



# Frisko Cricket

Published by the San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation

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## OUR POPS

by William Carter

Readers of these pages already know that the historical "California connection" to traditional jazz began in the earliest days of the New Orleans diaspora and has never abated. Part of this was well documented in Tom Stoddard's fine book, *Jazz on the Barbary Coast*, still available from the San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation.

Another part of the story is that a number of the nationally prominent New Orleans players eventually moved to California and spent their final decades living and gigging around San Francisco and Los Angeles. Consider a few bassists alone: Pops Foster, Ed Garland, Wellman Braud, MacNeil Breaux, Buddy Burns. They powered the rhythm sections of Louis Armstrong,

Duke Ellington, Kid Ory and countless others.

En route to publishing his Barbary Coast book, Tom Stoddard, a collector of all manner



Pops plus friend, probably California, date unknown.

of pictures and objects, acquired from Pops Foster a major collection of jazz photographs and other memorabilia. Tom's widow, Loretta, recently made these available to your Foundation, and an interesting selection will be posted on the website, [www.sftradjazz.org](http://www.sftradjazz.org).

To whet your appetite, this issue of *The Cricket* features highlights from the important Foster collection. If, as expected, the originals eventually become accessible at Stanford University's Music Library, they will bolster that university's growing reputation as a premier

jazz research archive. ♪

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Tom Stoddard in the 1990s. Photographer unknown.



Pops Foster with trombone player Jimmy Archey in Sweden, 1952 or 1956. Photographer: Erik Christensen.

# The Frisco Cricket

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In an effort to help defray the costs of maintaining all the varied programs that SFTJF supports, including The Frisco Cricket itself, we're going to begin providing limited advertising space here. We want to be fair to everyone, so there are a few rules we'd like to follow:

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- No more than a total of 2 full pages will be used in any single issue of the Cricket, so ads will be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis.
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Friday, October 31, 1969 37

### Jazz Great Pops Foster Dies At 77

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI)—George (Pops) Foster, 77, a veteran practitioner of the New Orleans "old school" of classical jazz, died in San Francisco yesterday.

Foster who played his bass in clubs around the world, had undergone a series of operations recently for an intestinal disorder and had not appeared publicly since last April when he and drummer Zutty Singleton teamed up for a University of California jazz festival.

The news of Foster's death came within hours of the death of Anthony "Tony Spargo" Sharbaro in New York at the age of 72. Spargo was best known for Dixieland jazz and Sharbaro in New York at the age of 72. Spargo was best known for Dixieland Jazz and like Foster gained fame in New Orleans.

Foster played with Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, Fat's Marable's riverboat bands, Earl Hines, Sidney Bechet, and other jazz groups.

His 60-year career, during which critics proclaimed him the first big-name bass player, began in 1908 in the New Orleans red light district, the same place Louis Armstrong got his start a few years later.

The native of McCall, La. moved to San Francisco in 1956. He is survived by his widow Mrs. Annie Foster. Funeral plans are incomplete.

### Bass Player

San Francisco Chronicle 5  
Fri., Oct. 31, 1969

## A Jazz Master, Pops Foster, Dies

George (Pops) Foster, a historic jazzman who began playing the bass in Storyville, the red light district of New Orleans in 1908, died at French Hospital yesterday.

He was 77 and had undergone six operations in the past year for intestinal troubles, including a tumor.

Pops was the first big-name bass player and was known for his "slapping" styles on solos. He was one of the best-known and best-liked musicians of the old school.

#### GREATS

During a career that lasted six decades he played with all the greats — Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, Fate Marable's riverboat bands, Sidney Bechet and Earl Hines.

"I started in 1908," he told The Chronicle's Ralph J. Gleason a few years ago.

"We didn't make much money but we had a lot of fun."

"I was working with Ory when King Oliver left to go to Chicago and I told Ory, 'Get Louis! Get Louis!'" Louis

wasn't nuthin' but a kid then but he could play."

He was a 50-year member of the New York Musicians' Union, paid up for life with a Gold Card.

"I came to New York with my tuba under my arm. I was ashamed to play bass then." An ironic statement, since he subsequently became the first well-known bass player in jazz history.

Mr. Foster, who was born in McCall, La., came to live in San Francisco in 1956 and during the late 1950s worked at the old Hangover Club on Bush street.

