

Joyful, Joyful!

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First Edition

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Introduction

Hey there everybody
Please don't romp or roam
We're a little nervous
'Cause we're so far from home
So this is what we do
Sit back and let us groove
And let us work on you
We've all spent years preparing
Before this band was born
With heaven's help it blended
And we do thank the Lord.
Now we put you through the changes
And turned around the mood
We hope it's struck you different
And hope you feel moved
So forget about your troubles
As we search for something new
And we play for you

Around the end of the 1960s, I was living in Buffalo and I put an album I had just purchased onto my turntable. It was *Chicago Transit Authority* by the musicians of the same name – the first and last record by the group with that moniker. As you can guess, the group was from Chicago and it wasn't long before the band changed their name to simply, Chicago. This was due to possible legal action from the actual Chicago Transit Authority of that city.

The first cut on the album was the title at the top of this page and really rocked – this was quite a while before the advent of compact discs (CDs). From what I heard, I had a feeling this group was going to the top and that's what they did. It wasn't many years before they released the album, *Chicago XXXIII*, which most Romans know was their thirty-third offering. They didn't stop there.

I loved this album, which I no longer own – I do have it on CD. It was a breakthrough because it blended rock music and jazz, with blues, highlighted by the sound of the horns. One song on the

record – actually it was a two-record release – was a song, *Free Form Guitar*, which I usually skip since it's nothing more than guitar feedback. Was it music? People will debate that and this book will talk a little about it as well.

I had an idea for a book about music some time ago with *joy* in the title. The work was to have two parts, each about brave people facing tough medical challenges. Half of the book would be about people I knew or heard about, while the other part would concern itself with musicians. That book never happened, but in late 2012, I still wanted to write a book about music, so late in the year I started on it.

Since every book has a beginning, mine would tell how I came about to have such a great love of music, including a few circumstances that were important as well as two influential people who weren't making a living in that field. I start with my childhood – that's where it all began – but continue with the years that followed in other chapters. I mentioned my first move away from Buffalo and the fact that I left with my stereo, but no television – another very significant detail.

I also had to talk briefly about the giants of the music industry: those who performed as well as those without which the music scene wouldn't be what it is today, even if they were disc jockeys, also known as DJs. The term *disc jockey* appeared in print in *Variety Magazine* in 1941. The list of people who could be discussed was so extensive that I couldn't include them all so I settled on a handful. Since music is such a vast subject, I narrowed the book down to music thirty or forty years on either side of the year 1950. I'm not a fan of all types of song, so those were left out. I only estimated when music began, but had a few words to say about just what music is.

Being a famous musician had its down sides. If the person or her parents experienced the Great Depression, it certainly had a great effect on both generations. Getting from one gig to the next was hazardous – including the boredom of being on the road. Many performers died in airplane or automobile crashes. The characters that an artist met were unhealthy as alcohol, drugs and deprivation were always close by. Racism, anti-Semitism and discrimination closed in on many musicians as they tried to make the big time. Once reaching those heights, riches and power led to

the downfall of many. Nervous breakdowns arose. Throw in the paparazzi, crazy fans, stalkers and the stew is almost unfit for human consumption.

In the time period considered for the book, I noticed three things in music: revolution, evolution and fusion. These are not limited to the twentieth century, either, since the first days of music way back, it encompassed at least one of these three. Evolution occurred when honky tonk turned into jazz or blues became rock and roll, although each of these probably should be also considered fusion. The songs of Phil Ochs, Joe Hill and countless others gave us revolution, but fusion, too. When different types of music blend together, creating different sounds, the result is fusion. Jazz-fusion was only one type. What musicians have created for a long time exhibits evolution, fusion and revolution. It is obvious that this has continued even today.

From reading the book, you'll have a good idea of my favorite artists and my favorite kind of music. Throughout the narrative, I mention people I've seen perform and there's even a list of the others who I was fortunate to see and hear. As far as a favorite song, I could never limit it to just one. In fact giving my top fifty tunes wouldn't be any easier. With regards to the songs I hated the most, I have a few but on hearing different artists perform them, I realized it wasn't the song, but the musicians doing it.

