

THE HOLLER

**Volume 27 No5 August/September
2020**

Editor- Chick Cavallero

Consider This

By Lionel Young

Lionel Young is perhaps the greatest performer in the history of the IBC. He is the only performer to win both the Solo Competition and the Band Competition at the Blues Foundation's International Blues Challenge. He did both representing the Colorado Blues Society. Racism has our world in turmoil and Lionel has witnessed this racism firsthand. This is Lionel's story...

Sometimes I forget who I am as a person. This exercise helps me to remember some important things about who I am.

I believe that this country is changing fast for the long haul. I think in the future, people will look back at this time as pivotal. Please



2013 KBA -BLUES SOCIETY OF THE YEAR

CELEBRATING OUR 25TH YEAR

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take what's happening now as an opportunity. This is a time for empathy. Try not to give in to fear and act from it.

The disease of racism in this country the United States of America affects me in several ways. It's not just as an African American that I'm affected by it. That's just the focus of the day.

A big part of me is Native American from my mother's side of my family; Cherokee to be exact. My grandfather was full blood Cherokee. It's a culture that has its own written language.

What that fact means to me is that I'm part American by blood. To me, all the people that came here that are of European descent are immigrants. Some of my ancestors are the people that were living here before any European immigrants came here.

If someone tells me to go back to where I came from, I can't. I came from here.

So consider this:

In my indigenous culture, there are no words for ownership of land. I think they had it right, that there really is no ownership of anything. So this is really my land...but in another way it isn't. This land belongs to no man. It's no man's land. It's either that way or everything belongs to everyone.

No one can tell me that anyone else would have the right to be here and keep other people from coming here. All of this activity around keeping some people out or separating children from their parents or building a wall means nothing. The reality is that people will eventually come here if they want to. You can't stop them, but you can delay them a little.

Has anyone noticed besides me, that right now, nobody wants Americans to visit them, and that fewer people want to come here because of this pandemic? There's a ban on Americans to travel to any EU country. That's not just a curious fact, but a warning. We all have to deal with karma. What you sow, you reap.

When I see people rally behind the flag and say that they are American, it gives me great pause. All the red, white and blue and fireworks, or the shooting off of cannons or guns on the 4th of July, and all of the history behind it means nothing to me and leaves me cold. So does all the hubbub about the national anthem and if players kneel or not. This country was built on top of the graves of my ancestors. They were wiped out, massacred. It was built on Genocide.

So, if you're a vet, and you risked your life and had friends that died fighting for this country, what did you fight and die for? Certainly not for me and all that I am. Not for my right to live my life. Not for my freedom. Not for my parents and not my children.

I write this from a place that trumps the morality of the current political facade.

For those of you that don't know me, please allow me to reintroduce myself. My name is Lionel Young. Most of you know me as a musician. I come from quite a mix of cultures and have a diverse genealogy. From African to Native American, Scottish, Irish, French and Jewish. I'm more than my parts. I belong to the Human race. I can be a friendly and nice musician that sings Kumbaya, and says love your neighbor, turn the other cheek and all that. Or, I can be a mean, angry SOB radical with skills and a ton of ammo that will warm my hands on your burning ashes if pushed. What I'll be depends on what confronts me. I could go either way.

My life matters.

Feel that.

Watching the George Floyd video was for me watching a snuff film. A snuff film actually depicts someone getting murdered or losing their life for real. What I saw was a man losing his life violently with no chance to breathe and no advocate for him in a police uniform. It was sadistic. At one point, while the officer was still kneeling on his neck, they checked for a pulse and didn't feel one. Following that, the officer who was relaxed and sometimes with his hand in his pocket, still kneeled on Floyd's neck with all of his weight for the vital minutes afterward. Too clearly, those officers had no consideration for the life they were smothering out as if it meant less than nothing to them. It seemed more important to them to not be influenced by the pleas of bystanders to get off of his neck and to let him breathe, to let him live. That was what was alarming about that situation. That's why it was pivotal. Everyone could see it. There was no gray area. It was all too clear. It was a real live snuff film with racist overtones. That affected me. I watched it over and over.

