

THE BROADSIDE

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SPOTLIGHTING

GUITAR NUBBIT



He sings:

"They call me Guitar Nubbit, but my real name is Al
My six string guitar is my only pal"
But the guitar came into his life only in the last few years; he grew to it, not with it.

"I was conceived in Jamaica, and born in Ft. Lauderdale. That's where I lost my mother in the storm".

When he was three years old, a storm swept up the East Coast of Florida, tearing up the shorelands, ripping homes shops, and the rows of crops; it was the Hurricane of 1926. Alvin Hankerson, age 3, lost his home and his mother. He also lost the tip of his right thumb. When his father heard of the storm, he came and found Al, already being called Nub, and took him to Georgia.

Nub spent his youth in Georgia. He went to school, picked cotton, peaches and apples. He hoed the ground, he pulled weeds. He did all the things boys do growing.

When he was 21, Nub left Georgia and came to Massachusetts.

He was walking down a street in Roxbury in 1948: "women trouble bothering me, just walking feeling blue when I saw this guitar in the pawnshop window and something told me, you won't believe me, I know, but I swear it's true, something just told me that if I would go and get that guitar, all my troubles would be over. I only had twelve dollars, and I would have paid it all, but he only asked seven. I just took it home, and walked right by my wife and into the back room and started banging it."

FOLK MUSIC AT MARBLEHEAD

Friday June 6th, the first in a series of Folk Music Concerts was held in the high school auditorium in Marblehead. Sylvia Mars started off the evening, and in her inimitable way gave a fine performance of blues, spirituals, gospel and rythmn and blues numbers. The Charles River Valley Boys finished up the first half of the concert with an abrupt change in tempo and left the audience very excited and anxious to hear the second half of the concert. Robert L. Jones, in what we believe was his first concert appearance, charmed the audience with his quiet natural way of presenting Woodie Guthrie and other typical American ballads with the same ease he uses with his coffee house audiences. The Charles River Valley boys came bouncing back to end up the evening with their usual skill and fun. The audience was comprised of many people who had never heard folk music, and from the comments we heard, we know that the rest of the series will be even greater successes than this first one. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves immensely and for those of you who had the misfortune of missing these fine Boston Folksingers, WTBS will be playing portions of the concert this Fall. (88.1)