The appendix has a few related movies that might strike your fancy, even if you don't listen to a great deal of music. For further information on some of the musicians I talked about, there's a list of books that might interest you. In researching this book, not only did I obtain facts and anecdotes, but also learned a great deal in this project, which was thoroughly a joy for me.

As far as the cover of the book goes, despite my troubles with using the word *joy* in the title of the second edition of my cookbook, I decided on having it as part of the title here. You can read more about these adventures at my web site, bobcooks.com by clicking on [information](#) under my cookbook. Covering happiness and the power of music can also be found in *Joyful, Joyful!*

The song, *Joyful, Joyful* from the soundtrack of the movie, *Sister Act II* starring Whoopi Goldberg, really rocks. The St. Francis Choir helps out and you can experience classical music,

gospel, pop, rap, rock and music from a soundtrack all at the same time. Henry van Dyke wrote the poem, *Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee* in 1907, which is identified as *Ode to Joy* of the last movement of *Symphony Number Nine* by Ludwig van Beethoven.

1. Beginnings

When I kiss you, I feel a thousand different feelings.
I'm covered with chills all over my body.
And while I feel them, I quickly try to decide which one
I should try to put into words, oh no,
Try to put into words.
Mostly I'm silent.
Only the beginning of what I want to feel forever.

I have to blame my love of music on my parents – they forced me to take violin lessons and dance ballet, which I hated. No, actually I did neither, and they weren't into that scene, but there was music in the homes in which my brothers and sister were raised. My mom and dad grew up during the Depression and they didn't have it easy, especially my father. Nonetheless, we always had food on the table, even liver – yuk – and warmth in those houses, even if we weren't part of the one percent.

We had a few radios wherever where we resided, and every Sunday we were treated to a few hours of *Stan Jasinski's Polka Beehive*. That may be where I developed my taste for rock music as well as the appreciation of the sound of saxes, trumpets and other brass. There was a bit of big band music, or at least some jazz in the songs of the times, which could be heard on radio and later on TV in a show called *Your Hit Parade*. The radio version was on the radio from 1935 to 1955, while that on the boob tube aired during the decade of the 1950s. You could hear the popular songs of the day at the top of the charts on either version. The tunes on the television program were performed by Dorothy Collins, Snooky Lanson, Gisele MacKenzie and Russell Arms – I don't quite remember him.

Since *Your Hit Parade* could be heard or seen for almost a quarter century, the types of music covered included big band, rhythm and blues, doo-wop, soul, jazz, pop and even rock and roll since Elvis was already involving his pelvis. We started to hear from the Everly Brothers, Jerry Lee Lewis, Bill Haley and the Comets, Chubby Checker, James Brown, Jackie Wilson, the Platters, the Mills Brothers, Buddy Holly, Chuck Barry, Sarah

Vaughn and Dinah Washington. There were plenty of others whom we listened to and cherished.

In many instances, the featured artist didn't limit his or her performance to a single type of music, but crossed over. The song, *This is My Beloved*, may not have been on *Your Hit Parade*, but Mario Lanza made it popular in 1956. It was from the 1953 musical, *Kismet*, but the tune was more or less stolen from Borodin's *String Quartet in D*. In this case, listeners received a taste of Broadway, classical as well as pop. Billy Vaughn's version of *Sail Along Silvery Moon* in the late 1950s showcased both pop and jazz. This was something that was repeated over the years and it continues today. This was a fusion of music, even though it would be a few years before the public knew it as such. I'll have more to say on this later.

In grade school, I sang in the church choir – thank the Lord I didn't have any solos – but that was my musical involvement in that school, which was associated with Resurrection Roman Catholic Church. We didn't do a performance of *Hair* for a few reasons: we had no musical director; I doubt that Pastor Jim would have been too happy with that play; it didn't come out until more than a decade later; the students may not have had to wear uniforms, but they were too well dressed. I also joined the Boy Scouts of America: Troop 161. We did a lot of singing at meetings and campouts.

