canada. So, we proceeded to scurry to a hotel in London, Canada (which was a part of our booking) where we once again felt warm and secure.

We have found that it's not hard to become attached to the other members of our group since we usually didn't know anyone else when we hit a new town. We really needed one another in many ways: to laugh together, for a sense of security to help each other through our rough days, and to accomplish what we set out to do as a group.



February 3, 1965—Outcome of Oscar Brand filming: As a group, we did what we considered a good job but we felt somewhat out of place performing our music in a “folk atmosphere.”



February 7th—Yesterday we had the experience of performing our first college concert at a southwestern New York city, Olean, which was located in the mountains. We sure have been getting our share of the mountains lately. We were surprised to find Olean quite the “hip” college town, having one of the best basketball teams in the country. Upon arriving at the college, we were “delighted” to find out that we were once again booked as a folk act..and as the “four original GoldeBriar members”...We were never strictly a folk group, and since we had broadened our sound by adding new members to our group, we knew we would surely surprise many people once again, who would be expecting folk music or the original GoldeBriar sound. Although we had to construct our own stage to perform on, and we had to listen to our amplifiers “crack and pop” because of the poor sound system they set up for us “rock-us” G.B.'s, we were still a “mad success”, taking the whole college by storm.



February 14th through 16th (From Charleston to Denver)—With a short stopover in Charleston, we were off to Denver! Luther had decided to leave us and stay at home in Charleston...I guess he decided being a road manager wasn't cracked up to be what he thought it would be.

We also picked up Sean Bonniwell, of “The Wayfarers,” who wanted to travel with us to Denver, for he was going to make his way out to the West Coast to further his own musical career.

Sean (like many composers) had strong feelings about his own music and its power of reflection...Summing this up in one of his poems:

The shepherd of music & tears
The echo's of tomorrow hears
The candy cane,
The marble melodies of the insane,
And puts them away for yesterday and the day before,
And he is
Because he is his own tears.
The truth is only so when one utters it,
And another agrees.

The Wayfarers had been together for a long time but sad to say their group had broken up and all the members were going to go their separate ways. Our whole group really liked Sean, so we didn't mind adding another passenger

to our gypsy wagon. (I don't know if he was ready for our "sardine packed" existence, though.) While traveling with us, he said he would act as our road manager and would take care of some of our group business at our next club, which was going to be "The Exodus" in Denver.

According to the weather report and our mapped travels, we were supposed to run into snowstorms and cross the desert along the way—What a combination! Boogy has been blessed with her fourth cage; the other three she chewed her way out of. We really felt sorry for Boogy having to be caged, so often one of us would find time to play with her.

It's so easy to feel dragged out when traveling; eating poorly (snacking from candy machines and eating out of greasy spoon restaurants) and only getting a wink of sleep, here and there.

While stopping at a Texas gas station, the G.B.'s adopted a sad-eyed dog, who was roaming around, looking cold and lonely. We christened him FINA, after the name of the gas station. In adding a dog to our "well established" station wagon of G.B.'s, Sean, bear, etc., I was beginning to feel like I was reliving the story of "The Wizard of Oz." We have found that we do unusual things to restaurants and stores; people, more or less, hide their children when we enter. You see, we do look like a band of gypsies, and gypsies are known to cast spells on little children—so some claim. On different occasions, we have even been asked what kind of religious sect we belonged to.



February 23rd (The Exodus)—We just finished a week at The Exodus, with one week to go. This club has been known to be strictly a folk club in the past, until we took it over with amplification. Our acceptance has been better than we thought it would be, only getting one audience that looked hostile, so far... They had the weirdest expressions on their faces—either they were "ethnic folksters," or perhaps we just came on too strange to them, and left them a little stunned.

Denver is known as the "Mile High City," and the high altitude has thinner air and it was a breathing adjustment for all of us. During the first two days of performing at The Exodus, it seemed a task to sing, but now we're getting used to it. From all our climatic changes, Sheri's, Curt's and my voices were hoarse enough times, where we would take a spray antiseptic on stage with us for our throats, as we did in Denver, or we would have such a bad cold, we would have to use cough syrup. Our voices may have sounded like "gold," but in our attempt to keep our voices in top quality, we were sometimes left feeling "light-headed" from all the medication.



Second Week at The Exodus—We have been lucky to have two good local newspaper articles written up on us. Different people see us in different ways; for example: Quote—You can tell a book by its cover and you can't tell the talent of the GoldeBriars by their (whoops) weird appearance....Last week, going by publicity releases, I said they were clean cut moderns. Well, moderns all right. They're so modern the world might not be ready for them just yet....When the four guys and the two gals came on stage at The Exodus Tuesday, the audience was so awed, they were in a state of stupor.

Another article*: The four boys with the St. Bernard haircuts and pierced ears and the two girls who look like refugees from a Charles Adams cartoon are fascinating the customers at The Exodus with a completely new sound... etc.

When we first started our engagement at The Exodus, as usual, we didn't know for sure where we would be heading next. Well, luck was with us because Bob Stein, the owner of The Ice House in Pasadena, California, had heard very good things about our group and flew to Denver to specially review our group. Our audition was an evening performance. The Ice House was a folk club, but like most folk clubs that had been in operation for a while, new talent was needed to keep it fresh and alive. Well, Bob Stein thought we were unique and hired us for three weeks to be booked directly after our engagement at The Exodus. Boy, we were so excited! We had all hoped to go to California next, and now our wish would come true...and we wouldn't mind a little warm weather for a change. We happened to hit Denver right in time for a couple of snow blizzards. Our home state of Minnesota was known for its snow and we were accustomed to it but we had 'just had it' with snow this year; we wanted to get our golden tans early!

Before we left for California, we had our first publicity pictures taken with the six G.B. members, which were staged by Sean (who was doing a good job taking care of our business for us). Bob Stein really liked the pictures and wanted to use them for publicity in his club for our upcoming performance. They sure turned out "kooky." We used a ladder as a prop with Sheri, Curt, and Ron scaling up it and Tom, Murray and I clustering around it. The caption of the picture was "FAST CLIMBING STARS" (pun!) and the little write up alongside the picture read.. "The GoldeBriars, a bright, youthful act riding the sparkling pop/folk/rock meteor to success with their Epic albums "The GoldeBriars" and "Straight Ahead."



Ice House Publicity Photo



California Landing (including the Ice House in Pasadena plus The Mecca in Buena Park, March 2nd - April 17th)—

Our opening night at The Ice House was a critical one for in the front row we could see many California newspaper and magazine critics who were gawking at us. This night proved to be the unexpected kind; Tom got terribly ill and casually walked off the stage during our first show. He did it so casually though the audience just accepted it as if it were part of our act. Although the rest of the evening was played with only five members, we managed to get many good write-ups, leaving only one bad one...but a very interesting article..Darn it all, I lost the bad one! Oh well, sometimes, I guess I get scattered. One phrase from a good write-up was really great; it described the boys as “fiercely haired and guitared to the teeth.” Like the Exodus Club, we were, by the way, the first amplified group to play The Ice House.

During our gig at The Ice House, a group called “The Thirteen Men” came often to see us perform and we visited with them in between our sets. From this group of “Thirteen Men”, The Association (“Along Comes Mary”) group was formed.

After we accomplished a successful three weeks at The Ice House, we went next door to Buena Park where we were to perform at The Mecca, which was another folk club. John Denver had just finished performing there. We liked having a unique sound to give the public, but why couldn't there be folk/rock/pop clubs to go with our folk/rock/pop sound?? It's often so easy for our booking agency to hit "rock bottom" when trying to find a club for us to play next....And the people just continue to react to us as if we landed from some other planet.

While performing at The Mecca, our long, lost single was released! With springtime here, and lovers starting to get the "spring fever," Epic released "June Bride Baby," backed with "I'm Gonna Marry You". We all know our whole group's future is based upon the outcome of our new single. Either it goes or we go; if the single doesn't go and we don't start making some money "salary-wise," we can't afford to stay together unless we want to stay with our most popular salary of 83-1/3 cents per day per person (according to Murray's last calculations on our budget-planning). The way my personal wardrobe looks to me now, I could probably get a more fashionable one from the Good Will, and right now my pocketbook resembles the inside of a church offering tray on Saturday night. I know money doesn't mean everything, but some would help. Sheri and I have often joked about carrying tambourines around as offering plates but it might appear a little too obvious.

When times seem "down and out," something or someone manages to brighten the picture. Well, this time it's a "someone"; his name was David Mirisch who was acting as promotional manager for Gale Garnett. We know Gale very well by now, and she is sharing the bill with us the last week of performing at The Mecca. David saw our act and liked it so well, he has offered to be our business manager. Boy, do we need a manager! Off and on, we have gotten good "prospects" for managing our group, but an "actual" offer is quite a different story. None of us are qualified to take care of all the business for our group, or would want to tangle our minds playing "business politics" all the time. All the business knowledge we know is through our own business experience--What we've learned, we've learned by being stepped on first.

The first job David Mirisch got us was at The Coconut Grove, where we played a one-nighter for a benefit dinner. We received good exposure for there were many known talents there and people in many other fields of show business. We went way out in dressing for this occasion; Sheri and I wore floor-length embroidered gold two-piece dresses (sewed by Curt's Mom) and the boys wore tuxedos they rented. We felt so happy when we received an encore.



April 27th—Show biz seems to be holding a good trend for us, at the moment. In the next few months, we're supposed to appear on Hullabaloo and Shindig, and some local "rock" programs, one of them the Sam Riddle Show. Our audition for the Hullabaloo Show turned out to be highly complimentary. Jack Good, the show's producer, said that our audition was the best live audition he had ever had. Our new single has only been out about a week and we have already had three excellent national reviews in Variety, Cash Box and Billboard magazines.



May 1st—As new months come up, so do new obstacles; such as our drummer, Ron, leaving us. One thing show biz people try to do is to go where their heart leads them. Well, Ron believes in the GoldeBriar music, but he has had another group offer as a drummer. This new “rock” group is led by Sean Bonniwell (who wrote the future hit song for their group, The Music Machine, called “Talk, Talk”, which reached the Top Ten of the national single charts). Keith Olsen, also, joined this group as bass player. Personally, I thought Sean’s group has “golden” potential with all the talent in the individual group members, and the sound they could produce together. (This group was to greatly increase Ron’s talent, and some professed him to be one of the best drummers in the U.S. We hope (like our group) Ron will make a success. He deserves it!)

All is still fine with our group, for we have found a replacement for Ron. His name already sounds stogy—Bill Taylor. He looks like a giant, must be around 6 foot, 3 inches and has very strange facial features. He could almost be Ringo’s (of the Beatles) brother; well, sister until we cut his long curly hair. He fits into our average group age of 19, being 18. I think he’ll work out as our new member for he shows a lot of potential and eagerness to learn fast.



Group with new member: Back row: L-Bill Taylor, R-Murray, middle: L-Curt, Dotti & Tom Dorholt, Bottom center- Sheri

We are now all living in Hollywood, California, which will be a better business area for us, especially if our single “breaks.” And to add another coincidence to our lives, we GoldeBriars have moved into the Greenbriar Apartments. We aren’t involved in a salaried job right now; instead, the job we have fully taken on is the learning of “hard rock” songs to “fit in with the musical scene” to make some much needed money to keep the group going.

NEWS FLASH!!! Curt and our new drummer, Bill, and a friend were picked up by the police for allegedly robbing some place yesterday. Curt said the whole incident was like the movies: “Four police men stopped us and told us to put our hands up. I thought they were joking until they became more demanding. We were dragged down to the police station and held on suspicion for over an hour until they finally admitted they had the wrong guys. WHEW!” END OF NEWS FLASH! (Excitement, we love it!)

So we auditioned for the Whisky A-Go-Go in Beverly Hills (a famous and prestigious dance club) and were told as soon as we had a dance rock song repertoire worked up we were definitely hired to perform there. They loved our musical sound!

