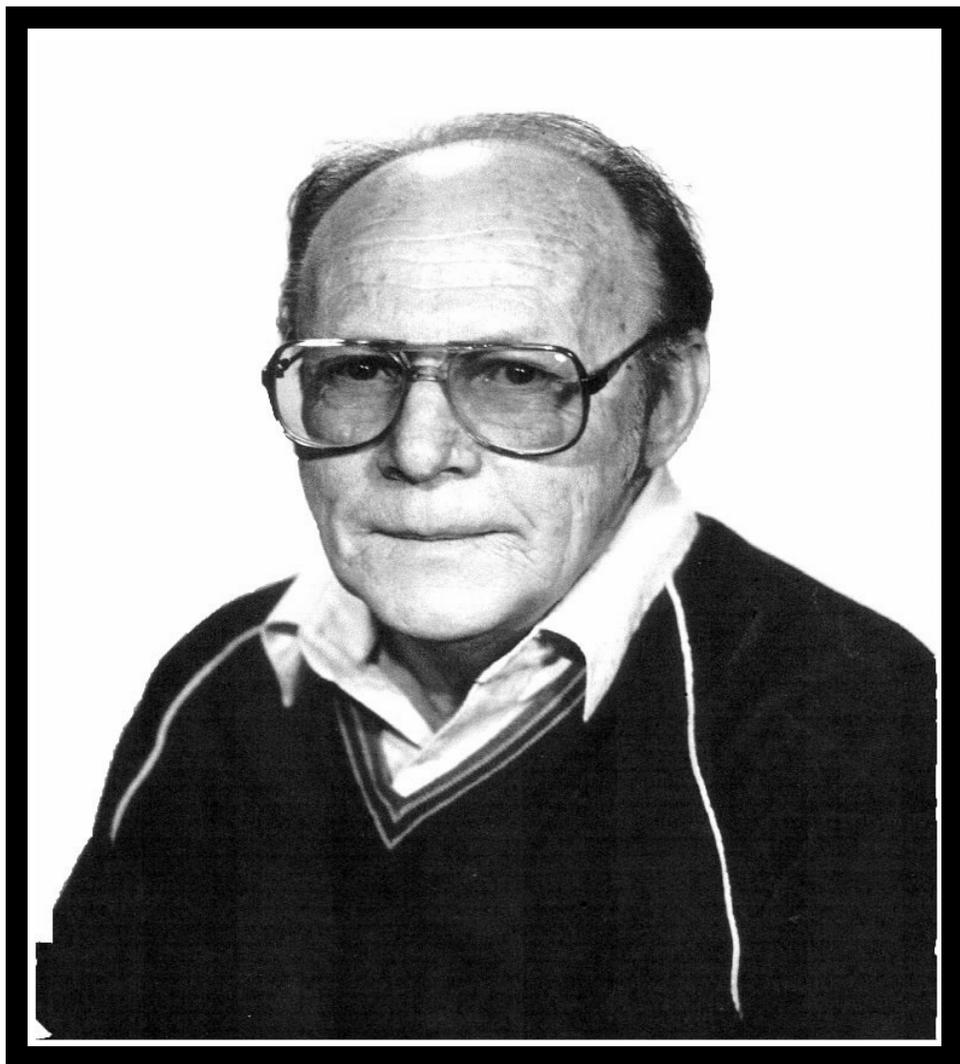


NEW ORLEANS JAZZ CLUB
The
SECOND LINE

VOLUME LIII (53)

2003 — 2009, SPRING 2009



DONALD PERRY 1927—2003

Editor's Comment

Flood, Fire, Famine...

After retirement, I began tour guiding in my beloved city of New Orleans. There's an introductory speech given to tourists unfamiliar with New Orleans history that points out how we have gone through good times and bad — usually with the descriptive phrase of "flood, fire and famine". The New Orleans Jazz Club is no exception, for we have had our "ups and downs" as well, just like our parent city.

We have been struck by two catastrophic events, the death of Donald Perry, one of the club's founding members and Frances Fernandez, the tireless, wonderful, lady that kept the Jazz Club afloat during some of those "flood, fire, famine" times that threatened to destroy us.

Elsewhere in this issue of The Second Line, you will find a memorial to Donald Perry, my good friend for almost 70 years and a tribute to Frances Fernandez, who nurtured the club to its highest existence during a 60 year history. There's also our traditional reports of jazz activities from Helen Arlt, Bobby McIntyre, Don Marquis, Steve Steinberg and Clint Bolton, and a history of The Dukes of Dixieland. I have added a number of photos from my 25 years of documenting the Jazz Club and New Orleans activities.

I have to give a lot of credit to my son, Heath, who helped this sometimes forgetful octogenarian plow through a new profession of magazine publishing. Hopefully, we can revive THE SECOND LINE publication back to its previous glory and keep the physical second line marching 'round the room!

Fred Hatfield
Editor

Anniversary Party

New Orleans Jazz Club

April 28, 2009

1 - 5 pm

Palm Court Jazz Cafe

1204 Decatur Street

Celebrating 61 years!



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Frances Fernandez

Jazz Club President

By Keith Spera

Saturday June 07, 2003

Frances McKinnie "Memaw" Fernandez, the longtime president of the New Orleans Jazz Club and a tireless advocate of traditional jazz, died Wednesday, June 4, 2003 of cancer at East Jefferson General Hospital. She was 79.

Born in Bolivar, Tenn., Ms. Fernandez developed a love for traditional jazz at an early age. In the 1940s, she and her husband moved to Edgard, Louisiana. After her husband's death in the 1960s, she moved to New Orleans and plunged headlong into the jazz community.

In 1978, she joined the board of the New Orleans Jazz Club and logged 16 years as its president. Founded in 1948, the New Orleans Jazz Club, among the oldest jazz societies in the country, seeks to preserve and promote traditional jazz.

Though its public profile has declined in recent decades, Ms. Fernandez kept the organization active. It still boasted more than 1,000 members worldwide when it celebrated its 50th anniversary in 1998. To mark the milestone, Ms. Fernandez helped recruit famed artist George Rodrigue to create a Blue Dog silk-screen print. She also spearheaded the creation of the venerable institution's first Web site.

For many years the Jazz Club has sponsored a jazz jam session on the last Sunday of every month at the Landmark Hotel in Metairie, in part to give amateur musicians the opportunity to interact with more experienced players.

Tim Laughlin, considered one of the city's finest traditional jazz clarinetists, first attended a Jazz Club jam session 20 years ago at the outset of his professional career. At one such Landmark session, Ms. Fernandez introduced him to a promising 16-year-old piano player named Harry



Connick Jr. "The Jazz Club took me in and supported me," Laughlin said. "(Ms. Fernandez) was like a second mom to me."

The Jazz Club's phone rang at Ms. Fernandez's home. She was an invaluable resource for both out-of-town promoters looking for New Orleans jazz musicians and local bandleaders seeking musicians. In the summer of 2001, Ms. Fernandez recommended Laughlin to a promoter in Paraguay, leading to what may have been the first-ever tour of that South American country by a New Orleans jazz band.

"Wherever there was jazz music, there was Frances," Laughlin said. "She would do anything to help promote younger musicians, and she truly loved the music."



A young Tim Laughlin marches with NOJC William Farrell, Jr., and Harold DeJean

(Continued on page 6)

Moose Zanco

By Bobby McIntyre

On the evening of October 19, 2008, one of New Orleans' quintessential cornet players went to that heavenly jazz kingdom where Buddy Bolden, Joe "King" Oliver, Freddie Keppard, Louis Armstrong, Papa Celestin and all the other great New Orleans horn men, no doubt, warmly greeted him.

Moose, the only name by which most everyone knew Manuel Zanco, was born on February 12, 1929 and has been pleasing people ever since. His youth was spent in Metairie doing the things most kids do, including many sports at Metairie High and Fortier. Into the 50's the US Army called him and he served his country on the front in Korea. In 1951, he married Patsy Shaw Zanco. They brought two daughters into the world, Terri Zanco Signorelli and Robyn "Bunny" Zanco. They were further blessed with six grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Most people have but one passion. I think Moose had two. The first was the way he earned his living. He became a New Orleans Firefighter, rising from the ranks of the humble to that of Captain. Skillfully trained by a former Fire Chief, he appropriately became the Head of NOFD Training. Though he had long since retired, there are ever so many men today that bear Moose's seal of approval, including several who told me so at his funeral.

Moose had a clear sense of history and graphic talent. Sketching, writing and speaking about traditional jazz are part of his biography. But his true second passion is what he so audibly and indelibly passes on: HIS MUSIC! Inspired by the great ones, he took up the cornet -- that wonderful, raspy "trumpet" of yesteryear played by all the "giants" mentioned above.

During 1957 a group of four white-collar uptowners gave birth to a Dixieland



-Photo by Gene Hyden

Band, THE LAST STRAWS. Subsequently banjoist John Chaffe began discussing jazz over a haircut with his Tulane barber Bris Jones, a clarinet player. Information quickly went from Bris to his friend, Moose, and in rapid succession to two other musicians. Thus was added four, blue collar, downtowners. An amazing amalgamation grew before the blink of our eyes. A reminiscence of the turn-of-the-century New Orleans musicians when downtown Creoles of color and uptown plantation hands joined hands to help create the jazz we love to this day.

Of the original four uptowners, three still play: Bobby McIntyre on drums, Bob Ice, bass, and Frank DelaHoussaye, piano. And of the original four downtowners Briss Jones plays the clarinet, and Bill Lee plays the soprano sax. The chairs of deceased John Chaffe and Nick Gagliardi are filled by "youngsters" Walter Chamberlain on banjo, and Darryl Barnes on trombone

Most musicians play with multiple bands though their years. Not so with THE LAST STRAWS. They are an inseparable institution. Moose's entire career was spent playing lead for The Straws. A few musicians did cross our path during the "Bourbon Street Years" at the Paddock, Sho Bar, Maison Bourbon, Famous Door and others, and of course many times when The Straws played with the maestro, Pete

(Continued on page 6)

(Frances Fernandez, Continued from page 4)

In 1988, she helped organize the hundreds of jazz musicians and second-liners who performed during the opening of the Republican National Convention. She was involved in the successful effort to persuade the U.S. Postal Service to issue a commemorative Louis Armstrong stamp. In 1996, Ms. Fernandez was appointed to a 16-member citizens' commission formed to oversee creation and operation of the New Orleans Jazz National Historical Park.