Pianist Vince Guaraldi, an old admirer, told Gleason, "He plays better time and a better sound than dozens of guys young enough to be his grandchildren."

#### TOUR

Pops toured Europe with a band a few years ago and appeared several times at the Monterey Jazz Festival.

His last appearance was with drummer Zutty Singleton at a jazz festival at the



GEORGE FOSTER  
60 years of music

University of California in April.

Mr. Foster is survived by his wife, Mrs. Annie Foster of 427 Webster street, and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services are pending.

Pops Foster Obituaries, Friday, October 31, 1969 from the Independent Journal (left) and the San Francisco Chronicle (above).

## NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Over the next few months, the majority of the Pops Foster collection will be made available on our website to our members. Be sure to visit the website at [www.sftradjazz.org](http://www.sftradjazz.org) frequently for updates! 🎷

# THE FINK STREET FIVE, LU WATTERS, AND COTATI FLOYD

by Dan Barrett

## THE FINK STREET FIVE

I was fresh out of Heinz Kaiser Intermediate School in Costa Mesa, California. I had been involved in the school band, and over the summer continued to help Mr. Ken Owen—a great band director and great man—teach the beginners who had signed up for the summer band. I liked Mr. Owen, and he was a very positive influence on me, musically and personally. I'm sorry that he left us several years ago.

That summer of 1969 was a special one. I had fun sitting in with the beginning trombonists (I was a veteran, having played four years already, starting with Mr. Owen in fifth grade). I got some kind of pre-adolescent ego fulfillment by imparting my special wisdom on the young, up-and-coming trombone players. Both of them.

The student instructors would always hang around the band room after the rehearsals ended, and joke around with Mr. Owen. One day, a high school student named Doug Bradley came in to say hi to Mr. Owen. I was putting my horn away when I overheard Mr. Owen ask Doug, who was a pianist, what he'd been working on lately. Doug replied that he had recently become interested in ragtime and early jazz.

"They call it 'traditional jazz.'"

"You mean Dixieland?" asked Mr. Owen.

"Oh, no, no, no," Doug replied. "Don't EVER call it that. You can call it traditional jazz, or trad, but never Dixieland or Dixie. The band I go to hear on weekends plays Traditional Jazz. You know—songs by King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, and Turk Murphy."

Those were wonderfully strange and alluring names to an eighth-grader. Mr. Owen looked puzzled, and I found myself walking over their way.

"What band are you talking about?" I asked.

"The South Frisco Jazz Band. They play over at the "Pizza Palace" in Huntington Beach, Friday and Saturday nights."

"Well, what's this 'traditional jazz' you're talking about? What kind of instruments do they have?" I asked. Mr. Owen was trying not to look amused at this serious exchange between two fledgling musicians.

"Well, let's see...the leader's name is Vince Saunders. He plays the banjo. And a guy named Robbie Rhodes plays piano, except sometimes it's Ron Ortman...they're both real good...and Roy Brewer is the trombonist, and they have an eccentric old guy on

cornet. Ray Ronnei.."

"Did you say cornet?" Mr. Owen inquired. "Most guys play trumpets now. I thought cornets went out with washtubs!"

"Oh, yeah—that reminds me. They have this guy, Bob Raggio, who plays washboard. You wouldn't believe it. He has a woodblock and cowbell attached to it, and he's got more rhythm than ten drummers."

By the time Doug told me about Bob Rann and his old tarnished silver tuba, and shy Mike Baird on clarinet and alto sax, I was hooked.

"That sounds kind of like the Pete Kelly's Big Seven line-up," I said. "My older brother has some of their records at home." "I was trying to sound like I knew something about this stuff to this—this—high school student.

"Well, yeah—that stuff's great, but you'll never hear Pete Kelly's band play *Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner*, or *Emperor Norton's Hunch*."

Wow, a band with a trombone player and a cornet player, and a clarinet and tuba and banjo, and upright piano, and, and a washboard, playing songs with weird titles like *Auntie Skinner's Chicken Dinner* and *Emperor Norton's Hunch*. Oh, I was hooked all right.

"Can, can anyone go to hear this band?" I wondered.

Doug looked at me kindly, and with only a trace of high school superiority. "Well sure," he said. "I'm going tomorrow night. Ask your parents if it's OK for you to join me. You live around here, right? I can pick you up and drop you off at home after. But check with your parents."

And I did. And we went. And it was great, and it changed my life. But this story is about the Fink Street Five.