So we quickly began learning a lot of new dance songs and they were really fun to sing! Of course, when Curt got a hold of even a Roy Orbison song, “It Hurts To Be In Love”, the harmonies he created to go with it were unbelievably beautiful.

A short time ago, we heard the rumor from a business associate that our booking agency in New York had gotten a telephone call from Brian Epstein, the Beatles manager, stating that he had heard our GoldeBriar albums and thought we had a great sound, and that he would be keeping us in mind for a future musical tour in England. Now if this rumor was true, we had a great thing going for us, but we all know about how words have been twisted around in the “show biz grapevine” in the past, even between just a few people. We sure hoped this rumor was true!...And so we continued devoting our time in attempting the “hard rock struggle.”

Songs recorded for the third album were (I've added authors where known):

*Bobb Goldsteinn aka Bob Goldstein

- 1) June Bride Baby (written by *Bobb Goldsteinn & Beverly Ross)
- 2) I'm Gonna Marry You (written by Bobb Goldsteinn)
- 3) Nothing More to Look Forward To (written by Richard Adler)
- 4) Freight Train Blues (written by Bob Dylan)
- 5) Linin' Track
- 6) The Last Two People on Earth
(written by Jerry Powell & Michael McWhinney)
- 7) Hush, Hush
- 8) There's Nothing Wrong with You that My Love Can't Cure
(written by Bobb Goldsteinn & Beverly Ross)
- 9) Licorice (written by Bobb Goldsteinn & Beverly Ross)
- 10) Walkin' Down the Line (written by Bob Dylan)
- 11) Tell It To The Wind (written by Bobb Goldsteinn & Jeff Barry)

Since there were 12 songs on albums in those days, a choice between our extra songs in the can recorded previously were:

- 1) My Song (Written by Curt—first original song GoldeBriars learned)
- 2) Que Bonita
- 3) Sunshine Special
- 4) We Shall Overcome
- 5) Noah
- 6) Saro Jane (also performed on Hootenanny Show)

So at this point, we had a third GoldeBriar Album ready to be released soon, a booking on Shindig and Hullabaloo and a new manager, David Mirisch that wanted to manage us and book us.

So what could go wrong??????

CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

CHAPTER

9

“THE FINALE”

CHAPTER IX: "THE FINALE"

Did anyone ever blow up on you from something you said, even if what you said sounded innocent and well-meaning? Well, that blow-up could have been a long time building-up well before you go and open your mouth and 'Bang!' It's like a room full of gas fumes just waiting for you to strike a match — and you oblige. Music groups can be like that, too. Unfortunately, The GoldeBriars turned out to be one of those groups.

Talk about terrible timing! On June 1st, 1965 — on the eve of the release of our Third Album — which, we felt, contained maybe three potential hits — and at this point was lacking only a title and Bob's liner notes — two whole years of work and development and perfecting our sound went up in smoke when Sheri and I decided to part ways with Curt. We were not the first. Tom, Bill and Murray had already taken that step. It seems that they had grown uncomfortable being around Curt and their uneasiness was starting to affect our rehearsals. Conversation became very difficult and the most important things were being left unsaid. So, by June 7 (Bang!) the GoldeBriars had become The 'GoneBriars.'

Sheri and I had never before been in a situation like this and we were too young and inexperienced to try to deal with it. We didn't consider the consequences. Not that that would have helped. So we told everyone, including our label. Then their gears started turning.

Guess what they wanted to do? Epic records wanted to hire other singers in our place and to call them The GoldeBriars! Can you imagine? But the same thing had happened to Bobb with his Village Stompers (also on Epic). The band that appeared under the name was not the same band that recorded the records and Bob had no control in the matter. But we refused and that was that — thus, the 'legendary' unreleased Third Album that has yet to see the light of day.

The rest of our history, you may know. And then there's my history.

For many years, even if I had not gone as far as to trust too much in the kindness of strangers — as the saying goes — I did try to find the best in others — and in this I was not always disappointed.

Most people mean well. Many people try. I believe we're born inclined to honesty. And it's only the nightmares of things that can happen in childhood that cause many to turn away from that path and to seek cover in dishonesty and deception. As I said 'We mean well.'

My journey to today has brought me to a wonderful place. I have a husband, a daughter, a Dad and family and friends to be thankful for. I have my art — my writing, my songs and my dreams of a happier world which can only be built by healthy and happy children achieving their full potential. 'Damaged Children Damage Children.' Plain and Simple.

In my life I have met, helped and lived with many 'damaged children.' So many were so gifted, so beautiful, but not to themselves. Their talents tormented them. Rather than gifts from God, they were seen as curses meant to hurt. Great damage was done. Lifelong and lasting damage.

Still, the music remains. My music, Curt's music, our music. That and the memories of being there at the dawning of a new day when God gave us the heavenly gift of Sunshine pOP to share with the world.

Dotti Holmberg-Waddell
May, 2004

CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story
"Whatever Happened to Jezebel?"
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

GROUP CORNER

More Pictures
Golden Recipe
Excerpts from Letters
Novelty Productions, etc.
Poetry
Curt's Cartooning
Artwork by Sheri

More Pictures



Promo Picture by Epic for 1st album



LAST GOLDEBRIAR SINGLE RELEASED IN 1965 RIGHT BEFORE GROUP DISBANDED:
"JUNE BRIDE BABY" ("A" Side)

(Darn, my copy got warped many years ago & I wasn't able to play it!)

(FLASH FORWARD: TO MY DELIGHT, IN 2002 I WAS PROVIDED A GOOD COPY OF "JUNE BRIDE BABY" & "I'M GONNA MARRY YOU" RECORDING FROM MATT MORING WHO HAS AN EXTENSIVE WEB SITE ON CURT'S MUSICAL CONTRIBUTIONS AT WWW.CURTBOETTCHER.COM)



LAST GOLDEBRIAR SINGLE RELEASED IN 1965 RIGHT BEFORE GROUP DISBANDED:
"I'M GONNA MARRY YOU" ("B" Side)

Golden Recipe

Anyone for a nut cake? This is the recipe for a 'Charleston cake' we were given enough times, I'm sure, to satisfy the birthdays of the whole Charleston population. Really, no "gripes"—the boys ate them as if they were going out of style.

2 sticks of butter
1 cup of sugar
5 eggs
2 cups of self rising flour, sifted
1 cup of nuts
1-1/2 teaspoons of vanilla

Let butter get soft. Put in sugar a little at a time. Then add 1 egg at a time until mixed well. Add flour a little at a time (keep a little for the nuts). Then add vanilla. Remove the bowl from mixer and add the nuts. Stir with spoon. Grease pan well and pour batter in. (Logical statement the cook added: When you just want plain cake, keep the nuts off.)

SIGNED, Charleston fan

Excerpts from Letters

From Bob Goldstein: (our writer)

Dear Crazies—

Since I'm only getting 3 cents a word, I'll end it here with...*****"capish?" (meaning: understand?)******

The World's Fair is about to open. Once we are in rehearsal, Uncle Bob may relent and take us all out to the Fair. Wouldn't that be kick-poo?*****

Are you all behaving? It must be sheer confusion living in a communal farm situation like yours. What is the story with your car? Will you have one to bring to New York? Will you ever have one again? Will you come by public transportation? (Don't worry about the money, just the motion).

It caused quite a panic up here when I announced that I wouldn't work on the show (my next project) until this was finished. You'd think the stock market had crashed! My producer threatened to end his life by swallowing a box full of scrabble tiles.*****

Honestly, you people have more adventure installments than a good soap opera.-Bob Goldebriar

Please notice how colorless my letters are. I really hate to write them....Oh yes,*****



Picture of Father Summer

From Father Summer: (Daddio)

It has been one of the highlights of my recent life that I had the opportunity to meet you and feel the pulse of your lives. It has been my added joy that you want me as your spiritual father and “padre.” You know that I meant everything I said about anytime that you might need me—I will do all to encourage and help you. You are the cleanest group and I would want you all to never lose that quality. Over the years, it will add to your work and the depth of your creativity. You brought not only to me personally a brightness—but you also touched the lives of many in this old city....(referring to Charleston)..The talents that God has given you are all exciting and genuine, so use them to the heights! Crazy! Yes?

Always, “Father” Summer

FLASH FORWARD 2001: When doing the editing of my GoldeBriar Story, I was going through a box of memorabilia, and found a letter from Father Summer that had never been opened. All I can say is “Oops!” and it made me feel guilty today even though I was never in Father Summer’s home to use his phone. So, I tried to find him on the internet to pay him back but was unsuccessful in locating him. So, here’s a scan of this letter:

March 5, 1965

Dear "Crazy Things":

This is your spiritual "father" reminding you that we have entered the holy season of Lent with Ash Wednesday now behind us and 40 days to go nearly....so let's get with Him okay?

How are you doing out there in sunny California ...it has been doing nothing but rain rain rain here for many weeks now and we are a little tired of it all. Sunny days ahead though.

Things are going just fine here in old Charleston and I will be very busy now that Lent has started between now and Easter. The whole gang of friends down at 300 King St. are also just the same and trying to keep the wonderful place open and in business. I think they might make it with all patience and steadfastness. I am sure that Luther and all the friends there would greet you with this note to you from me.

I have a particular reason to write to you.... I have received another nice little telephone bill and the calls that you all still owe are to the amount of \$30.00. I would appreciate your sending to me that sum to cover calls you made on my phone before you left for the great WEST. I suspect that this is the last time I will have to ask you for this..since you are not using my phone any more. These were calls made the last part of January..... THANK YOU too.

Enough for business....I truly hope you are just fine. Why did not you not send to me a picture of the Episcopal Cathedral in Denver? You promised!

I hate to have to write to you about these things above.....especially if you are not financially solvent ---BUT here is hoping you are a great success in the WEST and that you had a great time in Denver. I still would love to be with you. Where will you be this summer? You know I am going to be without much to do this summer while I wait for Seminary to start in September.... I might just look you up someplace where you might be!? OKAY.

Until again then...my best to you and the blessings of God. Thanks for sending me the money to cover your bill, too.

Always, *"Father" Bill*

Novelty Productions, etc.

“HALF WAY HOME”

(This song turned out to be our stage “theme” song)
(I don’t know who wrote this song)

The fields are green
There’s spring on the hill
The sparrow sings his song
Each willow’s won its place in the sun
But, where do I belong?
Or, am I still only halfway home?
Only halfway home?

I’ve wandered far in search of the dream
That’s always ‘round the bend
Will arms reach out? Will love welcome me?
Is this my journey’s end?

“HAIKU”

Song by Curt Boettcher 1964

(Haiku means Japanese verse style, which this song reflects the feeling of. This song was on our second GoldeBriar album, “Straight Ahead”)

Falling snow
Time passes slow
Deep in thought
of memories forgotten

A summer breeze
The fragrant trees
My love at hand
Love is in the land

Summer’s gone
The leaves are fluttering down
No love is mine
I search, but never find
Falling snow
Time passes slow
Deep in thought
of memories forgotten

MISSISSIPPI MUD SONG INTRO

(Intro written by Bob Goldstein. Mississippi Mud is the old-fashioned song Sheri and I used to sing a cappella before the GoldeBriars)

CURT: Earlier we mentioned that the girls used to do a singing-dancing act before they- and we- became the GoldeBriars. When we signed contracts with them, their agent at the time was their Grandmother- a fantastically spry 80 year old who still wears MU Mus and straw hats with unraveled strands that stick out to here, with things like toy crocodiles and little golf clubs, and tiny beer cans sewed on them...and sun glasses, and the whole bit-

DOTTI: Which is alright if you live in Florida- but this was all in Minnesota, so it was a little strange-

SHERI: But she was wonderful. She booked us into all the ladies teas-

DOTTI: And the local bars- although she didn't drink- not a drop. Honestly. And we'd do our specialties: We had little skirts with suspenders that we'd snap during Feudin', Fightin' and a-Fussin'.

SHERI: And we sang Lullaby of Birdland, and Shanty Town, and Third Man Theme.

DOTTI: Which isn't an easy song to do- without music- I mean instruments.