In addition to her work with the Jazz Club, Ms. Fernandez also volunteered for a variety of organizations, including the Muscular Dystrophy Association, the Lions Club and the Jerry Lewis Telethon.

"The music keeps you going, it keeps you young," she said in 1998. "Why do you think these musicians live so long? It's the music they're playing, that so

many people enjoy. It all comes back to the music."



Frances Second Lines with Fred Hatfield at NOJC event

Survivors include three sons, Earl, Richard and Wayne Fernandez; a daughter, Sharon Anderson; a sister, Jetty Ahrens; four grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren. ♪

(Moose Zanco, Continued from page 5)

Fountain, at his club. I guess you might add on-stage appearances with Papa Celestin's Original Tuxedo Jazz Band, The Olympia, Onward and Eureka, the Night Owls, a benefit with the incomparable Victor Borge; and once as a startup band before the immortal Dizzy Gillespie. While we didn't play with them, we were listed in the 1965 National Jazzology Poll as tied for tenth place among new jazz bands, alongside Spike Jones and the Dukes of Dixieland. Our blood was thicker than water and so we clung to each other and stayed together as has no other band.

What a lifelong ride! We began with a carnival trip to Havana, courtesy of Sr. Fidel Castro via Mayor Chep Morrison. We've played the European continent twice, and we've appeared on the TODAY SHOW. We've visited all across the City, the USA, and one of our happiest relationships – with REX himself for 43 years!

So now, we'll close the chapter on Moose with our theme song, a song that

now mimics our aging existence. We have gone from our "spring" to our "winter" and now ever-so sadly sing: Time Marches On Time Marches On, The young get old, The old get cold, Time Marches On! ♪



Nick Gagliardi

In Memoriam: My Lifelong Friend Donald Perry

by Fred Hatfield

I cannot forget one of the most valuable occurrences in my life -- my lifelong friend of 70 years, Donald Perry. We met when I was 4 years old and became my "joined at the hip" companion through all my New Orleans discovery era.

It was still the 1930's depression in the Irish Channel section of New Orleans and Donald lived across the street from me. We inhabited the heart of the Irish Channel, Donald at 1014 Third Street and my family lived at 1017.

I still remember a ditty everyone sang in those days to the tune of "A Shanty In Old Shantytown":

*It's only depression in old New Orleans
And jobs are so scarce, you can hardly
buy beans*

*It's a tumble-down town Where the bums
hang around*

*The parks are so crowded, they sleep
on the ground.*

*I gave up my house 'cause I couldn't pay
the rent*

*I went to the welfare, but they wouldn't
give me a cent*

It's the poor-house for me

You can easily see

It's depression in old New Orleans

As we grew up, Donald and I spent a lot of time on 'economical' entertainment. This was not so unusual for those days, since no one had 'disposable income' for such pursuits. Consequently, we paid a lot of attention to what might be called street events -- and they were everywhere. There were vendors that sang key identification calls as they pushed their carts or drove

rattling pickup trucks through the streets. "Blackberries, la-aa-aa-dy" an old black entrepreneur would sing, "I got ba-na-nas la-aa-aa-dy" sang another.

Political elections brought out pickup trucks with musicians playing in the truck bed. There was the traditional lineup, clarinet, trumpet, trombone with rhythm sections. We heard many New Orleans classics like "High Society", "Over The Waves", "Muskrat Ramble" and scores of others. If the politician couldn't afford a live band, there would be a jerry-rigged sound truck with big horn speakers playing 78 rpm recordings. I still remember hearing Wingy's "Isle of Capri" wafting down Third Street. Donald and I showed a more intense interest than most viewers, confirmed by our deciding to follow these events through the streets rather than passively viewing from the sidelines.

Of course, we could not resist the jazz funerals. The black sections were not too far away from us that we would often encounter these fabulous street processions which in those days were very elaborate and colorful. As I reminisce today about all these childhood influences, I wonder how any kid growing up in New Orleans could avoid becoming an avid traditional jazz fanatic.



Donald Perry chats with Mike Smith

As we grew older, we found a great pastime in searching used records at many of the jukebox offices. It was an action that seemed universal -- the jukebox operators



NOJC 50th Anniversary Party, 1998

Donald Perry, Arnold Johnson, Helen Arlt, William Farrell Jr, Frances Fernandez, and Don Marquis. (Photo by Gene Hyden)

would unload the used records from their machines and stack them in a bin where people could buy them at discounted prices, sometimes only a nickel or two. Of course, the most popular recordings had been played so much that they were almost illegible because of the scratchiness. So it was not only a search for particular tunes or artists, but also a search for a decent recording. Thus began Donald and my collecting practices.

We found also that many used furniture stores would have bins of recordings that had been accumulated in some of the old Victrolas and phonographs that they had obtained. Our Saturday mornings were filled with neighborhood trips seeking out recordings that reflected our New Orleans jazz interests.

Surprisingly, we didn't find too many cohorts that had such a deep interest in this music. Most of the people seemed to be happy only to view some of the street events as they passed and never showed

any more interest after they were gone.

As we entered our teens, Donald and I began to seek out the neighborhood dance halls that had live bands on weekend nights. We would often take streetcar trips completely across New Orleans to dance halls that we particularly liked. We spent many nights listening to George Lewis' band at Manny's Tavern, Kid Thomas at the old Moulin Rouge across the river and similar places. One of the favorites we attended regularly was Buck Banville's group at the VFW hall on Music and Claiborne. Clarinetist Lukey Schiro from that group would later entertain us at many of the New Orleans Jazz Club concerts in the fifties.

In the mid-forties, Donald and I met Johnny Wiggs (Hyman) who was interested in starting a local group of the National Jazz Foundation. Unfortunately, the NJF had some problems and eventually expired. With Donald and Wiggs' enthusiasm growing, the basis of the New Orleans

Jazz Club was beginning to ferment.

Donald and I met Jimmie King (Anselmo), a nightclub owner from the French Quarter and we began to work at some of the clubs showing the 16mm Soundies that featured musical stars of the day. King thought this would be a feature to attract patrons. We had both been interested in shooting movies and when the owner told us of his plans to intersperse ads for the local nightclubs between programs, we jumped at the chance to film activities at the local clubs.

Donald was well into this activity when MY efforts were interrupted in 1945 with my graduation from high school and my enlistment in the Army. My tour of duty took me to Korea and other parts of the United States where I discovered to my surprise that New Orleans was unique and unlike any other location in the world.

Returning to New Orleans in 1948, I found a thriving New Orleans Jazz Club. It was founded that same year by Donald, Albert Diket, Johnny (Hyman) Wiggs, and Gilbert Erskine. Monthly jam sessions were held in the St. Charles Hotel (now defunct) and attendees were treated to an enlivened traditional jazz scene. Later events were annual Jazzfest concerts at Congo Square and periodic local concerts at New Orleans locations.

The renewed interest in jazz was certainly aided by Orin Blackstone who opened a jazz record store on Baronne Street just off Poydras. It became a 'hangout' for local musicians and jazz fans who eagerly bought copies of Orin's INDEX TO JAZZ, one of the early discography efforts in the United States

Donald became an avid reader of jazz history books and magazines. We wrote a column for The Record Changer magazine in 1949 about jazz activities in New Orleans. Donald obtained a still camera and documented many of the local bands and musicians, many of his photos appearing in Orin Blackstone's publications.

In the early 1950's we got jobs together at Motion Picture Advertising Services, an early producer of commercial film shorts that were shown in local theaters between feature movies. Since we had both been enthusiastic advocates of movie documentation of New Orleans, we had a chance to borrow a handheld 16mm camera and produced a short film, "Burgundy Street Blues" utilizing George Lewis' signature tune recorded by Bill Russell. Donald later included it in one of his compilation videos entitled A COLLECTION OF NEW ORLEANS JAZZ FILMS.

Donald later began working for local NBC TV station WDSU-TV and began a long career that eventually led to his retirement. While there, Donald rescued local TV news items that were discarded by the management if they had some connection with New Orleans jazz events or local unique celebrations. This large collection of video "snippets" were passed on to me after his death and consequently donated to the New Orleans Jazz collection at the U.S. Mint.

Don's tireless pursuit of documenting the New Orleans traditional jazz scene certainly was one of the compelling forces that brought about the creation of the New Orleans Jazz Club. I miss him and his intense devotion to preserving a unique New Orleans art form. I can only hope that succeeding New Orleans Jazz Club members will meet the standards set by this beloved man. ♪



Retirement – What is That?

By Don Marquis

I often say that life began for me at age 45. In 1978 I was awarded a one year Federal Grant to blend the original New Orleans Jazz Museum into The Louisiana State Museum. A year later the appointment was made permanent. In November 1996 I retired from the State. Almost at the time the LSM job started, I took over from Mrs. Myra Menville as editor of **THE SECOND LINE**. That stint lasted eighteen years. GOOD news comes in threes, someone said, and my book **IN SEARCH OF BUDDY BOLDEN, THE FIRST MAN OF JAZZ** was published by LSU Press in November 1978.

On November 14, 1996 my “retirement” became official with a heckuva party at The Palm Court attended by many friends from all over including from as far away as Denmark and Sweden. The day before that I arrived back in New Orleans from a two week trip to see Jazz friends and give talks in London, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, Denmark and Sweden. What a way to go.

The first thing upon retiring is to throw away the lunch bucket and alarm clock. I soon learned it is important to use the word NO. You think you have a lot of free time, but before long letters and phone calls come in beginning “Now that you are retired and have nothing to do, how about doing — (this or that)?” At first you are willing to try and do it all. After a bit, you realize that there are SOME things you do not want to do both for lack of time and/or interest.

