

Summary: Betty B. Rankin
First Check: Marjorie T. Zander
Second Check: Richard B. Allen

CHARLES LOVE
Reel I--Summary--Retyped
January 16, 1960

Present: William Russell, Richard B. Allen, and Ralph Collins

Love's full name is Charles Edwin Love. The Edwin is part of his father's name.

Love knew Emmett Hardy, from Algiers. Love never played with Hardy, but when they were working at different places, they used to meet on the way home sometimes and talk. They rode the ferry together almost every night. Hardy used what was called "artificial" fingering. He was very fast at fingering, a nice trumpet player, with a very good tone, on the sweet side.

The record "Jazz Me Blues" by Bix Beiderbecke [Co 12" LP HRS 25, BrE 02203, PaE R127, R2580, UHCA 61, or what have you ?] is played. Love says the trumpet on the record sounds like Mutt Carey. [!!!! RBA]

Love says Hardy worked at different places, Bourbon Street sometimes. At this time Love was working on Iberville Street at the Elite Club. Sometimes he and Hardy would cross the river of the ferry together in the morning.

Love says he knew Jelly Roll Morton, a good ragtime piano player. He worked all over the Vieux Carre, [sic means "the district"] mostly on Basin Street. Love says Jelly Roll was from Monroe, Louisiana; he left here and went home to Monroe, then came back here. [Compare Lomax, Mr. Jelly Roll.] In 1917, he went back home again and went to Chicago. At Chicago he used to visit the Elite Cabaret, at 35th and State streets. They had a band there every night. The band would play a couple of numbers, and then Morton would play piano there. He also went out Cottage Grove [street in Chicago] and to different nightclubs on the South side, would play a number

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or two. He also had work to do of his own around there, but Love doesn't know where. [These places Love recalls were apparently just places where Morton would sit in for a few numbers.]

Love says Morton picked up the name "Jelly Roll" from Clarence Williams's piece, "Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll." Morton played it so well people began to call him Jelly Roll. [Compare Lomax, Mr. Jelly Roll] Love never knew his real first name. He sang some numbers, but he mostly played piano.

Richard B. Allen asks where he worked on Basin Street, at what houses. Love thinks Jelly Roll worked at Lulu White's [Mahogany Hall] for a while. Knows Jelly worked at some other houses, but doesn't know the names. Fellows used to change around. He used to play around at the "Big 25" sometimes during the daytime, just be going out, sit down and play a few numbers. [Compare Manuel Manetta ?]

Love also knew Jelly Roll in Shreveport; says Jelly Roll came around there. "Musicians that time used to travel around different places playing; if he'd strike a good job, why, he'd stay there for a while. When the job run out . . . he'd always take a trip home somewhere and then find another place."

Love thinks it was probably about 1914 or 1915 when Jelly Roll was around Shreveport. He is sure Jelly Roll went to Chicago in 1917.

The first band Love remembers leaving here and going North was Eddie Vincent and Jimmy Palao. This band consisted of:

Eddie Vincent, trombone; Jimmy Palao (his right name was Jimmy Spriggs, Love doesn't know why they called ^[compare other sources] him Palao); Big Eye Louis Nelson [Delisle, compare Jazzmen]; Freddy Keppard; two guitar men, whose names he doesn't recall; the bass player he thinks was Braud. ^[cf. Ingers, Guide Band, personal] There are two Brauds (one spelled Breaux) who play bass--thinks it must have been Wellman Braud, because he was right of an age with Palao and Vincent; the other McNeil Breaux, is younger. Jimmy Palao was playing violin at that time. Jimmy also played mellophone in the Pacific Brass Band. He was a first class violin and mellophone player. "They tell me after he left here he learned how to play saxophone, when he come back to Chicago--he died in Chicago--he stayed there, you know, him and Vincent both." Mr. Allen has seen picture of Jimmy Palao playing saxophone. Big Eye Louis came back, but Keppard stayed in Chicago, never did come back, died there. Mr. Allen returns to the subject of picture of Palao playing saxophone--thinks Palao was playing saxophone with [Lawrence] Duhe. [See Blesh, Shining Trumpets, photo]. [Also with Kind Oliver, see photo in Jazzmen.]

Love says he [C. E. L.] was a real young dude when Vincent left here; it was way back.

Way back when Love was very small, Duhe used to work on Basin Street with Manuel Perez.

Love suggests that Tom Albert could recall the date when Eddie Vincent left and went North better than he can. Tom was playing violin; Love had learned to play cornet; and Eddie

[See letter from C. E. L. to E. S. Allen, Jan 1960, great date.]

