



Frisko Cricket

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SPRING 2010

LINEAGE COUNTS

by William Carter

Jeff Hamilton is one of the most admired traditional jazz drummers today, nationally and internationally. Growing up in the San Francisco Bay Area, to which he eventually returned and where he now lives, Jeff got his start jamming with such outstanding East Bay jazzmen as pianist Ray Skjelbred and cornetist Jim Goodwin. Many of Hamilton's prestigious "jazz party" gigs and recording sessions have involved his friend of many years, trombonist Dan Barrett.

But several other "x-factors" feed the deep musicality of this sought-after drummer. Although he now works in many "mainstream" settings reminiscent of the period of drummer Sid Catlett, Jeff's grounding was in the fundamental New Orleans style. As a teen, he was a devoted student of the great street parade-grounded drummer Cie Frazier, working "gofer" jobs around Preservation Hall in order to imbibe, first hand, the lessons of the early jazz masters. Before long Jeff applied those lessons on gigs with Robbie Schlosser's Magnolia bands, most memora-

bly Robbie's early, traveling, six-piece, pure New Orleans ensemble. Two of their several recordings added pianist Art Hodes and appeared on the GHB label.



Jeff Hamilton at the Three Rivers Jazz Affair, April, 2010. Photo by Barbara Sully.

Jeff spent several years living and working in and out of New Orleans and Florida. His frequent road gigs with vocalist Banu Gibson, among many others, included an appearance with the Boston Pops Symphony.

But Jeff's musical range goes wider and deeper. He doubles as a fine pianist; anyone who doubts that can order his piano CD, "If Dreams Come True," via www.jeffhamiltonjazz.com. Which makes a perfect companion for the all-star CD made at the same time under his direction, called "Swing That Music." [Members of your San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation can obtain a discount on these, as well as "The Sunset Music Company, Live in Dusseldorf 1979" a band of which Hamilton was a mainstay, by ordering them from this Foundation.]

Historically, many jazzmen received their early musical education in the classical mode. But

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few, if any, were touched by the kind of premier lineage to which Jeff was exposed. When Jeff was in his teens, his mother, Betty, a fine pianist, vocalist, and teacher, introduced him to her own renowned piano teacher, Leone Nesbit. That relationship had a profound effect on the budding musician. In 1973 he wrote a loving, carefully researched term paper for a Palo Alto High School class, expressing his awe and gratitude at being made to feel part of a lineage of masters. Rooted in nineteenth century Russia, that grand tradition of piano artistry includes names like Tchaikovsky, Rubenstein, Liszt and Rachmaninoff.

A copy of Jeff's amazing 21-page essay has just turned up. It fuses personal interviews with rare gems gleaned from scattered sources to create an inspired account that is a contribution to musical history. Foundation members can access this gem in full facsimile form at www.sftradjazz.org/hamilton-essay.php.

Some sample passages:

Where and from whom did your teachers acquire the

knowledge they so confidently pass on to you? This is the question that is of utmost importance in a musical education...

I consider myself one of the most fortunate student pianists in this country. My semi-retired teacher is a connecting link to an era when the great masters were looked upon as the men of the centuries. My teacher is an American and is now eighty years old. She is one of the few teachers in this country lucky enough to study with one of the foremost Russian pianists that ever lived. This exceptional teacher was born August 17, 1893 in Dixon, California...she began studying piano at the age of five... when she was just fifteen years old, she began teaching her first pupils...

She worked evenings playing the piano as an accompaniment to the silent movies...While still in her teens she played a ten-week tour with the Chautauqua Circuit in several states throughout the Midwest...

In 1919 my teacher departed for Europe in search of her dream -- a master teacher who could help her reach the

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standard of excellence in her playing that would satisfy her creative spirit...She travelled to Vienna...she met a bedraggled Russian violinist who was to change the course of her life... Sacha, a refugee from the Russian Revolution...had known the great masters who taught at the conservatories...[Yet] in my teacher's despair of finding a master teacher in Vienna, she returned to San Francisco...