My personal feeling about that is if I have the expertise and knowledge to make a worthwhile contribution I will do it.

Twelve years after retiring and looking at it in proper perspective, it is obvious that anyone with a deep interest in Jazz never retires. Since that date I have published *A Nifty Place to Grow Up*, which is a book

about the interesting neighborhood I grew up in in Goshen, Indiana; given some talks and saw the sixth edition of the Bolden book which remains in print over thirty years. A major project is a movie tentatively entitled **BOLDEN** which will be appearing in 2010. Dan Pritzker is putting it together with Wynton Marsalis as music director. A million feet of film has been shot and from what I have seen is excellent, although not a documentary. I am a consultant on this.

There are two other things currently underway. One is **AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE PALM COURT**, being done with Nina Buck, owner of the Court. The other is a very vital chore — organizing tons of memorabilia for donation to Louisiana State Museum Jazz Collection, Tulane Jazz Archives and Historic N.O. Collection (all in New Orleans), plus the Louis Armstrong Home and Archives in NYC. Such things need to be accessible to future researchers.

In looking back at all of these adventures, many good memories arise and a lot of long-time friends need to be thanked for their help. I particularly want to thank the New Orleans Jazz Club for the support they gave in putting out **THE SECOND LINE**. I was blessed with numerous writers and contributors. Thank you all! ♪



A Brief History of the Dukes Of Dixieland

By Paige VanVorst



- photo provided by Deano Assunto

Ed Note: This article originally appeared in *Jazzbeat* 2006.

Jazzbeat Ed Note: This release includes a DVD featuring Barry Martyn's *Legends of jazz with a special guest, Papa Jac Assunto and his-wife. Papa Jac plays some trombone and the Assuntos discuss the history of the Dukes of Dixieland, the successful band led by their late sons. We'll take a long-overdue look at the Dukes.*

Everyone has to start somewhere in their record collecting pastime. I'm sure I'm not unusual in stating that my record collection began with the Dukes of Dixieland. Six of the first seven records I owned were by the Dukes, and they survive in my collection, well worn, as would be expected from a jazz-hungry twelve-year-old with a relatively unsophisticated record player.

There probably wasn't a jazz phenomenon like the Dukes of Dixieland before or since. They were the right band at the right time - just as Bonanza was inordinately popular in its time so people could show

off the beautiful scenery on their new color televisions, the Dukes took advantage of one of the big trends of the late 1950s - stereo.

Once everyone had their first TV set, the electronics giants sought something else to cash in on, and voila! stereo was introduced about 1957. Of course, like with anything new, there were the sophisticated audiophiles who'd been dabbling with high-end equipment for some time, but when popular-priced equipment became available, everyone threw away their beloved combination radio-phonographs with 78 rpm players, their funny little RCA 45 rpm adapters, and various tinny portable players, and bought a wonderful coffin-sized console stereo for the living room or rec room.

Everyone probably bought one of those stereo demonstration records, where the guy walks from one speaker to the other and ping-pong balls slam back and forth across the room. Then, what next?

A brilliant record promoter by the name of Sid Frey started Audio Fidelity Records, devoted to high quality stereo recordings. He was intent on beating the major labels to the market with records in the newly-standardized stereo format developed by Western Electric, but he didn't have anything he thought would sell. While visiting Las Vegas in 1956 he asked the bartender if there were any groups that would sound good in stereo and the bartender suggested a group with three pianos. When Frey went to hear them, they were gone, but he heard a young dixieland band playing a Vegas engagement, the Dukes of Dixieland.

Frey signed the group to a contract and began recording them, initially in stereo even though stereo records were not yet commercially feasible. The records were immediate hits - they were colorfully packaged and introduced the notion of describing in graphic detail the steps taken to get the utmost sound on record - the brand names of the microphones, lathe, and any other gear intervening between the musicians and the record.

Frey beat the majors to the market with a stereo LP and for many years his firm was very profitable - he put out a dozen LPs by the Dukes of Dixieland and they remained in print for many years. If you go to any good-sized flea market selling LPs you could probably find multiple copies of all twelve albums - it seems like almost everyone in the US bought at least one of them.

Though the Dukes of Dixieland were overnight sensations, they certainly weren't newcomers to the music business. When they were "discovered" in 1956, they'd been professional musicians for at least seven years and had recorded before, for no less than RCA Victor among others.

The band traces its beginnings to a series of jam sessions at the home of Frank and Fred Assunto, two youths then active in the Redemptorist High School marching band. The boys enjoyed jamming with their friends so much that they wound up with a job playing Saturday nights at

Mama Lou's Seafood Restaurant - they got \$3 each but most of it went for cab fare as none of the boys was old enough to drive -



Betty Owens

Frank was thirteen and Fred was seventeen.

During the late 1940s the boys became fairly well-known around New Orleans. They played for the New Orleans Jazz Club, which was newly formed at that time, and the boys would visit Manny's Tavern and sit in with the George Lewis Band, which was just becoming re-established after their time in New York with Bunk Johnson. Fred Assunto got married about this time and his wife, Betty Owens, who died within the last few months, began singing with the boys' band.

Horace Heidt visited the Crescent City in 1949 with his Pot O' Gold radio show, which included live performances and a talent show. The boys decided to try out and spent a furious several weeks rehearsing. The band at this time included Frank Assunto, trumpet, Fred Assunto, trombone, Pete Fountain, clarinet, Tommy Balderas, guitar, Willie Perkins, drums, Artie Seelig, piano and Hank Bartels, bass. The band, which was called the Junior Dixie Band, placed first in the local competition and received an invitation to join the traveling caravan. They toured for six weeks and placed second, behind a girls' singing duo,

in the national competition.

The boys decided it was time to turn pro - they left Heidt, returned to New Orleans, and joined the musicians' union. They were not an instant success - they got a few local gigs and made some more appearances for the New Orleans Jazz Club, including an appearance in a NOJC sponsored carnival at the Auditorium.

The band acquired their name about this time. One of the bands they really admired, Sharkey Bonano and His Kings of Dixieland, was finishing up at New Orleans' Famous Door and preparing for a road trip. The boys were poised to take over the job but needed a name. Their mother, Jo Assunto, suggested that they were like the Kings of Dixieland, but younger, so why not be the Dukes of Dixieland, to continue the royal tradition.

The Dukes of Dixieland opened at the Famous Door, a Bourbon Street landmark, on December 11, 1950 and stayed 176 weeks. During that time they became the toast of New Orleans and made their first recordings. Roger Wolfe was a popular local DJ and emceed various concerts and occasional radio broadcasts under the New Orleans Bandwagon name. He began a series of 78s in 1951' featuring local bands and put out 78s by the Dukes. They also recorded about this time for Imperial, the legendary New Orleans label best known for introducing Fats Domino to the world.

After finishing up at the Famous Door, the band acquired a manager and started taking engagements out of town. They were a success at the Preview Lounge on Chicago's then - flourishing Randolph Street jazz strip, and they were soon in demand all over the US. There were additional recordings, for Okeh in 1953 and for RCA Victor's Vik subsidiary, which recorded a series of albums in New Orleans, in 1955.

Fred's wife, Betty Owens, who had been singing with the band since its inception, took a maternity leave in 1955; her place was taken by the boys' father, Papa Jac Assunto, who doubled on trombone and



Papa Jac Assunto

banjo. Papa Jac had been a jazz musician as early as the 1920s, though he settled down to a more normal life as a school teacher while raising his family. He had a degree in Business Administration from Tulane and put it to good use taking over some of the managerial functions while touring with the Dukes.

They played Las Vegas for the first time in 1955 and in 1956, when they were discovered there by Sid Frey, they had a sixty-four week booking at the Thunderbird.

Once their Audio Fidelity records started coming out, they became a very hot property and toured nonstop. Frey was honored as Man of the Year by the Friars' Club in 1959 for his introduction of stereo recordings and the Dukes played for the event. They were equally honored when he presented them with a check for \$100,000 as an advance against future royalties.

The Dukes continued to work at the top of the music business - they were featured at Carnegie Hall in 1959, appeared on most of the major TV variety shows (Ed Sullivan, Garry Moore, etc) and were tapped by Audio Fidelity to record sessions with Louis Armstrong in 1959 and 1960. The boys moved to Las Vegas and played there when they weren't on the road.

The band left Audio Fidelity in 1961 and made a series of increasingly-commercial LPs for Columbia, adding more show tunes to their repertoire, engaging in concept albums - folk songs, spirituals, etc. After three years with Columbia they moved to Decca for a series of albums

which veered between relatively traditional repertoire and covering the hits of the day - A Taste of Honey, Thoroughly Modern Millie, Sunrise Sunset and the like.

Fred Assunto died in 1966 and the band replaced him with a number of players including Dave Remington, Charlie Borne-man and Ed Hubble, among others. The traveling life seemed less attractive by this time and Frank and the rest of the family ultimately sold their homes in Las Vegas and returned to New Orleans. The band last recorded for Decca in January 1968.

The Dukes continued to thrive in New Orleans - they had a long booking at the Royal Sonesta Hotel and later worked at Al Hirt's club when he was touring. They had some excellent players in the band, including the legendary Don Ewell, who spent a long time as an Orleanian during his stay with the Dukes.

Frank Assunto was on the verge of signing the lease for his own club in New Orleans when he died of a heart attack on the eve of Mardi Gras, 1974 at the age of 42. Papa Jac retired from music about the same time and lived until 1985.

The Dukes of Dixieland were reorganized following the death of Frank Assunto under new management and continue to tour and record to this day; a large number of New Orleans players have moved through the band over the years.

The band featured a large number of sidemen over the years - their constant roadwork was tiring, though there were probably few bands in the business that worked more than they did. Many of their sidemen were stars in their own right before and after they were with the Dukes. The clarinetists alone seem like an all-star parade: Pete Fountain, Harry Shields, Tony Parenti, Jack Maheu, Kenny Davern, Jerry Fuller. Pianists included Stanley Mendelson, Gene Schroeder and Don Ewell. The rhythm section included names like Barrett Deems. Charlie Lodice and Nick Fatool.