CURT: As I was saying, Agent Granny was very suspicious of this new act we were going to do, and she felt I wouldn't let them do their specialties anymore-

DOTTI: And the people just enjoyed us so much- and our little movements and everything.

CURT: So, in the contract, there is a clause which says that every other set, the girls get to do one of their specialties...So, here it is, Cocoa Beach! The Holmberg Highlight Sisters of Hugo, Minnesota!

“THE LAST TWO PEOPLE ON EARTH”

Written by Michael McWhinney & Jerry Powell

So, it was written that man’s hate for man
Would poison the skies and would blacken the land,
Now there is peace, but the price was so high
The world was destroyed, leaving just you and I.

Yes, we are the last two people on earth
Now, we’ve got to try for all that it’s worth
To build a brand new world
Yes, we are the last two people
How does it feel to be Adam and Eve
Though this has happened, we still must believe
That life can begin in a garden of dust
The whole human race is depending on us.

Let’s put our hearts together
There’s nothing we can’t face
Now hate is gone forever
And love has taken its place

For we are the last two people on earth
Yes, we are the last two people on earth

Published 2004 Take Home Tunes/ASCAP

“NO MORE BOMB”

Written by Michael McWhinney & Bob Goldstein

Refrain: No more bomb, no more bomb
No more big bad bomb
No more bang, bang
From dee boom, boom
Sit beneath dee palm
No more bomb, no more bomb
No more big bad bomb
No more bang, bang
From dee boom, boom
Everything is calm

Dee world may be full of corrosions
But it is a wise and an old one
And it just learned that atom explosions
Make much hotter wars than dee cold ones
At last Dee-day has finally come
When coconut milk has no strontium

(Repeat refrain)

No more are my fingernails way down
For waiting in fear for dee warnin'
No more do we pray when we lay down
That they'll be a world in dee mornin'
Since I cannot see one mushroom cloud
I'm teaching my child to sing out loud

(Repeat refrain)

Published 2004 Take Home Tunes/ASCAP

“SO GOOD, SO LONG”

Written by Bob Goldstein

Well, I've been so good for so long
I'm going out of my mind
Yeah, I've been so good for so long
I'm going out of my mind

CURT: For the past (2 weeks) (Charleston's) where I've been.
I've been looking' so hard,
but I can't find no sin.

Well, I've been so good for so long
I'm going out of my mind
It would feel so good to do some wrong
But, there ain't nothing I can find

MURRAY: I walk down the street and see a sign that says BAR.
But, when I get closer, it spells out DAR.

Oh, I've been so good for so long
I'm going out of my mind
Yeah, I've been sooo good for sooo long
I'm going out of my mind

TOM: The girls I seen, well they don't tease or flirt.
Well, you call this a garden spot,
so where's the dirt?

Oh, I've been so good for so long
I'm going out of my mind
Well, I've been so good for so long
I'm almost losin' my mind

SHERI & DOTTI: Now, I'm sure there must be scandals and some messin'
around. Well, please don't hide it from me, just cause I'm new in town.

Cause I've been so good for so long
I'm going out of my MIND.

Published 2004 Take Home Tunes/ASCAP

“THE GLUE SONG”

Written by Bob Goldstein – 1964

(One song in our production, The Safety Songs, sung to the melody of “Mulberry Bush”)

Did you all know that model glue
That model glue can be bad for you?
Did you know ‘bout model glue
Hey, Jimmy and Herby and Sidney?

(It’s) all right to use it in building a plane
or making a tunnel to go with a train-
But use it for sniffing –
“It weakens your brain” and perforates your kidney!

Published 2004 Take Home Tunes/ASCAP

“BOP! GOES THE RUMBLE”

By Bob Goldstein – 1964

(Another production number in The Safety Songs)(To the melody “Pop Goes The Weasel”)

You’ll wish you wasn’t one of the gang
When on the street you crumble
A sneak attack - A knife in your back
Bop! Goes the rumble

Now, what’s the good bein’ dead but proud?
It’s better to live an’ be humble
Be different - Don’t be one of the crowd
When Bop! Goes the rumble

Published 2004 Take Home Tunes/ASCAP

“WILLO-WAY”

(Writer unknown. Sheri sang this song as a solo & it was really beautiful!)

Little toy sailboat, take me to sea
Willo-way, willo-way
Where can love be?
Tiny tin soldier, march by my side
Willo-way, willo-way
Where does love hide?

Hobby horse told me, love isn't far
Only a giant step...over a star
Hobby horse, sailboat—soldier, all three
Willo-way, willo-way
Where can love be?
Willo-way, willo-way
Find love for me

Poetry

“NOW IS THE TIME”

By Curt Boettcher 1965

Now is the time; to be.
Now is the time; to me,
and something within me.

Now is the time to be tender and..
to remember,
and to be remembered forever;
in time and in space;
in a loved one's face and mind's eye.

Now is the time; to cry,
And in this pain
we try to find a consolation.

Now is the time; so it is said,
again and again,
so...Now is the time;
and it is!...REALLY!
till I'm dead.

but, Now is the time,
and Now is the time;
For all time,
and it is because
it is now;
not then;
or when,
but now.

“THE RAIN AND THE SEA”

By Curt Boettcher – 1964

If a cloud burst grew,
Would raindrops come down from the blue?
The rose on that hill might still have been unborn

If the tides did cease,
How would driftwood find its peace?
And its beauty a dream would be seen by no one

Rain, rain, come down
Waters wash the ground

But the rain came down
And the waters washed the ground
And two creatures of beauty were created

Now the rose was plucked
In a house in a vase it was stuck
And the petals played around and came down and were wilted
And the driftwood on the shore
Was sold at a seaside store
To a child with a smile who sits in a wheelchair

And the rain and the sea
Made a joy to be
And they laughed and resumed
where they had started

Poem By Sheri Holmberg – 1967

I do have a veil of happiness
But, too often, it hides itself behind a tear-
I have only to find someone strong enough to wipe the tear
and lift the veil, and bring out the beauty
For the world and me to see

“LIFE”

By Sheri Holmberg – 1964

Life is like a winding road—
Some things you see may be beautiful,
Others may be distasteful
Many walk these roads and see only the distasteful things

A few find the beauty which was meant to be seen

I tried to find a road where there was nothing but beauty
But there was always something ugly standing before me
I groped my way through the ugliness and found a flower
But everyone knows a flower doesn't live forever—

My flower died
I am now searching for a new one—
It isn't easy
All the weeds seemed to have taken over my beautiful garden

I picked out the weeds—
still no flower
Maybe someday I will find it
I will continue searching along this winding road until I do—
I will never give up, for to me BEAUTY IS LIFE

Poem By Ron Edgar – 1963

Pox upon you little fellow
Creep and fink with the stripe of yellow
The gang you squealed on has the urge;
To sing and strum your funeral dirge

Into the drink, you should have went
Neatly cast in wet cement
Delinquency becomes a blight,
When clods like you don't do it right!

Poem By Ron Edgar – 1964

Being a salt shaker must be a wonderful thing
You sit alone on the table with funny little holes in your head
Sprinkling tiny little fragments on peoples

“WHY MYSELF?”

By Dotti Holmberg - 1965

(1st Poem ever written)

Tell me—Why can't I write my feelings down?
But express them like a funny clown
Why can't I open up my heart
And let myself be more a part..

Why do I confuse myself with moods?
And often wind up acting rude
Why do I worry and fill my mind
With happenings I never find
Why is life so little
Giving me time to find myself a riddle

Why myself?

“SKY WATER”

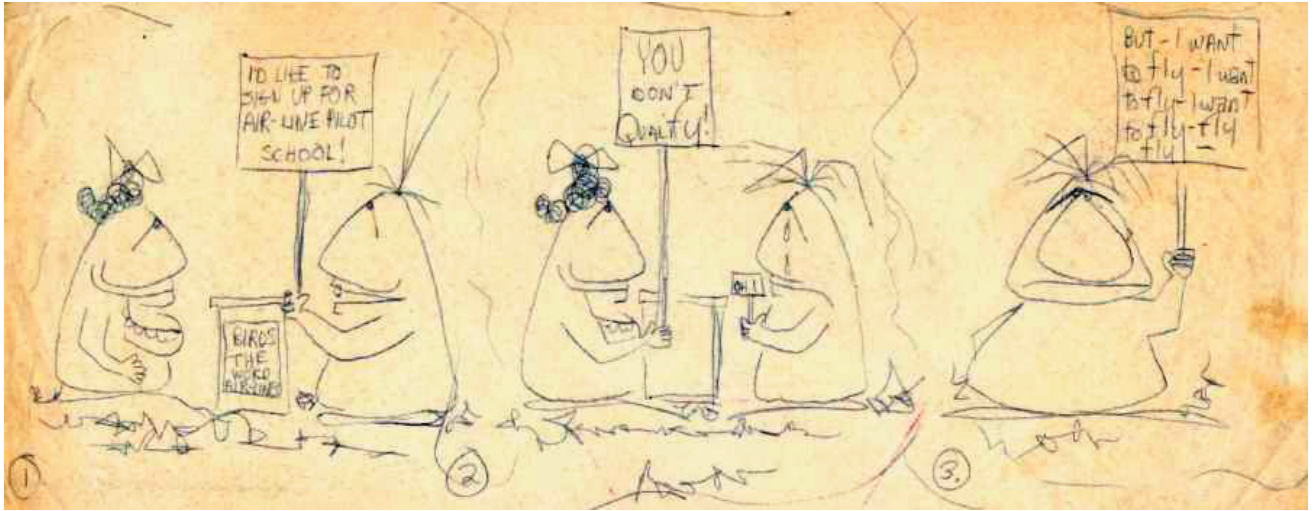
By Dotti Holmberg - 1965

(Second poem written)

Sky water—
So much of you pouring out of the sky like a free faucet;
Feeding the dryness,
Drowning the lakes
You often hide the sun
And make rainbows for fun
So many molecules I cannot see
Fighting against each other to be free—
Sky, who turns your faucet on?

Curt's Cartooning

Exclusive Mungs Cartoon Strip by Curt Boettcher
(given as gift to Sheri)



1
I'd like to sign up for Air-Line Pilot School!
(holding sign):
BIRDS THE WORD AIRLINE

2
You don't Qualify!

3
But—I want to fly, I want to fly, I want to fly, fly fly



4
I want to—I do-I do-I do
I want to fly Lady-
Yea-Yea!

5
I said NO! NO! NO!
You can't fly...
You don't meet the requirements!

6
"BYE"



Curt's Cartoon Caricatures of Six-Member Group:
(Curt, Sheri, Dotti, Murray, Tom & Ron)

Artwork by Sheri

Sheri did a lot of cartooning and sketching of children. Here are a couple of her drawings to share with you.





CD-Rom eBook

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AFTERTHOUGHT

Music Trivia

Flash Forward a Year after Group broke up

Summary

Extensions of Time...Where We were in 1969

Afterthought

Update of Group Members & Friends as of 2002

Whatever happened to Jezebel?

Music Trivia

In 1965 shortly after the GoldeBriars broke up:

After the GoldeBriars broke up, I was still yearning to be in a musical group and expressed this to Keith Olsen. So, Keith tried to help me. First, he got Cass Elliot on the phone (who was on the East Coast at the time). I told Cass that the GoldeBriars just broke up and asked her if she knew of any groups looking for a female singer. Cass said “she wasn’t aware of anything happening with any new groups” and stated she was on her way to perform as a soloist in the Bahamas Islands.

Secondly, Keith phoned John Sebastian for me, and John told me he didn’t know of any groups looking for a female singer either but did say he was in a newly formed group called the Lovin’ Spoonful but they were all guys.

Not too long thereafter, Cass Elliot was in Hollywood, California and attended a movie premiere with Keith Olsen; Keith told Sheri and I that at that premiere, Cass Elliot said to him “We (meaning the newly formed group, The Mamas & The Papas) “stole the GoldeBriars’ sound.”