She received exciting words from Sacha. He wrote that he had finally discovered the perfect teacher for her. [Alexander] Siloti had turned up in New York City... This persevering woman, now in her thirties, studied with Siloti in New York for four years. She often met and talked with such famous men as Rachmaninoff, Casals, Koussevitsky, Paderewski, Rubenstein [who] would often stop for a visit at Siloti's apartment...

After hearing my teacher (assisted by Siloti at the second piano), play the Liszt first piano concerto, Hertz, the famous San Francisco conductor, insisted that she come to San Francisco and play the concerto with his orchestra. He later [said] "I was astounded at the



LINEAGE COUNTS: Famous Russian pianist and conductor Alexander Siloti (1863-1945) inscribed this photograph to his student, Leone Nesbit, in New York in 1930. The photograph shows Siloti (left) with his teacher, Franz Liszt, about 1883. Siloti's inscription to Nesbit reads, "To my dear pupil, Miss Leone Nesbit, from her teacher who, when this was taken, was a pupil too, but of the greatest Teacher that ever lived." The inscribed picture was given to Nesbit's student, Jeff Hamilton, about 1975.



PART WAY TO TODAY: Leone Nesbit with her student, Jeff Hamilton, in 1975, 35 years ago. Today the photograph hangs near Jeff's piano next to the one of Siloti with Liszt, taken some 127 years ago. Photograph by William Carter

beauty and brilliance of this young artist's playing."... She had become another link in that long chain of superb artists. She had indeed accomplished the grand style of virtuoso playing...

Shortly before his death [Siloti wrote] this fitting tribute to his beloved teacher:

"It would seem as if our last and happiest remembrance before we die must needs be of our 'Liszt days.' Only now in the down hill of life do we understand whom we saw, whom we had with us, who it was that remained the guiding star of our whole life. I could envy myself for having lived through such an epoch, and I shall thank Providence until I draw my last breath for giving me the bliss of seeing, knowing, and hearing this great man!" 🎵

KENNETH O. ECKLAND, MUSICIAN, ARTIST, AUTHOR, PILOT

A Tribute to K. O. Eckland by Will Connelly, Fort Lauderdale, Florida



K. O. Eckland with George Probert in the Firehouse Five Plus Two, 1965. Photo courtesy Taina Eckland.

I very much regret that I am not here with you today to join this celebration of KO's exciting life and the legacy of good stuff he left behind. Since I last attended a Jubilee with you Pismolesons I am much shorter than I used to be because my legs have been chopped off. I have not yet learned how to roller skate between venues on stumps, and my transcontinental mobility is even worsely limited.

But no matter. I am with you in spirit, and I am very glad to ring the bell for one of the most remarkable, bright and good guys ever to scoop a clam from the shores of Lake Pismo. That's what KO called that wet thing off to the west.

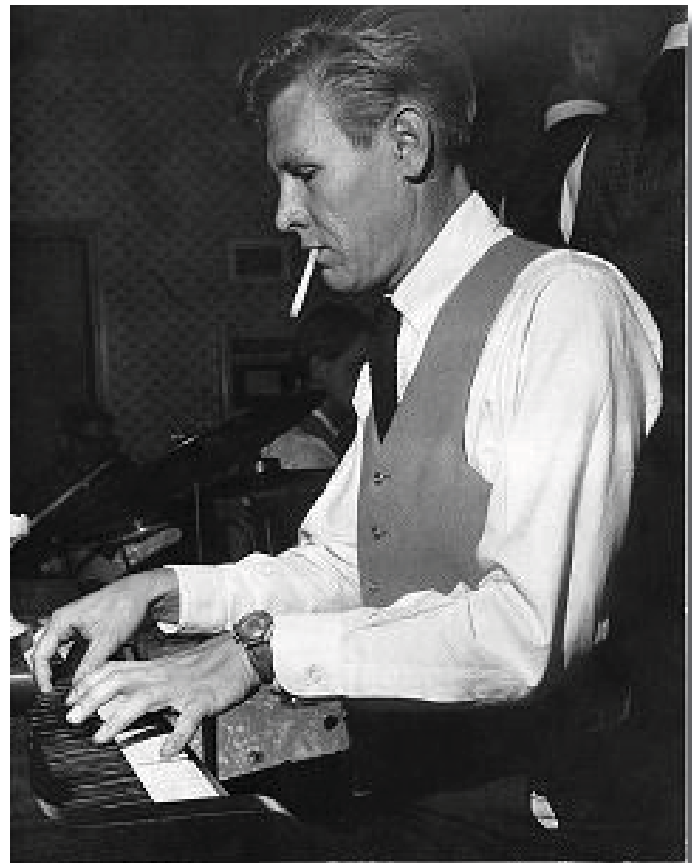
I first met KO in the mid-50's when he was playing solo at an unremembered gin mill down in Orange County. He had permitted a few hangers—on on to unlimber their horns and sit in. He was the first of only two piano players to lead me back to the correct melody after I finished 16 bars of a 32 bar solo and veered off into the bridge of a completely different tune. Ya gotta love a player who does that without snarling or laughing hysterically, and that was the first of many things about KO that earned my high esteem for him.