Vincent was practicing every day with them. All at once Vincent picked up and left, went with Jimmy Palao "and them." Vincent learned a lot when he was gone. Love thinks he went all over the Pantages time [vaudeville circuit], all around, and they came back, stopped in Chicago. Meantime, Love had been there and left. Love thinks this must have been 1917. He remembers Freddy Keppard coming in; Love and Freddy Keppard played together on a show one night. "We were giving a turn for a sick musician in a roadhouse." Love didn't get to see [Big Eye] Louis [Nelson] or any of them. He [Love] fooled around, left Chicago and came back to Shreveport. It was after that that Louis came in, Freddy stayed and that left Louis here [in New Orleans?]. He was working around with different bands.

Later Love left Shreveport, came to New Orleans. Andrew Kimball was playing cornet at the Lyric Theatre, with John Robichaux. John told Love that Kimball was going to leave; the theatre was closing for repairs; Love could have Kimball's job. Robichaux wanted Love to play with him when the theatre opened. He didn't know exactly how long it would be before opening--probably three or four weeks. Big Eye Louis was to play clarinet; Robichaux thought Bid Eye Louis and Love ought "to work good together." Robichaux wanted Love because he knew he had been playing shows. Love took the job, kept on playing around at the Elite Cabaret.

When the Elite Cabaret closed, Love got a job at John or Lala's cabaret, whic opened on Franklin, "right over from

[Big] 25." He worked there until the theatre opened, then notified the fellow that he had to stop because he had promised Robichaux to work with him in the theatre. Man wanted him to stay at Lala's, he liked the way Love played. Lee Collins had left here, gone to Memphis, Tennessee. Love suggested they send for Lee Collins. They were so pleased to get Lee back, they let Love go immediately, "Wednesday coming," even though Love had given two weeks notice and had two weeks coming to him. They never paid him for those two weeks.

Lee stayed at Lala's a while. When Lee went away, Kid Punch [Miller] took the job at Lala's. Punch had Georgie Boyd with him. "They had a swinging little old band around here, you know, that stuff like they played around here."

In the week before the theatre opened up, Love and Big Eye Louis worked together. [Alphonse] Picou was on that job, playing the alto sax and clarinet. They got up a union, but Picou didn't want to get in it, so they sent and got Love and Big Eye Louis instead. Their piano player was a girl named May Neely [sp.?], a very good musician. Love told them about May Neely, and they placed her in place of Miss Margaret, wife of Andrew Kimble [See Soards', 1940], another great piano player.

The Kimbles had been in Hot Springs, Arkansas, for two or three months, playing for Lucius Wilson. Wilson had wanted Love there, but Love knew Kimble was the man for him, so the Kimbles went. The job blew up or something after two or three months and Kimble came back to Shreveport, where Love had been playing

at the Star Theatre. Kimble went in across the street at the Hippodrome. Love was working with Robichaux, where Kimble had just left. Love doesn't know what happened to Kimble after that, thinks he went back to Hot Springs or somewhere, but he came back here before he died. He doesn't know whether his wife is still living, thinks she's probably dead.

Mr. Allen asks when Love met Big Eye Louis the first time. It was when Love was "nothing but a kid. He [Big Eye Louis] used to come up to the little town where I was, Plaquemines, Louisiana. Used to come up there with Manuel Perez. . . . He was a very young fellow himself, at that time. When they were going to play a dance there at the Odd Fellows Hall--I always kept up with musicianers [along ?] that time--they had a little pool hall right on the corner by the station, and they had a rooming house there. The bands used to get rooms there. Everybody would be out walking around town; Louis would be in the room there, blowing that clarinet, and I was crazy about a clarinet, you know, but I couldn't play it. I'd listen at him like that, and when he'd come out, you know, he'd say, 'Hello there.' I'd say, 'Hello there, fellow.' He'd say, 'That's little Love, ain't it?' I'd say, 'Yeah.' He'd say, 'Come on in.' I'd go in, set down. He'd practice there all day, go get his dinner and come back, just stay on that clarinet. All the pieces he had to play that night, he'd run over them, you know, then he'd get tired playing. He was a particular fellow: he'd clean his clarinet up nice,

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blow a couple of notes to see it's all right, put it in the case. He was a 'dicty' fellow, nice, clean, always wore nice clothes. then he'd come out to catch the air . . . go around and drink. He liked to drink good whiskey. Go around and get him a couple of whiskey. That night, man, you couldn't hear nothing but that clarinet. Manuel was a loud, bright cornet player, loud. And Louis was right there with him. He'd do anything Manuel would do on that cornet, he would answer him on that clarinet. And I'd stay there till it was all over before I'd go home. Sometimes they didn't allow me out late at night; my pa would know where I'm at, come get me. I set right behind Louis and listened at him." Love thought Louis and Manuel were great musicians. They had easy music, not hard to play. The band played mostly by note, because Manuel was a good reader. Louis was practicing from the music, in order to keep up. "He had his music, his sheet music, you know. He'd play it, didn't suit him, he'd shake his head, take a rest, come back again, come back to it. When he get that tune finished, put that one up and get another one. . . . Run over the whole repertoire. And that night, man, he'd have it down." If he were coming back down here when he came home, just for one night, for a dance, you would find him in [the] room, practicing. Made him perfect. "He was one of the sweetest clarinet players they had around here. At that time he was playing C, C melody. [Confused with C melody sax]. They didn't have any violin player in the band, so Louis played

the violin part with that C clarinet. Man, just as sweet."