This time out we've got a DVD featuring Papa Jac Assunto playing the trombone as a guest artist with Barry Martyn's Leg-

ends of Jazz. He and his wife were gracious guests on the show and give a nice summary of the band's history. It must have been hard for them to lose such talented sons at a relatively young age - Fred at 36 and Frank at 42, presumably worn out from the rigors of constant touring.

The Dukes are relatively forgotten unless you are of a certain age -- you bought a stereo when they were introduced in the late '50's, you certainly had a few of their "Studies in High Fidelity Sound," as their Audio Fidelity albums were always billed. The Assuntos chose the successful world of the traveling band rather than staying in New Orleans (they reportedly first left for the North when they had to share billing with a stripper in the Bourbon Street club where they were working) but the family were always close to New Orleans and returned to great success there when they tired of the road. The tradition is being maintained both by the current band - billed as "New Orleans' Own Dukes of Dixieland" and via a website maintained by descendants of the Assuntos: www.thedukesofdixieland.com. The current band also has a website: www.dukesofdixieland.com.

Ed Note: This author wants to acknowledge the excellent article *A Short History of the Dukes of Dixieland* by Harry R. Porter with the assistance of Bob Byler and Antonio Deano Assunto, which is available at the Assunto family's website. It is an invaluable source of information on the Dukes. ♪



Stanley "Happy" Mendelson

WHEN SATCHMO WAS ZULU

By Clint Bolton



- N.O. Jazz Museum Photo

King Zulu "Satchmo" Armstrong - Mardi Gras (3/1/49)

Ed Note (2009): This article is reprinted from the *Second Line*, Vol XXV, Summer, 1973.

Ed Note (1973): "Somewhere in New Orleans, between Claiborne Avenue and Poydras Street on Mardi Gras Day, 1948, four guys met. They had gotten up early that morning and were congregating to greet the Mighty Monarch, the King of Zulus! This event led to the birth of the New Orleans Jazz Club."

The significance of the Zulu celebration in relation to the history of the Jazz Club makes Clint Bolton's story a must inclusion in this issue. Our thanks to New Orleans magazine for permission to reprint Bolton's story which appeared in the magazine's Mardi Gras 1972 issue. (GWK)

If a group of uptight citizens back in 1849 had their way Louis Armstrong would not have been King Zulu in 1949. Not that the good burghers of the town had anything against Satchmo or the Zulu Social Aid and Pleasure Club. But Mardi Gras of 1849 got a little rowdy. One of the quaint customs of the era was to toss large amounts of flour on the celebrants. But that year some of the Royster-Doyster lads

thought it might be fun to switch from flour to quicklime and to lob a brick or two. A most respectable matron took the count when conked and a group of outraged and influential citizens petitioned that Mardi Gras be abolished. Influential outrage can accomplish a lot of things but it takes more than that to knock out Mardi Gras.

Anyway the petition died and both Louis Armstrong and the Zulu Social Aid and Pleasure Club came into existence. So a century later Satchmo, King Zulu, his court and retinue rode through the streets of the city tossing trinkets. The best trinkets were gilded and silvered coconuts. On Mardi Gras, March 1, 1949, no one got knocked out - at least with a coconut - and Satchmo reigned.

It was a good day for Louis Armstrong the orphan kid from Jane Alley. By 1949 he had made it big. He had played Royal Command Performances. He had done it all. But he had never been King Zulu.

As a matter of fact, some years earlier Armstrong had been asked by the Zulu organization to bring his Hot Five back to New Orleans for the annual Mardi Gras blast. But playing and recording dates



-Floyd Levin Photo.

Louis Celebrates 70th Birthday Los Angeles, - July 4, 1970

conflicted and he couldn't make it. But by 1949 he was ready, able and willing. So willing was he that he cooperated with his Zulu friends by agreeing to play a concert on the Sunday night before Mardi Gras. Those were the years Esquire was picking the band of the year and so the 1949 Armstrong booking was for "Louis Armstrong and his Esquire All Star Band".

Completely aside from the fact that Armstrong in 1949 was already one of the world's great jazz men his Esquire All Star Band was something to make jazz fans drool. The Booker T. Washington Auditorium was SRO long before the doors opened that Sunday night at 7 p.m. George "Tex" Stephens was the emcee and kicked off the program at quarter after 7 with the "4 Tones".

No one seems to remember if Tex Stephens was much of an emcee and that was probably the biggest booking the "4 Tones" ever had. Because at 8:15 Satchmo walked out, big grin, big horn and big white handkerchief and behind him came Earl "Fatha" Hines on Piano, Jack Teagarden on trombone, Barney Bigard on clarinet, Arvell Shaw on bass and the inimitable Sidney Catlett on drums. Just to add a little more class to the concert the vocalist was Velma Middleton. It was all staff . . . , all the way through, but it was Zulu all the way. Because at intermission time Satchmo was crowned Zulu and his

Queen, Bernice Oxley, joined him in the coronation ceremonies.

The concert was a money maker, no doubt about it, because everybody in town was there. If they were black. For it would be five years later, 1954 to be precise before the Supreme Court would hand down that basic ruling which eventually led to the open society we are still trying to establish today. Yet a couple of white jazz fans did make it. One of them grinned at me and said, "I got a dark Max Factor makeup. Man, I mean I PASSED!"

Wild and swinging as the concert was and joyful as were the après-concert parties, Satchmo was the soul of dignity the next day. It was Monday, the day before Mardi Gras, and a smiling, decorous Armstrong turned up at City Hall . . . which is now Gallier Hall ... and there in the stately mayor's parlor received the traditional honorary certificate of citizenship and the symbolic key to the city. DeLesseps Morrison was Mayor then and "Chep" dug jazz and Louis. They had a good time together and when Chep said "Time magazine said that when you were invited to New Orleans to be King of the Zulus you said, 'Yeah, an' then I'll be ready to die.'"

The Armstrong grin was never bigger as he replied, "Well I don't want the Lord to take me literally".

After leaving the mayor, flourishing his certificate and golden key, Satchmo "sort of got lost". Actually he was never less lost in his life. He was back home in New Orleans. It was Monday. Tomorrow was Mardi Gras and he was gonna be Zulu.

Later in New York, he recalled some of that day.

"Real good time. Like a, big family reunion. Folks I hadn't seen since I was in knee britches. Cats I'd played with before I went up to join Joe Oliver. Yeah, a real good time. No . . . I don't recall we did any jammin' that Monday. Mostly just a lot of jivin' talk and eatin' and drinkin'."

But that Monday was really a day of preparation. By most standards Zulu isn't the biggest Carnival parade. That year there were six floats. First was King Zulus, then came the Queen's float. After that the Zulu Babies and then the Witch Doctor. Big Shot From Africa was on the fifth float and the last carried Jungle Jim.

The staff for Zulu that year was Harrison Baker, President; Joseph Taylor, Financial Secretary; Emile Wade, Recording Secretary; James Robertson, Treasurer; Roland Brown, Chairman Finance; George Singleton, Chairman Relief; George Lacey, Assistant Chairman Relief. The Grand Marshal was James Alexander and Thomas Hayes was Sergeant-at-Arms. Reverend Abraham McCall was the Chaplain. Leopold LeBlanc was Parade Chairman and James L. Russell was Concert Chairman.

On them fell the burden of the details of the SRO Sunday night concert, the formal and informal activities of Monday and most important of all the formation and route of the Zulu Parade.

As a matter of unwritten law no Zulu parade has ever followed the original route. But back there in 1949 the Parade Committee had one laid out. From the program of the Sunday night concert comes this order of procession:

"The route of the Zulu Aid and Pleasure Club parade is as follows:

"Leaves the Club, Julia and Saratoga Streets at 9 o'clock a.m., back to Calliope and South "Claiborne Avenue to get the king.

"Out Calliope to Dryades; down Dryades to Howard Avenue; out Howard Avenue to Carondelet; cross over and back to Rampart, down Rampart to Tulane; Tulane to Saratoga; up Saratoga to Howard Avenue; Howard Avenue to Dryades; up right hand side of Dryades to St. Andrew; cross over and back down Dryades to Clio; back up Dryades to Jackson Avenue to Gertrude Geddes Willis Funeral Home.

"Leaving out Jackson to LaSalle Street; LaSalle to Philip; Philip to Daneel to Louisiana Avenue; back Louisiana to LaSalle; LaSalle to Washington Avenue; back Washington Avenue to Magnolia, down Magnolia to Clio; out Clio to Claiborne Avenue; down Claiborne Avenue to Orleans; Orleans to Liberty; Liberty to St. Philip; St. Philip to St. Claude; St. Claude to Dumaine; Dumaine to Claiborne; Claiborne to Laharpe; cross over the lakeside of North Claiborne up to Orleans; back Orleans to Galvez; Galvez to Bienville; Bienville to Claiborne; up Claiborne to den."

The Zulu parade got off more or less on

schedule. Zulu Satchmo chomped on a big seegar and waved jovially to everyone. But anyone who knows anything about Zulu knows that the route and the schedule have always been a sometime thing. For instance a full page ad in that Sunday night concert program urges folks to meet the "Zulu King at the Famous 92nd Bar & Cafe: which was located at 2119 Orleans, near Galvez. King Satchmo and retinue were due there between 2 and 3 p.m." The record isn't clear that royal procession got there on schedule. But up until around noon everything went smoothly.

The royal entourage arrived that chilly morning at North Carrollton and the New Basin Canal to board a "barge" loaned to the Zulus by the Jahncke Company. According to Ken Gormin, then a reporter for The TimesPicayune and now head of the Bauerlein Advertising Agency, "He was scheduled to get there at 8 a.m. . . . more or less . . . He got there just a little before 9 to find the royal barge filled with people who insisted on riding along the canal with him."

