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ARMAND HUG REEL I [only] September 13, 1965 INTERVIEWER: Charles Suhor NOTES: Richard B. Allen SUMMARY: Dan Weisman TYPÍNG: Dan Weisman

[Charles Suhor donated a copy of the original interview to the Hogan Jazz Archive. It took place in a back room of the Golliwog Lounge.

For more information, see letter from Suhor to Richard Allen in the Archive's correspondence file. Background noise includes a coffee pot percolating.

Tape begins with CS asking AH for some information about where he was born, and brought up.]

I was born December 6, 1910, somewhere on Tulane Avenue. My father's memory is a little hazy now because he's very near 78, but it's somewhere around Tulane and Miro, I think.

I lived mostly around Bank Street, you might say the Third Ward, which took in Dorgenois Street. Later on, I moved out to the Fourth Ward, which took in Lakeview. This was when I was about 12 years old.

At the time when I was coming up, I don't believe that was the Irish Channel. The Irish Channel was more in the Uptown section. Now, for the past 35 years, I've been living Uptown, very close to the original Irish Channel.

I guess...I had the desire to play music ever since the time
I can remember myself. Although, I don't say that I was a child
prodicy because I don't remember playing when I was two years

old, or a year-and-a-half old.

When I was about six, or seven, I think...I played drums when I was in school in a little school band. Later on, my mother...who played piano, a little bit, [but] who did not read very much...knew enough to be able to encourage me.

It used to fascinate me just to sit down, and watch her play. Listen to her play little pieces.

She gave me a lot of encouragement.... In fact, she told me that she wanted me to start taking some private lessons after she had already given me some ideas about the scale, and so forth, [through] which I had quite an advantage when I began taking.

I started [lessons] with this little [woman] by the name of Mrs. Assette. She was a very wonderful person, who had the patience of a saint.

I did not want to study the sort of thing she was giving me. She insisted that I should learn more of the rudiments of the basic things that you had to know.

It seemed like everywhere...I come out, and listen to the old player piano rolls, and the old Edison phonograph in those days playing the old Dixieland records. Listening to the old jazz bands march up, and down the street...All that sort of thing.

Everywhere I turned around, I just heard jazz music. Of course, in those days, it was more commonly referred to as ragtime. A lot of those people didn't say: Do you play jazz?

I know that when I was going to my teacher, I told her...I said, I love to play some of those ragtime tunes that I hear on the player pianos. She said, that will come, in time. I said, that's just it. I don't want to wait. I says, I'd like to play now.

She had a hard time keeping me from digging into some of these ragtime tunes that were out at the time like "Maple Leaf Rag," and some of the other tunes - "Spaghetti Rag" - that's just a couple, to name a few.

There were no specific musicians [who encouraged me] in the early period because - if you will figure this - I started taking lessons when I was eight or nine years old. Of course, that's pretty young, especially when you go back into those old days.

People--the way they were kind of strict. You didn't get much chance to get out too much, and, I didn't meet too many musicians.

I wasn't around too many musicians. But, there was one man. His name was Edward Boudreaux.

I have never mentioned this man's name prior to any other interviews. It's the first time I ever gave this any real thought...

This man was not really a professional, but played ragtime very fluently. He used to come around the house.

He couldn't play without the music. He'd come with a roll of

music wrapped up in his arm. He'd sit there, and he'd bring out these rags. He'd started playing "Chicken Reel Rag," and "Good Gravy Rag." I'd just go crazy, just listening to him play these rags.

He'd play them very, very mechanical, with not too much relaxation. It was...probably, one of the earliest influences that I had....He was a very good friend of the family's.

There's a little gap in between [when I started to play, and play professionally.] When I hit around 10 years old...I actually took about a year, I guess, of private lessons. When I hit this period of about 10 1/2-to-eleven years old, I kind of got disinterested.

We moved away from the Bank Street area, out into Lakeview.

This brought me into close contact with an uncle of mine, by the name of Dewey Schmidt, who used to be an old Vaudeville entertainer.

His stage name was Wilbur LeRoy. He was quite a character who really loved good blues. He faked piano a little bit. Every chance he'd get, he'd come around, and show me how to fake the left hand.

He'd say, why don't you do it this way, Armand, instead of doing it the way you're doing it right now?

My mother'd hear me playing this left hand, the way he was telling me how to do it. She'd come running in, telling me--

don't play like that, don't play like that!

