Back in the early spring of 1957, I was engaged to do a three week stint at the old "Gate of Horn," the folksong night club in the elongated basement of the Rice Hotel on the southeast corner of Dearborn and Chicago Avenues. It's amusing to recall that of the three elements in the show, I was the headliner, Peggy Seeger was in the number two spot, and the rear guard post was filled by a then relatively unknown comedian, Shelly Berman. How times have changed!

Being then employed as a staff musician on ABC's Channel Seven, where I was doing my daily children's show, the musician union's rules forbade my playing the guitar in a night club engagement. Al Grossman, the manager of "The Gate" recommended a young unknown guitarist, Frank Hamilton, who was coming to Chicago to accompany some of the club's future attractions. But I elected to use Richard Pick, a highly competent and musical classical guitarist.

When Frank Hamilton did come to "The Gate" a few weeks later, he amazed everyone with his facility, his creative improvisational ability, and a certain playful joyousness that he brought to all aspects of traditional music. It was during this period that I first got to know Dawn Greening, a working housewife from Oak Park who had "flipped" over folk music and had become an habitué of "The Gate's" dingy, albeit lively, recesses.

Spring and summer went by, and autumn found Frank Hamilton unemployed and deeply in love with Sheila Lofton, whom he later married. A number of his ardent admirers, Dawn Greening among them, organized guitar and banjo classes in their homes to provide Frank with some kind of income. I attended a class, with fourteen others in Dawn and Nate Greening's dining room, and it was there that the hunch was born.

The fifteen of us, including Nate and three of the Greening Children, represented all degrees of competence (and incompetence) on the guitar and banjo. But here was lanky, waif-like, mercurial Frank, with a word here, and a finger adjustment there, teaching us simultaneously, and involving us in the pleasure of singing and playing folksongs.

The classes continued throughout the fall and it