I haven't ever watched the television show, *Glee*, but in St. Mary's High School – it wasn't on any hill and we didn't do drugs so the *high* part of the name may have been a bit off – I sang in the glee club. For one Christmas production, we sang, *An Old Fashioned Christmas* as well as *The Night Before Christmas*. There were a few other selections but I can't recall what they were. Those two songs I liked but I rarely hear them on the radio today during yuletide. I guess I have to head over to Amazon.com. The high school also put on musical productions of *The King and I* and *Finian's Rainbow*, but on the recommendation of the director, I was only on the stage crew. I played a very small part in *The Merchant of Venice*, but that may have been written before music came on the scene since it didn't have any singing or dancing.

Every so often, the school had Friday night dances so we had a chance to impress the girls with our Fred Astaire and Gene

Kelly impersonations, and of course we heard plenty of music. That may have been an exaggeration but at least we got out on the dance floor and did *The Stroll*. At that time, I can't remember doing *The Charlestown* and certainly not the *Bump* or the *Chicken Dance*.

I was very fortunate to be growing up in Buffalo, New York, even though we receive over 300 inches of snow per year – more anywhere else on the planet. Usually it isn't all melted until August. Actually the snow has usually melted by April and ski country south of the city receives the brunt of the snow, but certainly not the amount I mentioned above. The first statement about *fortune* is a fact because Western New York has and still is at the front of the music scene. It certainly was at the time of my years in school before college as music came to us by way of programs on the radio, such as the *Hi-Teen* show with Bob Wells. His program on WEBR radio was somewhat similar to the television show, *American Bandstand* with Dick Clark and was the model for it. We were also blessed with quite a few DJs such Tom Shannon, Joey Reynolds, Dick Biondi, Fred Klestine, Lucky Pierre – I don't think he was really from France since he wasn't a Conehead – Russ The Moose Syracuse, Perry Allen, Dan Neaverth and Tom Clay. These pioneers spun the hits and they introduced us to many of artists we had never heard of – some made it big, while others may only have had a single hit, if they were lucky.

Besides, WEBR, some of the other AM giants of the airways in Buffalo at the time were WBNY, WXRA, WJL, WWOL, WINE – it's not what you might imagine – and WYSL. I remember this last station playing a cross between classical and hit instrumentals of the day – music I appreciated. Between songs, some suave DJ would say something like, *as the sun sets on the inner harbor, WYSL presents candlelight and gold*. I thought a good parody night have been, *as the sun sets on a drunk downtown, WYSL presents moonshine and the blues*.

George *The Hound* Lorenz

Maybe the leader of all these stations was WKBW, with 52,000 watts of power. Known to us as *KB*, it was heard in twenty states and Canada, our close neighbor. WYSL did try to take this

powerhouse on, but never succeeded. You probably heard about *Wolfman Jack*, but not a DJ who could have been a cousin, George Lorenz. Listeners knew him as *The Hound* or *Hound Dog*. Born in Buffalo in 1919, he was six months short of a high school diploma, but sickness prevented that from happening.

Lorenz began his music days on the air at WXRA but didn't last long because of the hits he spun. He then joined WJLL and played the music he wanted, developing a devoted audience. Being a big fan of Hank Williams, Sr., he simultaneously promoted a show in nearby Tonawanda. While at WJLL in 1951, he became known as *Hound Dog*, a name that came from the expression, *doggin' around*. As the Saturday, February 20, 1971 issue of the Buffalo Evening News relates in George's own words,

"One of the jive expressions at the time was if you were *hangin'* around the corner, you were *doggin'* around. So I'd come on and say 'Here I am to dog around for another hour.' That's how they got to call me the hound dog."

While at WJLL, *Hound Dog* was also on the air in Cleveland, Ohio from 1953 to 1955. In 1955, Lorenz became a part of WKBW and soon his show was syndicated. He eventually went to station WINE until 1960. After that he started World Wide Programming, where he continued to syndicate the *Hound Dog Show*. In December 1964, when WBLK 93.7 FM started broadcasting, *Hound Dog* had his own house in which to rock, into which he put his heart and soul for about eight years. He had planned to return to school to finish and get that diploma, but that never happened as he passed away in his sleep on May 29, 1972. He died much too young.