As soon as she'd get out of the way, I'd start playing it again.

I wouldn't exactly say that it was a ragtime bass because he was a...real lowdown, I'd say more of a blues, honky-tonk style of bass player. The bass that he used. It was something that the piano players used to use a lot.

They'd use that one, two, three, four; boom, boom, boom, boom, boom. They'd get that sort of--one, two, three; one, two, three, one, and then they'd...get that little skip beat in-between, which was really a real good beat.

In fact, I wouldn't classify it as a real ragtime beat. I think it was more of a jazz beat.

This uncle started easing me in professionally because he gave me a lot of encouragement. When I was about 12 years old, he took me to a neighborhood theater with him.

That was in the days when they had silent pictures. They used to have an old piano player down in the pit. After the picture was over...they had a little vaudeville entertainment. This was real great in those days.

The piano player didn't show up. My uncle, and his partner, were stuck for a piano player. My uncle told me, Armand, do you think you can play a couple of tunes for us?

Gee. I started shaking. I said, I'll try. I got in there,

and I started faking "How Come You Do Me Like You Do Do," and "There'll be Some Changes Made," and something else. I forget just what tunes that they did. Real old-time vaudeville stuff.

I didn't have a feature spot. I just accompanied them. They were singing, and I was following along. But, I got such a big kick out of this that, really, this was probably one of the greatest thrills of my life.

It...wound up real bad for me because, after the theater closed down that night, my uncle took me to a wine place. This was in the days of Prohibition. You had to knock to get inside.

They proceeded to giving me this homemade wine. By the time I got home, I was really so sick. Boy, (<u>laughs</u>) my uncle didn't come around the house for about a month after that. It was almost the end of my career.

I would say that it was kind of commercial, in the very beginning, because we had little bands like the kids do today.

They get together in the homes, and get little arrangements.

They were already writing little specialized arrangements, like college songs, collegiate— "Yes, We're All Collegiate," and "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," all those sort of tunes. "Charleston," and all those, were beginning to come out.

They had little arrangements on them. Most of the kids read a little bit. We would sit down, and practice these things.

I would say that it, more or less, was kind of commercial

because there was really no jazz musicians mixed up in this, except for the fact that we were trying to play, and get started. I played a few jobs like that.

I think the first real job, professionally, that I ever had...I've often referred to another place that I'll tell you about later.

But, I think that this first job that I had was in a neighborhood theater. They called for three pieces: a violin, piano, and drums. Our job was to play for the silent movies because they had no sound.

This was at a theater called the St. Maurice Avenue Theater which I think is no longer in existence now. It was below the bridge. I used to ride all the way from Lakeview out to St. Maurice Avenue on a streetcar.

We got the big salary of \$1 apiece, a night. Of course, in those days \$1 was pretty good for a couple of kids. It looked real good to us.

I guess money was always secondary, if you loved the music, the way we did in those days. I mean, I know it was always that way with me. If I had enough money to navigate on.

I'd go on jobs, and wouldn't even ask how much was it going to pay. All I wanted to know was where was it, how long was it going to be, and all that sort of thing. It was a little different then. I don't think it's quite that way now.

After I played at this little theater there was this drummer - although I must confess my memory is just failing me a little bit at this point here - who was working at the Fern Dance Hall. He met my father, and told my father, there is a very good position open at a dance hall. He says...it would pay Armand \$25, or \$30, a week.

I was only 14 years old at the time. When he told me that, I said: gee, I'd love to do it. They said it would be from eight [p.m.] to one [a.m.].

When I told my mother about it, she like flipped. Going to work in a dance hall, 14 years old. I had just gone in long pants because in those days we used wear short pants until we were 12, 13 years old. I had just gone in the long pants.

My mother, finally, consented to let me go to work under one condition. My uncle - the brother of Dewey Schmidt, his name was George Schmidt, who was another brother of my mother's - was the night policeman down on Canal Street.

Everybody knew him. He was about 6'2", and weighed about 350 pounds. Everybody knew him. They called him Smith, or Schmidt. I don't know what [nicknames] they had. Corporal, all kinds of names for him.

My mother says, as long as your Uncle George sees you home in the morning-time, it's alright. When it come time for me to get off, my uncle would pass around the Fern. He would see that I

got on the streetcar, and got home. This was the only way I was able to start playing at such an early age, especially in a place like a dance hall.

