



Frisco Cricket

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THE KIDS LOVE IT!

Foundation Brings Young Musicians to Concerts

by William Carter

"When they got their first tickets three years ago, they didn't know anything about that jazz," says music teacher Walter Cross, showing me his classroom at Menlo Oaks Junior High School. "But after they returned the first time, they were excited. Now they look forward to going every year."

In its efforts to foster traditional jazz education, and as a sponsor of the yearly traditional jazz concert during the Stanford Summer Jazz Workshop, your Foundation brings dozens of young teenaged musicians to these professional evening performances each July.

The eager youths are selected and chaperoned by The Center for a New Generation, a community-based private organization providing academic and cultural supplements to motivated children in lower income areas.

Music is one of the most popular of the Center's broad array of electives. Instruments are provided to those who commit to the program, take responsibility for the instruments, and practice at least 20 minutes a day, five days a week.

Strolling back to the principal's office, Cross, a seasoned reedman, hands me his business card. Like those of New Orleans jazzmen, it reads: "Music for All Occasions."

He says, "My biggest dream with these kids is to see them, in four or five years, marching in the high school band. Music is such an important part of kids' lives. I love teaching kids. I'm 67. I hope to go on with this until I'm 85."

I quote the old saying, "A teacher never knows where his influence stops." Walter smiles broadly.



Photo by J. Ennis Kirkland

The CNG can be contacted directly at P. O. Box 1029, Menlo Park, CA 94025, phone (650) 329-2828; or by phoning the Boys and Girls Club of the Peninsula, with which it is associated, at (650)322-6255.

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KID ORY

King of the Tailgate Trombone

by John Gill



Photo by Don Johnson

The Kid in 1956

Edward "Kid" Ory, master of the "tailgate" style of trombone, was born on a sugar cane plantation in Laplace, Louisiana, on Christmas day, 1886. Laplace is about thirty miles west of New Orleans. He was part of the generation that produced such artists as Bunk Johnson, Freddie Keppard, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Johnny and Baby Dodds and Sidney Bechet.

Ory became interested in music at a young age. His first instrument was a homemade banjo, constructed from a tin can, a piece of wood and copper wire for strings. When he was eight years old he formed his first band, a string band, with four friends. The band played for picnics and dances and soon Ory had saved enough money to buy a second-hand valve trombone.

Ory's sister lived in New Orleans, and the Kid was a frequent weekend visitor. It was on these visits to the Crescent City that he first heard the music of the legendary Buddy Bolden. Bolden offered Ory the trombone chair in his band but Ory turned it down because he had promised his mother that he wouldn't leave home until he was 21.

On Christmas day, 1907, his twenty-first birthday, Ory left home and went to New Orleans to crack the bigtime. Within three or four years he had one of the best bands in the city. Many famous jazzmen performed under his leadership, including Johnny Dodds, Jimmie Noone, King Oliver and a youthful Louis Armstrong. When Ory paid Dodds \$2.50, then a top salary, for his first night's work, Dodds said he didn't want to take it until he played better.

In 1919 Ory decided to leave New Orleans and go west, for health reasons, he said later. Upon arriving in Los Angeles he found that there was much interest in jazz. He sent back to New Orleans for some musicians and opened at the Cadillac Cafe on Central Avenue. Soon the Hollywood elite of the silent film days were dancing to the music of the Ory band. It was on the West Coast that Ory studied and learned to read music. By 1923 his band began a series

of regularly broadcast radio shows.

In 1925, responding to lucrative offers from several prominent bandleaders, Ory moved to Chicago. The three years he spent in Chicago were very productive. Besides being a regular member of King Oliver's Dixie Syncopators, he also took part in the recordings by Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and the New Orleans Wanderers, just to mention a few.

Ory returned to the West Coast in 1928. He reformed his band and continued where he had left off until 1933. The depression was at its worst and jobs were scarce. Musical tastes were changing, and the general public was losing interest in Ory's style of small band hot jazz, so the Kid decided to hang up the horn and retire from music. For nine years he sorted mail at the Santa Fe Railroad post office, had a chicken ranch, and was engaged in other occupations. His horn sat in the closet untouched.

In 1940, the jazz revival had built up steam and Kid Ory began to realize that he had become a

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legend. He got together with some of his old sidemen like Mutt Carey, Bud Scott, Minor Hall and Buster Wilson and began to play again at informal sessions. When clarinet man Barney Bigard left Duke Ellington's band in 1942, he formed a small group of his own and asked Ory to join. The Kid was anxious to play and accepted the job even though he felt the band was too modern for him. Out of respect for Ory's stature as a pioneer jazz man, Bigard added a few traditional jazz tunes to the band's repertoire. Soon the trombonist was drawing as many fans as the leader. The die was cast and Ory took the inevitable step of organizing his own band.