But KO was a lot more than a great trad jazz pianist, famed for artistry with the Disney-rooted Firehouse Five Plus Two. He composed some terrific tunes, including Natural Gas, a by-no-means aromatic ac-

colade to Phil Crumley's Natural Gas Jazz Band, and Sundown Mama, a poignant tribute to Turk Murphy and San Francisco's Dawn Club. And every one of you Pismoids owe a debt of gratitude to KO for the Basin Street Regulars and the 33rd First Annual Jubilee By the Sea you're enjoying this weekend, both of which were his creations. Oh, he had help, of course, but the spark and fire that led to this organization and its achievements were from KO's fertile mind.

He once wrote to me that a thought had crossed his mind, and it was a short trek. Balderdash! That was the mind that created issue after hilarious issue of OFFBEAT, under his stewardship the most consistantly funny newsletter issued by any jazz club in the country. He also wrote two books on West Coast jazz and illustrated a book by his friend Richard Bach, author of Jonathon Livingston Seagull.

KO was generous as well as bright. In 1980, I started the Hot Jazz and Alligator Gumbo Society—HAGS, the j being silent like the p in pswimming—in



K. O. Eckland with the Saints, Los Angeles, 1950s. Photo courtesy John Smith.

Fort Lauderdale. HAGS was operationally patterned after the clubs in California like the Southern Cal Hot Jazz Society. In 1990, with about 700 members, \$10,000 in the treasury, and with three Pismo Jubilees under my belt, I decided it was time to do a jubilee on my side of the country.

I called KO. And he guided me over the rocks and shoals of putting one of these events together. Among the sixteen bands I fielded were two from California—Bob Finch’s Chicago Six and, yes, by God, the Pismo Experimental Jazz Band, with KO at the helm. KO brought with him bassoonist Cal Abbott, trumpet whiz Wally Holmes, “Fast Eddie” Erickson on banjo, Ira Westley on bass and Bob Vincent at the tubs. You Californians impressed the hell out of people who didn’t know Yerba Buena meant ‘good yerba’.

I wiped out the club treasury — which KO had warned me could happen on a maiden voyage like this — but we had a jubilee in Fort Lauderdale that fans and musicians alike ranked as one of the best they’d ever been to. When the dust settled, I appreciated KO’s shared genius even more — and concurred totally with his view that those who contend that money can’t buy happiness are idiots!

You are all familiar with KO’s talents as a writer and cartoonist, the latter evident in BSR’s



K. O. Eckland on piano with the Firehouse Five Plus Two, mid-1960s. Photo courtesy John Smith.

(Basin Street Regulars) beach — ball balancing Official Seal. Two images you probably haven’t seen are the trombone — wielding alligator that he did for our HAGS logo and the guy with a “eureka” visage on his puss, a flickering candle above his head and the caption “Pre Edison Idea.” As a birthday gift, KO once sent me a small, properly labelled glassine envelope filled with toenail parings. Many of you will probably remember his instruction to bring your own ants to a BSR picnic.

A dimension of KO Eckland — he spelled it E — C-K-L ampersand — with which jazz people may not be aware is his involvement in aviation. A bombardier in WWII, KO was later to own a 1920’s vintage biplane and flew in flowing silk scarf and goggled helmet for Talmantz Aviation. That company is famed for its aerial work, including classic combat dogfights with Spads, Fokkers and other First WW aircraft in Hollywood epics.