After my indoctrination to the wonders of the "Pizza Palace," and the great hot jazz of the South Frisco Jazz Band, and the world of King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton, and Lu Watters and Turk Murphy, and the guys behind the counter shouting out pizza numbers in the middle of *1919 Rag*, and Bob Rann reaching up behind him at the end of the set and pulling down a movie screen and Vince Saunders wheeling out an old Bell and Howell movie projector, and flipping a switch, and us see-

ing Laurel and Hardy in all their silent glory on the screen, and getting to know the guys in the band, and having them spend their breaks with me, and talking about chords and harmony and rhythm, and meeting trombonist Frank Demond (who eventually replaced Roy Brewer), and cornetist Al Crowne (who alternated with Ray Ronnei, and who was a friend of Ellington cornetist Rex Stewart), and reedmen John Smith and Bill Carter (who both subbed for Mike Baird

occasionally) — after all that, I eventually noticed two college-age guys who would come in almost every weekend. One night, one of them came over to my table and said,

“Hi. How ya doing?”

“I’m fine,”

I said. “I’ve seen you guys here before...like, a lot. Are you musicians?”

“Yeah, we are. I’m Laurence Wright. I play sax and clarinet.” Laurence was tall and pretty thin. He had short black hair and a thin black mustache, and black horn-rimmed glasses. He wore a plaid short sleeve shirt and black pants with red socks. He looked like he should have been off somewhere inventing the first personal computer.

The other guy, who had a handlebar mustache like Vince Saunders’s, and an open, affable face, said, “Hi. I’m Paul Woltz. I play bass sax and other instruments.”

“Wow... Uh, my name’s Danny Barrett. I play the trombone.”

“Trombone, huh. Well, you’re not modern, are you?” Larry asked.

“Gosh, no. I like Turk — and Big Jim Robinson — and Kid Ory.” I said.

“You do, huh.” Larry was all business now.

“Maybe was should tell Jeff about him,” Paul said to Larry.

“Yeah, yeah. I was thinking about that,” Larry replied out of the side of his mouth. “OK, uh, Danny — what are you doing next week?”

“Well, it’s summer, an’ there’s no school...I dunno. Nothing, I guess.”

“OK...here’s my number. Ask your Mom and Dad if you can come with us to a rehearsal in Hollywood. A friend of ours leads a jazz band up there.”

“Rehearsal? HOLLYWOOD? Wow! Well — I — I’ll ask!”



Fink Street Five in action at the Clancy Hayes Benefit Concert at Earthquake McGoon’s, 1971. The sign in the right corner says “Fink Street Five, Clancy Hayes Day”. Jeff Beaumonte, bass sax (and leader); Laurence Wright, cornet; Bryan Shaw, cornet; Hal Smith (hidden), drums; Hironobu “Yoshi” Yoshikawa, clarinet; Dan Barrett (it’s true!), trombone; Bill Mitchell (hidden), piano; Paul Woltz, banjo.

Photo courtesy Jeff Beaumonte and Robbie Rhodes.

There I was, minding my own business, drinking my root beer and having my pepperoni pizza, and two COLLEGE guys invite me to a rehearsal! In HOLLYWOOD!”

“Uh, Laurence?” I asked.

“Yes?”

“What’s the name of the band?”

Laurence looked at me with a smirk that I would get to know well over the ensuing years.

“It’s a pretty hot band, kid. It’s the Fink Street Five.”

Wow.

I rode up to Hollywood, and up into Laurel Canyon,

where I met the other band members. Jeff Beaumonte was the leader, and the band’s bass saxophonist. I just saw him not long ago, and was happy to find him looking well, and still active in trad jazz. When I met him, Jeff was in his early twenties — the Old Man of the band — and had a record collection that wouldn’t quit. Well, actually, it did quit. It quit at about January 1, 1930.

Steve Resnick was the pianist in the band, He now lives in New York City, and I get to see him and his wife, Dafna, whenever I get back to the Big Apple. Steve still has a laser beam where most folks store their wit. He makes Groucho Marx look asleep at the wheel.

Paul Woltz played banjo with us at that time, and Laurence, who had told me he played reeds, surprised me by pulling an old cornet out of a beat-up

leather case.

"Oh, yeah—I play this, too," he said.

"And this is Mike Arnold, our clarinetist," said Jeff. "He gives us our band name."