Love never played clarinet, although he loved the instrument. He blew a few notes on the instrument, but it was complicated, and he was so crazy about the cornet he didn't have time to learn clarinet. He put all his effort on the trumpet. He played valve trombone before he played the trumpet. Love's father was a cornet player; they had a room full of instruments at home which Charles wasn't allowed to touch. When his father went to work, he would try all the instruments. He seemed to take to the cornet best. His mother would run him out of the house with a broom. He would go out to the old buggy house [carriage house?] in the back, shut the door, and blow all day. His mother wouldn't bother him there. His mother didn't want him to play cornet; she wanted him to be a violin player. She thought he was too delicate to play cornet; he might injure himself. She bought him a violin. He didn't like it, couldn't do anything with it. It was complicated. He didn't take lessons on the violin, but tried to fake with it. After a while he picked up a little bit. He used to watch his daddy, see how he played. He would hear his daddy make little things on the horn, and then when his daddy went to work he'd steal one of the horns and try to make them even though he knew nothing about music. The instruments belonged to his daddy's brass band. He didn't use his father's horn, would take one of the others. He didn't know whether he was taking an E flat cornet or a B flat horn; he'd

just take one and go. His daddy didn't like to play E flat, but he sometimes came down here and played in the Pickwick Band when they needed an E flat player. They didn't have many E flat players then--just Frank Robinson in Baton Rouge, David [Bohill] and Love's father. Love's father played both B flat and E flat, but he didn't like brass bands. He finally gave his E flat horn away.

Love's father took him to a circus one day. There was a big fat fellow standing up, playing B flat horn with his left hand, directing with a stick. He was a crack cornet player, sounded good to Love. "I said, 'That's my instrument'; I want right on home and grabbed it."

Love's father made handmade cypress shingles on the bayou. While he was working, Love would get to work on one of the B flat cornets. If his father heard him playing the cornet, he would tell him to put it down and get to work on the violin. Told him he'd never learn to play a cornet that way. This made Love determined to play the cornet.

Charlie's father practiced all the time. Sometimes his father practiced before he went to work in the morning. Sometimes he would come in in the evening and say to Love's mother, "Kate, fix me something good now; I'm going to practice a little while." He would go into the room where all the instruments were and get his B flat cornet. The band didn't buy music; they made up their own. He would play on his cornet; it would

sound so good. When he would come out for a drink of coffee or something Love would steal another B flat cornet and go out in the buggy house, and try to find a note to fit with what his father was doing. When his father stopped, he used to stop, too. One day his father heard him, called him in. It sounded pretty good to his father, who tried him on some things. They started playing duets together. Sometimes Love would make a bad note, but his father was pretty impressed.

Love wanted to go to Tuskegee [Alabama] to college [Tuskegee Institute] to study the bricklayer's trade. His uncle, who was a bricklayer, always seemed to have lots of money, always treated them royally when he came around home. Love thought if he got to be a bricklayer like his uncle he could have a pocket full of money.

His father didn't want him to go to Tuskegee. Thought he was too delicate, might get sick and die before they could get to him. Love had enough money to start the first year, planned to work at this trade in order to pay for second year.

Instead of letting him go to Tuskegee, his father told him he could go down to Algiers and stay with his cousin. He might get a chance to go to night school at Straight University [later merged to form Dillard] that way; it wouldn't cost so much money. Could stay with his cousin and eat there; instead of going off to boarding school, spending all his money and his father's too.

When Love came to Algiers, they were just getting ready

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to build the Navy Yard. They were pouring concrete. Love went out there looking for work, the boss told him they weren't hiring babies. Love was about fifteen or sixteen at the time, was very small. This made him feel bad. [Check Thomas F. Dabney, One Hundred Great Years.]

END OF REEL I

CHARLES LOVE
Reel II--Summary--Retyped
January 16, 1960

Others Present:
William Russell
Richard B. Allen
Summary: Betty B. Rankin
First Check: Paul R. Crawford

Second
Check:
Richard
Allen.