Flash forward a year after group broke up

For the time being, Sheri and I are putting some financial security under our collars by getting secretarial jobs. Ah, to have one's own money. What a rare feeling this will be!

But once show business gets in your blood, it's always there, small or large. Sheri and I aren't quitting the business all together; we want to sing commercials as a duet on the side and also, maybe make room for the dancing field. Me, I still have a larger portion of show biz left in me. I don't know, sometimes I feel like a person in a cage that wants to get out and give something musical to the world.

Perhaps, this feeling will always be inside of me, sort of a driving force, taking me "somewhere." It's not only the melodies that inspire my enthusiasm for music, but also the lyrics to songs. I have just recently discovered how to freely reflect some of my feelings on paper; in other words, I am now writing songs. The only things I have been known to create in the past were a few poems, but in the last few months, I've composed a couple dozen songs. To sing a song purely from one's own soul is quite a free feeling. I really have no idea what musical vein these songs are in, but only that I'm reflecting my feelings with a lyric and melody. If I'm lucky and learn more of the "strings of the business," perhaps, someday I'll be able to share my songs with the public

....So, while I keep busy earning money doing secretarial work, I'll keep on writing songs, and who knows—show biz can be unpredictable....We know it was "ONCE UPON A TIME."

(My future dreams...to get my own recording contract, singing my own songs.)

"Show Biz is but a fleeting thing -
Ah, peace of mind??"

Summary

Reflections on December 1966

And as my mind will grow on my own rainbow road—we will all continue to find our gold—meaning the calling of our hearts to discover ourselves in this crazy world of show business.

A heap of rocks may hold you up long enough to secure some sort of a foundation--enough time to starve...to laugh with the good times...and to cry with your sentiments and sorrows...and when all put together you will strain to tell the public what you have to say...only you...and then more will come along...What does your soul cry?

“Souls hidden in the new dawn
Waiting to exclaim their truth!”

Extensions of Time...Where We were in 1969

“Starving, Laughing, Crying” was organized from old diary notes and put in draft book form for the first time in November 1969, leaving many afterthoughts and reminiscent feelings of the past members of “The GoldeBriars.” It’s often interesting to know which direction people go after a group disbands.

IN 1969

Sheri has settled down to married life to Keith Olsen, but music is still on her mind for she makes a very professional vocal background singer, having recorded on many albums, singles, and commercials in the past 4-1/2 years.



Curt has followed the ‘music line’ ever since the GoldeBriars, following his abilities even into part ownership of a record company (Together Records), an electronics company (Creatronics), and a publishing company (Mee Moo Music). He produced “The Associations” first album and first two singles, “Cherish” and “Along Comes Mary” (of which he composed the melody to and never received royalties for....He wasn’t careful enough to protect himself legally...in the music business, you should never trust with just a handshake). Curt is only beginning to branch out with his talents as he is a “powerhouse of talent.”

Ron Neilson has kept more to himself until lately when he, very capably, joined Creatronics as a partner of the company.

Murray, having just gotten out of the military, is ready to go again—still full of his “fresh talent.”

Tom disappeared back in Minnesota somewhere, where I heard through the grapevine, he was in a “rock group” still playing his electric bass.

Ron Edgar has accomplished much since the GoldeBriar days, but I still feel is only at the beginning of his career for someday he may make a top jazz drummer. Shortly before our group broke up, he joined a “rock” musical group called The Music Machine (known for their hit song, “Talk, Talk”) and since the disbanding of that group, he has been in a few musical happenings with Curt and had done quite a lot of studio musician work, of which he is highly praised for because of his well known versatility on the drums.

I am very much a part of music with my heart and soul. Through my compositions I have learned much about myself, and hope someday to be able to share musically how I feel (once again).

By Dotti

AFTERTHOUGHT

In and out of trap doors

We weave through realms of time

Our reasons will find rhyme

With our mystic minds

THE END

Update of Group Members & Friends as of 2002-2004

Curt—Died in 1987—Some of his many accomplishments were as a producer, vocalist & writer for:

The Ballroom: The Ballroom—Curt Boettcher, Sandy Salisbury, Jim Bell (of country rock pioneers The Poor) & Michelle O'Malley (later in Millennium)

The Millennium: With the help of Keith Olsen (Music Machine) and Gary Usher (songwriter, surf music avatar, and Columbia staff producer), Boettcher formed The Millennium.

This group consisted of seven musicians and songwriters, including Boettcher. The other six members are: Ron Edgar and Doug Rhodes (Music Machine), Michael Fennelly (who later formed Crabby Appleton), Lee Mallory, Sandy Salisbury (Ballroom), and Joey Stec. Boettchers' genius at vocal arrangement and love of the new art of studio technology was obvious in the result. BEGIN was only the second album recorded with the new 16-track technology. Curt Boettcher ran up the highest Columbia studio bill in history in the year it took to make BEGIN.

Sagittarius—with Gary Usher (the surfer/hot rod-writer & producer) For producer Gary Usher, Sagittarius was the outcome of months holed up in the studio with like-minded friends: Curt Boettcher, Bruce Johnston, Glen Campbell, the Firesign Theatre and others. The hit single, "My World Fell Down", debuted in 1967. CURT'S MUSIC COMES INTO ITS OWN—Vanity Fair—November 2001—The Music Issue: Quoted from "The Rock Snob's Dictionary" compiled by Steven Daly, David Kamp and Bob Mack: "Boettcher, Curt—Impossibly saccharine singer, songwriter, and producer of devoutly lightweight West Coast "sunshine pop" in the 1960s and therefore the loadstar of the current "NOW SOUNDS" movement."

"Boettcher died, reportedly of H.I.V.—related illness, in 1987."

Sheri—Died September 25, 1997 from lung cancer (She was 54 years old). Sheri did extensive vocal background singing for many of Curt Boettcher & Keith Olsen's projects. Keith & Sheri divorced after 7 years of marriage and Sheri married a photographer/color processor, Daniel Catherine, who became very renown in Hollywood, California with greatly influencing many album covers for the major record companies and was very active with the major studios for his specialized photography. Daniel did the color manipulation for Tom Kelley (famous Marilyn Monroe Photographer) for the Marilyn Monroe "Red Velvet Series" and has the #1 print given him by Tom Kelley.

Keith Olsen—

Through the 70s, 80s, and 90s, Olsen built a legendary reputation in production. To date his production work has earned him more than 39 Gold or better, 24 Platinum or better, and 14 multi-Platinum or better album certifications. Olsen has been frontline producer of record on over 100 complete albums. In addition to Fleetwood Mac, some of the artists he's worked with include, the Grateful Dead, Bob Weir, Eddie Money, Emerson Lake & Palmer, Rick Springfield, REO Speedwagon, Pat Benatar, Heart, Joe Walsh, Starship, Santana, Kim Carnes, Jethro Tull, The Babys, Ozzy Osbourne, Scorpions, Bad Company, 38 Special, Russ Ballard, Sammy Hagar, Whitesnake, Foreigner, Sheena Easton, Steve Perry, Journey, Loverboy, and Lou Gramm.

Ron Neilson—

Has his own successful business called Neilson/Clyne, Inc. in Tennessee which serves the advertising and public relations needs of equipment manufacturers in the professional and consumer audio industries.

Bobb Goldsteinn (AKA Bob Goldstein)—

Shortly after having been a co-writer of Woody Allen's at a playhouse in the mountains (his first professional job), Bobb conceived of a unique fusion arrangement for a song he had written earlier just before entering high school, which he entitled "WASHINGTON SQUARE" (ワシントン広場の夜はふけて). The arrangement of the instrumental – trademarked as 'Folk-Dixie' — became the first of the limitless hyphenates that followed (like 'Folk-Rock' and its kin), opening up pop music to worlds of musical combinations that continue to be spliced together to this day.

Then Bobb took on the GoldeBriars from right after their first album through to the fabled, yet unreleased Third Album — which he both co-wrote and co-produced. He next pioneered the entertainment of Disco Lighting with his 'LightWorks,' becoming, in the process, the first artist to mix, match and synch records together on two or more turntables at the same time. When the media asked him how to describe what he was doing with lights, screens, mirrored balls, movies and slides, Bobb coined a new term by calling it 'multimedia.'

With Curt Boettcher, Bobb wrote what is considered to be 'Lou Christie's Lost Masterpiece' – "CANTERBURY ROAD." For Andy Warhol, Bobb wrote and produced the title soundtrack song to the last movie that Andy himself directed just before getting shot: Andy Warhol's "LONESOME COWBOYS." The Rolling Stones' 'Sticky Fingers' album cover – signed by Andy — was designed by Bobb, who later created the print teaser for the movie "CRUMB." Currently, as Managing Partner of bOgO! Entertainment, Bobb is preparing his new Hollywood Musical HowOldCaryGrant.com for future presentation, hopefully, in Japan first.

Ron Edgar—

Ron came into the GoldeBriars as a "true jazz musician" . . . The GoldeBriar group offered him a door to meet many talented and creative musicians around the country. After leaving the GoldeBriars, Ron was a member of The Music Machine and then The Millennium (on The Millennium recordings, he not only played the drums but was a vocalist) He's also credited on drums for the following recordings: "Bread," for Paul E. Renz on "Everlasting" album & for Sagittarius on "Present Tense". Ron Edgar and Sean Bonniwell reunited for a few "on the road gigs" in the present day (Year 2001) performing as The Music Machine.

Today, Ron is happy writing his own jazz compositions and playing in a jazz band.

Tom Dorholt—

In 2002, he was living in Anoka, Minnesota. He gave up the music scene in 1966 due to his disappointment of the GoldeBriar breakup and their 3rd album (that he recorded on) going unreleased.

Quote from Tom Dorholt on November 24, 2002: “After the group disbanded in the spring of 1965, I returned home to Minnesota in the summer of 1965. I joined a band with former band member Ron Neilson for 2 months. From there, I kicked around in Rock’n Roll bands until fall of 1966. The fun went out of playing bass guitar and was only playing for money instead of enjoyment. I did some soul searching and decided to quit playing with bands altogether.”

Murray Planta—

Don’t know the whereabouts of Murray. Had heard he had joined the military in the 1960s or 1970s. Recorded as a rhythm guitarist on the debut album, “Crabby Appleton” with Mike Fennelly and produced by Joey Stec (Mike & Joey were members of The Millennium).

Gary Holmberg—

Died in May 26, 2000 from an Undetermined Muscle Disease (he was 58 years old) – The choir of angels is growing all the time with a most beautiful sound!

Myself—**Dottie Holmberg**—performing name: Dotti Holmberg, married name: Dottie Waddell & writing name: Dotti J. Holmberg-Waddell

I began penning many songs and poems after the GoldeBriar group and found that I not only loved singing but also wanted to pursue a writing career. I have several of my poems compiled in a book titled, “On, off, skip, trip but you’re always sailing on YOUR OWN SHIP”.

Sundazed Music, Coxsackie, New York, released a CD solo debut of my sunshine pop songs recorded from 1966 to 1970 called “Sometimes Happy Times” (See “Footnotes”). These are new issues not re-issues so perhaps my dream as a solo singer/writer didn’t come true in the 1960s but you never know in life when great surprises might occur.

I’m creator of a children’s musical, called “Land of Myrtle, The Gloom” that premiered in 1989 in Lakeland, Florida as a local theatrical production. I’ve written many “make the right choice” songs for elementary age kids and have 2 albums on the market, “Stop & Think” with the Right Choice Kids (I wrote & produced) and “Make the Right Choice,” which was produced & marketed by Kimbo Educational, Long Branch, New Jersey which was first released in 1989. These songs are educationally endorsed by U.S. Health Department for young kids. I also have character building puppets, stories & plays. My web site is: KIDBIZ.com



Picture of Sheri & Dotti in California 1987
taken by her husband, Daniel Catherine

Whatever happened to Jezebel?

“Unsolved Mystery”...



FLASH FORWARD to 2001 in a phone conversation with Ron Neilson, I asked him about Jezebel and her whereabouts today and this is what he related to me:

When Ron Neilson left the group, he told Curt that he would let the GoldeBriars keep Jezebel (native totem from the Marshall Islands) in the group as she was our mascot.