It affected me even more-so with the police encounter that caused the death of Elijah McClain in Aurora, CO. I didn't know Elijah personally. I was asked to take part in the violin vigil a few weeks ago that was held in his honor. I gladly took part even though it started violently with a clash with police in riot gear with batons, with tear gas & pepper spray. It was much closer to home to me with it happening in Aurora and the fact that he played the violin. I saw this very morning that they had an Elijah McClain violin vigil in Chicago. I think that's great. I'm glad that it happened again somewhere else. I'm proud that I took part in the original. The original was very beautiful and powerful even with what happened with the riot police. I can easily put myself in his shoes. What happened to him could have happened to me. It did happen to me in a way in Memphis. It's worth sharing, partly because I want to see this kind of violence stop.

When I was approached to do this article, I found it to have the potential to be positive, but only if I could be totally honest. If I'm not, it won't be of any use. I want to have a healing effect, not only with the music I play, but in the words I use here. I pray for the strength to help that happen. I hope it's not censored, and that what I'm trying to communicate isn't stifled. A lot of the following I've never shared.

When I started playing the blues, I had no idea that it would lead me into racially charged situations and into harm's way. I've loved the blues all my life. I just loved the way it sounded and how it made me feel. I felt it deeply. I have a closeness to Blues music that came long ago from situations around my family. I know that I'll never face the kind of racism that my parents faced, but unfortunately, I feel like I'm catching up. I love and appreciate them for finding a way through those situations and for protecting us as much as they could. Both of my parents sheltered us from it in a way. That being so, I wasn't really aware of the extent that racism existed. My parents probably had the hope that things around racism in this country would change. I'm sure that my parents had hope that racism would skip my generation so that their children wouldn't have to deal with it. Unfortunately, that scenario was not to be. It's so entwined in the fabric of this country's history, that I've had to deal with it as well.

Blues and Gospel music had been a big part of what I was exposed to all my life, as far back as I could remember. I hold on to a feeling that I have a vested interest to make sure that when I hear that music, it's done in a good way. If it's not, I don't want to be around it. I can't. If I'm around it, and it's not correct, it hurts me.

I heard from my dad's family that my uncle Charlie (my father's older brother) used to play good boogie woogie piano, though I never heard him play. My Dad's family was from New Orleans. Once, when my grandmother died, I went there with my dad to help out. We went a few days before the rest of the family arrived for the funeral. My uncle along with my cousin Ricky, took me with them around the city to see some of my uncle's favorite piano players. Some of it was in the French Quarter. My uncle and cousin were under strict orders not to take me to the French Quarter. I was supposed to tell my aunt if they did. I had to swear to my cousin and uncle that I wouldn't tell the rest of the family where they took me in order to have the privilege to go with them.

I remember seeing James Booker and Professor Longhair on the same night, and two others on another night. I think that as an impressionable kid, the atmosphere and the music stuck with me. It was awesome. It was also pretty dangerous to be honest. There were some things I shouldn't have seen.

If I hadn't gone with them both those nights, I don't know if my life would be on this Blues path in the way that it is. It affected what kind of music really goes deep in me. A little later, I really educated myself and listened to a large volume and variety of music. Some of that went really deep in me as well.

Eventually, I learned that the kind of music didn't matter as much as if the music was good or bad. For me, I simplified how I looked at music. It's either good or bad. With good music, I listen to it, and sometimes study in order to find out what makes it so good. Bad music I avoid or get away from.

I was really innocent about the role race played in this country and Blues music history until I became more of a part of it. I wish I was still innocent, but I'm not. Even as a two-time IBC winner, racism still rears its ugly head from time to time.