I was going to Warren Easton High School at the time, and found out I couldn't quite make it...I knew right then, and there. I say, there's only one thing for me, and that's music because I had no desire to learn anything else, but just to play music.

Now, you asked me about some musicians. Here was the place where I began meeting the old, real Dixieland musicians. For instance, we had a drummer playing there by the name of...he replaced the person that really got me the job, by the name of Von Gammon.

Von Gammon, then, became leader. They had Harry Shields, who was the brother of Larry Shields, playing in the band. We had an old banjo player by the name of Buzzy Willoz, who was very good. A trumpet player by the name of Bill Gillam. A clarinet player by the name of Bill is still active today. Bill replaced Harry later on.

My point is this. In this place, all the musicians used to drop in because it was a meeting place. Sharkey [Bonano] used to stop in there. [Irving] Fazola.

Fazola was a little younger than me. You talk about something funny. He used to come running in, in short pants. He

weighed about 200 pounds, with short pants, and a cap.

A picture is right. He played just as wonderful then, as he did later on.

It was called the Fern Dance Hall. It was on Iberville one time. It was also on Burgundy, at one time.

This was the real beginning of jazz, for me, as far as...jazz was concerned because I'll never forget [when] I went there with a couple of pieces of music that I'd had.

When I got there, Von Gammon, the leader of the band, said, what are you doing with that, Armand? I said...I thought I might need it.

He says, just take one look around. Do you think you'll be able to see it? I said, no. I don't think so. (Laughs.) Harry Shields told me, don't worry, I'll call the chords out to you.

This is the way I learned all the Dixieland tunes because they'd call out "Jazz Me Blues." I'd say, I don't know that. I never played it before in my life. They'd say, don't worry about it. We'll call the chords out to you.

After about two, or three, nights, you'd get familiar with the tune. They'd play "That's a Plenty," or "Jazz Band Ball," or "Milneburg Joys."

The big thing in those days was the four minute slow drag. Everyone got a dime ticket, or a nickel ticket. I just don't remember what they used to charge them.

This was a big dance for the fellows that would come in because they'd give them a four minute dance for one ticket.

They'd say, the next dance will be a four minute slow drag. Usually, they'd play "Tin Roof Blues," which was a real good blues. This was the way that I, practically, learned all the Dixieland tunes, right in that Fern Dance Hall.

I went from the Fern Dance Hall over to a little nightclub - or cabaret they called it in those days - called the Valencia, where the Hilton is supposed to go up today on Bourbon Street.

I worked there with a little three-piece group with Chink Martin's son, who played banjo; and Eddie Miller, who played alto sax in those days. We had a little three-piece outfit.

From there, I went to various places. I don't know if I can get them in order. I worked at the Silver Slipper, which in later years became known as the Dream Room, and now, The Father's Moustache. But, in those days the Silver Slipper Nightclub was one of the real swank places in the city.

I worked there with a very fine musician by the name of Sidney Arodin. Of course, Sidney Arodin wrote "Up the Lazy River," and Hoagy Carmichael collaborated with Sidney on this tune.

Very few people ever refer to the tune as Sidney's. They always say Hoagy's tune.

Actually, not to take any credit away from Hoagy, the tune

originally was [Sidney's]. From what I could understand, and I quote other musicians, Sidney had this tune for quite a while, but it was under a different title. I won't quote the title because the title was not very appropriate.

[I didn't go out-of-town much.] I was always, more or less, a homebody guy who couldn't get out of town very much. I went over to the Gulf Coast once when...the Hotel Markham...had a little band.

Eddie Miller sent for me. He was playing over there. I went over there, stayed over there about a week, and got so homesick I said: Eddie, I can't stand this over there. I said, I want to go back to New Orleans.

[CS mentions Al Hirt, and Pete Fountain, as being reluctant to leave town, and asks why New Orleanians, generally, seem reluctant to go on the road?]

I would imagine that it is the glamorous atmosphere that New Orleans offers; not money-wise, but, certainly it has plenty of atmosphere. If you're born here, you know what it is.

Just as you say, "Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans." Well, this is very true. If you have ever been away for a while, you get this urge to come back.

I was always a...guy who stuck close to home. One time, my uncle wanted me to go to New York. My mother likely had a fit because he was trying to talk me into going to New York. I think

this sort of put a damper on things, too.