In 1944 Orson Welles, who had a weekly radio show over CBS, asked Ory to take part in an all-star New Orleans band for a one shot performance of the real New Orleans style jazz. The band included Mutt Carey, Jimmie Noone, Zutty Singleton, Buster Wilson, Ed Garland and Bud Scott. They were an instantaneous success, mail poured in from everywhere, and Welles hired the band for thirteen weeks. With this type of exposure, it wasn't long before Ory was back leading his band full time. He toured Europe, made numerous recordings, even acted in a few movies, *The Benny Goodman Story* and *New Orleans*, and appeared on radio and television.

is the trombone he used in the late 1920's and early 1930's and is probably the horn with Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, Louis Armstrong's Hot Five, and King Oliver's Dixie Syncopators.

The following recordings by Kid Ory are highly recommended:

- Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band 1944/45
- The Legendary Kid
- This Kid's The Greatest
- Kid Ory! Favorites

- Good Time Jazz 12022
- Good Time Jazz 12016
- Good Time Jazz 12045
- Good Time Jazz 60-009
- Good Time Jazz 12008
- Good Time Jazz 12004

Much of Ory's activity centered around the San Francisco Bay Area. As long ago as 1919, when he first came to California, he had played several spots in Oakland including the Creole Cafe and the Iroquois Cafe. 1946 and 1947 found the Kid at the Green Room and later at The Hangover Club. In the 1950s he relocated first to San Anselmo, a small town north of San Francisco in Marin County, and eventually to San Francisco, where in 1959 he opened his own club called On the Levee. He remained active in San Francisco until the mid-1960s, when he moved to Hawaii.



Photo by Don Johnson
Ory with banjoist Johnny St. Cyr and pianist Harvey Brooks in 1963 at a Disneyland reunion of Louis Armstrong's Hot Five.

In 1971 Ory appeared in New Orleans to take part in a tribute to Louis Armstrong, but was not feeling well enough to play. A few of his compositions, including *Muskrat Ramble*, *Savoy Blues* and *Eh la Bas*, made it to the top of the pop charts. Kid Ory died in Hawaii on January 23, 1973.

On a more recent and somber note, Ory's daughter Babette, who lives in Los Angeles, lost her home in the terrible fire that ravaged that city a few years ago. Among the items lost to the blaze were Ory's trombone and all his music, a tragic loss of jazz artifacts. One of the trombones that Ory played can be seen at the New Orleans Jazz Museum. It

TURK OR TREAT



Photo by David Polos
With this 1954 photo of Turk Murphy and horror movie actress Vampira (of *Plan 9 from Outer Space* fame), the Foundation wishes its members a happy Halloween!



I was born and raised in Southern California. For Christmas, 1942, I was given a copy of *American Jazz Music* by Wilder Hobson. As a result, I began collecting jazz records before I turned 13. That meant patronizing the Jazz Man Record Shop, then on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood. A dark, beautiful, unsmiling, formidably knowledgeable young woman ran the place. This was Marili Stuart, née Morden. There in the smoky after-noon light, the shade on the glass front door half-drawn and the 78 rpm collector's items sleeping in their stiff tan sleeves, the religion of the place was impossible to miss: framed blow-ups of Kid Ory, Papa Mutt Carey, Buster Wilson (and of a young Turk Murphy) lined the walls. On these premises the New Orleans masters, living or dead, were the gods; everybody else was just a musician.

Even before he had come all the way back from Post office work and chicken farming in East L. A., Marili told me one afternoon that I "ought to go hear Ory." With huge excitement I had listened to his all-star band on Orson Welles' radio program, but that band was still nowhere else to be heard, and had it been I would have been much too young to get in. I made this excuse to Marili, who shook it off: "Go on, they won't care. Tell Ory I sent you."

I took the long streetcar ride out to Watts and the Tiptoe Inn, where Ory had a quartet gig on weekends. I sneaked in fast past the cop at the door, feeling thin, white, scared, and foolishly underage. The place seemed vast, the large crowd half-black, half-Latino. On the bandstand in the middle of the dance floor, Ory and the pianist, L. Z. Cooper, were eating a little intermission supper out of a

blackened saucepan, New Orleans style, just as described in the book *Jazzmen*, my new bible.