One of my experiences with it began at the 2008 IBC in Memphis. It was February 1 late in the afternoon around 4:30 PM. Back then, the competition took place in three days: Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. That Friday afternoon, I decided to go see the civil rights museum. It's at the Lorraine motel, where Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated. I knew I had to get back to Beale Street pretty soon afterward, and that my time was limited. When I rounded the corner and first saw the motel, I saw a wreath on the second level that marked where Dr. King was standing when he was shot. As soon as I saw it, I knew what it symbolized. It felt like I was punched in the gut. I lost it and hit the ground. I couldn't get up for a while. I wept heavily for a long time. Before I was at the sight, I had no expectation of how heavily being there would impact me. It was a lot for me. I felt almost as if it just happened, and I felt a lot of grief. I felt the jealousy mixed with hatred that was behind it. From that moment for the next few hours, I didn't want to see or hear anyone that would remind me of James Earl Ray. That meant any white men. I needed to be far away from them for a while. I was looking in their faces to see if they had the kind of personality that would kill a guy like Dr. King.

I realized that I was wrong about how I felt about achieving goals. I used to think that it was hip to be the kind of person that had a will so strong that you'd have to kill them to stop them. I realized there and then that enough people died for those causes. With all of these cases like George Floyd's popping up with incidence of black people that died at the hand of white cops, it seemed like a contagious disease. I guess there had to be quite a few more highly visible deaths to make the big difference. That was the price. I'm just thankful that my life wasn't part of the price for this change thus far.

In my family, there's a direct connection to MLK. An example of that is that my brother-in-law Dr Alvin Poussaint, marched with King. Because he was an M.D. as a psychiatrist, the march organizers had him carrying a medical bag with first aid stuff in it, just case something happened to King, or anyone marching near King. He wasn't supposed to march near King, because if there was a shooting, the organizers knew that King and the people around him would be targets. There was strategic thought that by chance he could be injured or killed as well, if he was too physically close to King. Fortunately, nothing happened beside a few rock-throwing incidents while he was marching (so he said). Maybe more than today, it was a dangerous time. Death wasn't too far away at any time. Those people clearly knew that they were risking their lives for a just cause. They were very brave.

Anyway, after being at the museum, I had to go back to Beale St. and play right away, without time to decompress or get something to eat. I thought about withdrawing from the competition, because I'd be damned if I got up there and started weeping. Such was the feeling I carried that night. My former plans for my performance that night were scrapped. I thought that I had to play music that dealt with my newfound feelings in that moment. I came up with some compromises in what I selected to play. I wanted to play to do well in the challenge, but also honestly communicate the new feelings I felt at that moment.

I remember feeling really angry, and not wanting to speak to anyone about it. This was at a place called the Tap Room. Shortly after I arrived at the Tap Room, I noticed that most of the contestants put their instruments in a large pile to the left of the stage. Shortly after putting my instruments there, I saw a drunk couple (that was dancing) trip over some of the instruments. I think I yelled something to them, trying to make sure that they didn't trip over the instruments again. They apologized but I was seeing red. Just in time another participating musician of Native American descent by the name of Cody LePow, caught up to me and asked me if I was OK, and if I wanted a Pepsi or something. I said yes and he got me a Coke. He told me that I looked like I was gonna rip the drunk guy's head off (that tripped over our instruments). I was really in a bad way. I told Cody that I was thinking of withdrawing from the challenge and that I didn't think I could play. Cody then went on to tell me, that he didn't feel like he had a chance in this contest, because he didn't play well the first night. He said to me, "You, you could win the whole thing. You have a shot. You shouldn't withdraw."

After I drank the Coke, I immediately felt better. I realized I hadn't eaten much that day. After listening to Cody, I decided to remain in the challenge, so I made an effort to get ready to play. That was a very difficult task, but it was doable.

I noticed that there were a lot of people streaming into the Tap Room for some reason not known to me then. Later on, I found out that the word on Beale Street spreads like wildfire. At the IBC, if people hear somebody good that they like, they tell everybody else by cell phone or word of mouth.

When it came time to play, I remember staring at the judges, not blinking, and singing a song about being mad. That was true to how I felt at that moment. The performance was ok to pretty good. I had so much nervous energy, that at times I was shaking. I was lucky just to be able to sing a little, and work my hands, so that it didn't sound like total garbage. Playing earlier in the day really saved my ass. I relied on that prep a lot.