I heard pianists all around me, but many of the good pianists, such as Jelly Roll, had already gone. As you say, why did so many musicians hate to leave? They all hated to leave, I guess, but - more or less - the musicians who felt that they wanted to make something, or make a name, or make money. They couldn't do it in New Orleans. They had to leave.

Of course, Jelly Roll was gone. Spencer Williams was gone. Clarence Williams. King Oliver. All the real greats struck out, sooner or later.

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band had already begun to make history. Nick LaRocca, and Harry Shields, and all those boys. They all left New Orleans. Tom Brown. Every one of them.

Tom Brown ran into some bad luck up there, and so forth, and so on. But, more or less, as you say, the musicians were reluctant to leave.

Now, getting back to the pianists. Many of the good pianists had already gone, like I say. Jelly Roll Morton was not around. I never did get to know Steve Lewis, who Dr. Souchon tells me was very good.

I had to resort to listening to a lot of player piano rolls. Listening to Jelly Roll on some of the player rolls. Listening to some of the old-timers, like Scott Joplin, and the old ragtime piano players, and listening to the phonograph recordings.

I did hear a few snatches of good piano, here and there.

But, to tell you the truth, the real good pianists were not here.

They were very, very few.

Old-timers spoke of a piano player by the name of Leonard Bayersdorffer, who was brother to Johnny Bayersdorffer. They said he was excellent. But, I never did get to meet him.

I think that the first real impact that hit me...When I say impact, I was already going under the influence of the old-timers like Jelly Roll, and the ragtime pianists. They had one pianist around here by the name of Buzzy Williams who was very, very excellent. He gave me a lot of encouragement, and a lot of help.

Getting back to the other pianists. I would say that the first one that really had a terrific impact on me was Earl Hines. I think that he did more to revolutionize my style of playing, probably, than any other pianist that I know of.

And then came Jess Stacy, who played in the big band with Goodman, and, of course, Teddy Wilson, who I think was simply superb. Then, I would not leave out good old Fats Waller, either. Fats had a terrific influence, too, on me in those days.

I say these pianists had an influence on me, but it was only after I had been playing for many years....I was definitely taken up with [Art Tatum.] I first heard him, I think, around [19]36, or [19]37. Something like that.

[I definitely find kinship with modern pianists.] I follow

the pianists...

I've lost track of some of the modern ones, because they're coming so fast these days. I can just hardly keep up with them. I've kept up with most of them. I just think that they're the greatest.

For instance, I think George Shearing is superb. I think Ahmad Jamal is... Errol Garner, in his own way. A lot of people just don't particularly care for him, but I think he's real great.

For instance, even today, Bill Evans. I've heard some of his recordings, and, my God, I just think they're terrific. I think he has a wonderful feeling for jazz.

I think the tag "ragtime" has put me in a certain category that has been hard for me to overcome from lots of directions. The people who traditionally like ragtime don't like to hear me play anything else. And, of course, I don't play in the strict, progressive sense.

I would say that just saying I'm a ragtime piano player - while I feel very flattered to have been included in this category with many of the really ragtime greats - I think I went a little beyond that because I did not stop there.

In other words, I feel this way. If you're a piano player, then you think piano. If you're a musician, you play music.

For instance, I think Earl Hines could probably play ragtime

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if he wanted to. I could tell you Teddy Wilson could probably play ragtime. He may not be really a traditionalist...but I think they could play ragtime, if they really wanted to.

I think that they've gone beyond that. You can go through different phases, and certainly, I don't see any harm in keeping up with some of the things that are going on.

[SC asks if AH would like to play more ragtime since he doesn't have an opportunity to do so at most cocktail lounge jobs.]

Charlie, I'm glad you asked me that because lots of times I did feel as though I was being done an injustice when I was at the height of my build-up as a Dixieland pianist, and as a ragtime pianist. I was not able, really, to play this kind of music as I wanted to do.

I was hoping...this was about...maybe, 10, or 15, years ago that I could have been working at places where I could have, really, just...stuck to this particular type of music, and either became known as one type of pianist, or another.

As you said, it is very difficult, because, as you know, when you're working in a public place, you get all types of people, all tastes of music, and you sort of have to go along with the public.