But KO’s legacy in aviation rivals his contributions in the jazz milleau. He founded, and was curator of, the internationally acclaimed Aerofiles Museum, an online compilation of descriptions, technical and performance specifications and photographs of thousands of civil and military aircraft since the beginnings of the age of flight. The archives include data on engines, notable events and people.

You will by now know that KO and I were friends and, I think, mutual admirers. Being pilots, musicians and active advocates of Our Kind of Music cemented the bond between us. In later years, after his move to Paradise Valley — which he described as a suburb of WalMart — KO toiled to conceal the wounds he had suffered from so — called friends here in Pismo and



K. O. Eckland with Ward Kimball, mid-1980s. Photo courtesy Taina Eckland.



K. O. Eckland with students at the Sacramento Jazz Camp, 1993. Photo courtesy Taina Eckland.



K. O. Eckland CD Cover artwork for the Frisco Syncopators.

Sacramento who abandoned him when things got tough. He might have turned the other cheek but said it was hard to do while wearing both a belt and suspenders.

Yes, KO Eckland was my friend, and I miss him, his wry smile and his Meerschaum filled with Balkan Sobranie. Who could not treasure a man whose business card offered Norden bombsight repair and declared him to be a dealer in rare platitudes? Were I with you now, I would rise on my haunches to hoist a tankard of the best in commemoration of this marvelous guy, and I'd urge you to join me.

Thanks for your tine. 🎵



K. O. Eckland (right) with his pal, Cal Abbott (left), 1985. Photo courtesy Taina Eckland.

Note New Price!
50% off for K. O. Eckland's
"Jazz West 2"

See page 11 to order or go online to www.sftradjazz.org and click on "Store"



"K. O. Mug" 2003. Photo courtesy Taina Eckland.

AN APPRECIATION OF K. O. ECKLAND

by Frank Van Haste, Alexandria, Virginia

Sometimes, someone you don't really know affects your life and you don't appreciate them until they're gone. That's the case for me with K.O. Eckland, who "went West" last May. So now, this belated heartfelt appreciation for an amazing man.

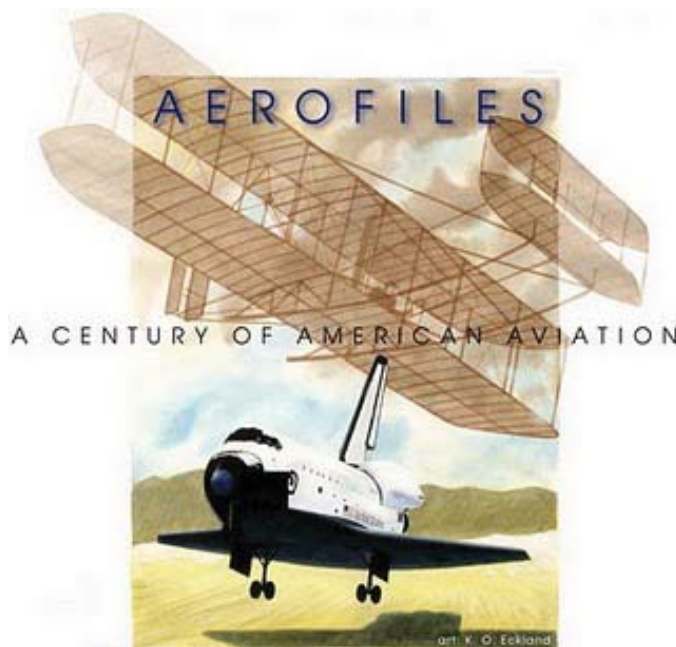
Regulars at this blog (<http://n631s.blogspot.com/>) may have noticed the link to Aerofiles in the "interesting links" list in the sidebar. If you've clicked thereon and spent any time at all poking about, you know that it's an amazing resource – a compendium of incredibly detailed information about nearly every aircraft ever built in the United States. It's where I've gone for years to turf up the goods on any obscure flying machine of interest. Aerofiles is the product of the remarkable knowledge and passion for aviation of K.O. Eckland.