Back in 1949 Liberace wasn't killing them with the fancy piano playing costumes. Maybe he got the idea from Satchmo's Zulu costume. As Gormin reported it Armstrong was wearing some pretty gala threads. For starters he had a red feathered crown, a red velvet tunic trimmed with gold sequins, black tights and high golden shoes. Over the black tights he wore a yellow cellophane "grass" skirt. His scepter was silver and when he wasn't waving his big cigar he was waving his baton of office.

Things stayed right on schedule through the forenoon. At 12 Zulu was due at the Gertrude Geddes Willis funeral home on Jackson and Satchmo made it on the dot. This is perhaps a notable footnote in the history of the Zulu parade. It impressed Ken Gormin. He wrote, "It was the first time in at least 13 years that any Zulu king had been on time."

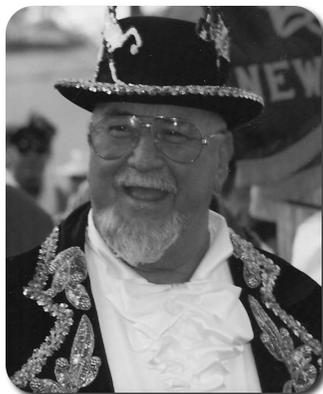
Back in 1949 the Gertrude Geddes Willis funeral home was what the Boston Club is to Rex. THE stop. King Satchmo-Zulu waved red gloved hands to all, received another key to the city ... a large golden one ... from Mrs. Willis who also handed him a trumpet. Somebody else

(Continued on page 20)

The Many Faces of Pete Fountain



Above: Basin Street Six (Joe Rotis, George Giraud, Pete Fountain, Phil Zito, Emile Christian, Roy Zimmerman). **Below: Pete Fountain at Mardi Gras: unknown, 1992, 1989, 1994, 1991, and 1988.** Photos from Fred Hatfield Collection.



New Orleans at Disneyland



1966 — Don Franz, Doc Souchon, Art Hodes, Bacin,
Raymond Burke, Chink Martin, Emil Christian



1965 — Sharkey Bonano, Monk Hazel, Paul Crawford,
Stanley Mendelson, Harry Shields



1960's — Sweet Emma Barrett, Blanche Thomas, Danny Barker,
Placide Adams, Percy Humphrey



-Grauman Marks Photo

Louis Sings the Blues - 1966

(Satchmo, Continued from page 17)

handed him up a bottle of wine.

But Zulu didn't blow his horn or take the wine. He climbed down from the float and, spotting his aged grandmother, the late Josephine Armstrong, threw his arms around her, kissed her, and in his inimitably gravelled voice cried, "Hi, baby-honey. How you doin', Granny?"

It was a golden moment for the man with the golden horn. He posed for pictures with relatives and friends and caught up for a moment with his wife Lucille who, with considerable Mardi Gras savvy had vanished at the start of the parade and hurried on to a vantage point at the funeral home reviewing stand. She had told him, "Goodbye, honey. I'll see you later. Maybe tomorrow."

But she joined Louis and his court for the lunch break and it was a lavish collation. Between handing out coconuts and shaking hands Zulu stowed away a fair amount of vittles. Being Zulu is a hungry type job. Before continuing the procession Satchmo put away turkey sandwiches, ham sandwiches, pickles, olives, champagne. After all that's the kingly drink.

Once the repast and reception were over King Zulu boarded his golden chariot, settled himself on the throne and with three bottles of champagne nestling at his feet he told the world, "This king stuff is fine . . . real fine. It's knockin' me out. I've blowed my top."

So thick was the crowd that the mules had a hard time getting under way. Remember 'way back in those days the Sanitation Department mules hauled the floats. But the parade moved out and King Zulu continued his journey. History does not record that he ever made it to the 92nd Bar & Cafe as advertised. The parade really began to "amble 'round the town".

It all came to an end about five that afternoon when the royal coach stalled at Orleans and North Prieur. It broke down for keeps and King Satchmo, following an established precedent when things monarchial go awry, promptly abdicated. A big limousine whisked him and his queen away and the parade was over. As kingdoms go, it fell apart and simply disintegrated. Within ten minutes the golden float had been stripped by souvenir hunters. But that long and beautiful golden day would remain forever Louis' day. And it would remain forever in his memory.

I recall a few years later talking to him in a TV studio in New York. He'd just come back from a triumphal European tour. It had been recorded and on the cover was a very elegant Satchmo, clad in the striped trousers and tail coat of the diplomat. It was a good picture and the title for that LP was "Ambassador Satch". He autographed a copy for me and we jived a little about the royalty, the celebrities who had flocked to hear him all over Europe.

He gave me the famous Armstrong grin and said, "Yea, kings, queens, lords and ladies. Lotta folks. All kinda folks. But you know every now and then I'd laugh a little inside. Not out loud. Jes' to myself. They wanta call me Ambassador Satch that's okay. But I wonder what they do if I tell 'em I'm King Zulu."

Any way you want to make it he was a king. A king for a day in the magical magnificence of Mardi Gras. But long before and long after he was the King of the Golden Horn. He was Satchmo, he was King Zulu but he was always Louis Armstrong. He's gone now but the music, the laughter linger on. Forever. ♪



The New Orleans Rascals of Osaka, Japan

By Helen Arlt



New Orleans Rascals, 25th Anniversary

October 26, 1986. (Photo by Y. Kubo.)

Ed Note: Given the time between issues, we print Helen's entire 2002 article in this edition. The astute reader may recall the prior issue, Volume 52, No. 2 published a small portion and promised the rest to follow in the next (this) issue.

This is an attempt to thread together some forty years of history of the fine traditional jazz band The New Orleans Rascals of Osaka, Japan, who have garnered friends and fans around the world.

A distinguished visitor to New Orleans in early 1964 met with our Board member to inform our Club about jazz in Tokyo. The New Orleans Jazz Club of Japan, whose members numbered 80, were almost entirely students at Waseda University. 30 members were into the study of form and theory behind jazz. Six bands had been formed, with 8 members in each group. A photo in our March-April 1964 issue of THE SECOND LINE showed a Japanese 7 piece band on stage in white trousers, plaid jackets, and

straw hats (not unlike our local LAST STRAWS attire) called the NEW ORLEANS RASCALS.

In 1958 Professor Sadamu Nishie of Waseda University (who taught 16th and 17th century English Literature) became the first president of the newly organized jazz club. Experiencing reactions to jazz while in New Orleans, he was prompted to delve deeper into this culture that is behind the music.

The Rascal's first anniversary in concert, October 13, 1962, they donned dark suits, black felt hats, and appeared in "black face" makeup (!). In August 1963 Allen Jaffee escorted the George Lewis All Stars from Preservation Hall to Japan and remained for a long enough stay for the two bands to become great friends. The All Stars members were: Punch Miller, tpt; Louis Nelson, tb; George Lewis, cl; Joseph Robichaux, p; Emanuel Sayles, bj; Papa John Joseph, bass; and Joe Watkins,

drums. Both bands bonded together, becoming affectionately connected, resulting in "work shops" and practice sessions with guidance and playing together. They joined in sight seeing and became like family!

The Rascals always had an anniversary event and on their third in 1964, their first recording "Volume 1" was made.

In 1965 George Lewis returned to Japan with a different lineup of musicians. Later GHB Records issued the September '65 "GEORGE LEWIS IN JAPAN" recordings and the Rascals did a few numbers for that session.

In July and August of 1966 the Rascals realized their dream and ventured to New Orleans. The Board of the New Orleans Jazz Club went all out in having them showcased around the city, with special events, intimate settings, resulting in unbelievable opportunities! A super arrival included greeting them with a brass band, the Japanese Consul, publicity, and a motorcade into the French Quarter, where they were housed. That year I was the NOJC Secretary and gave the Rascals very much of my time, squiring them around in my Volkswagen Bug (yes, all of us squeezed into it!), getting lessons on how to pronounce Japanese words, with finger and hand demonstrations. Lots of fun and laughter were prime ingredients, and there's no question about the bonding of personalities and the love of the music and the "Land of Jazz". I suggest that you refer to THE SECOND LINE August 1966 issue and read "Osaka New Orleans Rascals Visit New Orleans" on page 95. I believe you'll love it!

The Rascals continued on tour, heading east to visit George Buck in South Carolina, then west to Los Angeles where the welcoming committee included Pete Kur's Band along with musicians Mike Fay, Frank Demond, and Tom Sharpsteen. These last three bonded very specially with the Rascals. It's been confirmed the Rascals had made a San Francisco connection on their arrival, as we had been influential with the formation of the N.O.J.C. of Northern California and consequently have learned of the grand connection with the Rascals. Since we had given their club much assistance and permitted them to use our name with

"Northern California" added. In February 1968 Dr. Ed Lawless, who was a stalwart member in the N.O.J.C. of Northern California, traveled to Osaka to make the presentation of deceased Johnny St. Cyr's personal banjo and guitar to the Rascal's banjoist, Junichi "Junny" Kawai. This was an action of respect and adulation with the Rascals, which was to continue.

On December 31, 1968, George Lewis, age 68, succumbed to a combination of pneumonia and Hong Kong flu. He was a modest, uncomplicated man. He was amazed at how many young clarinet players purveyed loving imitations of his music. Royichi "George" Kawai, leader & clarinetist of the Rascals, has impeccably captured the George Lewis tone, style, and sound.

December 1969, after a Toshiba Recording Session at CR Hall (Radio Kansai in summer) the Rascals first appearance on a commercial record was released: "DIXIELAND JAZZ REVIVAL" - EP-7732.

At Osaka's "Expo'70" the Rascals Marching Jazz Band (9 members) made ten appearances, and in October of that year Audery Gerde, my neighbor, and I took our first trip to the Orient, Japan and Hong Kong. Of course I had alerted the Rascals I'd be in the vicinity. Audrey and I decided to take the risk to go 2 days earlier than the rest of our tour group, and rode the Bullet Train to beautiful Kyoto. In the afternoon all the Rascals showed up and off we went, mostly on foot, to purchase a tape recorder which had been requested by Clay Watson, Director of our New Orleans Jazz Museum. Audrey couldn't believe all the photos Jun Kobayashi was taking of me. She said she felt like she was with Jackie Kennedy! In the evening we were taken to the Rascals' gig at the Red Arrow in Osaka. It was a delightful experience. A young Japanese man came to tell me he was a card carrying member of our N.O.J.C. and he offered to see us home-- from Osaka to Kyoto-- via taxi! What great hospitality!