"Hi, Mike," I said. "Oh, did you name the band? That's a good one—Fink Street Five. It sounds, well, funny,"

The guys in the band looked at each other.

"You don't live around here, do you Danny?" Mike said.

"Well—no. I come from Orange County."

"That explains it," Mike said. He turned to Jeff.

"I didn't say Mike named the band. I said he gives us our band name. See, there's a little side street just off Fairfax down the hill from here. Mike lives there. Fink Street."

I didn't believe it until I saw it. But yes, Virginia, there is a Fink Street. And there were the six of us to prove it.

The rehearsal went well enough, and Jeff started finding us little gigs here and there. My parents were pretty lenient about letting me go all the way to Hollywood or Los Angeles—even Yuma, Arizona—to play with the band, but I guess they trusted the guys, and knew I wouldn't get into much trouble. We'd play Sundays at the various jazz society meetings that were thriving back then. Our two favorites were the South Bay New Orleans Jazz Club, then in El Segundo (now still active in Manhattan Beach) and the Hot Jazz Society, founded by Floyd and Lucille Levin. The Hot Jazz Society met at Larchmont Hall in Los Angeles. Both of those clubs had an almost equal number of blacks and whites who attended every month. Can you imagine being a teenage boy, just learning about jazz, and seeing Sammy Lee, a very dark man originally from New Orleans, ride his shiny silver tenor saxophone like a swinging cowboy in the saddle, waving a white handkerchief, and shouting "Hi-yo! Hi-yo, Silver!" with a boogie-woogie band behind him? Or the former Ellington and Armstrong clarinetist Barney Bigard, and Ory and Armstrong clarinetist Joe Darensbourg, playing duets like *Creole Love Call*? As if that weren't enough, Andy and Ruth Blakeney would usually drop by.

Andy had worked with King Oliver, replacing Bob Schoffner in the Dixie Syncopators in the '20s in Chicago. He later worked for several years with Kid Ory's band. At the jazz society sessions, Andy would get out his trumpet and play a few tunes; perhaps with pianist Alton Purnell (from the George Lewis band) and Ed "Montudie" Garland. Ed Garland

played bass with King Oliver, and was in Oliver's band for an historic train trip from New Orleans to Southern California in 1922. Later, he and Andy spent time together in Kid Ory's band at the Beverly Caverns, among many other places.

After we'd been wowed by all these greats of jazz, the Fink Street Five would climb up on to the stage, and give out with *Cakewalkin' Babies (From Home)*, and *Jazzin' Babies Blues, Emperor Norton's Hunch*, and even *The Nightmare*, which we'd learned from the original 78-rpm record that Jeff Beaumonte had, by the New Orleans Owls. The audiences—and all the guys I just mentioned—were uniformly generous in their applause and encouragement.

It was pretty heady stuff for a high school student from Costa Mesa, California.