When Love was working at the Navy Yard, he could hear Eddie Vincent "and those fellows" practicing [see earlier interview]. They had no cornet player. Love had been playing bass violin, had played several times with them on moonlight picnics. He went over one day when they were practicing; Tom Albert invited him in, and Love played a little bass violin with them. He [Tom], who was a Violin player himself, said he needed a cornet player bad and he had heard Love could play cornet. They found an old brass horn for him. They weren't using any music; just started playing. Love didn't know the piece, but he trailed right along behind them, tried to fit in. Tom thought that was fine. They played that one again and then played several other pieces. Eddie Vincent thought he was a big shot at that time: he was using valve trombone; they didn't have any slide trombones around here. He had his trombone sitting on the chair; he already knew all those pieces, was just waiting for Love to catch up. Every time Love would make a chord, Vincent would say, "That don't chord. . . . Make this," and demonstrate on the trombone. Love would get it immediately. They decided Love would catch on fine so they got him a cornet. They would practice every day. Love would go home and study all day when he wasn't practicing with them.

Tom Albert had the Red Book [Back]/of Rags then. He could

play one or two of them on his violin; Love was quick to catch it. Love would play what he could hear Albert playing; when he missed it, he would still be in harmony with him. It would sound good.

The lieutenants over in the navy yard could hear them practicing. Those rags sounded pretty good, so the lieutenants invited them to play for a dance one Saturday night. All the [other] bands were on the other [New Orleans] side of the river. They played so well that the lieutenants had them come back, play every Thursday, Friday, Saturday [see earlier interview]. Love began to play cornet good. He would go around, listen to what other fellows were doing, "All cornet players around here used to play just alike . . . but I had a different sight on that music. I liked sweet music; I didn't like that rowdy stuff."

They didn't use drums in the band in those days. They used to use bass biolin, guitar, violin, cornet, and valve trombone. Eddie Vincent and Tom Albert didn't have a regular clarinet player in their band, would hire different ones. Love worked with "plenty of different fellows."

Mr. Russell asks Love if he ever heard Big Eye [Louis Delisle] play "St. Louis Blues" in the old days. Love says Louie played it just like [W. C.] Handy wrote it; he would always learn pieces right. Love goes on to say that Big Eye wasn't playing clarinet then; he was working up in the Irish

Channel, playing guitar. Love thinks Louis's early work as a guitar player is what made him such a good clarinet player; he can hear those chords: he can "variate from that [the chord] and go on his instrument." "He knows the guitar, too." Louis also used to play violin a little, but he wasn't much on it. He had a good little violin player with him when he was playing guitar, when he learned all those chords.

Louis liked to play low-register clarinet.

After Louis learned to play clarinet, in his later days, they [Tom Albert's band ?] got him to play with their group.

A fellow by the name of Albert told Love about the first piece Big Eye Louie ever played on the clarinet. [Love scats the tune.] Albert said Louie would fall out when he made it right, he would be so tickled. The boys started calling him "Toodle-oo," which was the name of the piece, and also, his clarinet sounded like he was saying "toodle-oo." Everybody else was playing above the staff, but Louie was playing down.

After this Louie began to get jobs playing his C clarinet. When he worked in a band where they didn't have a violin, he would play the violin part. At this time Love was playing down the river. You couldn't get to Grand Isle then unless some rich fellow would hire a band to go down there on his big boat. The mosquitoes were bad. Love was

busy then, was saving all his money.

Joe Oliver and Edward Clem played just alike at that time. Edward Clem came from Donaldsonville. Love's home was from thirty miles on the other side of Donaldsonville. There was an excursion going to Love's home, and Love wanted to go because if he played in the band he could get his transportation free. He took his instrument, got on the train, and sat with the band. Along came Frankie Duson, a big sport, with his bell bottom trousers, brown derby--a dude. Duson had heard Love play a few tunes with Tom Albert: he laughed when he saw Love and said, "There's that little big-eye fellow . . . what are you doing around here, boy?" Love explained that he lived around there, that he was staying in Algiers with his cousin, Henrietta, and her husband, Bobo Lewis. Bobo was about the best bass horn player they had around here. Bobo was helping Love learn music. Mr. Allen thinks Bobo was originally from Raceland, from down on Bayou Lafourche. Punch Miller was talking to Mr. Allen about him recently. Love describes Bobo as a tall, dark fellow, tall as Mr. Russell, and stout, too. "Man, when he'd blow a horn coming down Baronne Street, all them glasses shake, he hit such a powerful, true note."

Frankie Duson didn't see Love's cornet at first; it was a little, short one; he didn't notice the box. Then the band decided to tune up, Frankie got out his music

rack, though he didn't read music. He pulled off his collar and tie and put them on the music rack. Folded his coat and put it on the back of the seat, got over to the window, so he could stick his horn out the window. The cornetist-- either Joe Oliver or Edward Clem [refers to him as Clem later] --got in the window too. The violinist was Peter Bocage, [who had a little high roller hat with four holes on ?], pulled off his hat, put it on the seat in front of him. They all tuned up. Love reached down and got his too. Frankie Duson told Love not to play, to put his horn away. Peter Bocage, who was even younger than Love, but who was a biggity little fellow, thought he was the king, told Frankie, "Leave that boy alone, let him get by if he can."