The truth was, that going into this challenge, I thought I didn't have a chance, no matter how I played. I thought it was fixed. When I went down there, I didn't have very much money, and I wasn't able to afford advertisements in the brochure for the IBC event. I kept seeing one person's face in some big two-page advertisements and thought that it was fixed for him. I knew that it cost something like \$1000 a page for those ads.

If racism played a part in it, I thought they'd rather go for the tall blond kid rather than me, so I fortified myself emotionally against that kind of disappointment. I told myself that I was really coming to Memphis mainly to visit the Civil Rights Museum, and secondarily to take part in this challenge. Sadly, that kind of psychological maneuvering wasn't unusual for me. I could tell you stories of other opportunities in my life that I lost out on because of racism. It's not just in this situation. Eventually that person in the ads became a good friend of mine. His name was John Alex Mason (RIP). Before the finals, during orientation, I met him. Ours was to be a good friendship that extends past his life, which ended prematurely in October of 2011.

After my set, as many of the people left, and I was tearing down (getting off of the stage), there was a guy that wanted to talk with me. I was still angry from the Civil Rights museum visit. I told him that I didn't want to talk with him. I even told him to get the fuck away from me. I wanted to avoid any and all contact with white men that night, especially drunk ones. I was in the wrong place for that.

I could see that he was drinking shots. Then, something inside told me to speak with him, and not to be closed off when I do. I'm glad I listened to that inner voice, because the guy I met was a guy by the name of Watermelon Slim, a wonderful blues man in his own right. I'm glad I listened to him because he softened my stance before it became hardened. He told me that he really enjoyed and felt my set. His words and the way he said them changed my attitude.

There was hope that was born there. A good feeling that melted my hardening heart and snapped me out of that dark space. I believe that today there's hope. I believe that we as people might have an opportunity move forward together in a more awake way. Otherwise it'll be the same old story again of hopelessness, division, war and genocide.

Later that year in May, I got to play before the Blues Music Awards in Tunica Mississippi as part of the prize package for winning the IBC that year. I met a guy there for the first time, that was the head of another Blues society in CO. A few days later, I helped him get in contact with the CBS, where he became a prominent member. I won't mention his name, but I remember it well. Many of you reading this knew him. I feel strongly that if I don't say anything about this, I will do a greater disservice to myself and everyone. It's important to mention this here.

I found out quickly that this person was racist, especially towards me. Of that fact, there is no doubt. Some of you may disagree with me, and think that he wasn't a racist, but you just didn't see it. I know that part of it had to do with how he was brought up. It was his attitude toward me that I found to be offensive. Especially when it didn't have to be. There's certain information that I could share but won't here. I'm holding back so that he may rest in peace for real.

There were things I heard about, and things he did that were blatantly racist towards me. I feel that I did nothing to deserve being treated that way.

Part of the problem was in how we first met, and the fact that he was financing for John Alex Masons trip and the ads in the IBC brochure. Both John Alex and I made it to the finals in the solo duo division in 2008. Fortunately for me, I won that year much to my surprise. An awesome musician from Florida by the name of Ben Prestige came in 2nd place.

Not long afterwards, somehow, word got around to me that this person was telling other people that the reason I won was because I was playing a "novelty instrument".

I took offense to that, because the violin isn't a novelty instrument in the Blues. It's always been there from the beginning. It's an integral part of the history of the music. Just listen to early Muddy or Charley Patton or early Count Basie. It's there. It's not a new thing. Also, I worked really hard to get to where I was, and where I am now, playing music and the Blues. I had a habit (some would call it an addiction) of working hard daily toward getting better, that extends to this day. It was a labor of love.

I'm certain that not many others put in the kind of sustained effort over time into learning and playing music (including the Blues) as I have. Talent is 99% hard work after all. I do take pride in what I do. No one can diminish it or take that away from me.

I understand that part of his angst was a reaction to him having a personal and financial stake in John Alex. Starting from the day we met on Feb 2, 2008, John Alex and I were cool. Winning and losing didn't matter so much to us. Our friendship did. If John Alex had no problem or prejudice toward me, then why should this person?