I don't have to tell you that. You know. You're playing right now with a little group. You all go along, sort of, with

the public. I mean, if they want a particular thing, you play it for them. This is what I probably do.

I don't know if I would be very happy just playing ragtime. Maybe I would. I don't know. If I would...be getting paid enough for it. If I was in the right type of place, and so forth. Maybe, I would be satisfied, just to play ragtime, or, as a lot of people say, Dixieland.

I feel quite flattered when people...(sound drops off for five seconds) jazz piano player. This is very flattering because, as I said before, there is no greater compliment [that] can be paid you than to say you are highly rated as a Dixieland musician.

[CS asks AH what his ideal set list would consist of in his own club.]

I think if this club was turned over to me, and they say whatever you want in there, you can play whatever you want. I think, I would say, maybe, one set we're gonna to play a certain type of music, maybe 10 or 15 minutes of ragtime.

We'd come back the next set, and say, now, we're going to devote the next 15 minutes to some real good jazz. Or maybe we'll come back, and play 15 minutes of something else.

In other words, I don't think that I would, particularly, want to make it one particular type of music. I think it's good to play all types.

Of course, [we're] getting in a little bit of a commercial sort of a groove this way. But, I think, if you play good ragtime, or Dixieland, or even the good swing piano. The good swing era, not just piano, but the swing era alone was a great era.

I think if you play all of this music, and combine it, and put it together, I think you got some good music.... I really believe that it can become tiresome listening to any particular one thing too long.

In other words, playing ragtime and Dixieland does not give you the full scope that you would really like to have. It doesn't give you the real, full freedom of improvisation that you would like to have.

I don't think [ragtime] will disappear because there are too many people interested in it today, and there are too many jazz clubs throughout the country.

In California, you have clubs out there who are devoted entirely to this kind of music. I really don't think that it will ever completely die out because it's...a tradition that people just don't want to let die.

Three of the greatest ragtime exponents alive today... There is a fellow by the name of Wally Rose who is considered a real great ragtime pianist.

You have this Max Morath who has been on educational t.v.,

who really plays a real bang-up ragtime piano and...there are several pianists around who are really playing real fine ragtime. They really do a good job of it.

(Tape recorder off, then resumes)

The sessions that I made that are better representative [of my style] are on Golden Crest label with—it's in the title of "Rags and Blues."

The records that I made with Ray Bauduc, I think, on drums. That was just [a] drum and piano solo...when we made "Little Rock Getaway." I made an album on Circle, back in 1950, that was very good technically...from a recording standpoint.

[CS heard AH play] "Cast Your Fate to the Wind," [and several other things CS thinks are excellent, in the same vein, like "Taste of Honey." Have you ever been recorded accurately, do you think?]

No. I don't believe accurately. I've tried to put it across on some of the recordings. The album that I made here at the Golliwog [Club], that has never been released, I think, contains more of this than anything else that I've ever done. It's been most unfortunate that it's never been released.

In this album, I attempted more styles, different things, than I have ever done before. I did a lot of Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, George Shearing, Jess Stacy, Errol Garner. I tried to cover, practically, any pianist of any importance that I could

think of.

I think some of sessions that I made with Sharkey [Bonano] were very good from a real Dixieland standpoint. That was the beginning of the revival of Dixieland, around 1949. It was on a label called Bandwagon with Roger Wolfley, the old disc jockey from WDSU. It was his label.

[It seems to CS that he's never seen an unfavorable review of AH, whether it's the old <u>Jazz Record</u> magazine, <u>Record Changer</u>, <u>Downbeat</u>, and <u>Metronome</u>. CS doesn't think AH ever had a negative review.]

I have tried to save most of [the clippings.] Some of them are very, very flattering and, as you say, I've gotten some mighty good reviews.

I think the worst review that I ever received - you're talking about receiving bad ones - was back in 1950. I cut some sides for Capitol. Capitol Recording Company was down here, and they got a very bad set-up to do it.

They wanted to get an old honky-tonk style of piano. They had nothing to do [it] with, but to put an old chain across the keys, across the strings. The sound came out very cluttered, and corny-like.

Barry Ulano was reviewing records in the Metronome at that time. He was really a tough critic. He got a hold of these recordings that I made, and, boy, did he pan them.

They wanted strictly commercial, and we leaned more - a little bit - towards corny ragtime. Barry Ulano¥ got this, and this was supposed to be representative of true New Orleans Dixieland. He says, if this is what it is I don't want it.