Told I was a friend of Marili's, Ory gave me an avuncular smile and promised the cop, who'd pursued me, that he wouldn't let me "make any trouble." The cop vanished, and I gaped at this lively little yellow man who had given Louis Armstrong his first job as a musician, had recorded with the Hot Five and with Jelly Roll Morton's very best Red Hot Peppers. Fifty years hence, who can recall all the details of an encounter with a historical figure? Not I. I stayed for a set. The dance floor was packed. Ory doubled on alto saxophone. The only tune I'm positive I heard was *My Gal Sal*.

The drummer was Alton Redd, the bass player a big strong kid just out of his teens — Charles Mingus, barely old enough to vote, and still a couple of years shy of meeting Charlie Parker. Styles differ, but any working musician will tell you that a gig is a gig. Riding the streetcar home that night, I felt as if I had just celebrated a rite of passage — my first live jazz. The music had its hooks in me for keeps.

That night nerved me to try the same trick elsewhere. Jimmie Noone was at the Streets of Paris on Hollywood Boulevard, sounding very much as he had with the Apex Club Orchestra in 1928, which is to say breath-taking. But the Streets were mean and impenetrable: the basilisk-eyed doorman was the first person who ever unmistakably sneered at me. Then one night he was gone; an indifferent waitress let me in and served me an overpriced Coke. It lasted almost a set, until another bouncer struck. By comparison, the Swanee Inn on La Brea almost had the welcome mat out. Zutty Singleton had a trio gig there. Noone was much too imposing to approach, but Zutty was affable and more than willing to answer my questions. I'm just as glad that I can't remember what I asked him.

Trombonist, author, and teacher, James Leigh Shafer

Part C

Working at a super of '43, I made enough money to buy a set of drums. Of course, other than timidly accompanying my wire brushes. When Zutty, he actually said "early some night he was things." The impingement of fantasy life scared me back to the Swanee Inn, my drums, at a \$5 loss,

At the Jazz Man Bill Colburn, a somewhat forthcoming and well-known fanatic. He took me several times to hear the full band at the Jade Cafe on Hollywood. Bill hypnotized doormen with the claim that I was hearing a better band; so hardly knew how to list-

Bill told me that Noone knew how to blow so far from the bells of their fort. I tested the claim. I'd become a sort of But high school and put my attention, and I took for a few years. I think waiting.

By the late '40s I was a reporter for the *San Francisco Look*, and with some spare pocket I checked out the L. A., a new operation. Monica home than the job me again, immediately joining city league basketball when the Ory band became the ballroom on Santa from my shower, I went from gym to pier, home much. It was 1948.

Jim Remembers...

shares his 55-year experiences of the Traditional Jazz Revival in an exclusive series for The Frisco Cricket.

One: Record Shops, Doormen, Old Masters

market in the summer money to invest in a \$25 e I couldn't play a lick, accompanying records with when I confessed this to that if I would come in could "show me a few ment of reality on my to death. I never went n, and soon unloaded to another fantasist.

Record Shop I met Bill urtive man but a thor- onnected New Orleans with him a number of Dry band in its glory at wood Boulevard, where en and waitresses with is nephew. I've never still, the truth is that I ten yet.

New Orleans brass men o that you could hear you could stand a foot horns without discom- It was true.

of insider, junior grade. uberty were distracting ok a holiday from jazz nk I knew it would be

as working full-time as ta Monica Evening Out- and-new money in my e Record Shack in West on closer to my Santa Jazz Man. The fever hit and hard. I was play- eball on Friday nights gan playing dances at Monica Pier. Still wet uld rush the few blocks pping not to miss too Papa Mutt had died

earlier that year, and Andy Blakeney was playing trumpet, but the band was storming; in the 50 years since, I've never heard a better rhythm section than Buster Wilson, Bud Scott, Ed Garland and Minor Hall. Ory kept the dance floor full, and placated the listeners by filling requests for *Do What Ory Say* almost every set.

I started buying records again, and hanging out at the Record Shack. In the back room, the proprietor, Ellen Hertel, had installed a piano which she herself played in a two-fisted, bare-bones manner, and over the months a kid band formed around her. (Using the ukulele chords I'd learned at the beach, I whanged

away at a four-string guitar.) The rankest of amateurs, we still attracted a couple of inspiring, if

irregular, guests: one was Russ Gilman, a semi-mythical barrelhouse pianist with a penchant for working in mines. Even more mysterious was a dazzling clarinetist named Rowland Working (or Dr. R. W. Working, as he sometimes gave himself out). An enigma with a well-trimmed mustache, he would now and then join the boys in the back room. We found him aloof, but his play soothed any irritation, with its traces of Dodds, Bechet and Bob Helm but a sound all his own. He and Russ were much too good for us, but we forgave them.