I found the following biographical information:

K.O. Eckland, 83, passed away Monday, May 4, 2009, at his home in Paradise, Calif. K.O. was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and grew up in Berkeley, Calif. While in the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II, he met his future wife, Lucille Callison, a USO girl, in Spokane, Wash. They lived in Shell Beach for a few years where K.O. was a freelance commercial artist, then they moved to Los Angeles where he became a commercial artist for the Los Angeles Times. In 1976, K.O. returned to Pismo Beach, where he contributed articles to the Telegram – Tribune. He became active in the local traditional jazz community...



K. O. Eckland in his Fleet bi-plane, 1986. Photo courtesy Taina Eckland



K. O. Eckland artwork from his website, Aerofiles.com

K.O. Eckland left behind a large body of work – a favorite part of which was the Aerofiles.com website, as his greatest love was flying airplanes. He illustrated Richard Bach's book "A Gift of Wings," and contributed articles to aviation magazines over the years. K.O. was proud to be a member of the San Luis Obispo Sheriff's Aero Squadron and had been active with the Paso Robles Estrella Warbird Museum.

K.O.'s second greatest love was traditional jazz. After hearing Turk Murphy at Earthquake McGoon's in San Francisco and Lu Watters' Yerba Buena Jazz Band in Berkeley after the War, he wanted to play jazz piano. He played piano in several bands over the years, notably the Firehouse Five Plus 2, the Desolation Jazz Ensemble & Mess Kit Repair Battalion and the Pismo Experimental Jazz Band. K.O. produced two compendiums of jazz bands and musicians, *Jazz West* and *Jazz West 2*. He enjoyed writing tunes which have been recorded by contemporary traditional jazz bands.

K.O. had moved to Paradise in 2004 to be close to family members, where he also shared the remainder of his life with Waldo, the cat. K.O. leaves his children Daniel and his wife Faye Eckland, who have adopted Waldo, Nancy Berkley and Taina Eckland; ex – wife, Lucille Eckland; and two grandsons Ryan and Beau Berkley. A memorial took place at the Pismo Beach "Jubilee by the Sea," October 2009.

The dust jacket of my local library's somewhat battered copy of "A Gift of Wings" ((c)1974) tells us that: "K.O. ECKLAND, who illustrated this book, is a Graphic Design Consultant in Van Nuys, California, with an inborn love for drawing airplanes. He flies his



K. O. Eckland with his Piper Cub, 1975. Photo courtesy Taina Eck-

own J-3 Cub." And the book is profusely adorned with beautifully shaded pencil renderings of airplanes... and of gulls, and of clouds, and of aviators going about their business of slipping the surly bonds...

K.O. Eckland was a noteworthy jazz musician. He was a talented illustrator. He was an author. But it seems that at his core, he was an aviator. One of his close friends from the world of jazz, Will Connelly, added this:

A dimension of KO Eckland – he spelled it "Eckl&" – with which jazz people may not be aware is his involvement in aviation. A bombardier in WWII, KO was later to own a 1920's vintage biplane and flew in flowing silk scarf and goggled helmet for Talmantz Aviation. That company is famed for its aerial work, including classic combat dogfights with Spads, Fokkers and other First WW aircraft in Hollywood epics.

But KO's legacy in aviation rivals his contributions in the jazz milieu. He founded, and was curator of, the internationally acclaimed Aerofiles Museum, an online compilation of descriptions, technical and performance specifications and photographs of thousands of civil and military aircraft since the beginnings of the age of flight. The archives include data on engines, notable events and people.

Ron Dupas, webmaster of 1000 Airplane Photos offers this recollection of K.O.'s input as he was setting up his site:

He gave an additional piece of advice which ran contrary to the prevailing attitudes at the time: he told me that our function was to preserve aviation history and that we should not act as though we were in competition with other aviation sites; that airplane photos and information were for sharing. K.O. had an amazing vision about how the internet should be used, and the result was a web site recognized and valued by aviation enthusiasts throughout the world,

Aerofiles.com.

If you delve into aerofiles.com you'll find many examples of K.O. Eckland's wry wit. Indeed, tongue firmly in cheek, he shared here (be sure to read the URL) his "vision" about the Internet, saying:

This is the projected site for my Home Page. However, before I go through a lot of needless work, I'm waiting to see if this Internet thing ever catches on.