The next time Ron saw Curt (perhaps a few years later), he asked about Jezebel and Curt told him that Jezebel had been stolen right off the stage one night from the 300 King Street Club (Curt’s Scenario: It must have been after our last performance of the night and we hadn’t taken down the stage props and equipment as yet) and from what Curt suspected, it was some adoring fan who took her....so there’s still the mystery, where’s Jezebel?

Perhaps, if we went to Charleston, South Carolina and looked for the matronly woman who bore the most kids over the years—perhaps, that’s where she would be found (as we GoldeBriars did assume the “fertility” spell of Jezebel really did work).

Needless to say, Ron was disappointed for he thought when the GoldeBriars broke up that Jezebel would be brought back home to his Dad who had acquired her from the Marshall Islands.

...So as you may have noticed in this story, there are two versions of what happened to Jezebel.

THE END



Cartooning by Curt

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The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

FOOTNOTES

I

“Hopscotch”
by Dotti Holmberg sound clip

Footnote 1

“Hopscotch” was recorded in 1966 in the Columbia Studios in Hollywood, California. Curt Boettcher produced 5 songs with Dotti as a single artist for Our Productions, with 2 of the songs, including “Hopscotch” written by her. Ron Nielson was by this time in Los Angeles and wrote out the chord charts for “Hopscotch” & “It’s Not Worth It At All” to present to Curt as Dotti’s originals to record during these sessions. Studio musicians who played on these recordings were: Mike Deasy, Ben Beney, Jerry Scheff & Toxie French on drums. Our Productions went bankrupt shortly after Dotti’s recordings.

When Bob Irwin from Sundazed Music chose the songs for “Sometimes Happy Times” album, they decided not to use “Hopscotch” as its quirky style didn’t fit into the ethereal theme of the other 17 songs chosen.....So “Hopscotch” gets its premiere now in the GoldeBriar book.

To listen to “Hopscotch”, open your Windows Explorer, navigate to your CD Drive & click (or double click) on the “Hopscotch.wav file”.

“Hopscotch”

Written by Dotti Holmberg

You come and we're near
Then you leave for a year
First you're mine
And then you're free

You tease my mind
Then love's peak has decline
As you play hopscotch with me

I'm every other square
That you miss, then you care
We're one
Then two for tea

Alone and got the blues
Then we're in the same shoes
Arms like branches of a tree

But you're messin' with my mind
And love can make you blind
As you play hopscotch with me

This game will never end
You say, I hear, pretend
As a dog talks to a flea

But when the wise are taught your rules
They won't be caught the fools
And they'll play your game with three

Published 2004 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

CD-Rom eBook

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FOOTNOTES

2

GoldeBriars' Song Lyrics

Footnote 2 GoldeBriars' Song Lyrics

For Traditional Folk Songs & Spirituals, GoldeBriars' Adaptations & Unknown Authors

(Music and lyrics written by an American author and published in 1922 or earlier are in the Public Domain in the United States. These songs are also referred to as "Traditional" songs. The GoldeBriars often took the Traditional Song Lyric and put "their own spin" on the song with their own unique arrangement and have been accredited for these "Adaptations" now listed with BMI. I've noted GoldeBriars' Song Adaptations with an asterisk* in the list below.)

Table of Contents

A Mumblin' Word (He Never Said).....	147
Alabama Bound*	149
Come Walk Me Out*	150
He Was a Friend of Mine*	151
I've Got to Love Somebody*	152
Joy, Joy, Joy	153
Jump Down*	154
Long Time Travellin'*	155
No More Auction Block*	156
Old Time Religion*	156
Pretty Girls & Rolling Stones*	157
Railroad Boy*	158
Ride that Chariot	159
Saro Jane	160
Shenandoah*	161
Sweet Potatoes	162
Voyager's Lament*	163
Zum Gale Gale*	164

“A MUMBLIN’ WORD” (He Never Said)

(Traditional Negro Spiritual...Also known as:
“Dey Crucified My Lord”)

REFRAIN #1:

Mumblin’ word, mumblin’ word
Mumblin’, mumblin’, mumblin’ word
Mumblin’ word, mumblin’ word
Mumblin’, mumblin’, mumblin’ word

REFRAIN #2: (twice)

He never said a mumblin’ word
He never said a mumblin’ word
He never said a mumblin’ word
He never said a mumblin’ word

Verse #1: (twice)

They whipped him up that hill
And he never said a mumblin’ word

They whipped him up that hill
Over me—

And —

REPEAT REFRAIN #2

Verse #2 (twice)

One day when I was lost
They hung him from a cross

And—

REPEAT REFRAIN #2

Oh, oh, mumblin’, Oh, oh, mumblin’

Verse #3 (twice)

They crowned him with a crown of thorns
And he never said a mumblin’ word

And he never said a mumblin’ word
And he never said a mumblin’ word

They crowned him with a crown of horns
Over me—

And—
REPEAT REFRAIN #2

Verse #4 (3 times)
On Easter mornin' he arose

On Easter morning, he arose, On Easter mornin' he arose
He never said a mumblin' word, He never said a mumblin' word
He never said a mumblin' word—OVER ME!

“ALABAMY BOUND”

(Also known as: “Alabama Bound”. GoldeBriars sang “Alabamy Bound” but Epic titled the song on the GoldeBriars’ first album “Alabama Bound”. This is a Traditional Folk song and the original song title was “I’m Alabama Bound” written by Robert Hoffman in 1909.)

Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh,

I’m Alabamy Bound, I’m Alabamy Bound

(repeat)

And if this train don’t stop and let me turn around

I’m Alabamy Bound

Oh, don’t you leave me here, Oh, don’t you leave me here

(repeat)

If you will go anyhow, leave me a dime for beer

I’m goin’ way down, way down to Alabamy

(repeat)

And if this train don’t stop and let me turn around

I’m Alabamy Bound

I’m goin’ way down, way down to Alabamy

(repeat)

I’m Alabamy Bound, I’m Alabamy Bound

(repeat)

And if this train don’t stop and let me turn around

I’m Alabamy Bound

I’m Alabamy Bound, I’m Alabamy Bound

(repeat)

Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh,

“COME WALK ME OUT”

(Traditional Song- Also known as: “Morning Dew”)

Come walk me out in the morning dew darlin’
Come walk me out in the morning dew today

You’ll never see the morning dew darlin’
You’ll never see the morning dew again

I thought I heard a thunder rollin’ darlin’
I thought I saw a cloud arise today

You’ll never see a cloud arisin’ darlin’
You’ll never hear a thunder roll again

Where have all the people gone darlin’?
Where have all the people gone today?

Don’t worry about the people darlin’
You’ll never see the people again

Come walk me out in the morning dew darlin’
Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh

You’ll never see the morning dew darlin’
You’ll never see the morning dew again

“HE WAS A FRIEND OF MINE”

(Traditional Song – Gila is pronounced “HELAH” in this song. There’s a Gila Bend Run in Arizona...perhaps this song is referring to this place where someone’s dear friend died.)

He was a friend of mine
He was a friend of mine
He died without a penny
He didn’t have a dime
He was a friend of mine

He died on the Gila Bend Run
He died on the Gila Bend Run
His wandering days were over
His loneliness was done
He died on the Gila Bend Run

I stood alone and cried (I stood alone and cried) (Stood alone and cried)
I stood alone and cried (I stood alone and cried) (Stood alone and cried)
The tears they fell like raindrops
The night my old friend died
I stood alone and cried (Stood alone and cried)

He was a friend of mine
He was a friend of mine
He died without a penny
He didn’t have a dime
He was a friend of mine (He was a friend of mine)

“I’VE GOT TO LOVE SOMEBODY”

(Traditional Song)

You want meat, go to the market
You want fish, go to the sea
You want love, don’t go no further
Just come on along with me

I’ve got to love somebody
And somebody’s got to love me

You want bread, go to the grocery
You want honey, look to the bee
You want love, don’t go no further
Just come on along with me

I’ve got to love somebody
And somebody’s got to love me

Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, (etc.)

You want cabbage, go to your garden
You want apples, look to the tree
You want love, don’t go no further
Just come on along with me

I’ve got to love somebody
And somebody’s got to love me

Ooh, Ooh, I’ve got to love somebody

Ooh, Ooh, I’ve got to love somebody

“JOY, JOY, JOY”

(Traditional Gospel Song)

You, You....

You can tell the world about this
You can tell the nations about that
Tell them what the master has done
Tell 'em that the gospel has come
Tell 'em all the victories been won
He brought, joy, joy, joy to my soul

My Lord spoke
He did it well
Yes, he did, Yes, he did
'Bout the children of Israel
Yes, he did, Yes, he did

My Lord spoke
He did it well
Yes, he did, Yes, he did
'Bout the fires that flame in hell
Yes, he did, Yes, he did

Jordan's River is chilly and wide
I've got a home on the other side
He brought joy, joy, joy to my soul

You can tell the world
You can tell the world
You can tell the world about this
You can tell the nations about that
Tell them what the master has done
Tell 'em that the gospel has come
Tell 'em all the victories been won
He brought, joy, joy, joy to my soul

“JUMP DOWN”

(Negro Spiritual...AKA: “Pick a Bale” has been classed as a work song but it also was used frequently during slave times as a dance tune or reel. As a work song it has a “John Henry” twist in that the lyric speaks of picking a bale of cotton a day, an impossible task for one person.)

REFRAIN #1:

I’m gonna jump down, turn around
Pick a bale of cotton
Gonna jump down, turn around
Pick a bale of day

Jump down, turn around
Pick a bale of cotton
Gonna Jump down, turn around
Pick a bale of day

REFRAIN #2:

Oh Lordy, pick a bale of cotton and
Oh Lordy, pick a bale of day
Oh Lordy, pick a bale of cotton and
Oh Lordy, pick a bale of day

Me and my wife gonna pick a bale of cotton
And me and my wife gonna pick a bale of day
Me and my wife gonna pick a bale of cotton
And me and my wife gonna pick a bale of day

REPEAT REFRAIN #2

Me and my boys gonna pick a bale of cotton and
Me and my boys gonna pick a bale a day
Me and my boys gonna pick a bale of cotton and
Me and my boys gonna pick a bale a day

REPEAT REFRAIN #2

Jump Down, turn around
Jump Down, turn around

Whoa, Whoa

REPEAT REFRAIN #2

Jump down, turn around
Pick a bale of cotton
Gonna Jump down, turn around
Pick a bale of day (etc.)

Pick a bale of day

“LONG TIME TRAVELLIN’”

(Also known as: “Been a Long Time Travelling Here Below” - Old Time Traditional Mountain Music) (Ron Neilson is playing banjo on this song & Sheri Tambourine)

Oh, been a long time a travellin’
Here below, here below
Been a long time a travellin’
Away from my home, away from my home

Oh, been a long (long time a travellin’) time a travellin’
(long time a travellin’)
Here below, (here below) here below
Gonna lay my body down (gonna lay my body down)
Gonna lay my body down (I’m gonna lay my body down)
Gonna lay my body down
Body down

Oh, been a long (long time a travellin’) time a travellin’
(long time a travellin’)
Here below, (here below) here below
Been a long time a travellin’
Away from my home, away from my home

Oh, been a long time a travellin’
Here below, here below
Gonna lay my body down
Gonna lay my body down
Gonna lay my body down, down, down, down, down, down, down

“NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK”

(A Negro Spiritual Traditional - Written by Gustavus D. Pike in 1873)

No more auction block for me
No more, no more
No more auction block for me
Many thousand gone

No more driver's lash for me
No more, no more
No more driver's lash for me
Many thousand gone

No more auction block for me
No more, no more
No more auction block for me
Many thousand gone

“OLD TIME RELIGION”

(Traditional Gospel - Written in 1865. Ron Neilson is playing banjo on this song & Sheri Tambourine)

REFRAIN:

Give me that old time religion
Give me that old time religion
Give me that old time religion
It's good enough for me

Well, it was good enough for my father
It was good enough for my father
It was good enough for my father
It's good enough for me

(Repeat Refrain) (Oh....)