(Ed note: here begins the continuation of the portion appearing in Vol. 52, No 2.)

In August 1971, the Rascals returned to New Orleans to celebrate their 10th Anniversary. This was their second visit to the City. The group had formed when they

were reaching their 20's. Now their average age was 32 years. Public relations material was released, and they were introduced to the world. Allen Jaffee provided the Preservation Hall Jazz Band Bus. The full compliment of the Rascals visited including the President of the Original Dixieland Jazz Club of Osaka, Jun "Professor" Kobayashi, their alto sax, Mitsuo Takahashi, bass, Nobuo Ishida, and their pianist of earlier years, Satoshi Adachi. When they joined with the Bourbon St. Paraders, the entire group became the ODJC Marching Jazz Brass Band.

Wanting to share in a part of their beloved friend George Lewis' life (they were not present to tell him "goodbye"), they performed in his tradition. Starting in the French Quarter, the marching brass band, in proper dress, boarded the Ferry, crossed the Mississippi, and processed to the cemetery. They played hymns, placed floral spray and wiped away tears. "We love you, George Lewis, and shall never forget you!"

In October 1972, Alma, the wife of George "Pops" Foster presented the Rascal's bassist, Nobuo "Nobby" Ishida the gift of Pops bass fiddle.

The Rascals' third American tour was in April 1973. They met with Alton Purnell, and spent 10 fantastic days with Tom Sharpsteen. Tom is steeped in clarinet theory and plays his horn fitted with a belled, curled "cup" on the end. It is fingered in the usual manner but features a strong vibrato and rich base tone.

The Spring 1980 New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival marked the Rascals first invitation to perform in the Jazz tent. Additionally the Rascals paid tribute to George Lewis and "Kid" Thomas at the cemetery.

In June 1980, the Rascals met Geoff Bull. Geoff is a cornetist from Australia and honed his knowledge and technique by spending much of his early years in New Orleans, mostly at Preservation Hall.

In May 1981, the Rascals played in the Old Sacramento Dixieland Jubilee. Here they had another opportunity to be with Tom Sharpsteen. A few months later they visited with Geoff Bull for a second time, and also, Bob Green made his third visit to Osaka.

The Rascals celebrated their 20th Anni-



George Lewis Shrine at Mahogany Hall in Osaka, Japan. (Photo provided by Helen Arlt.)

versary on November 27, 1981, with old friend Tom Sharpsteen, and Mike Fay. The next day Ryoichi realized a long awaited dream – the opening of his own MAHOGANY HALL. Ryoichi owned a 2-story building, which he designed as headquarters for his company. He manufactures watchbands and jewel rings on the 2nd floor, but he uses the entire 1st floor as a venue for jazz parties and to honor jazz related treasures. There is even a special shrine for George Lewis. It was fitting that his friend of 15 years, Tom Sharpsteen was to appear the first time in this momentous gathering at Mahogany Hall!

Each year to follow there were renewed meetings of special jazz personalities, enlargening their jazz "families." Again in New Orleans during the spring of 1984, the Rascals played with Geoff Bull, Tom Sharpsteen and Mike Fay. As Tom looked on, Mike made a special presentation to Ryoichi with a metal Albert System clarinet.

In 1990 the Rascals made a 7th trip to the States. In New Orleans they paid tribute to Allen Jaffee who died back in March 1987. In Santa Rosa, the Rascals paid tribute to Marshall Peterson. Peterson had died of cancer on July 17, 1990. He had

founded the Traditional Ragtime & Dixieland Appreciation & Strutters Society in 1985. In 1986 he became festival director of the Santa Rosa Dixie Jazz Fest, which showcased "good, old, feel-good New Orleans jazz." Marshall also had a great devotion to George Lewis, perhaps even as much as the Rascals. Marshall's festival was set August 24-26, and 4 bandsmen of the Rascals traveled at their own expense. They participated in the memorial segment for their valued friend. (I suggest you read more of this coverage in the **SECOND LINE**, Spring 1991 issue, pages 4 and 5.)

Playing the Ascona Festa N.O. Music on June 29, 1991 provided the Rascals and Geoff Bull the opportunity to play together again.

All of the preceding is a miniscule attempt to cover the first thirty years of the New Orleans Rascals of Osaka, Japan. I've tried to bring into focus some of the musicians who have such intense admiration for each other's musicianship in the purest strains learned from the older black traditional jazz musicians and vocalists.

For their 35th anniversary the Rascals returned to New Orleans to record for a new CD **JAM SESSION IN NEW ORLEANS**. Their guests were Ted Thomas, cornet and vocal; Mike Fay, banjo; and Fred Hard, bass. It was a quick visit focused on the recording. I was invited to join them. We gathered at the Rascals' Hotel and then walked down Bourbon St. to stop off at Preservation Hall. Ryoichi was checking the time. Apparently he had phoned the Palm Court to let tell them we were on way to tape the music. But there was no answer – Palm Court had closed for Nina and George Buck's summer holiday. They were probably at some European jazz Festival. When I learned what had turned Ryoichi's smile into a frown, I hurried him over a block or two into Fritzel's German Beer Pub. Fritzel's warmly invited the Rascals to use their facility. Ted Thomas, commented at the end of this magical, marvelous, emotional evening: *It was the sort of "once in a lifetime" session that jazz is all about – the chemistry of the moment, the room, and the people in it. I think I speak for everyone there when I say that I wouldn't have missed one marvelous heartbeat of it for anything in the world.*

Five years later the Rascals had their

40th Anniversary Celebration. It officially began October 8, 2001, with various gatherings and entertainment prior to the big day.

Just about 3 weeks after the infamous tragedy of September 11th, 2001, I boarded an United Airlines plane for Osaka, Japan, to attend the festivities. I had no qualms or doubts concerning my decision. I placed all my trust in my Creator! I departed Wednesday, October 3. With the time changes between the U.S. and the Orient, I arrived in Osaka, October 4th. I returned home on Monday, October 15th with some awesome memories to treasure.

In concert with the Rascals' Celebration was Kobe Jazz Street. The Kobe Jazz Street is an annual jazz festival held in early October on the weekend. The presentation is similar to our own French Quarter Festival, with street parades, guest musicians, and scattered venues. Permanent brass markers along the streets indicated where to find jazz. I am convinced the two wonderful events were entwined because of the many guest visitors who had been especially invited to the Rascals' 40th Anniversary gala.

In Osaka, I was in the Ark Hotel and given a list of all the other invited guests being housed there. They were Bob Green and Diane Reynolds, Mr. & Mrs. Fred Hard, Mr. & Mrs. Tom Sharpsteen, Mr. & Mrs. Ted Thomas, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Demond, Mike Fay, Clint Baker, Jim Leigh, Eric Brown (Australia), Joe Walton (USA), and an indication of someone (possibly written in Japanese). I also found a list from another hotel: Mr. & Mrs. Geoff Bull (Australia), Mr. & Mrs. Philippe Desmet, Mr. & Mrs. Rudy Bulliu (Europe), Rus Whittman and (his wife) Carol Leigh, Butch Thompson, Jeff Hamilton, Stanley King (USA), Luc V. Hoeteghem, Brian Turnock, Jens Lindgren, Jon Marks, and Orange Kellin. Most of these are musicians who have figured quite prominently in these 40 years gone by.

Once I was squared away in my hotel room, Ryoichi came to take me to his Mahogany Hall. I seemed to be first of a small group who were arriving that evening. Soon Diane Reynolds, Kuniko and Ted Thomas, Bob Green, Christy and Frank Demond joined us. Mieko and Ryoichi proudly pointed out the treasures housed in



New Orleans Rascals and Friends, October 2001. (Photo provided by Helen Arlt.)

Mahogany Hall. We were all steeped into this world of jazz. This was indeed a hallowed place. If these walls could talk!

When the full contingent had gathered at Mahogany Hall, we walked to a private dining room of a nearby hotel to begin the meticulously planned 5 day musical extravaganza. I remember trying my hand eating eel with chop sticks. . . I was impressed with the great fellowship among all, the golden glow from the colorful walls, and the elegant presentations of the different courses of the food. I think jet-lag had overtaken me at bed time.

From our hotels, Kobe Jazz Street was a one hour drive. On Saturday we boarded our mini bus at 8:30 for a caravan drive to Kobe. Later Yoshi Mukaiyama and Kazushi her son escorted me on a private seven hour tour of Kobe by taxi. Yoshie and Kazushi had been to New Orleans a year or so earlier to hear jazz and pay respect to George Lewis in the cemetery. Ryoichi had introduced us giving us each other's names. Our lovely evening touring Kobe is unforgettable.

In the evening Yoshie and I headed for KRAC where the Rascals were hosting a private party. Food, music, and good vibes filled the room with 75 people plus 75 musicians. Each unit or band had 15 minutes to perform. How wonderful it was meeting new people and second lining. What could

I say about this entire day? WOW!

On Sunday, October 7, I was up at 8:10 am, and I headed for breakfast in the garden. There I joined Ted and Kuniko Thomas. Bob Green had burned his hand pouring hot water for tea and came down to see what he could do about it. He talked with us. Ted had Tom relate his first meeting with the Rascals while Kuniko secured her video camera. Bob talked about the young Rascals when they first met George Lewis. He had been there; it was a meeting Bob had aided. Then Ted turned to me, and my comments were also put on film. We all agreed there are deep special spiritual ties involving the Japanese and jazz.