I've already mentioned the influence of Stan Jasinski, and his polka music, but *Ramblin'* Lou Schriver made his mark as one of the North's best-known country-western stars. If I'm not mistaken, his wife attended the same grade school in Cheektowaga that I did. Station WUFO was a leader of the nation in black-oriented music, hosted by Eddie O'Jay, *Sunny* Jim Kelsey and Frankie Crocker. For a history of traditional rhythm and blues and early rock and roll in Buffalo, check out the book, *Don't Bother Knockin' – This Town's A Rockin'* by Patti Meyer Lee and Gary Lee.

As you can see, by this time, I had been introduced to many different types of music. We didn't have MP3 players – not even MP1 types – nor the ability to download music from the Internet, but there was a small personal device called the transistor radio, which we could carry in our pockets, coming in handy if you wanted to listen to a World Series baseball game. At one time those games were played while the sun was still shining. The transistor radio foreshadowed many ways of listening to music in years to come. At the time, the only boom box we may have been familiar with was the one found in the 1955 movie, *Kiss Me Deadly*, which starred Ralph Meeker and introduced us to Cloris Leachman and Maxine Cooper.

As you may have noticed, I played no piano or guitar, nor any other musical instrument. Mine was my voice, even if I didn't do any soloing. I've always felt comfortable within the shelter of a group. That way there you could always blame someone else for your wrong notes. It wasn't that hard to do. I enjoyed singing as well as listening to various types of music. The hits of the day were on single records that played at 45 revolutions per minutes (rpm) – each disk had one song per side with a hit side and another selection on the flip side, which may have also sold quite a few copies, sometimes bigger than the featured song. The long-playing microgroove 78 rpm record was introduced by Columbia Records in 1948, mostly featuring classical music. This led the way for 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm vinyl records, which were in monaural at first and then in stereo – quite an improvement.

Before the small disks and the long-playing record, you could listen to music on cylinders, provided you had the hardware to do that. If so, the sound wasn't very good. It wouldn't have mattered to people who were hard of hearing or if you didn't mind the scratching feature. What was to follow became the standard over time. Besides stereo records, you could also buy records in quadrasonic sound. I had a record that was either of that type or something similar, but since I didn't have the special technology to play it, it didn't sound any different to me.

By the time I got to college, I didn't own any long-playing (LP) 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ records although I may have had a few single 45s, but I'm not sure on what I played them. Around this time my parents bought a stereophonic console, so I had an excuse to buy some

LPs. This was either at the time I was in college or later at the university. I only bought two or three to start and added little by little to the collection. One of the albums was by the 101 Strings titled, *Exodus And Other Great Movie Themes*. Besides the main theme from the movie *Exodus*, also featured were *Karen* from that same movie as well as the themes from *The Sundowners*, *The Apartment* and *Dangerous Moonlight*, which many might recognize as the *Warsaw Concerto*. Another one of my first record purchases was on Time Records, which also featured songs from flicks. I believe that Doc Severinsen played on that one. My initial records featured some classical, music from the movies, a taste of jazz and pop. Blues and rock would follow.

I vividly remember putting on a record late at night at my parents' house – low volume of course – and truly enjoying hearing all three channels of stereo, left, right and the middle. That third channel was a bonus created from the other two. You can imagine how many channels you could hear listening to a record in quadraphonic.

At Canisius College, I joined the glee club, which rehearsed every Tuesday night. On the initial day of practice, the first song we rehearsed – for some of us it was learned – was *Let There Be Music*, an absolutely beautiful and harmonic work. This song was not the same one that Orleans recorded – they came up with theirs way after we sang it. Quite a few years after that rehearsal, I sang this glee club song with our singing group in a joint concert of men's choruses. Even without practice, I recalled the harmonies as well as all the words. Some things you just don't forget.