Being in a band improved my listening. At the time I was listening hardest to the San Francisco contingent. By then Hambone Kelly's was on its last legs, but even before it closed, Turk Murphy was leading, and recording with, his own band. His first LP for Good Time Jazz, with Bob Scobey and Burt

Bales adding considerable swing, was the first LP I ever literally wore out. It is still my favorite Turk record.

A habitue of the Record Shack named Jim Harwood owned a red-gold Olds trombone, which no one had ever heard him play. When Jim was drafted he left the horn with Ellen. He could have been no more than a few hours into Basic Training before I grabbed it, justified by nothing but my own yearning. I kept puffing at it until I could play, in a fashion, the little Jim Robinson solo from Sam Morgan's *Short Dress Gal*. When no one actually protested, I became the *de facto* trombonist in the back room band.

Other changes followed all too quickly. Rowland was drafted, the Record Shack went out of business; I quit my newspaper job and began driving a Yellow Cab. We went on rehearsing at another store, Ray Avery's Record Roundup; we even found a replacement for Rowland in 16-year-old Bill Carter, fresh from the California All-Youth Symphony and armed with his own transcriptions of Johnny Dodds solos.

Practice, if it doesn't make perfect, usually generates progress. Most of our little gigs around Southern California are lost to failing memory, but I can't forget Coot Grant and Kid Wesley Wilson, whom Ellen found living in L. A. Headliners in black vaudeville, they had recorded famously with a septet which included Louis Armstrong. We rented a hall, spread what publicity we could, and presented Grant and Wilson. Knowing better than to try to back them, we settled for warming up the crowd — 40 people tops. Then Coot and Wesley took over and knocked everybody out.

I was excited and restless. When the Turk Murphy band came to the Beverly Cavern for six weeks I hardly missed a set, thus getting to know Turk and Bob Helm, who told me one night after the gig, bless his heart, that "you learn to play jazz by playing jazz."

"You learn to play jazz by playing jazz."

New Cullum CD Available to Foundation Members

San Francisco jazz it's not; smoothly swinging, and versatile, it is

San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation members now have the opportunity to purchase the seventh and latest volume of the Riverwalk Vintage Jazz Collection, featuring The Jim Cullum Jazz Band – praised by jazz critic Phil Elwood in *The San Francisco Examiner* as “the best ensemble playing the mainstream, trad-jazz idiom” (see order form, next page).

American Love Songs, Volume VII, produced by the award-winning team of Margaret Pick and Lynne Cruise of Pacific Vista Productions, presents a selection of extraordinary love songs from the timeless writing of Johnny Mercer, Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Andy Razaf and other giants of American popular song.

Compiled from the hit public radio series *Riverwalk, Live From The Landing*, the album features a glittering cast of Riverwalk radio show guest artists including the remarkable balladeer and bluesman Joe Williams, the superb saxophonist, composer and arranger Benny Carter, the Obie award-winning singer and actor Vernel Bagneris, piano dynamo Dick Hyman – plus a brilliant new talent, Australian vocalist Nina Ferro, whose stateside broadcast debut was the smash hit of Riverwalk's 1996 season.

Among the many tracks on this CD: *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* is a soaring rendition of the popular Jerome Kern melody updated for 21st century listeners by two young monster clarinetists, Evan Christopher and Brian

Ogilvie. *Come Rain Or Come Shine*, a dandy gem by Harold Arlen, combines Evan Christopher's virtuosity with Nina Ferro's soulful vocal. *Lover Man/Body And Soul*, our favorite, features Broadway singer Carol Woods' passionate delivery in combination with The Jim Cullum Jazz Band's artful arrangement of this classic.

Riverwalk, Live From The Landing – Classic Jazz for the 21st Century, is broadcast weekly on 200 FM stations nationwide over Public Radio International. The series, featuring The Jim Cullum Jazz Band, Grammy award-winning host David Holt, and their guests, is recorded live in San Antonio, Texas at The Landing Jazz Club in the Hyatt Regency Hotel and at venues across the country, including the annual broadcast/concert at Stanford University benefiting the San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation. Riverwalk is produced by Pacific Vista Productions for Texas Public Radio.

SF JAZZ ON THE WEB

The San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation now has a Web site! Created and maintained by “webmaster” (and trumpeter) Franco Finstad, the site includes sound files and photos of Lu Watters, Turk Murphy and other San Francisco jazz figures from the '30s to the present.