My friend Yoshie and another member of the ODJC, Keidko Sugemori arrived to squire me around this final day of Kobe Jazz Street. We began by attending 11 am Catholic mass in a building that served many needs (class room, recreation, meetings, library, etc), since the church was obliterated by the earthquake. Afterwards we dined at a Chinese restaurant on a busy street, and then we set out to find some music on Kobe Jazz Street. We found Sone Restaurant, and threaded our way to find seats. At the twin Baby Grand pianos were Bob Green and Butch Thompson playing TIGER RAG, WININ' BOY BLUES, and KING PORTER STOMP. Joining in were



Mahogany Hall, Friday, Oct 5, 2001. Bob Green, Frank Demond, his wife Christy, Mieko and Ryoichi, Diane Reynolds, Helen Arlt, Kuniko Thomas. (Photo provided by Helen Arlt.)

Yoichi, drums, Tom Sharpsteen and Ryoichi, clarinets and Make Fay, bass. Nostalgic numbers like *SISTER KATE*, *MAKE ME A PALLET ON THE FLOOR*, and *HIGH SOCIETY* were rendered with such special feeling – a great set.

Ryoichi stressed that the Rascals' last performance for the festival would be at the Baptist Church, so we hurried on foot to hopefully find seats. The pews seemed well filled, but we spied some folding chairs on the side of the altar, in what could be a service area. We found ourselves in a fine area close to the performers. In session was the 50-member *KOBE MASS CHOIR* — Youth Gospel Choir. Miss Kayaka, age 23, was the dynamic, energetic Director who even ran and took her place in the Choir line at times. In Japanese we were in Baputesuto, The Baptist Church, and it was rocking on its foundation. What a performance, power and verve!

The New Orleans Rascals followed. Dressed in casual attire, they rendered *BIG CHIEF BATTLEAXE*, *MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME*, *HE TOUCHED ME*, *YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE*. *HE TOUCHED ME* featured Tommy's muted trombone and Kay an Ryoichi weaving around so lovely on trumpet and clarinet. *YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE* featured Yoichi, the drummer doing the vocal.

Next more musicians joined the Rascals.

Stanley King joined washboard; Geoff Bull, Trumpet; Orange Kellin, clarinet; Frank Demond, trombone; Jon Marks, piano; and Jens Lindgren, trombone. They opened with *DREAM* featuring Geoff on trumpet with Tommy in harmony on trombone. Both instruments were muted – very nice. My notes indicated Geoff on vocal (of what number?) with Frank's muted trombone and Orange noodling on clarinet. *MAMA DON'T ALLOW* featured banjo, drums, washboard and piano – all jamming! *SMILE A WHILE* followed. Then out flowed the Kobe Mass Choir to join in the smashing performance of *THE SAINTS*. Even second lining found its way into this close of the Kobe Jazz Street Festival, 2001! (Climate and atmosphere in those closing minutes was positively musically, spiritually, “electrically” charged!)

On Monday, October 8, we continue our festivities in Osaka with the Rascals' 40th Anniversary Celebration. In groups of four to a taxi, we had departed early in the morning to the beautiful Mengyo Kaikan, formerly Cotton Exchange Club. Our celebration encompassed the entire building. It was huge. We arrived at 10 am and had photo groupings: first all musicians, then with musicians and special guests, and finally an expanded set of group photos. Special guests had a beautiful room for gathering with food and drink for our convenience. Music was playing in three



New Orleans Rascals receive Mayor Marc Morial's Honorary International Certificate of New Orleans, presented by Helen Arlt. (Photo by Stanley King.)

places. I stayed on the main floor with the Rascals until after the special female guests had the opportunity to be in the photo with all the tuxedo-clad musicians. Mieco, Ryoichi's wife, and my two lady friends, Yoshie and Keiko, wore beautiful festive Japanese kimonos. I remained to enjoy Ryoichi's trio, with Junichi and Nobuo (drums and bass). My special appearance would be to lead a large brass band into the concert hall – of course with my second line umbrella. But the time had not been exactly set. So I went to the 7th floor to our gathering room, where lunch was awaiting us, and where the Rascals were performing in the concert hall, further away.

The Rascals played so lovely, especially *WHEN YOUR HAIR HAS TURNED TO SILVER*. It was so nostalgic, I almost cried! The band personnel changed as the traveling guests joined in to form the Society Serenaders. This included leader Geoff Bull, Mike Fay, Jon Marks, Rudy Bulliu, Philippe DeSmet, and Luc V. Hoeteghem. Their *SUGAR BLUES* with a stop-break chorus by Geoff was excellent! All clarinetists were gathered, plus Rascals' piano, bass and drums: Ryoichi, Rudy Bulliu, Clint Baker, Tom Sharpsteen, Orange Kellin, Butch Thompson Russ Whittman. The first did chorus, all joined on bridge, and all on the ride out, presenting a sensational *HIGH SOCIETY*.

I enjoyed the music from an open doorway while awaiting my cue. Finally, umbrella held high and strutting up and down the aisle, I led a big brass band into the concert hall. It caused a flurry, and some did summon the courage to join in the second line! When the big brass band fin-

ished their set, I took a seat in the concert hall, and whenever so moved, I'd move rhythmically in the side aisle.

Now all trombonists took the spotlight: Jens Lindgren, Frank Dumond, Philippe De Smet, Tommy Fukuda, Clint Baker, plus Fred Hard, bass, Butch Thompson, piano, and Luc V. Hoeteghem, banjo. Vocalist Carol Leigh had here audience captivated soulfully rendering *CARELESS LOVE*!

Then the all-trumpets feature with Geoff Bull, Ted Thomas, Clint Baker, Kay Shiga, Ikemoto, Takai and Maggie, plus Brian Turnock, bass, Jeff Hamilton, drums and Jon Marks, piano. It was during this segment, my attention was drawn to second lining, and I dashed into the large room across the building to join in the fun going on, quite informally. Apparently, here were the younger musicians of the N.O. Jazz Club of Japan. There was a red, white and blue tuba with stars and stripes; Jun Kobayashi with his washboard; others on snare drums, clarinet, trombone and more, having a lot of fun. I caught hold of a cute young female with an unused, darling umbrella. Arm-in-arm we second lined, Keiko Kuroda of Osaka!

Later I returned to the concert hall to be present as the New Orleans Rascals closed the events. They played *GIRL OF MY DREAMS*, and then *AIN'T GONNA STUDY WAR NO MORE* with Carol Leigh on the vocal. After the Rascals rendered *DANNY BOY*, all visiting talent returned to stage. Geoff Bull spoke briefly about how jazz is being kept alive, here, in its pure form. Younger musicians of the brass band entered the concert hall with us, the second liners. Our entry caused great excitement

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Jazz'n at the New Orleans Jazz Historical Park

By Lee Schnell

When you think of the National Park Service, what usually comes to mind? Is it the natural beauty of our country, or perhaps the splendor you experienced on a visit? You may be surprised to know that there is a unique National Park right here in the center of New Orleans. This Park Service was created in 1994 to preserve the origins, history and development of Jazz, where visitors might experience the sights, sounds and places where jazz was born, to implement jazz education partnerships, and to assist in the preservation of New Orleans jazz. Here's a sampling of how it has evolved since its' opening:

Like at other National Parks, the New Orleans park rangers conduct visitor tours of the area, but in addition you might discover the rangers performing or teaching instrumental music, or conducting a session on the history of jazz. At this park you'll find a variety of information and exhibits.

On my first visit, I was overjoyed to see that, at the touch of a button, I could listen to a mixture of styles, reflecting our New Orleans music heritage.

Today we have a park that has not only realized its original mission, but continues to expand and shows unlimited possibilities for the future.

In 1998, the New Orleans Jazz Historical Park and the New Orleans Jazz Commission began a cooperative project to further preserve the history of New Orleans jazz legends. To date, over eighty musicians and their families have been interviewed and preserved on video tape. This program offers an exceptional resource for the study of New Orleans music and culture.

Upon request, the park rangers bring learning projects into our local classrooms. They are cooperating with other parks to start similar programs.

For pure entertainment, the live musical performance series should definitely be on

your calendar. Held on Wednesday and Saturday of each week, the series features young talented artists as well as established performers

The park continues to expand its involvement in the community. "Music for all Ages" is one of the newest programs. Held on Saturday mornings, it is available to youngsters seven to sixteen years of age. Park rangers and local jazz icons like the Storyville Stompers, Tremè Brass Band, and New Wave Brass Band lead the youngsters in the individual study of their instruments. Afterwards, they all assemble and perform their new skills for those attending.

Participants are required to practice two hours each day, and their school grades are reviewed every six weeks. The park rangers have discovered that the program does more than guarantee the future of traditional jazz. They say that it helps young people not only in their music studies, but in other school subjects and in everyday life experiences.

Thank you, New Orleans Jazz Historic Park. We are anticipating more new and exciting events.

N.O. Jazz Historic Park is located at 916 N. Peters Street, New Orleans, LA. Open 9:00 a.m.- 5:00 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. See: WWW.NPS.GOV/JAZZ. ♪



Stable Dances

By Helen Arlt

Mother, Dad and I would sit around and talk jazz. What I like is when the folks recall their youth and tell me what transpired then. When Mom tells me about those stable dances her eyes light up and I almost feel like I am there, she puts so much enthusiasm into her story.

There were no night clubs in those days, so stable dances were the rage. Admissions were charged and word would get around that there was going to be a dance. The attendance was so great that the place would be bulging at the seams. It was mostly the same people, however, who would show up at the dances. Beer was served for the men and lemonade for the women. The Negroes, who furnished the music, were served wine called "sangeree" or sherry or gin. (This was before prohibition.) To get the dance started one of the boys of the crowd would get on a mule or horse back and scout four or five colored boys for the band. When these stable dances first started, it would be families, or close friends who would have the dance in their own stable and in order to play for the band, the hat was passed and whatever was collected was given the musicians. Later, couples were invited to have a larger party and admission charged to have a larger band in order to make it more worthwhile.