K.O. normally updated the aerofiles.com site at the beginning of each year, noting how many visitors had been hosted in the preceding twelve months. (It was the absence of this up-

date that twigged me to the notion that something was amiss and got me google-ing after the news – which proved unhappy.) So now, aerofiles endures, bereft of its soul. Since the content is largely historical, it can continue to offer inestimable value as a static resource (as long as somebody pays for the bandwidth). But I hope that someone who shares K.O.'s passion will pick up the torch and carry his work forward.

Dave English's Great Aviation Quotes site has one entry attributed to K.O. Eckland. I like it a lot:

Within all of us is a varying amount of space lint and star dust, the residue from our creation. Most are too busy to notice it, and it is stronger in some than others. It is strongest in those of us who fly and is responsible for an unconscious, subtle desire to slip into some wings and try for the elusive boundaries of our origin. ♪



K. O. Eckland watercolor. Photo courtesy Taina Eckland.

HISTORICAL NOTE

From the New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California newsletter, NOJC News, July 1984.

The Hot Music Society of San Francisco

by Peter Tamony

The First of Twenty-four sessions of the Hot Music Society was held at the Dawn Club in Annie Place across from the Palace Hotel on November 27, 1939.

Impetus to organization was an informal get-together of record collectors at the Recreation Building of the City of San Francisco at the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island, April 23, 1939, while Benny Goodman and his integrated band were playing concerts on the plaza there.

During the great Depression Duke Ellington's 1932 recording of "It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" illuminated the American scene, musically voicing support of President Roosevelt's efforts to get the economy flying. That recording named the Swing era of Jazz, the roots of which stemmed from 1920s recordings of the New Orleans masters.

In the 1930s the writer had plenty of time to devote to an interest in the origin and development of American words and phrases. The vogue of Swing engendered articles in *Esquire*, and the publication of *Down Beat* in Chicago. Such printings employed the novel verbal usages of musicians with which I was not familiar. Noting this influx of neologisms I sought help in definition and spread of usage. While making inquiries I found there were jazz musicians and record collectors hereabouts, but there was little or no contact among them. Such spoke the same language, but not to one another: there was no locus of interest. At that time there were three radio programs devoted to historic jazz and Swing: "Midnight Melodies," 11-12 M., KYA; KRE, Berkeley, where Don Hambley had a large audience; and Two Harper, KCBS, Palace Hotel, a Sunday-night hour.

Early in 1939 the Recreation Department asked me

to give a talk on American speech on Treasure Island. Attendance: two small boys looking for pets, perhaps frogs, on loan from Josephine Randall Museum. But what I ran into there was enlightening. A music room with two grand pianos, and the latest electronic equipment and consoles for radio-recordings play. Until Bing Crosby on Decca revived the business in the 1930s with 25-35¢ platters such were played on a 10-inch turntable mounted on what looked like a hemispherical cooking pot with an input wire to a radio. And an auditorium with a sloping floor.

Such facilities presented an opportunity to coalesce jazz interest in the Bay Area. Some of the outdoor audience of Benny Goodman, who had Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson and Fletcher Henderson in his band, would be attracted. With the help of radio announcements, some newspaper support, and promise of door prizes contributed by Columbia and RCA, about three hundred showed. Sigmund Spaeth, whose writings in the *New York Times* and as Dean of the Wurlitzer School did much to give status to popular music, wandered in, querying "What's going on here?" When told, Spaeth exclaimed, "I've never seen anything like this before."

Off that event an organizational meeting of the HMS of SF was held at Jack's Tavern, Sutter and Fillmore, on June 28, 1939; dinner 75¢, attracted a full house. The steering committee of Bill Thorpe, Al Hipshman and the writer, plus Edward Nyland of UC/Berkeley, suggested our purpose was to point up to owners of clubs that there was a jazz audience in San Francisco, and that such would lead to employment of musicians. It was agreed that white and black musicians be hired on alternate months, and that sessions be held on

Monday nights, musicians' night off. A second meeting was held at the Salad Bowl in Geary Boulevard on August 16, 1939; dinner 65¢, with water and music. Two weeks before the First Session the membership met at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel (the dance floor of which was termed the Passion Pit).