My college glee club was one of the few breaks I had at that time. I went to school full-time and worked part-time in a supermarket. Since my grades weren't that outstanding – I did get my degree, though – maybe I should have skipped joining that musical group. But as they say, "All work and no play certainly isn't the way," so I'm glad I didn't quit the glee club. Our group sang at old folks homes, high schools and colleges – for women, of course – and for the underprivileged in different homes. Each spring we put on a concert. During my first three years it was at the renowned Kleinhans' Music Hall in the city. During my senior

year we performed it in the student union, which had just been completed.

Through the glee club I saw New York City for the first time in the spring of my freshman year. As a sophomore the group traveled to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania followed by two more jaunts to Sin City. During the first three trips, we were in competition with other glee clubs and I remember that we sang at a temple in Pennsylvania. The last college trip to New York enabled us to sing at the World's Fair in Flushing, New York. We sang outdoors – it was really wide open – and it was cold and I wonder how anyone heard us because of how we were standing in such an open space. We could barely hear ourselves. Nonetheless, those years were a great time of camaraderie and harmony. The songs we sang included religious selections, such as *Wade in De Water* and *Soon Ah Will Be Done*. Certain members of our group sang popular songs with their own words. We couldn't very well perform these in church, or even in concert. A few years after graduation I attended a Peter Nero concert at Kleinhans Music Hall. The great musician mentioned that he'd like to do a semi-religious tune. He then played *Mrs. Robinson*, the song from the movie, *The Graduate*, made famous by Simon and Garfunkel.

During those undergraduate years, three other guys and I sang in a barbershop group, The Uncalled Fo(u)r. I recall two of the selections the quartet sang were *East Side*, *West Side* and *Aura Lee*. The latter was a Civil War tune and a huge hit by Elvis Presley – at least the melody was the same – which he released as *Love Me Tender*, shortly before he performed it on the *Ed Sullivan Show* on September 9, 1956. Not long after, a movie of the same name hit the silver screen. Our quartet sang a few times with the glee club because at least once, our director introduced us as The Unnamed Four – not quite the name we choose, but close.

This was the beginning of my experience with the world of music. The title of the chapter is also the third song on the double-record set of the Chicago Transit Authority, with some of the words from that song at the top. Specifically, it's the last cut on side one of the first of two disks. There's only one CD since one of those devices can handle almost eighty minutes of music. The song ends with an extended percussion solo.

2. Transfusion

[Zoom]

Tooling down the highway doing 79

I'm a twin pipe papa and I'm feelin' fine

Hey man dig that was that a red stop sign

[Screech, bang, tinkle]

Transfusion, transfusion

I'm just a solid mess of contusions

Never, never, never gonna speed again

Slip the blood to me, Bud

I jump in my rod about a quarter to nine

I gotta make a date with that chick of mine

I cross the center line man you gotta make time

[Screech, bang, tinkle]

Transfusion, transfusion

In 1956, Nervous Norvus released a song whose lyrics you see above – with special verbal effects in brackets. After reading these lyrics, you can see that it's a very happy tune. The last six letters of the title of the chapter and this really disgusting song describes a type of music, specifically, fusion, which can be described as a blending of two or more styles of music. The rock group Chicago was one set of musicians that combined rock and jazz, but you'll also see some more of the same as musical groups combine classical and folk as well. Chicago was only one of the many musical artists that featured the horn section. Others include Blood, Sweat and Tears, The Flock, Chase, Dreams, featuring the Brecker Brothers – Mike on Sax and Randy on trumpet – The Ides of March and Tower of Power.

I saw Blood, Sweat and Tears (BS&T) perform on Long Island with lead singer Jerry Fisher in the 1970s as well as at the Syracuse State Fair a decade later. David Clayton-Thomas sang lead at the fair. The number of musicians who at one time played in BS&T seems never ending, including Al Kooper, Randy Brecker, Joe Henderson, Patti Austin, Eric Gale, Hugh McKracken, Jaco Pastorius, Steve Khan and Don Alias. Today, the group is still going strong with different personnel, including

David Aldo on vocals. In my music collection I have a half-dozen CDs of the group.