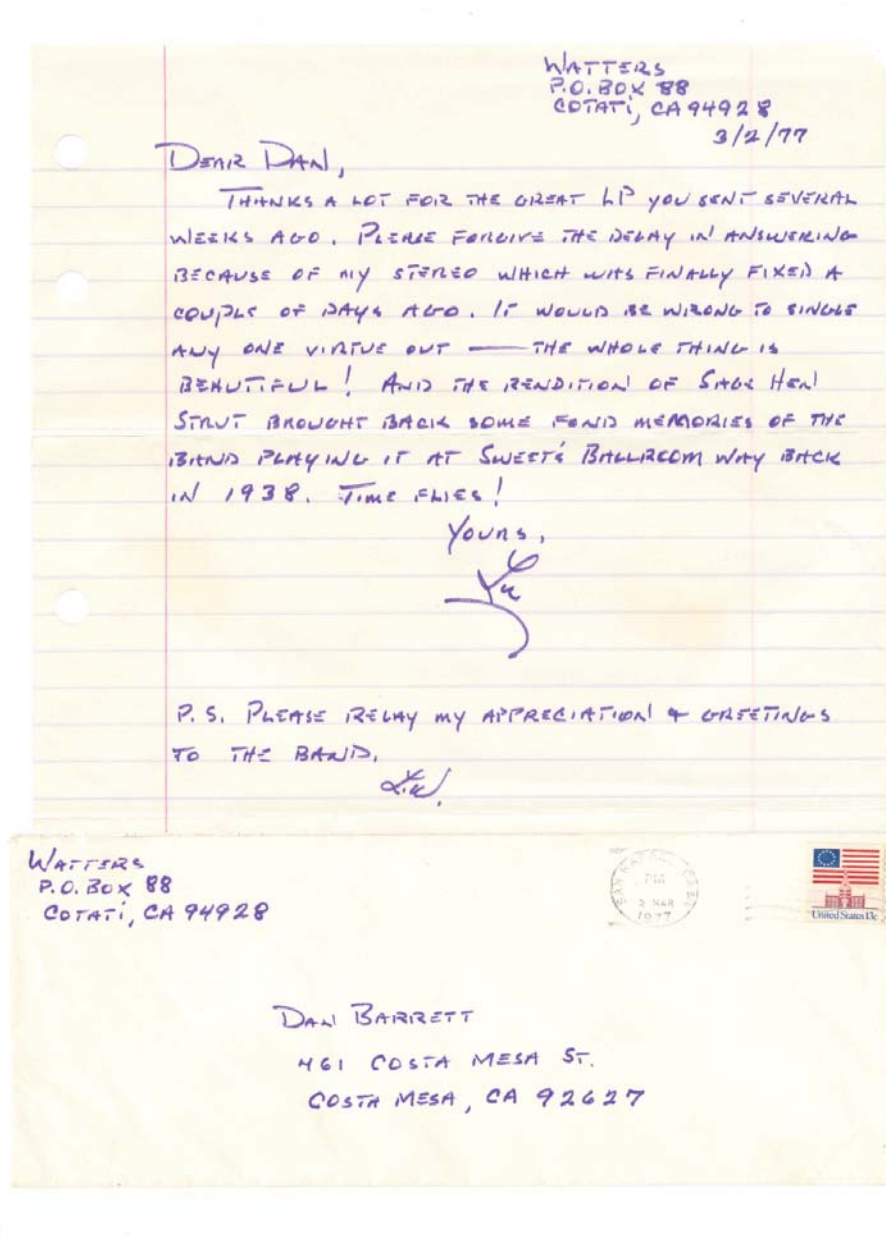
Little by little, I guess word got around about this group of kids (well, OK, Jeff was in his twenties) who played up a storm, and knew the old tunes and style. Turk Murphy and Lu Watters were of course two of our heroes (still are), and early in 1969, we were very surprised to hear that we'd been invited to come up to San Francisco to play for a benefit for Clancy Hayes, who was ailing with throat cancer. The event was to be held at Turk's club at 630 Clay Street: Earthquake McGoon's.

I remember the long drive up there with the Fink Street Five, with lots of joking and laughs, and much talk about who was the hotter trumpet player: Louis Armstrong or Jabbo Smith. Then one of us would always mention Bix, and we were off on another argument. After we arrived at McGoon's, we all felt bad when we saw what kind of shape Clancy was in. He played nobly and even sang, but he had a folded handkerchief resting on his lower jaw as he performed, and looked very gaunt and pale. Another happier memory of the day was when Turk's own band took the stage. They lit into *Buddy's Habits*, and they were playing it for keeps. A few of our group were sitting at one of those small cocktail tables just off stage left, over on Turk's side. In the midst of all this really hot stuff, Turk took a break that was so terrific, I crawled under the table to hide! It got a good laugh from the rest of the Fink Streeters. With most of Turk's band gone now, I'm heartened to know that Leon Oakley and Carl Lunsford are still giving out with their special brand of hot playing.

By the time of our appearance at McGoon's, the Fink Street bunch had made a few personnel changes. My Newport Harbor High School band mate, Bryan Shaw, had joined us on cornet, and Laurence began playing second cornet. (Larry plays

every instrument you'll find in a seven-piece jazz band; and several you won't). Mike Arnold (the clarinetist who lived on Fink Street) went off to college, and was replaced by a Japanese exchange student named Hironobu "Yoshi" Yoshikawa, who—as

Steve was responsible for one of the funnier lines that any of us came up with during the band's existence. There we were, teenagers on stage at Earthquake McGoon's, playing for Turk Murphy and his band, and Lu Watters, and many other heroes of ours.