The first piece they played was "Don't Go Way, Nobody, Let's Stay Here and Have a Good Time." Clem was a loud cornet player. Love would get right under him [in harmony] make a note to correspond with his. Clem pused himself up in the window, made room for Love to come over there too. Duson stuck his trombone out the window; Clem and Love stuck their cornets out the window, and they all blew.

Next piece they played, around St. John [the Baptist Parish], near Donaldsonville, they played the piece all the way from [Smoke Bend ?] to Donaldsonville. In Donaldsonville there was a swell orchestra, Professor Claiborne's [Williams] St. Joseph band. Some of the fellows in Donaldsonville

recognized Love; they had known him as a bass player, but didn't know he played cornet. "Man, I shot some cornet out there."

They didn't play at Bayou Goula--it was just a little town--they only played in big towns.

After they got on the other side [of ?] there were no more stops until they got to Seymourville about two miles from Plaquemine. They played "Don't Go Way Nobody" again. Love was blowing away, had his horn out the window. The people from his home town recognized him, thought Love was doing all the blowing.

When they got to the station, they were playing in the baggage car. Love's father, Eddie, used to walk around the station, smoking a cigar on Sunday. Somebody told him his boy was there. He came and peeped in, saw Charles playing, was so proud--told everybody his boy was in there, to go see him. Instead of going home, Love's daddy followed him down to where they were playing. Love played all day with the band for no pay. When they left to go back, Love wanted to return to New Orleans, but his father made him stay in Plaquemine, wanted him to learn better music, not that rowdy music.

Love made another trip down here, polished up. Love used to play with George Lewis some. They took a job away from Love's father in the opera house, right by the station.

The man paid his father and also paid him. His father took an interest in him then, decided Love would have to play the cornet. His father bought himself a trombone. His father had him take lessons then from Professor Claiborne [Williams] from Donaldsonville. When Williams came over to teach brass band, Love got a lesson too.

George Williams, the trombonist, was Claiborne Williams's brother. George Williams used to spend the winters in Algiers. He was with a minstrel show, with Billy ^Kersands and [Meharrie's ?] Minstrels. Billy Kersands was a shoe-shine boy from Donaldsonville. His wife, an educated woman, taught him everything he knew. She saw that he was comical, so she made him more funny.

Mr. Allen asks about a trumpet player with [Meharrie's ?] Minstrels, thinks maybe his name was H. Qualie Quale. [H. Qualli Clarke, check Handy Treasury of the Blues]. He wrote a tune. ^{Spoke to Billy Kersands} Love says he was a South American, a British subject.

Billy Kersands was a comedian, told jokes and sang. They were "big high class jokes . . . and funny ones too." He would forget his lines, but his wife would prompt him; nobody in the audience could tell, but the musicians could see it from the pit, they could see her mouth work. She could speak very softly out of the corner of her mouth.

Mr. Allen asks if Love can remember any of Kersand's

jokè's. Love tells one about liking chicken so well.

Bunk [Johnson] told Mr. Russell about Billy Kersands' ability to swallow a saucer. Love says this is how he made the Queen of England [Victoria] laugh when he was over there. The Queen was very solemn, ⁱⁿ ~~no~~ of his jokes could make her laugh, but when he swallowed a cup of tea including cup and saucer, she laughed so she couldn't stop, went into hysterics. They had to pour water on her to stop her. The Queen gave Billy a great big diamond, which he wore all the time.

Billy liked to be a big shot. When he got to some place like New York, he'd go out and spend a lot of money. Mrs. Kersand told Love Billy had destroyed three fortunes of hers. She had plenty of money. Billy would go downtown to Elk's Place; somebody would start buying drinks for him; he would buy them back--spend hundreds of dollars, while she would be riding around in a cab looking for him so she could make him come home. If she didn't find him, and had to wait for him to come home, she would worry--it would make him sick; he would forget all his lines for that night. She finally decided to keep him on the car [travelling by railroad car?]. Love used to hear him groaning in his stateroom.

Love and Billy Kersands were traveling with Overton [?] show. Billy Kersands had squandered his show--didn't

have anything left. They gave Billy \$400 a week just to be there, so they could use his name in the advertising, use his name on the card, "Billy Kersand's Ragtime Minstrel Show." They had a bass player with the show, John Johnson, very tall, nearly seven feet, who wore loud suits, "with stripes; he looked like a fence rail." When they got to a new town, John Johnson would get dressed up, go up town. Because he was the biggest man they had ever seen, people assumed he was Bille Kersand, used to buy him drinks, give him cigars. John would come back loaded, Billy would be looking out the window, get furious. Billy was jealous anyhow, didn't like Johnson or the trombone player they had, Floyd McMillan. Billy didn't want his wife, Louisa, to have anything to do with either of them. Billy would beg Louisa to let him go downtown and tell people he was Billy Kersand.