As the 1960s were fading into 1970, I saw a few favorable words about a Chicago band in *Stereo Review*. I decided to buy the album, *The Flock*, which also happened to be the name of the group. They really rocked and featured Fred Glickstein on lead vocals with two saxophones and a trumpet. Three others also harmonized with him, including Jerry Goodman, who played some guitar but mostly stood out on violin. He had a fine musical career afterwards. The group released their second record, *Dinosaur Swamps*, which I also bought. The first LP had a great version of The Kinks' 1965 hit, *Tired of Waiting For You*. I have neither record as I replaced them with their CD, *Flock Rock – The Best of The Flock* which has many of the selections from both LPs. Unfortunately, a fifteen-minute blues tune, *Truth*, is not included on the CD.

Tower of Power might be classified as soul, funk, R&B, jazz and jazz-funk. They seem to have been around forever – still performing after forty-four years. Their 1972 song, *So Very Hard to Go* made it to number eleven on the R&B chart and on the pop chart, it did very well, too. It's probably the song you know them by and has nothing to do with constipation. I have four of their CDs. The group Chase was formed in 1970 by Bill Chase, Alan Ware, Jerry Van Blair and Ted Piercefield, all veteran masters of the trumpet. Their debut album – which I have on CD – was *Chase*, which featured four trumpets and included their most popular song, *Get It On*. Popular with high school and college bands, it's heard at numerous football games. Sadly, Bill Chase died at the age of 39, with three other members of the band, in a plane crash on the way to a concert in Minnesota.

Jim Peterik, who wrote the song, *Boys and Girls Together* found on that CD, was also a member of the funk, rock, jazz-fusion group, The Ides of March. He wrote a few songs including the title song from the album, *Vehicle*, which soon became the fastest selling song in Warner's history. Peterik also co-wrote *Eye of the Tiger*, which was featured in the movie, *Rocky III*. In addition, he has also written songs for the Beach Boys, 38-Special and Lynyrd Skynyrd. I think this group without a vowel in its name has to be classified as a fusion group.

Living in Buffalo has another advantage being so close to Canada. It wasn't a long drive to Toronto so we managed to see a few good musical performers there. You could also hear music on the radio from our neighbor to the north. When I first heard a song by Lighthouse, I was really impressed – what a sound! The reason for the beautiful notes and harmonies was because this Canadian group had thirteen participants – a brass quartet, a string quartet and a rock quintet. That tells you that at least classical, jazz and rock music made up their repertoire. It didn't stop there, either. I saw the band at the Strawberry Fields Festival in Bowmanville, Ontario in 1970. Soon after that they appeared at the Isle of Wight Festival, where they were the only act – other than Jimi Hendrix – asked to perform a second night. Lighthouse made its debut a year earlier at the Rock Pile in Toronto and were introduced by Duke Ellington, who said, "I'm beginning to see the Light. . .house." I owned a few of their records but they were replaced with CDs of Lighthouse over the years.

Decades ago, I called one of the Buffalo radio stations and answered some music question correctly. I must have had a good knowledge of music then – today, that's no longer true. For being correct, they sent an album by the group, Chosen Few. Years later, I still have one of their songs on cassette. They were another jazz-rock group and I don't think they were very successful. There were other similar groups that utilized the horns, such as Little John, Seven, Puzzle, Uncle Chapin, Gas Mask, featuring Enrico Rava, the Crusaders, Archie Whitewater, Lucifer's Friend, Electric Flag and Sons of Champlin. For each of these I have at least a song or two on CD or cassette – perhaps a complete CD. Pacific Gas and Electric was another fusion group but I have no music of that group in my collection. The same is true of the group, Ambergris, which is reputed to be a great horn group that just didn't make it. I wonder if the rooster on the cover of their album had something to do with that.

I thought about classifying, in some degree, a few of the other fusion efforts, but that may not be wise or easy to do. I'll try anyway. Maynard Ferguson played an awesome trumpet – today a few approach the way he hit those high notes, but they don't quite match him. The people who come to mind are Wayne Bergeron, Doc Severinsen and Cuban born Arturo Sandoval. Ferguson played

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