I'll admit for the first time, that part of why I entered the challenge again in 2011 with my band, was to prove this person wrong. To prove that what I did was strong enough in the Blues, that it couldn't be denied. If he wanted to discredit it, he was in the minority. This wasn't the only reason, but it was one of them.

I know that he was racist from his actions and his own mouth, from what he said to me himself. I won't get specific as to exactly what he said. I won't dignify it by repeating it. It was disrespectful and disheartening to me.

The thing that upset me, was that he didn't bother to get to know me, and he assumed a lot. Once you show me that you are a racist, all access to me usually closes off, so that you can't hurt me.

Before he died, this person and I seemed to get a little closer. We were able to speak some. I tried to put some of this ill will behind us. I was determined to try to turn our relationship into something positive. That was a challenge. I don't think we fully got there, but there was an effort by both of us. Some of that effort had to do with his charity organization. I donated some instruments to the kids in his organization. I also tried to secure a \$50,000 donation to his charity, but it was denied. While that \$ didn't come through, what did come was the desire to be in a better place by both of us.

I really liked the idea behind his charity. Ours was a flawed relationship, but I think he'd tell you that we were in a better place before he died.

When I was approached to do this article, I struggled with it because I take the topic of Blues music and how it relates to today's racial issues very seriously. I would like to share a little about how this present movement may complete (hopefully) what MLK started. This action is continuing now because what King started wasn't finished.

In order to do this piece, I agreed to not endorse a political candidate in the upcoming election. I haven't. It was also suggested to me not to advocate for any organizations that don't have anything to do with the ultimate mission of the Holler or the CBS. I don't believe that what I'm mentioning goes against that suggestion. I believe that black lives do matter. This is especially true in Blues history. To be clear, I'm not expressing my advocacy for the formal organization "Black Lives Matter", but it is true that black lives do matter. It's not a matter of degree, like black lives matter either more or less than any other group of people.

In order to write this, and in order to do anything good at all when looking at this topic, I've got to be free to honestly express myself. To me, some of these suggestions border on censorship. Know that I tried to respect those boundaries as much as I could.

There are serious racial issues within the blues world and in my life. We as people can be better as human beings than we've been. There's almost always been a racial component to the Blues world as we've known it. They even used to call it race music to market it in the early 1900's.

There's tension that comes from not enough credit going to the black people that invented the genre. This music wouldn't have been so special if it didn't have within it certain things that were unique and important to the black experience. Those characteristics won't be mentioned in the settlement involving money or royalties that come well after the music or lyrics were ripped off.

To me, music is not property. It's personal. I think that it's something on a spiritual level that can't be stolen.

Eventually the truth will come to light. It doesn't take much digging to find the true origins to anything these days.

What do Jimmy Rodgers, Pat Boone, Elvis, SRV, Jerry Lee Lewis, Eric Clapton, George Thorogood, Janis Joplin, Susan Tedeschi, & Duane Allman have in common? The simple answer is that they're all white and they all play Blues-based music. What do Little Richard, Reverend Gary Davis, Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, Albert King, Pete Johnson, Jimi, John Lee Hooker, Bessie Smith, Memphis Minnie, & Blind Willie Johnson have in common? The answer is that they're black, and they were all Blues innovators. The others clearly imitated the innovators.

That not entirely a bad thing. I too copied musicians and music that I loved. I still do. That's some of how I learned it. I don't deny that some great Blues based music was made by white musicians, but it wouldn't be what it is without the black musicians that preceded them.

My point is that they matter. They aren't validated just because somebody white played their music, though it is cool that someone would want to play it. This can't be skipped or glossed over. It's harder to invent something from scratch than to copy it.

In the Blues world, there's always some Great White Hope getting ready to take the Blues into the future. To me, that ends up almost always being a hoax. It's more so in the USA. Every town or region has the next SRV as if it was that simple. If you look at the history of Blues music, it seems like it's been that way for a long time. That's not a new thing. That was happening before Pat Boone.

I'm aware of the racial component that has been part of my experience playing Blues music. It's been part of my experience in too many events and circumstances, and in my relationship with the CBS.

It affects all of us, not just me. If you can get into sharing the winning or placing high in the IBC, and how good that feels, don't look away from rest of it. It's harder to look at, but it's a part of it as well.