Well, it was good enough for my mother
It was good enough for my mother
It was good enough for my mother
It's good enough for me

(Repeat Refrain) (Oh, ...) (etc.)

“PRETTY GIRLS & ROLLING STONES”

(Unknown Author – Travelling folk singer shared this song with us in our dressing room in the summer of 1963 during our first GoldeBriar booking at Le Zoo Coffee Shop – I took the lyrics down in shorthand but somehow never got his name)

Some people think that a rollin’ stone
Gathers no moss
But I’m just a natural-born travellin’ man
And I’ve suffered no loss

But a pretty little girl runnin’ over the hill
I want to follow her so,
If I won’t be home by Saturday night
I’ll write you and let you know

It’s a mighty long way to Jacksonville
It’s a mighty long way back home
But if I decide to settle down
I never more will roam

But a pretty little girl runnin’ over the hill
I want to follow her so,
If I won’t be home by Saturday night
I’ll write you and let you know
I’ll write you and let you know

The train I’m on is mighty long
Figure about a mile
And if she’s gonna run on time
I’ll greet her with a smile

But a pretty little girl runnin’ over the hill
I want to follow her so,
If I won’t be home by Saturday night
I’ll write you and let you know

Some people think that a rollin’ stone
Gathers no moss
But I’m just a natural-born travellin’ man
And I’ve suffered no loss

“RAILROAD BOY”

(Also known as a variant of “The Butcher Boy” and “There is a Tavern in the Town”. This sad song of unrequited love, suicide and parental involvement contains some classic folk music imagery - Written in 1883 titled “There is a Tavern in the Town”.)

She went upstairs to make her bed
And not a word to her mother said
Her mother she went upstairs too
Saying daughter, oh daughter, what’s troublin’ you?

Oh, mother dear, I cannot tell
It’s that railroad boy that I love so well
He’s courted me my life away
And now at home he will not stay

There is a place in London Town
Where that railroad boy goes and sits down
He takes a strange girl on his knee
And he tells to her what he won’t tell me

Her father he came home from work
Saying, “Where’s my daughter, she seems so hurt”
He went upstairs to gain her hope
And he found her hangin’, hangin’ by a rope (Oh, Oh)

He took a knife and cut her down
And on her bosom these words he found:
“Go dig my grave both wide and deep
Put a marble stone at my head and feet”

And at my breast put a white snow dove
To tell the world that I died of love
And at my breast put a white snow dove
To tell the world that I died of love

“RIDE THAT CHARIOT”

(Spiritual Traditional)

Ride the chariot in the mornin' Lord
Ride the chariot in the mornin' Lord
Ride the chariot in the mornin' Lord

REFRAIN:

Gonna ride the chariot in the mornin' Lord
Ride the chariot in the mornin' Lord
Gettin' ready for the judgment day
My Lord, My Lord

Are you ready my brothers—“Oh, yes”
Are you ready my sisters—“Oh, yes”
Are you ready my brothers—“Oh, yes”
We're ready for the chariot in the morning Lord (Oh)

REPEAT REFRAIN (We're....)

I never will forget that day
Ride the chariot in the morning Lord
When all my sins, they was taken away
Ride the chariot in the morning Lord

REPEAT REFRAIN (We're...)

“SARO JANE”

(These lyrics are for the GoldeBriars' performance on ABC Hootenanny...Movie Clip part of this CD-Rom book.)

I've got a wife and five little children
Believe I'll take a trip on the big MacMillan

REFRAIN

Oh, Saro Jane, Oh, Saro Jane
Oh, nothing to do but to sit down and sing
Rock about my Saro Jane

I'm gonna rock about my Saro Jane
Rock about my Saro Jane
Oh, nothing to do but to sit down and sing
Rock about my Saro Jane

The engine gave a whistle, the whistle gave a squall
The engine is going through a hole-in-the wall

REPEAT REFRAIN

The Yankee built the ships for to shoot them Rebels
My gun's ready and when she's level

REPEAT REFRAIN

I've got a wife and five little children
Believe I'll take a trip on the big MacMillan

Oh, Saro Jane, Oh, Saro Jane
Oh, nothing to do but to sit down and sing
Rock about my Saro Jane (Saro Jane)

“SHENANDOAH”

(Written in 1826. This song was a shanty used with the windlass, capstan, and with winches for loading cargo. The origin of the song is mysterious. Some believe the song originated among the early American rivermen or Canadian voyageurs. Others believe it was a land song before it went to sea. Most agree that it incorporates both Irish and African-American elements.

Shenandoah” was tremendously popular both on land and sea and was known by countless names, including “Shennydore”, “The Wide Missouri”, “The Wild Mizzourye”, “The World of Misery-Sold Fas” (a West Indian rowing shanty that may be older than other versions), “The Oceanida”, and “Rolling River”. Shenandoah was also an Indian chief living on the Missouri River.)

(Sheri played the autoharp on this song)

Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da etc.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you
Way-hey, you roaming river
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away – I’m bound away
‘cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Way-hey, you roaming river
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away—I’m bound away
‘cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I’m bound to leave you
Way-hey, you roaming river
Oh, Shenandoah, I bound to leave you
Away—I’m bound away
‘cross the wide Missouri

Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da, Da etc.

“SWEET POTATOES”

(Creole Folk Song)

REFRAIN:

Roo, roo roo roo, sing roo

Sing hawketakum

Roo roo roo roo, roo roo roo roo

Soon as we all eat sweet potatoes

Sweet potatoes, sweet potatoes

Soon as we all eat sweet potatoes

Hurry up to bed

Soon's we touch our heads to the pillow

To the pillow, to the pillow

Soon's we touch our heads to the pillow

Go to sleep once more

REPEAT REFRAIN

Soon's the rooster crows in the morning

In the morning, in the morning

Soon's the rooster crows in the morning

Hurry wash our face

Soon as we all eat mommy hollers

Mommy hollers, mommy hollers

Soon as we all eat mommy hollers

Hurry up to bed

REPEAT REFRAIN

“VOYAGER’S LAMENT”

(This song includes the English & French words to a song Curt titled “Voyager’s Lament”. I couldn’t find any history on the “voyager lyric” but Daniel Catherine {my brother-in-law} who was born in Paris has translated the French into English below. Curt added “The Joys of Love” song (in French the title is: “Plaisir d’ Amour” which means “lost pleasure”) to the voyager lyric and thus created the GoldeBriars’ “Voyager’s Lament”).

Oh.....

There once was a voyager banished from his home

There was a voyager banished from his home

While crossing many lands weeping as he roamed

While crossing many lands weeping as he roamed

Si to vois mon pays

(French translation: If you see my homeland)

Mon pays malheureux

(French translation: Know that I’m homesick)

(Repeat)

Joys of love are but a moment long

va dire a mes amis

(French translation: Go tell my friends)

que je me souvient d’oux

(French translation: I remember them)

(Repeat)

The pain of love endures the whole life long

Joys of love are but a moment long

The pain of love endures the whole life long

My love now has gone like a dream that fades into dawn

But the words stay locked in my heart-strings, “My love loves me”.

“ZUM GALE GALE”

(Also known as Zum Gali Gali & Zoom Gole Gole - Jewish Folk Song – Unknown Author. This song was sung by the Zionist pioneers in Palestine before it was Israel. Some of the English interpretation of this song is: Pioneers all work as one, Peace shall be for all the world, From the dawn till setting sun, Everyone finds work to be done)

Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale
Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale

Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale
Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale

Avo-dah lah mon eh-chalutz. (Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale)
Avo-dah lah mon eh-chalutz (Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale).

Oh.....

Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale
Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale

Hechalutz le maan avoda (Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale)
Hechalutz le maan avoda (Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale)

Oh.....

Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale (Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale)

Zum Gale Gale, Zum Gale Gale

CD-Rom eBook

The GoldeBriars' Story
“Whatever Happened to Jezebel?”
The GoldeBriars' Epic Years

FOOTNOTES

3

“Sometimes Happy Times”
by Dotti Holmberg

Footnote 3 “Sometimes Happy Times” by Dotti Holmberg

“Her clarion voice can be heard ringing with the GoldeBriars, the folk-pop group she formed with Curt Boettcher, and as part of the heavenly chorus that lifted Boettcher’s productions into the stratosphere. Sometimes Happy Times features 17 unissued masterpieces of sunshine pop, including collaborations with Boettcher, Sandy Salisbury, and Keith Olsen (Millennium), demos, and home recordings from 1966-1970 that are stunning in their simple beauty.” (*Quoted Sundazed Music’s Press Release*)

Table of Contents

I Sing My Song	168
Sea of Tears	169
Foolish Times	170
And We’re One	171
Let You Know	172
The Bird (Didn’t Die)	173
To Touch Upon The Light	174
The Essence	175
It’s Not Worth It At All	176
Love Is (demo)	177
Baby’s Blues (demo)	178
Sometimes Happy Times	179
Magic Carpet Ride	180
Pickin’ Daisies	181
When The Wind Blows (demo)	182
Love, Love (demo)	183
Visualize (demo)	184
Liner Notes	185

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17 songs recorded 1966-1970,

Previously unissued Includes 12 page
booklet with vintage photos



“Sometimes Happy Times”

Dotti Holmberg

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Pickin' Daisies
When The Wind Blows (demo)
Love, Love (demo)
Visualize (demo)

"I SING MY SONG"

Written by Michele O'Malley & Dana Adams

I sing my song
But you don't sing along
The sun won't shine
Until you find the time

To share with me that happy glow
The one that only lovers know
When spring is near

And when I close my eyes
I see my own disguise
And I see that you're there too

But we'll be free someday
When fear has flown away
I'll be standing there by you

I see the sign
Your soul igniting mine
Our light still clear
Although you're seldom here

I still believe you'll come to me
The past is just a memory
Of loving you

And though our words are wise
Our lives are filled with lies
For silence holds the truth

Sometimes a silver star
Reflects the love we are
And that's when I see you

“SEA OF TEARS”

Lyrics by Bob Goldstein & Music by Curt Boettcher

Sailing on a sea of tears
Alone and feeling kind of blue without you
So I'll be sailing far away, far away to stay
To stay and cry
And try and try
To find someone who may be will be fun again
Or maybe find a friend who's true

...And so I'm sailing on a sea of tears
Alone and blue because of you
Can't you see that I'm sailing on and on
The night turns into dawn
And day is gone and dusk comes on
And on and on, I search for someone just like you
But that's the worst thing I could do

Because I'm sailing.....Doo, doo, doo, doo, etc.
Sailing on a sea of tears
Alone and feeling kind of blue without you
So I'll be sailing far away, far away to stay
To stay and cry
And try and try
To find someone who may be will be fun again
Or maybe find a friend who's true

Doo, doo, doo, doo, etc.

Published 2003 Take Home Tunes/ASCAP

“FOOLISH TIMES”

Words & Music by Curt Boettcher

You are alone in the shadow
Of a sun that never shines
Can't you see your toys are rusty
So put away your foolish times

Wings of pasted wax and feathers
Flying into nowhere times
My love melted all your highs
And sent you down to foolish times

Going back past my beginning
Back before I met my mind
There I had a special friend
Who chased away my foolish times

“AND WE’RE ONE”

Lyrics by Dotti Holmberg & Music by Sandy Salisbury

Hearts meet
And off we go
Away to new and better lands
Where we will meet
And seek and find and give
And feel our warm thoughts
That we’ll tie together as one
On the rainbowed paths to be spun
And we will sing our love sounds
On life’s merry-go round
And we’re one.