George Williams had a nice room in a big two-story building on Brooklyn Street [Algiers^{side}?] right by Security Building Co. Williams used to go there to be quiet, do his tricks with his trombone till the show would go out again. He was a trick player, would pull off his shoes and play trombone with his foot, and other tricks. He was a real musician, like his brother. George taught trombone, had pupils here. He taught in order to make money, but he taught Love a lot about cornet for nothing; he liked Love. Love

watched Williams, thought he'd like to play the trombone, but Williams told him to stick to the cornet. Williams told him how to take care of his lips^e--Love was having lip trouble at the beginning. Williams taught him how to use his tongue to make staccato sounds. Also taught him legato and slurring. He also taught Love timing, how to count so as not to come in too quick, etc. Williams advised him to stay on the cornet until he learned how to play it well, then if he wanted to play another instrument, he could play it and he would know how to ^{perfect} protect himself.

Long years after that, Love was on a show, and he used to play the music just as he [saw it?]. You can't do that in a minstrel band. They play everything fast, exciting. They have a way of hitting the first note--

END OF REEL II.

CHARLES LOVE
January 16, 1960
Reel III--Summary--Retyped

Those Present:
William Russell
Richard B. Allen
Summary: Betty B. Rankin

First Check: Paul R. Crawford. Second Check:

When reel begins, record is being played. A clarinet Richard B. Allen

solo is coming up. Love says the clarinet player in W. C. Handy's band started making that solo. Mr. Russell says he [W. C. Handy] didn't record it until the 1940's. Love says among the clarinetists who played it like that were: [Alphonse] Picou, Willie Humphrey, Lorenzo Tio [Jr.]. Mr. Allen says today George Lewis and Albert Burbank play it that way. Love says Charles McCurdy played it that way after they all started it, too. Georgie Boyd, in Punch [Miller]'s band, was good at it. Big Eye [Louis Delisle] played it too, but it was on the sweet side, the same notes, but a sweeter tone.

Mr. Russell asks when they began to play "St. Louis Blues" here. Love says the first time he played it was in Alexandria [Louisiana] in around 1908, the time Handy wrote it.

Mr. Allen asks about Bobo [sp.?] Lewis. He was a bass horn player in the Pacific Brass Band. It was a very good band. George Sims was the baritone player. When Love came here, he had a lot of sheet music, but he wasn't a very good reader. Sims would play over the music for him. Love followed the Pacific Brass Band when they made a parade. Jimmy Palao [Spriggs] played alto with them at that time. Eddie Vincent used to play with them sometimes, in somebody's place. Eddie could play good when Love first started learning cornet with them; Eddie learned more after he left. He came to be great, and was with Big Eye Louis.

Bobo Lewis played mostly in the Pacific Brass Band. Sometimes

the brass band would play for dances. They would play real soft, and come down. You could see what they were doing. Mr. Russell asks how Bobo compared with Eddie Jackson. Bobo taught Eddie Jackson, was Eddie's teacher. Bobo was better than "all them fellows." He made solid notes. When the band was coming over [across the river on the ferry] to play, they used to play a number on the boat. You could hear that bass "way down to Gretna." Eddie Jackson was a young man, used to come get his lesson from Bobo Lewis. Love was a boy at that time.

Claiborne [Williams] taught the Cypress City Brass Band in Plaquemine, Louisiana. Excursions used to go up there all the time, just like Love caught the excursion he was telling about in Reel [II, 1/16/60?]. Love brought Bobo up to Plaquemine on an excursion--he wanted his people to see Bobo. He carried Bobo to the Oddfellows' Hall, where they were having some kind of entertainment. The Cypress City Brass Band was playing. Love got them to let Bobo sit in and play bass horn with them. They were crazy about his playing. He stayed up there a week; they wouldn't let him go back home. When Bobo did come back home, Love's father wouldn't let Love come back with him; he was afraid Love would stay and he wanted him at home.

Love doesn't know Bobo's real name, even though Love lived in Bobo's house; Bobo was married to Love's cousin. Bobo was living on Nunez Street, right by a graveyard [in Algiers].