I'm sure some think it's an advantage being black and taking part in the Blues or the IBC. It may be. I've thought that there might have been some element of truth to that. But if you could start your life over, how many people would choose to be black in America for life just to play the Blues or take part in the IBC. Not many I believe. Probably not any.

Know that it's not my intention to piss anyone off. Right now, I'd rather take that chance. Maybe I can be the difference. I'm sure some of what I expressed here can make a difference.

This writing wouldn't be complete without mentioning being stopped by the Memphis Police in 2011 before the 2nd night of the IBC. I know that many of you reading this are familiar with that story, so I'm not going to repeat it here. The long and short of it, is that I was stopped at gunpoint by the Memphis Police while running. They cuffed me claiming that I looked like a burglary suspect that they were searching for. Eventually with the help of my keyboard player Ricardo Pena and his girlfriend Rose (who are white), they let me go.

It could easily have been very different like what happened to George Floyd or Elijah McClain. That kind of situation was so fragile. In a way, I was fortunate that it happened. Some may not understand that. The experience gave me and my band a lot of energy and motivation.

Going into doing the IBC in 2011 with the band, I didn't have a plan B. I didn't need any more motivation. I was already highly motivated. I was well prepared before this police thing happened. After it happened, it became even more important to win to demonstrate that racism couldn't stop us. Not by the cops, and not by doubters, not by anyone. It became an outlet for my angst.

To me that whole experience was more a story of the triumph of the indomitable spirit than anything else. That experience can give a pessimist like me, hope for the future. These are obviously unprecedented times, but I believe that together if we survive it, we'll be better for it. All of us are being challenged. It's time to rise up to it.

THE COLORADO BLUES SOCIETY ON RACISM

The Colorado Blues Society acknowledges that the art form we love and know as 'The Blues' was originally created by and remains an artistic expression of Black artists and musicians as their artistic response to slavery, oppression and injustice. The Colorado Blues Society will not remain silent in the face of the recent and past senseless murders of Black Americans in our communities, whether the cause be overt racism, implicit bias, or systemic racism. We stand with the musicians and members of our communities in expressing our sadness and outrage at prejudice and injustice towards the Black community and the lives that were taken so unjustly. The Colorado Blues Society grieves with the families for their losses.





WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR COLORADO BLUES SOCIETY? All you have to do is SMILE!

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3. Select "change" if you do not already have Colorado Blues Society as your choice of charity.
4. This will take you to a new page where you can search for a charity. Type in Colorado Blues Society in the Search Box and click "Search".
5. In the search results...click select next to Colorado Blues Society- Denver CO.
6. That's it! Just order from <https://smile.amazon.com> and help us out!

If you have any questions please email: info@coblues.org

AUGUST & SEPTEMBER 2020

ALFONZO



07
AUG

HARD ROCK CAFE
DENVER | 9:00 PM

04
SEP

FOCOMX
AVO'S FT. COLLINS | 8:00 PM

20
SEP

MISHAWAKA
BELLVUE | 1:00 PM

Seating is limited at all venues.

Please purchase tickets in advance to ensure admittance.

All shows are subject to change. Please see our website for up to date information.

www.AlfonzoLive.com

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1960's American Folk Blues Festivals and Manchester Memories

by David Booker

NOTE: Many of the older blues fans, like myself, learned about the blues in a round- about fashion. The fame of the Blues giants was starting to wane in the US, and they found themselves getting better gigs and festivals in Europe. Their performances in Europe inspired the British Invasion of the 1960s. Many fans my age got their first taste of blues as it came back to us in the form of the Rolling Stones, Yardbirds, John Mayall, The Animals, etc..which sent us searching for the real blues of Muddy, Wolf, Sonny boy andetc... David Booker at that time was a teenager in the UK and lived that British Invasion first hand. Here is part 1 of David's remembrance of those amazing times. David Booker has been a fixture in the Denver music scene since the early1980s.