So many people began writing him in, and telling him he was very wrong about his opinion of me as a pianist, that when he came to New Orleans, he made it a point to come to the Bayou Bar at the Ponchartrain Hotel.

I recognized him by his pictures. I didn't say anything. I started turning on some progressive music for him...some of Bix Beiderbecke, and some of the progressive music that I knew. I could see his face beaming.

When I got over there...he called me. When I got up, he called me over. He said, I'm Barry Ulano V. I said, yes, I know. He said, you sound a lot different than you do on those records.

He went back, and he gave me a review, again. He called me the greatest Dixieland pianist that he had heard in modern times. He said that I was not only a great Dixieland pianist, but a great modern pianist. I thought that was quite flattering.

[CS notes that many times, major labels, trying to be commercial, lose the natural flavor of the bands. He mentions Sharkey's work for Capitol as an example.]

They tried to make him do commercial work, but it just wasn't real good commercially. This is a real good point,

Charlie. I think when you do commercial, you have to do it real good, or...just let it alone.

I think that the revival of Dixieland around Preservation Hall has been most fortunate for leading musicians who haven't played for so long. It gave them a chance to really get some work. It brought them out. Some of them are real good musicians.

However, I don't believe that this is just truly representative of just New Orleans musicians because you have so many musicians who played jazz...I mean Dixieland jazz. I believe a lot of people today hear Preservation Hall, and they completely forget about any other type of Dixieland music, which...I really don't like too much.

This is my personal opinion. I am not criticizing Preservation Hall musicians because there are many good ones. I think, in the whole, that it's good for New Orleans. I think when people come here, they go down there, and say this, is New Orleans music.

But, what I'm getting at [is] there are a lot of other good

New Orleans music around.

[CS believes that the revival has overemphasized some older negro musicians. I think we had some rabid white musicians who complained about this - like Nick LaRocca - in rather extreme terms.

[It's been a cluttered image that's been presented to the

public. You, as a person who understudied the earlier jazz musicians, colored and white, might be able to throw some light on this.

[Do you think that, the revival at Preservation Hall, and thereabouts, is distorting, let's say underplaying the role of the white musicians who were important in the beginnings of jazz?]

I put it the way Nick LaRocca put it, as you say. I think that the jazz music belongs to New Orleans. You hate to get into something where you say which was better. Was the colored music better, or was the white jazz music better?

I think that the colored music had its place where they had the marching bands which was a definite particular style of New Orleans which, I think, belonged entirely, mostly, to the colored people.

However, I do believe this: that the white musicians brought jazz to a higher level, to a higher standard when they brought it to New York.

For instance, Nick LaRocca always said this. When they went to New York with their band, they played a different type of jazz.

In fact, if you listen to it... If you listen to "[Original] Dixieland One-Step," and "That's a-Plenty," and the type of tunes that the Original Dixieland Jazz Band made. It's entirely

different from the style of music that the marching bands did.

I'm not trying to get into any controversy about which was better, and which was worst.

I do say this. A lot of people have neglected the white part of this music by thinking that the negro music was the only type of music. I don't believe that it was. Of course, I might get hung for this. (Laughs.)

[CS says to look at the reputations of George Lewis, and Raymond Burke. Raymond, in his own way, is fully as great a jazz musician as George is.] I think every bit. I would even go so far as to say [RB] is even greater in some respects.

[Worldwide, CS adds, George is better known.] That's right.

[But, the New Orleans cult who knows Raymond, CS continues, which seems to be limited to those who have been here, and heard him....]

If you get to work with Raymond Burke, and get to know how he plays, you know that he is really outstanding. I don't think that...well, there's not many that can come up to him.

[CS asks AH if he has any comments to add at the end of the tape.]

I think...first of all, you have to like what you're doing, which is most important, and I have liked music. I have liked jazz music all my life.

[I have] been around many, many greats, and I feel quite

flattered to be associated with these people. I am really, really proud of the reputation that I have around New Orleans—Dixieland jazz piano player or whatever they want to call me, ragtime. It's still jazz, and especially when it's associated with New Orleans, it's very flattering.

There's very little that I could add to it, excepting to say I'm thankful that I'm still playing, that I'm going through the different phases, different styles, and that I'm still around.

[CS and AH thank each other.]

END OF REEL