Breeze hums
And sun shines
Through solid silver pillowed clouds
And tear drops pour
As we see through misty eyes
And we cry our love
As an endless echo of sound
And we laugh with the love we have found together
Inside we’re feeling
That hearts will go easily along

BRIDGE:

Sunset falls in place
Into love’s land of peace
Catching happy times
With love

Looking through our eyes
With laughing smiles
That softly say
Silently a spell has been cast
Embracing words that make searching a thing in the past
For we’ve found our love can now last
And we will shimmer and steal away
Sailing together as one

FADE:

With love—And we’re one
With love—And we’re one

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“LET YOU KNOW”

Lyrics & Music by Dotti Holmberg

Love makes the world
Love makes the world
So don't take me down
To the level of the ground
Cause love makes the world

Why do you say words that make me blue
When all the time I'm with you
So get off that boat
And return to home
Cause love makes the world

Why do you hurt yourself so?
Why don't you let your mind go?
Cause it's love that makes the soul
And it's the love that lets you know—
Let you know

Your soul tries to get through
It wants to live the you
So let all your days be one
For you can see the sun
Cause love makes the world

And it's the love that lets you know
So let you know, so let you know, etc.

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“THE BIRD”

Lyrics & Music by Dotti Holmberg

Trivia about writing this song: This song was inspired by a dream I had one night when I was visiting my family in Minnesota. In the dream one of my parakeets had died (I had 2 parakeets at that time). When I arrived back home in California, the first thing my friend (who was “apartment sitting” for me while I was gone) said when I saw her was “Your bird died last night”.

Verse 1:

The bird died last night
And I knew it in my dream
Oh, you tell me and I know
The bird died and it was so cold

Verse 2:

He went home to rest
In its nest of the sky
And I’ll tell you I can cry
But the bird really didn’t die

Bridge:

After the snow fell
The ice melted
And the spring came
And flowers grew from the rain

Counterpoint Bridge:

I watched the snow fall
And heard the bird call
And then the spring came
And flowers grew tall from the rain

Verse 3:

He went home singing
Carrying news of the war
And now he can come back bringing
Peace and the Evermore

Verse 4:

You see, the bird didn’t die
His eyes are within all of us
Ringing freedom we want, but still are crying
Now the bird knows reality

Repeat verse #1

But he really didn’t die, No, he really didn’t die
Ooh, ooh, ooh, etc.

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“TO TOUCH UPON THE LIGHT”

Lyrics & Music by Dotti Holmberg

To touch upon the glow of night
I once could live the burning light
But now you're gone, my eyes can't see
For beyond the mist there's only me

I say I'll start and face the new
But when I turn around there's only you
You left uncertain of your way
Now each day passes on to another day

You kept many promises held inside
But all the love you held you tried to hide
And now two hearts walk alone but free
Pretending but leaving behind what could be

I can sit alone and feel the night
And touch upon the glowing light
And hold it captive one moment more
Till the night breaks through towards the lonely door

Lonely door, lonely door, etc.

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“THE ESSENCE”

Lyrics & Music by Dotti Holmberg

The moon turns into shadows
The likeness of your eyes
The wanderlust in meadows
The willows whispering by

The aftermath of showers
The fragrance in my heart
The mellow tuning hours
The clock turns back to start

Its memory we still cling to
Not really knowing why
For yesterday can take you
On a loving lullabye

And the days can't get much dimmer
As the clouds go floating by
And I see you walking slowly
With the shadows in your eyes

The clock just struck the hour
And you know our time has past
And the essence grows the flowers
But the beauty doesn't last

And the evolving, strumming music
Now lingers in our hearts
But the message in its turning
Still keeps us apart

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“IT’S NOT WORTH IT AT ALL”

Lyrics & Music by Dotti Holmberg

Refrain:

Unsatisfied—
It’s not worth it at all
Not worth giving at all
Not worth living at all

Verse #1:

I gave to you all my love
And you gave me yours
Now still I give you all my love
While from you I get no more

Repeat Refrain

Verse #2:

I try to understand why
Your love no longer is
People say there’ll be another guy
But you know your love is his

Repeat Refrain

Bridge:

How can I go on feeling this way?
Is it worth from love to fall?
Feeling a little bluer each day
No, it’s not worth it at all

Repeat Refrain

Repeat 1st Verse & Refrain

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“LOVE IS”

Lyrics & Music by Dotti Holmberg

Trivia about writing this song: In 1965, the music for “Love Is” was inspired by the song “Sakura”, a Japanese Folk Song. At The GoldeBriars last rehearsal, Curt was in the process of teaching our group “Sakura” to perform on stage. Since Curt spoke Japanese we were learning the song only in Japanese. I loved the melody but didn’t know what the Japanese lyrics meant, so when our group broke up, I was left with the beautiful and haunting melody of “Sakura” so I had to write my own lyrics to get the melody out of my head. I added a Bridge melody to fit my lyrics.

Verse 1:

Love is strange, love remains
Passes on from age to age
Holds its spell, it will never change
Love is strange, love is strange

Verse 2:

Love finds you
Love finds two
Holds its beauty as the sky is blue
Gathers tears as the morning dew
Love finds you, love finds you

Bridge:

Love is kindness
Love is mine no less
Love is timeless
Love is, Love is

Verse 3:

Love is one
Togetherness spun
As the weaver who weaves and never is done
As four seasons make a year, evolved by the sun
Love is one, love is one

Repeat Bridge & 1st Verse

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“BABY’S BLUES”

Lyrics & Music by Dotti Holmberg

Cause I’m a’love you too
I am the cause of your blues
And when you stop, look around
You say, Babe, I’m gonna leave this town

You know, I’m lone and blue
I can’t stop loving you
I’m gonna pull all my hair out and leave
Just pull by the roots for I grieve

Oh, my baby’s blues
They get me so low down
My baby’s got a whole lot of blues
My baby’s blues, my baby’s blues

We all want your love
To hold in souls of our shoes
Love’s blessings are your blue
Oh, what to do with baby’s blues?

You cry, go leave my place
More love than heart can taste
I cry, gonna leave, no more town
You know, love’s roots got me down

Oh, my baby’s blues
They get me so low down
My baby’s got a whole lot of blues
My baby’s blues, my baby’s blues

Oh, what to do, ‘bout baby’s blues
My baby’s blues, my baby’s blues

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“SOMETIMES HAPPY TIMES”

Lyrics & Music by Dotti Holmberg

Sometimes I can be so happy
And smile about and go so free
But then your love was beside me
And now your love is held inside of me

Time will pass this lonely shadow
And we will look towards greener meadows
We will grow another flower
And we will share another hour

And the hour isn't too much longer
And the showers they won't fall too much longer

They'll be a time
And there'll be a place
When we will meet face to face

When the sadness slips out slowly
It robs my heart of sunshine

Da, da, da, da, da, etc.

Sometimes I can be so happy
And smile about and go so free
Da, da, da, da, da, etc.

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“MAGIC CARPET RIDE”

Lyrics by Dotti Holmberg & Music by Ty Chase AKA Randy Swickard

Verse 1:

I'm on a magic carpet ride
You've got my dreams a'flyin' high
The little dipper will be my guide
From over a rainbow to by your side

Verse 2:

I'm on a magic carpet ride
Two birds are singing by my side
Let two love knots together tie
To keep my carpet a'flyin' high

BRIDGE:

You say you've got Aladdin's lamp
And, you'll light up the world for me
And carry the stars to my front door
Showing me how love can be

Verse 3:

I'm on a magic carpet ride
The sun is shining in my eyes
You've asked my dreams to meet love's tide
From over a rainbow to by your side

REPEAT 1st Verse

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“PICKIN’ DAISIES”

Words & Music by Zel & Gary Black

I keep pickin’ daisies
Though my thoughts are hazy
And I’m going crazy over you

I keep pickin’ daisies
Feeling kinda lazy
Love is so amazing it’s true

My thoughts are getting cloudy
Feeling awful rowdy
So very much in love with you

Daisies in my hand
Tell me if my man
Really loves me too

I just can’t explain
The feelings and the pain
That I’m going through
Since I fell
Since I fell
Since I fell
In love with you...

A field of daisies
He loves me or he loves me not
A field of daisies
Don’t forget to add a forget-me-not

I keep pickin’ daisies
Though my thoughts are hazy
And I’m going crazy over you

I keep pickin’ daisies
Feeling kinda lazy
Love is so amazing it’s true

My world’s a topsy-turvy
Always in a hurry
Just to be a-holding you

Daisies in my hand
Tell me if my man
Really loves me too

“WHEN THE WIND BLOWS”

Words & Music by Dotti Holmberg

(Also known as “The Wind”)

When the wind blows, you will return
When the wind blows, our hearts will yearn

And it’s calling me with its sound
And it’s calling, spinning around

When the wind blows, the windmills do sing
When the wind blows, all the bells do ring

And it’s calling me to a place
And it’s calling, air floating space

When the wind blows, the souls will rise to high
When the wind blows, we reach our hearts and cry

And we call out in words we can feel
And it’s happening, we know it is real

When the wind blows, you will return
When the wind blows, our hearts will yearn

And it’s calling me with its sound
And it’s calling, spinning around....
Spinning around

And I’m after the life I do want to live
And I’ll follow the cries of the wind...
Of the wind...
Spinning around, spinning around

When the wind blows,
When the wind blows,
When the wind blows

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“LOVE, LOVE”

Words & Music by Dotti Holmberg

(Also known as: “Love We Long For”)

Laughing with the trees
Smiling with the breeze
Let us walk along
And sing a song of love

Your feet caress the leaves
Just singing in the breeze
Drop your worries off
Around the corner P.O. Box away

The rain is finally gone
The stormy days were long
Let your senses feel
Oh, how this present day can be so real

Sometimes I feel so old
Remembering the cold
But now it's warm
So nice & warm
Just holding your hand

Slow down your hurried day
And let us go away
Take a walk with me
And maybe we can be the love we long for

La da da da (twice)

Take a walk with me and maybe we can be the love we long for

Ooh ooh & out

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“VISUALIZE”

Words & Music by Dotti Holmberg

(Also known as “Looking Glass”)

Verse 1:

In the looking glass of your own sun
There’s love for everyone
In this world you can come along too
There’s love inside of you

Chorus #1:

Come along, come along take my hand
Look to the sunshine, you’ll understand

Come along, don’t wait long, now’s the time
When rainbows and dreamlands unfold and unwind

Verse 2:

In the looking glass goodness can’t hide
When love’s strong by your side
When I take off my mask I can see
And outpours the love from inside of me

Chorus #2:

Come along, come along, don’t be slow
You missed the last train, said you’re feelin’ low

The gold in your heart, you will find it too
Just look to the love, so the sun can shine through

Repeat Verse #1

Repeat Chorus #1

In the looking glass of your own sun
In the looking glass of your own sun

Published 2002 Apple Core Publishing/BMI

“Sometimes Happy Times”

Dotti Holmberg

Liner notes reflecting her musical career in the 1960's

NATURALLY HIGH:
The songs of dotti holmberg



PART I: “Singing, Dancing, Dreaming.”

In what could be viewed as a classic reversal to a familiar rags to riches saga, Dotti Holmberg was born right in the lap of show business—Hollywood, California—only to be almost immediately relocated to an extremely un-showbiz clime: The Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Raggedly uprooted at seven months by something she couldn't possibly understand (her parents' divorce), Dotti and her baby clothes were bundled onto a train in the company of two year-old sister Sheri and their three year-old brother Gary. The trio of tots were being sent to live with a grandmother who had agreed to take them in.

By the age of three—and with Granny's encouragement (she'd even accompany the two on the piano)—Dotti and her five year-old sister were performing together as a duo. “We sang and tap-danced for everyone whether they wanted us to or not,” confesses Dotti. “Even in taverns. Where the money was better. Doesn't this sound like a movie? ‘Playing for Pennies?’”

As in a movie montage, we see the girls grow both in height and in vocal technique. For a decade the two are introduced to audiences at church and charity socials as “The Twin Cities' Own—The Holmberg Hi-Lite Sisters.” They learn to dress in bathrooms, boiler rooms and stairwells, but all the while the girls are sharpening their resolve to get back to Hollywood and ‘make it in show business’ – an admittedly fanciful goal. Still, success seems inevitable when they land on a nightclub stage, close-harmonizing through a songbook consisting of the “Third Man Theme,” “Lullaby of Birdland,” “Mississippi Mud” and the droll duet “Sisters.”