ABOUT THE SAN FRANCISCO TRADITIONAL JAZZ FOUNDATION

What is the Foundation?

Created in 1981 as an archive of several thousand items relating to the jazz revival begun in San Francisco about 1939, the Foundation now seeks to enhance that collection and extend its uses. A wider aim is to help foster live, high quality traditional jazz, regionally and worldwide.

What does the Foundation do?

Current activities include archival preservation, supporting live events and broadcasts, collaborating with other jazz and educational institutions, and devel-

oping new products and media applications.

Although the Foundation lacks the funding to open its archive to the general public, other means are being found to make its resources available. For example, historic recordings and documents are being made available to radio stations; and consumer products such as posters, books and tapes are being publicly offered.

Who is involved?

You are. Membership is \$25 per year. Benefits include this quarterly newsletter, invitations to

special events and availability of Foundation products (often at exceptionally low prices).

Donations welcomed

The San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation accepts gifts and grants in many forms, including historical items which shed further light on the history of traditional jazz on the West Coast, including (but not limited to) recordings, music, newspaper clippings, photos and correspondence. Contributions of materials or funds are tax-deductible under IRS ruling status 509(a)(2).

SAN FRANCISCO TRADITIONAL JAZZ FOUNDATION

Product Order Form

Name _____

—

	Members	Non-Members	Quantity	Amount
Compact Discs				
Turk Murphy's Jazz Band <i>At the Italian Village with Claire Austin (MMRC CD-11)</i>	\$12.99	\$15.99	_____	_____
Lu Watters' Yerba Buena Jazz Band <i>At Hambone Kelly's 1949-50 with Clancy Hayes, etc. (MMRC CD-10)</i>	\$12.99	\$15.99	_____	_____
Bob Helm's Jazz Band — <i>Hotter Than That (Stomp Off CD1310)</i>	\$12.99	\$15.99	_____	_____
Russ Gilman — <i>Back to the Barrelhouse (Echoes 2001)</i>	\$12.99	\$15.99	_____	_____
Jim Cullum Jazz Band — <i>American Love Songs, Vol. VII (RW CD 7)</i>	\$12.99	\$15.99	_____	_____

Books

Jazz West 2 by K. O. Eckland, published by Donna Ewald <i>"The A-to-Z Guide to West Coast Jazz Music"; a unique source</i>	\$12.00	\$15.00	_____	_____
Preservation Hall by William Carter <i>Lavish 315 pp. hardbound. Drew rave national reviews autographed on request</i>	\$25.00	\$33.00	_____	_____
Emperor Norton's Hunch by John Buchanan <i>The story of Lu Watters' Yerba Buena Jazz Band</i>	\$25.00	\$35.00	_____	_____
The Great Revival by Pete Clute & Jim Goggin <i>The story of the San Francisco jazz revival</i>	\$10.00	\$15.00	_____	_____

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Join the San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation today to begin taking advantage of reservations to special events, discounts on selected jazz books and recordings, and a year's

SAN FRANCISCO TRADITIONAL JAZZ FOUNDATION Membership Application

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The Frisco Cricket

October 1997

“Jambalaya + Gold Dust”

*October 26, 1997, 1:30 PM
Herbst Theater, San Francisco*

The San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation will present an original musical production, scripted and narrated by William Carter, on Sunday, October 26, 1997. Entitled “Jambalaya + Gold Dust,” it will trace the evolution of classic jazz from New Orleans to San Francisco by way of Chicago and New York. The show will be held at Herbst Theater in San Francisco from 1:30 to 4:00 PM.

Guest Star: Pianist Dick Hyman

The show will highlight celebrated pianist Dick Hyman with several cameo spots. It also features four bands, each made up of famous local musicians and representing one of the four styles of jazz covered in the show. The bands are Bill Carter’s New Orleans Rapscaleions, Bob Schulz’ Chicago Cats, Rex Allen’s Swing

Express and Bill Carter’s San Francisco All Stars. A Grand Marshall will also be present.

For Foundation Members

Although the concert is free to the public, it is expected to be a “sell-out.” In anticipation of this and as a service to its members, the Foundation is making 200 ticket reservations available to its members only.

The reservations will be available two to a member, first-come-first-served, by mail only. Reserved tickets must be picked up at the box office before 1:00 PM on the day of the performance. At 1:00 PM any unclaimed tickets will be released to the general public on a first-come-first-served basis.

To make reservations, Foundation members should send a note or postcard with their name and the number (one or two) of desired tickets to the San Francisco Tradi-