Letter from Lu Watters to Dan, 1977. Courtesy Dan & Andrew Barrett.

of a couple of years ago—was still playing hot jazz back in his homeland. The great drummer (and an ace journalist and writer) Hal Smith had also been playing with us; that is, when we weren't playing in Hal's own Down Home Jazz Band. Bill Mitchell, a veteran of the southern California trad scene (also a man of letters) graciously agreed to join us on piano for the occasion. Also, by that time, Steve Resnick--our hot washboardist--had migrated to the banjo.

To quote a phrase my father used from time to time, we were as "nervous as a group of pregnant nuns."

Well, we launched into *Ory's Creole Trombone*, and everything was going along fine until the "dog-fight" part; that little marching band-type interlude where the trombone has the staccato breaks. We played that part through to the end, and then I had to play a four bar break before the band came back in. I guess I was feeling frisky, so I tried to play "between



Collage of bits of correspondence from Turk Murphy to Dan. Courtesy Dan & Andrew Barrett.

the beats," like Ory did on Louis's Hot Five recording. I'm not sure who the real culprit was, but I think the band just wasn't ready for my shenanigans, and everybody came in differently. We almost fell apart, and limped to the end. We still got a generous hand, but some self-appointed critic in the house yelled out, "Why don't you play one you KNOW?!" Steve Resnick shot back, "We're still LOOKING for one!" And that brought the house down. A sixteen-year-old kid wiping out a heckler. It was great.

Later that day – late afternoon as I remember it – the benefit was over, but we still felt like playing. I don't know whose idea it was, but someone walked us over to Washington Square Park, where we played for a small group from McGoon's including Lu Watters himself, who had walked over to hear more of us. He was very generous in his praise, and offered a couple of musical suggestions, as I recall; probably correcting some chord changes, and other very constructive criticism. It was kind of him.

## LU WATTERS AND COTATI FLOYD

Not long before that memorable experience at Earthquake McGoon's, I had ridden from Costa Mesa to Cotati with Larry Wright and a clarinetist named Tat Thomas, in Tat's tiny Triumph two-seater. I was fourteen. Larry and Tat were both in junior college by then; probably eighteen. I remember my father having a long talk with Larry about my age, and innocence, and all that, and to look out for me, and if anything happened to me, Larry's life, as he knew it, would be over. Well, they took me anyway. It wasn't going to be a luxury ride. The Triumph had no back seat! You wouldn't believe it to see me now, but in those days, I was slender and wiry enough to curl up in the modest luggage area behind the two seats in the car. I rode that way, hunched over in back, for the day's drive to Cotati. I think Larry and

Tat let me unfold myself once at a gas station on the way up.

Ah, youth.

Lu's house was a small, rustic, stand-alone job, with no visible neighbors. The yard had fallen to weeds, and there was an old rusted-out car in the yard with more weeds around it. I remember thinking it was just like the story I'd read about Bix and Pee Wee Russell sharing a house one summer. They had a junk car that they kept out in back, just so they could use the side mirror for shaving.

At some point in the afternoon, Lu asked us if we'd drive him into town so he could get a haircut. Now four of us were in Tat's tiny Triumph! Lu was in the passenger seat next to Tat. Larry and I were on the trunk, legs hanging into the backseat, holding onto the roll bar so we wouldn't fall off. If only my folks (or the Highway Patrol) could've seen us.

We found the barbershop easily enough, with its red, white and blue striped pole spinning gently out in front. The barber was a ringer for "Floyd the Barber" on the old Andy Griffith show: horn-rimmed glasses and short, black, wavy, hair parted down the middle, Brylcreemed to a fine luster. He actually wore a white barber's smock, just like Floyd in the Andy Griffith Show, and the old movies I was getting to know. Cotati's Floyd, though, was a little weirder than Mayberry's.

As he cut Lu's hair, he kept eyeing me, and finally suggested, "Hey, sonny, there are some magazines and newspapers on that high shelf over there you might like." He waved at them with his clippers. He went back to Lu's hair, and Lu said, "Hey, hey now, why don't you leave the kid alone?"

Cotati Floyd chuckled in a lecherous way I hadn't ever heard before, and replied, "Well, gee, Lu, the kid's gotta grow up sometime." By then I'd made it over to The Shelf, and picked a tabloid newspaper from the pile. That was my sudden introduction to Screw Magazine. Yikes! So much for the innocence that my Dad had nobly tried to protect. I guess between my eyes bulging out of my head, and my cheeks turning crimson, I looked pretty funny, because both Larry and Tat, and Lu and Cotati Floyd (and a couple of other guys watching all this unfold) started laughing out loud. To my credit, I put the paper back on the shelf. I only picked it up again a couple of times while we were there. Honest.