Back in Old Man [Henry] Allen's time, Bobo used to laugh

at Old Man Allen, tell Love not to go around there, allen couldn't teach him anything. Bobo told Love to go around to Charle Deverges' house; he would hear some music there. The fellows practiced there every Friday. Love would go around, stand in the background and listen. Georgie Hooker played cornet with that group; Peter Bocage played guitar with them. One night Love was standing at the gate, outside, listening. Charlie Deverges, the leader, played violin. They were playing a set of quadrilles. Charlie was telling Peter Bocage what chords to play. Georgie Hooker was late. He was one of those fellows who is always thinking somebody else is talking about him. When Georgie came, he told Love not to say anything, darted around the house and went under it, listening to the fellows talking. Pete said it looked like that fellow [Georgie] didn't want to be with them; didn't want to play. Somebody suggested they go around to his house and call him. Pete said, "No, don't do that. . . . You'll be doing that every night. . . . If he don't come, let's just practice and let him get a job somewheres else. . . . He's liable to be out there under the house listening. I know him." At this Georgie got out from under the house, ran back out by the gate where Love was, asked Love if any of them had come out. Love said no. So Georgie went up the steps, making lots of noise, as if he had just come. They practiced and practiced.

Peter Bocage, who was playing guitar, wanted to learn to play violin. Charlie was a great violin player, could play all

the instruments. Pete started taking lessons from Charlie Beverges. Then Pete started going to "that school up there" taking lessons at school.

Then Peter Bocage and [Manuel] Fess Manetta got together. Manetta was playing violin then too. They both were learning violin, trying to beat one another. They both got to be pretty good violin players.

The Fess started playing piano. A lade over there, Miss Green, taught him at first. Then his brother used to bring him over to the city for further lessons. The other piano players around there couldn't read like Fess. Fess took all their piano-playing jobs. He was a little fellow, too. When he got good, he started playing for Lulu White. His brother, Vic, would meet him every night, scared somebody might hurt him. Vic used to play cornet. After F^Ess learned how, he taught Vic how to play cornet. Vic was a nice cornet player, too.

Peter Bocage started playing violin from then on, came up to be a good violin player. [A. J.] Piron needed a cornet player, so he told Pete to practice up on the cornet, that he could use him in his band. But Pete loved that violin. Love thinks Pete was a better violin player than Piron. Piron knew a lot about music, but Pete was a nice, sweet violin player. Pete learned how to play cornet good, but he got away from Piron and got together with Bunk [Johnson], Big Eye Louis, Bue~~dy~~ Johnson, that bunch. But he could hardly keep up with those fellows, and after

a couple of years, he went back to Piron again. He played trombone. Piron would get Pete to play cornet with him. Pete's brother-in-law, Lorenzo Tio, got in the band. Tio is married to Pete's sister. Then they got up a good band; Pete stayed on the cornet. But he always practiced on that violin all the time.

Mr. Russell asks about Buddy Johnson and his brother, Yank. Yank used to play in Buddy's place in the Excelsior Band sometimes. Harrison Barnes was one of the regular trombone players, as was Buddy Johnson. But when Buddy had another job and couldn't come sometimes Yank would play in his place. When Love was learning to play cornet, Yank was a little boy wearing short pants. Buddy had a big name--bigger than he really was. Buddy played with different bands, like Frankie Duson band. Buddy and Frankie Duson didn't like each other very much. Buddy knew a little something about music; Frank didn't know anything about it, but he made people believe he did. Frank was a good player, he had a good ear. Buddy wasn't so good as he was supposed to be, but he could play; he could "spell" good, get through with it.

Frankie got a sliding trombone. The others had been playing valve trombones. After Frankie started, Buddy got a slide trombone. Frankie could slide out--if he missed a note, he'd just slide on, hit another note somewhere else, laugh at Buddy.

[Buddy] used to play with Willie Cornish all the time. Cornish would play baritone; Buddy would play trombone; they would make up a brass band that way. They played pretty good.

Yank used to follow Buddy. Yank couldn't read at all at that time. "We used to play little dances around. They gave me a job playing cornet. . . . I went up to Gretna, played for a moonlight picnic. They had these Chinese lanterns, danced in the yard." Buddy couldn't come, and sent Yank. Yank was wearing short pants. Buddy did know some music, but Yank didn't know any music, used to depend on his ear.

A long time ago, they had a car on Brooklyn Street in Algiers, that ran from Gretna Ferry to Canal [Street] Ferry. It looked like a short electric car, but was drawn by a mule. "We used to get on that thing and go up there and play, and coming back the people on the car [would] want to hear the music, and we'd just blow right on that old mule car, coming to the ferry. I don't know what year that was, but that was way back."

Yank kept on playing until he got a firm tone, and people would rather hire Yank than Buddy. Buddy wasn't reading much music anyhow. Yank would tell you he couldn't read, but he had a good ear for trombone. Something like Frankie Duson.

Then the two brothers [Yank and Buddy Johnson] opened a barber shop on Teche Street [in Algiers]; they barbered together, If one couldn't go on a music job, he would send the other. After a while people found out they couldn't read all that music they were supposed to read, began getting other trombone players who could read.