Brother Gary—thought to have the best voice of the three—had also been singing, but it is not until their late teens that the siblings' musical talents finally converge. The occasion is a short stint in a group thrown

together with friend Ron Neilson. As The Keynotes, the four enter—and win—a handful of talent competitions, which seems to promise future paying gigs. But Gary’s interest in the Keynotes is limited compared to his participation in an aggregation called The Stowaways. That group, Gary reasons, is going to make it. Meanwhile, Sheri and Dotti grow restless, looking for something more to do with their talents. Now fate strikes.

It all has something to do with getting a lift home after being dropped off one snowy winter night at Le Zoo, a Minneapolis coffeehouse popular with the young folkie crowd. The staff—who have to show up in this weather—outnumber the audience, who don’t.

On a bare platform in the middle of one long side of the room, a diminutive folk-singing guitarist reaches the end of his set to sparse applause from customers cradling cups of coffee.

Desperate to save face, the performer—one Curt Boettcher—invites those in the room to join him in singing “Puff the Magic Dragon.” Halfway through the song, two anonymous voices begin to stand out as they effortlessly twine their way around Curt’s clear tenor.

Of course, in the movie version, we’ll have Curt—the desperate folksinger—invite the girls up on stage. But he doesn’t. It is the club’s stage manager/sound engineer/lighting guy who actually issues the invitation. Though those in the club don’t realize it, what they are hearing is one of the first public demonstrations of what is to become known as the California Sound of ‘Sunshine Pop.’ And for the very first time they are hearing The GoldeBriars.

The selection of the name itself: The GoldeBriars—which came along before Gary’s friend, guitarist Ron Neilson—establishes the basic nature of the group’s function as an organism. It is all about Curt. He picks the name, the tunes and the look. He speaks for the group, he chooses their means of transportation, he determines their diet and he allocates whatever earnings come their way.

The name—he claims—comes from a deliberation on the nature of opposites. Precious and rare is the Gold—or ‘Golde’—Curt’s attempt to date his metal back to the strum of the medieval minstrel. And the Briar? In Curt’s mind, the Briar stands for something earthy and common (he never mentions the thorns).

The overlap of roles on stage plays a big part in the group’s sound. Three of the four are vocalists (Dotti, Sheri and Curt). Additionally, Curt’s jazzy bel canto tenor allows him to dress his voice a little like a girl’s so that the three can become a ‘sister trio’ in addition to the normal configuration of ‘two girls and a guy.’ For accompaniment, Curt plays rhythm guitar while Ron Neilson fronts on guitar and banjo.

PART II: “New York, New York!”

It is the early ‘60’s and the Greenwich Village folk scene is in full force. Gerde’s Folk City is still in its original location and Dylan doesn’t yet own a townhouse on MacDougal Street. Up the street, Phil Ochs is stoned at The Kettle of Fish, playwright Edward Albee is sullen at the San Remo and Richard Pryor is sweeping up after the last set of the night at the Cafe Wha?, owned by David Lee Roth’s uncle Manny.

So the GoldeBriars join the pack. They are sorta ‘folk,’ but with a distinctive twist. Curt has a musical perspective informed by a few years he had lived in Japan as a Navy brat, and this oriental exposure bastes the group’s sound like a soy and ginger marinade.

Dotti Holmberg on The GoldeBriars ‘look’: “We settled into this gypsy thing. We all dyed our hair jet black. Us girls wore long gypsy-like shirts and the boys wore black pants, black tunics and black boots. Black, black, black. Guys wore an earring. Only the guys wore an earring. So, when our woodie station wagon blew into town, stopped, and we all got out, there were these lost souls who looked like they belonged to a cult that worshipped little Japanese magnetic ‘Kiss Me’ dolls. Now this may all sound pretty harmless, but our appearance was given as the reason that the largest hotel on King Street in Charleston, South Carolina asked us to vacate our rooms in the middle of an extended run at a King Street niteclub. They said ‘we were frightening the guests.’”

By now Bobb Goldsteinn (co-writer of the Village Stompers’ hit “Washington Square”) has agreed to having his wagon hitched to the group’s woodie as their manager. It seems that both parties—Goldsteinn and The GoldeBriars—just so happen to be clients of the same show business firm G.A.C. (General Artists Corporation), then making most of its money booking Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul and Mary and Jose Feliciano all around the world.

Since GAC’s head honcho Burt Block doesn’t know what to do with either The GoldeBriars or Goldsteinn, he dumps the former at the latter’s West Village studio (later used as the interior for the opening scene of Andy Warhol’s Trash). Block donates a day bed that Mary Travers had owned, wishes them well and then gets back to the real business at hand: making money with his star acts.

For Epic Records, The GoldeBriars record three albums (only the first two are ever released): The first album—simply called The GoldeBriars—is released in February of 1964, and is considered innovative compared to the majority of the folk albums of the time. The second album, Straight Ahead, follows six months later. According to Dotti, “Straight Ahead was an easy way to say nothing while still suggesting that something was going somewhere. And that was us: nothing was ‘Straight Ahead.’”

At this point, the “music industry heads didn’t know what category to put us into,” confesses Dottie. “With our folk-pop-rock sound, our weird appearance and our Broadway-styled stage act (courtesy of Bobb), almost always the initial response from a new audience was, ‘What planet are they from?’”

Ironically, the groups’ gala introduction to Hollywood proves to be their swan song: a special performance at L.A.’s legendary Coconut Grove where they blow the hardened show-biz audience away.

By the time the third album is scheduled for release, key members of the group experience irreconcilable differences, which leads to the group’s break-up in June of ‘65.

Though The GoldeBriars were only a group for a total of thirty months, the time they spent working together was long enough to secure a beachhead for their unique vocal sound. Other artists would adopt

Boettcher’s brand of Sunshine Pop for their own ends, among them early adherent Mama Cass Elliot, Brian Wilson (who used Curt on “Good Vibrations”), and Phil Spector.

Now, for a second time, Dotti and Sheri were at liberty, but this time the girls cast glances in different directions.

PART III: “Dotti Holmberg in ‘All About Dotti.’”

Now, Curt may have been too busy starring in “All About Curt” to realize that those around him were also starring in their own movies: “All About Bobb,” “All About Ron,” “All About Sheri” and — last, but certainly not least... “All About Dotti.”

The songs on this release constitute part of the soundtrack of that last ‘title.

Here are the adventures of an innocent young girl who just so happens to repeatedly be near the center of the cultural cyclone that engulfed us during a particularly incendiary time in our history.

From her ‘Orphans of the Storm’ beginning in Los Angeles to her coming of age in Dylan Country and her subsequent sojourns in hard-core New York and Mansonville, California — Dotti Holmberg was just so ‘right there’ that her path provides a chronological road map to an era where every stop was a roadside attraction inhabited by freaks.

Mammon reigned, free love festered and drugs went down—in that or a reverse order. Never before in America’s past had the ‘artistic license’ become so licentious. Millions got blistered from being too ‘blissed-out’ and many great careers that could have continued to our time simply flared-up and disappeared like the strips of flaming tissue paper that magicians use to spark-up their act.

Disease was bound to happen. Death was bound to happen.

Meanwhile, Dotti was there—baking cookies, washing towels, bandaging the wounded. A soup kitchen in the ‘land of the lost.’ And she was singing. And then there was the occasional soul who would turn to her for help. And she would help.

Her exploits were always aimed at the light of goodness and, perhaps, because of this she has not only survived, she has prevailed.

Here, in her own words are some of the thoughts, hopes and aspirations that she committed to her journals during those times.

“For the time being, Sheri and I are getting secretarial jobs.
Ah, to have one’s own money. What a rare feeling this will be!

Once show business gets in your blood, it’s always there. Sheri and I aren’t quitting the business altogether; we want to sing commercials on the side and also, maybe dance. Me, I still have a large portion of show biz left in me. Sometimes I feel like I want to get out and give something musical to the world.

Perhaps this feeling will always be inside of me, sort of a driving force...It’s not only the melodies that inspire my enthusiasm for music, but also the lyrics.

I have just recently discovered how to freely reflect some of my feelings on paper. The only things I have been known to create in the past were a few poems, but in the last few months, I’ve composed a couple dozen songs.

I really have no idea what musical vein these songs are in, but only that I’m reflecting my feelings with a lyric and melody. Perhaps, someday (maybe) I’ll be able to share them with the public.”

(From Dotti’s diary a year after The GoldeBriars’ breakup)

GYPSY GIRL

Gypsy Girl
A daydreaming mind
Wandering off to other lands

A new friend
Somewhere to find
Hidden in the grains of sand

Dancing mind
Directing the feet
Showing an emotion of hand

Moving away
To find your own
To find you if you can

Gypsy Girl
A song of heart
A song of who I am

(Song lyric written by Dotti around 1966)

At the same time, Curt had hooked-up with a sharpie named Steve Clark who had masterminded an operation called Our Productions.

The deal was this: in return for most of his hefty producer's fees, Curt was promised a partnership in Our Productions. Then Curt and company struck it rich with The Association, producing their first album and both their hit singles, "Along Comes Mary" and "Cherish." In theory, Curt was to become a rich man. In practice, however, the results were quite different. His reputation buzzed by The Association's success, Curt became a workhorse, virtually living day and night in various studios as L.A.'s most sought-after independent record producer. And his huge fees? Well, they were fed into the coffers of Our Productions.

Dotti and Curt resumed working together, this time as backup singer and producer. That's Dotti's voice behind Tommy Roe, Bobby Jameson, Friar Tuck and Lee Mallory (who later became a part of The Millennium).

Then, in the classic case of the backup singer who advances to lead, Curt decided to produce singles with Dotti. The studio where all this took place— Columbia Records' Hollywood— boasted an amazing new technology; two twelve-track tape machines synchronized together to harness a total of twenty-four tracks. And this was the new plaything for Curt.

The musician's who backed Dotti were pure cream: Mike Deasy, Ben Beney, Jerry Scheff, and Toxie French. But before the sides could be pressed, promoted and released, Our Productions went under.

In 1968, Dotti recorded two more originals, "The Bird (Didn't Die)," and "The Essence" for Gentry Limited, singer Bobby Gentry's company at Hollywood Sound. Randy Garcia, a young Latin-American guitarist, was now Dotti's accompanist. Sister Sheri and Allison Buff contributed background vocals. This time the company was revealed to be a tax write-off and, again, the recordings languished in vaults.

Two more of her originals, "To Touch Upon the Light," and "Let You Know" were engineered by Allison's husband Paul over at Original Sound, produced by brother-in-law Keith Olsen. Randy Garcia overdubbed drums, guitar and keyboard and sang on one of the songs. Keith played the bass and once again, Sheri & Allison Buff sang background. In this case, a suitable label could not be found.

At this point in her career, Dotti was beginning to feel she didn't fit in with the tied-dyed, drug-splashed, psychedelic zaniness, plain and simple.

"The world is living in a tighter bag than ever before Our expressions, maybe once freer, can be felt now as 'explosive emotions' (So) where to go to release our minds? ... So full of 'What to do today?'"

(Dotti's Diary, 1969)

The drug revolution, the sexual revolution, black liberation, women's liberation, gay liberation, Kennedy and King. The burning ghetto, seen from a distant rooftop. Riots, Vietnam, the Draft... Nothing changed her.

It is commonly thought that Evil is the strongest force in the world. No it's not. It's Love.

And it's evidently Dotti: Soft and kind yet with a firm resolve. A woman who floats through the universe leaving stardust in her wake.

Here —at last— are seventeen of Dotti's unreleased recordings. God is in His Heaven and Dotti is still on earth. Smile.

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Dotti J. Holmberg-Waddell

**"Hope you enjoyed the GoldeBriars'
Story and can now fill in the missing
piece of the puzzle of the birth of
sunshine pop.
Thanks for buying my eBook!"**