A rack would be fixed up above the floor for the musicians to sit so that they would not be in the way of the dancers. The stable was decorated with moss, lanterns, palmetto palm leaves and white cheesecloth. The cheesecloth was draped around the stalls so that the girls' dresses would not be soiled. Skirts and waists were the dress of the day. The occasion might be somebody's birthday or anniversary. One especially memorable event

was my mother's tenth anniversary "TIN" – everybody pitched in and helped sweep, clean, decorate – all this was part of the fun of the party to the girls and boys. These were given indoors because of the protection it afforded should the weather be inclement. ♪

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It has been suggested that some may wish to share our joy with others! We truly hope so. Please recognize the DVD was made not only with tender loving care but at considerable cost, and we trust you might consider this if you would order copies.

Won't you come along with me down the Mississippi?

For inquires contact Bobby McIntyre, co-founder, The Last Straws via phone 504 891-4981, or email BOBMCI@cox.net

THE ISLE OF ORLEANS — Tim Laughlin

A CD Review by Steve Steinberg

Dumaine Street Breakdown; Restless Heart; Suburban Street Parade; Blues For Faz; I Know I'll See You Again; The Isle of Orleans; The Gentilly Strut; It's My Love Song To You; Magnolia Dance; March of the Uncle Bubbys; Crescent City Moon; Monkey Hill (69:50)

Tim Laughlin (ci); Connie Jones (crnt); Rick Trolsen (trb); Lucien Barbarin (trb); Tom McDermott (p); John Royen (p); Matt Perrine (b/sou); Hal Smith (dr); John Eubanks (gu); Frankie Lynne (bj); Neil Untersheher (bj/vo); Jason Marsalis (vib); Phillip Manuel (vo). Recorded at Word of Mouth Studio, New Orleans, December 18, 19, and 20, 2002. Available @ \$20.00 ea. from Gentilly Records, 828 Royal Street, PMB 152, New Orleans, LA 70116 website: www.timlaughlin.com

Everyone in New Orleans who knows jazz knows Tim Laughlin. He's been a mainstay of the trad jazz scene for more than two decades. Originally a protégé of Pete Fountain, it seems to me that his playing has gained depth and originality with virtually every passing year. Yes, you can hear some Pete Fountain when you listen to Tim, and Irving Fazola (the subject of a tribute on this CD), and Raymond Burke, and many others in this tradition; but you also hear Tim Laughlin himself, a sound definitely worth hearing.

For his latest CD, Tim has chosen not so much to push the envelope as to perform creatively within it. Every one of the tunes on this disc is a Tim Laughlin original. They are very much within the New Orleans tradition. There are pieces here that might have been played by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Bob Crosby's Bobcats, or Mugsy Spanier's Ragtimers, and they are very much in the spirit of the eras when those bands performed.

All of them, according to Tom McDermott's liner notes, were written by Tim within the past 10 years. So this is not so much a matter of establishing a new direction as it is keeping an old one alive, with new material.

If you like the ancient warhorses but are getting a bit tired of hearing them over and over, you are sure to like this CD. The tunes were received enthusiastically when Tim played a sampling of them at this year's French Quarter Fest and New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. For me, they sound even better after having a chance to hear them more than once so the full effect can sink in.

Some of these have become real favorites for me. Tim has a talent not only for melody but also for lyrics, and I find that two romantic numbers, "Don't Break My Poor Restless Heart," and "It's My Love Song To You" are particularly appealing. The vocals are done by Neil Unterseher and Phillip Manuel respectively, and both capture the spirit of the music very well.

I doubt that you could ask for a better group of artists to play this music. Virtually all are New Orleans stalwarts as you can see from the list above. Where are you going to find a better trad jazz drummer than Hal Smith or a more talented bass and sousaphone player than Matt Perrine? The guitar and banjos are first class and everyone turns in the kind of solid performances you would expect from professionals of this caliber. There is naturally a king sized serving of Tim himself on the CD and he handles all of his duties so well that I'm hard put to express a preference for any one solo here over another.

Having said that though, give a careful listen to the above mentioned "Blues For Faz". Listed as an arrangement by Matt Perrine, it both begins and ends with a distinctive and very interesting minor key alternate theme, played against a stop time beat. It is clarinet all the way except for two soulful piano choruses by Tom McDermott. I'd label it as solid proof that although Tim plays within an established and easily identifiable idiom, he has developed a very personal approach to the music.

It is interesting to hear two different traditional jazz trombone styles here from

(Continued on page 31)

(Isle of Orleans, Continued from page 30)

Rick Trolsen and Lucien Barbarin. I am not too familiar with Mr. Trolsen's work but I can't help but think of the Bob Crosby Bobcats when I hear him play. Rick gives us the kind of straightforward professionalism one always associated with that outfit. I'm reminded of people like Lou McGarity and Warren Smith from the Bobcats, but also trombonists we've heard around here more recently like Bob Havens. Lucien is much more in the New Orleans tailgate mode, also adding a touch of growl in some of his solos. It is nice to find out how well both styles fit in the ensemble playing on this disc.

Connie Jones is a standout among the soloists on the CD and that is saying a lot. He's right on the button on every tune. As far as New Orleans pianists go, you can't really go wrong with major talents like

Tom McDermott and John Royen. Tom seems especially at home on the title tune of the disc, THE ISLE OF ORLEANS. It features the kind of New Orleans Latin tinged beat that Tom is obviously fond of exploring. It is no surprise that he was the arranger on this cut.

A special treat for me was to hear the sides with Jason Marsalis on vibes, in what apparently are some of his first recordings on this instrument. Like Lionel Hampton, Jason came to the vibes from a background on drums. That may be why I hear a bit of Hamp in his tone on the instrument, a tone, incidentally, that many musicians said no one else could ever quite match.

So what you have here in a nutshell is a lot of top flight jazz musicians playing very well on some very good tunes – tunes that are very much in the tradition, but are also complete originals. How refreshing! ♪

(Rascals, Continued from page 27)

bringing this wonderful, happy event to a close. This was a super celebration. With all its intense planning, it filled all with heart and soul.

To close this wonderful day, all visiting musicians, their ladies, and myself were invited to an elegant banquet with the New Orleans Rascals in the majestic Rihga Grand Hotel. Euphoric, loving vibes permeated this gathering. It was an interval of heartfelt expression of friendship and admiration for the Rascal's purity and dedication of playing over 40 years as a band, and playing New Orleans Jazz. At this time I stepped up to present our city's gift – Mayor Marc Morial's Honorary International Certificate of New Orleans, bestowed on the New Orleans Rascals. Filled with all good memories and pleasurable times we have shared these past 4 to 5 days, the parting hour had arrived. What wonderful, magical, days they were!

On Tuesday, some returned to their homeland, some remained in Osaka. The Rascals and the owner of the New Suntory Five, a club where the N.O. Rascals have been playing every Friday night since the Club opened in 1970, provided the program for this Tuesday night. It's THE place for food, drinks and jazz! Our party included the wives of the Rascals, plus our

40th Anniversary contingent, musicians, and vocalist Carol Leigh. We seemed to scramble to find enough seats. We certainly occupied every inch of space. Geoff Bull was a special guest through all the earlier appearances, and he was in charge of the playing segments. There were 6 or 7 musicians to a group, then a few would change out to give others the chance to be on stage. Carol Leigh had a ball. She sings the old gutsy blues numbers, and came up with some real long forgotten jewels. At one point, I believe there were two pianists and a third eager to get his turn. It was exciting, fun and very good to watch and listen. It was hard to say good night with all this great music, friends, food and drink. But tomorrow is departure day for many.

Congratulations New Orleans Rascals! And quoting from George Lewis on the occasion of your second anniversary: *It gives me great pleasure to see these young men playing a type of music I have been playing for 49 years. As I say my little talk after my concert – This little piece of evergreen will never die; this music will never die. Young men I wish you live as long as I have, to be as old as I am, or older, to be playing this kind of music.* Yes, Dear New Orleans Rascals: Full speed ahead! ♪

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New Orleans Jazz Club

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A Message from the President

Hello Jazz Fans!

A few months ago I updated the New Orleans Jazz Club membership by letter with the status of our club, and in particular the status of our winning publication THE SECOND LINE. Well you now have it in your hand. Thanks to the efforts of Fred Hatfield, his son Heath Hatfield, Deano Assunto, and Gene Hyden. And contributors with interesting articles on Francis Fernandez, the former president whose enthusiasm kept the club going during the lean years, and on Don Perry one of the original organizers of the New Orleans Jazz Club in 1948.

The New Orleans Jazz Club is committed to perpetuate New Orleans Jazz and related New Orleans music — America's contribution to the cultural arts. It is the membership of the NOJC that makes the concept possible. We have the age old question "Who invented Jazz?" Jazz historians have pondered this question for years and I am sure the question will continue ad infinitum. Perhaps it was Buddy Bolden, whose life is documented in Don Marquis' book IN SEARCH OF BUDDY BOLDEN, FIRST MAN OF JAZZ. Perhaps it was Jelly Roll Morton, the famous pianist of Storyville. One still can hear his musical compositions being played by bands throughout the country. Then there are those like The Original Dixieland Jazz Band who took Jazz (Jass) to New York and recorded the very first jazz record in 1917. Al Rose has a book listing many New Orleans musicians who have contributed to this art (New Orleans Jazz). But what we do know, the paddle wheels, sailing out of the port of New Orleans up the Mississippi river carried New Orleans Jazz to the northern states and beyond.

Your continuing membership is vital to the continuation of the commitments of the New Orleans Jazz Club. The club sponsors Jam Sessions and concerts encouraging musicians to play our music. And with the aid of our publishing staff, we will produce additional magazines — THE SECOND LINE.

Word has it our treasures that were on display at the New Orleans Jazz Club Museum were sent to Baton Rouge, LA for protection from Katrina. Soon they will be back on display at the Museum in New Orleans. The NOJC is very proud to have petitioned the United States Postal Service to produce the Louis Armstrong postage stamp and have the First Day Issue in New Orleans, LA.

Wishing you good Jazz Listening,

William J. Farrell, Jr.
President

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