We drove Lu back to his place, and he fixed chili for us. It was the four-alarm variety, and sensational. He talked a little about the Dawn Club, and

what it was like, and let us ask all the questions he'd already answered over the years for so many others. Then, as our visit was winding down, he said he had something for us. He went into his bedroom, and came out with twelve old, brown, spiral-bound manuscript notebooks. He put them on the table, and said,

"OK, fellows. Here are my charts from the old Yerba Buena band. Keep them as long as you need to. Feel free to copy them. Just get them back to me someday, will you? I worked hard on 'em."

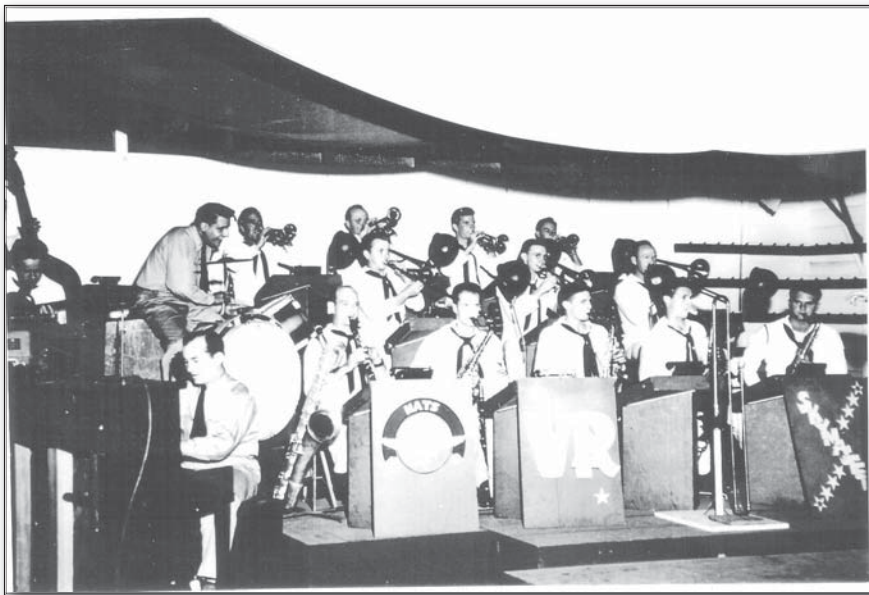
We couldn't believe it. This was like the Holy Grail for traditional jazz musicians. I gingerly opened the top book, labeled *Cornets I & II*, and looked at the first page: *Richard M. Jones' Blues*, Lu's re-working of *Jones's All Night Blues*. I was beside myself. What a gift. We thanked him profusely, and finally said goodbye. He stood on his porch, and he waved to us as we drove off.

We kept the books for a while, and made early Xerox copies of the wealth they contained. They taught us a great deal about proper chord construction, bass lines, and of course enabled us to play songs we'd only hitherto dreamed about playing. We noticed that each of his originals in the books — *Sage Hen Strut*, *Antigua Blues*, *Yerba Buena Strut*, *Annie Street Rock*, and *Emperor Norton's Hunch* — had a small addition in the upper right corner of their first page: S.S. Antigua, and the date Lu composed it. He'd composed those tunes — and indeed written out all of the music in those books — while on his troop ship in World War II. We eventually sent the books back to Lu, with a sincere note of thanks.

Thanks to Doc and Dottie Lawless and the San Francisco Traditional Jazz Foundation, Lu's music is of course now available to anyone who would like to have it, and I think that's a good thing. However, nothing beats holding those original books in our hands, and feeling, for a time, a direct connection with Lu and Turk and Bob Scobey, Bob Helm and Wally Rose, Dick Lammi and Harry Mordecai and Bill Dart — those original Minstrels of Annie Street.

It's fun to reminisce once in a while, and remember the men and women, many or most long gone now, who did so much to help a few young kids who were sincere in their desire to learn about this special music. I wouldn't trade those days, or the ones right now for that matter, for anything (except maybe my old '66 Mustang). ♪

Dan Barrett  
Costa Mesa, CA  
17 June 2004 & 4 June 2010



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

[Paid advertisement]

**ABOUT YOUR NEW  
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](http://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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