Mr. Russell asks if there was a "District" in Algiers. Love

says he was little, he didn't know much about that kind of business, but there was a bar on the corner of Nunz and Homer streets, and all the way down, about fifteen doors, the women used to stand in the doors, peep out of the blinds, hook fellows in. They had a big hall, right where the market is now, on Teche Street. They called it the Manhattan Club. There was a bar downstairs and a dance hall upstairs. This was controlled by Frankie Duson, but when Frankie couldn't go, Buddy would go there to play. Everybody would be looking for Frankie Duson. They had another fellow, Dude [Gabriel] ^{→ Doubtful - Albert Gabriel was} who used to play drum there. He used to play snare drum in the street [brass bands] and traps there at night. He had one of those girls down there one night--she had given him money--she came in one night and stabbed him, killed him, upstairs in the club.

Mr. Russell asks if Frankie Duson had any other job, any trade. Love says he gambled. Love remembers ^{him} on Rampart Street one time, but thinks he was just a gambler, although he might have been a common bartender or something like that. Russell says Fess [Manetta] told him Frankie was a good ballplayer. Love doesn't remember Frankie playing ball, but there was a fellow here once who play'd so much ball they couldn't hit him in practice, sent him to Shreveport. He was a great spitball pitcher, was called Spitball Brown. Love and Douglas Williams made up a song about Spitball Brown. Upon request by Mr. Allen, Love hums this song.

Mr. Allen asks Love what tempo he would use to play

"Indian Sagway." Love scats this.

Love finished "Indian Sagway." Says you can hardly tell the difference between this and "That's A-Plenty," unless you play both of them right. Scats "That's A-Plenty." Love says they started playing "That's A-Plenty" in Buddy Petit's time. "Indian Sagway" came first, but couldn't be played unless you could read music. So the fellows who couldn't read and therefore couldn't play it began to play "That's A-Plenty" in imitation of "Indian Sagway." They sound different if you play them both right. "But if you're just going to hit at both of them, you're going to play both of them at the same time, because you're going to get them mixed up."

Love tells how he and Big Eye Louis played "Three O'Clock in the Morning" and "Ting-A-Ling" simultaneously, for devilment. Love would be playing "Three O'Clock in the Morning;" Louis would play "Ting-A-Ling." A policeman, who used to come to the Bungalow, where they were playing, made a bet with some other fellow about what they were playing. Each of the men put up \$2.00. The policeman was sure they were playing "Three O'Clock in the Morning." The other man was equally sure they were playing "Ting-A-Ling." They asked Louis to settle it by telling them what the band was playing. When Louis explained they were playing both numbers at the same time, they gave the bet to the band-- \$4.00 for the kitty. Love thought that combination was pretty, but you have to keep your mind on what you're doing, or you forget

and go the other fellow's way.

[Forrest]

Stormy Weathers and Little Willie were piano players. Love says they played boogie woogie and little jazz numbers, but neither one of them knew a whole lot about music. They played ragtime numbers their way. They could play the "St. Louis Blues" a little better, because they could understand it, but "Maple Leaf Rag" is a difficult piece.

Love discusses the orchestration of "Maple Leaf Rag." The cornet is making what the violin makes in the standard rags, the clarinet and violin work together. Love has a different orchestration, in which the cornet has a counterⁿmelody. "You got to count and watch it, and it's full of syncopation. . . . That's a pure rag. But it's pretty when it's well played. I used to play that with the St. Joseph Band, a long time ago. Edward Duffy was the cornet player." Edward Duffy is Love's wife's half-brother. He played out of the corner of his mouth, right on the side, and he had a good tone. Love picked up a horn one day, put it "right along there" [side of his mouth?] and his father took it away from him, told him "If you can't play in the center of your mouth, don't play nowhere." "Smile when you play your horn, and get your lips in. A cornet is played with the lip, not blowing in there like you're blowing a bass horn or tuba or something. Your lip got to go in that mouthpiece, that's another thing." When Love first started playing, he played so hard, around Alexandria [Louisiana], he had a toothache.

Pulled one tooth, and it went over a little. He played a little on the side of his mouth, couldn't play right straight in front' his tooth would get sore, cause his lip to swell. If you just move the trumpet a hair, your lip will swell up, playing trumpet. If you don't move it no more, you will keep the tone and sound, but if you let it move too far, the jaw will work too much, if you don't use one jawbone right along with the other, you might as well quit.

Mr. Allen asks if the old-time cornet players had funny embouchures. Love says Manuel Perez was a nice loud cornet player, but he couldn't make the same notes he used to make after he lost a tooth. Perez said he would rather quit than have to learn all over how to play.

Mr. Russell says Bunk [Johnson] played over on one side; some people say this is because when he started to lose his teeth, they went on one side first.

Love says when you lose your teeth, the gum has no protection, gets sore when you play. But if you give the gum protection [false teeth] you can play. "That's why I can play with these teeth. The doctor fixed them just like--"

END OF REEL III