In the interim an agreement was negotiated by Bill Thorpe with Frank Hunter of the Dawn Club to provide accommodation for four hundred at the monthly sessions. The Musicians' Union was approached to allow members to "sit in" or "jam", Harry Mereness being our spokesman. While bars could cater until 2 A.M., music was prohibited after 1. Chief of Police Charles W. Dullea, a friend, graciously permitted the extra hour. Sanctioned in 1940, those permits are the basis under which the New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California operates, and the reason HMS of SF — 1939 appears on the masthead of the NOJC NEWS.

According to contemporary sources the First Session opened with a BANG. Freddie Blue (Peterson) and His Dixielanders took off at 9 P.M., Bob Helm, Bob Scobey, Vernon Alley, Jerome Richardson and Bob Barfield blowing until closing. Lu Watters and Ellis Home were listed for the Third Session. Turk Murphy and Bob Scobey were featured in Harry Zohn's Fifth Session group.

The Bay City Stompers under the leadership of Turk (Melvin) Murphy played the Eleventh Session at the Dawn Club on October 28, 1940. Turk and others associated with the celebrated Yerba Buena Jazz Band of 1942 and 1946, played in compensated groups or sat in and jammed at most of the Sessions, especially that of the 20th of July of 1941 when ten groups of white and black musicians underwrote "A Benefit for a Fellow Member" (Freddy Higuera).

The Yerba Buena Jazz Band ripped off "New Orleans Joys" to get the 21st Session rolling on August 21, 1941, Lu Watters, Turk Murphy, Bob Scobey, Ellis Home, Wally Rose and Clancey Hayes (vocals) being on the stand.

The 24th Session featured Sammy Dean and his



Turk Murphy — 1949

Sutter Street Seven on December 1, 1941. The following Sunday morning the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Nightly blackouts and the uproar of war terminated the activities of the Society.

The part of the HMS in establishing San Francisco as a jazz center was fortuitous. Over a stretch of two years all of the musicians interested in jazz, white and black, got to know one another well on familiar musical ground. These men were ready to play together for the thousands of men of the Armed Services on their way to the South Pacific during World War II. It was the patronage of servicemen and war workers that fulfilled the first aim of the HMS, and established the Bay Area as one of the three or four jazz centers of the U.S.A.

*In Memory
of
Lu Watters
and his
VR10 Navy
Dance Band*



[Paid advertisement]

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SAN FRANCISCO TRADITIONAL JAZZ FOUNDATION

Created as a non-profit in 1981, the San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation stated, as its primary mission, the archival preservation of thousands of items related to the West Coast Jazz Revival that began in San Francisco about 1939. In 2009 SFTJF completed the transfer of the main body of those materials to the Stanford University's Music Library. Thereupon, your Foundation's Archive was closed; possible donors of jazz materials should now contact Stanford or other public repositories.

SFTJF's wider, ongoing aim is to help foster high-quality traditional jazz, regionally and worldwide. That mission is now carried out primarily via electronic media. The Foundation's main window on the world is our website -- www.sftradjazz.org -- where visitors are invited to become members at \$25 per year.

Benefits of membership include insider information and discounts to special events and products, and a subscription to our lively newsletter, the Cricket, now available electronically. Those wishing to continue receiving the Cricket on paper in the mail should please contact the SFTJF office manager.

Thank you for your generous support over the years. Contributions in categories beyond the basic membership level are tax deductible, and the names of those contributors are published annually (unless a contributor specifies anonymity).

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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, such as recordings, music, newspaper clippings, photographs and correspondence. Contributions of materials or funds are tax-deductible under IRS ruling status 501(c)(3).

SF JAZZ ON THE WEB

The San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation has an ever-expanding web site. The site includes sound files and photos of many San Francisco (and other) jazz figures from the 1930s to the present. Please visit us at www.sftradjazz.org. Join (or rejoin) 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 subscription to *The Frisco Cricket*. If you are already a member, give the gift of Foundation membership to a friend! Use the form at right.

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