The Blues & Rock world we know today owes a huge debt of gratitude to two obscure German promoters for their pioneering efforts in the Blues. Horst Lippman, jazz drummer and fledgling promoter (1927 -1997) and Fritz Rau, Lawyer/Jazz fan (1930-2013) were responsible for bringing the world's first blues package concerts to Europe in the early 60's and continued to do so for the next 20 years !

There had been visits from Huddie Ledbetter in 1949 (France only) and throughout the 50's by Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Muddy with Otis Spann, Champion Jack Dupree and in December that year Louis Jordan was to tour with The Chris Barber Trad Jazz Band, but this was the first time Blues had been promoted with multiple musicians in the sophisticated surroundings of concert halls across Europe.

The year was 1962.

Lippman & Rau had wisely chosen Willie Dixon to put together the acts for the debut



tour. Dixon was at the hub of Blues activity at this time, he was based in Chicago, and ran his operations out of the Chess organization where he was held in high esteem by the Chess brothers. He chose Memphis Slim on vocals and piano, who had moved to Paris in 1961 and was the natural choice to be MC and Kingpin of the show, Willie himself on bass, T Bone Walker guitar and vocals, the semi unknown Shaky Jake Harris on harp and vocals, Veteran Drummer Armand Jump Jackson, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Helen Humes known as a vocalist from Count Basie, and he crowned it all off with John Lee Hooker.

The tour members landed in Frankfurt on Oct 3rd 1962, they played several German concerts as well as Vienna, Bern and Zurich. They reached Paris on October 20th and a single Manchester U.K date was added at the last minute for October 21st promoted by local agent Paddy McKiernan of Jazz Unlimited. There are other sources that mention dates in Denmark, Sweden and Italy, but it's still unknown exactly what happened! Realizing that the show was NOT going to hit London, a young Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Brian Jones, Paul Jones of Manfred Mann, commandeered a beat-up van with a couple of other mates and blues nutters. It was agreed that Jimmy Page, who had



T Bone Walker 1962 wows the crowd, John Lee Hooker at The American Folk Blues Festival in 1962 Manchester.

to play his gig with Neil Christian & The Crusaders, would come up on the Sunday train. They found a spot for him in the van on the way home.

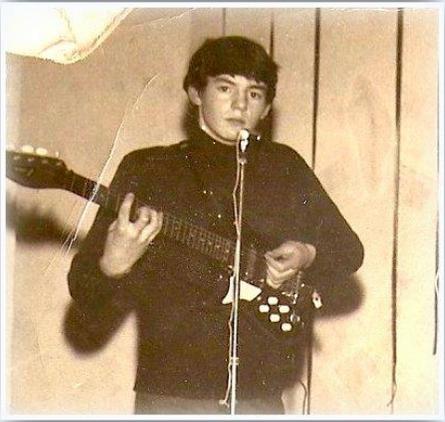
Keef's story is a bit different, he reckons Mick and he went up to Manchester in Mick's parents' Triumph Herald. But there again who knows! I recollect that Eric Burdon and Clapton had made the pilgrimage and possibly, Van Morrison as well. In October 1962 I was a precocious 16year old Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley worshipper, but thanks to my elder brother bringing home records by Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker and Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, I got myself hooked on the deeper blues of these artists and needed to know more! At that time Pye Records was leasing masters from Chess and releasing bright orange and yellow 45's on the Pye R&B series.

The graphics and brightly colored record labels were as hypnotizing as the music in the grooves of the records and I HAD to have them! it seems I spent all my money on records , Howlin Wolf in particular "got me' as they say !

I remember my mother telling us we had tickets for the one night only show, at Manchester's Free Trade Hall on Oct 21st but something went wrong. I ended up in an argument of some kind with my mother, I probably said ok I'm not going then, bluffing and pulling some kind of 'moody' she said " ok you're not then"...they went without me! my Mother, Brother & Stepfather, I was shattered! On their return home after the show my brother was gloating as he said stuff like "you shoulda seen T Bones' yellow shoes as he duckwalked off the



The Drifting Hearts (age 16) 2 pics of Ivans Meads band at Bury Palais , and The shot with Sonny Boy at The American Folk Blues Festival show Oct 1964 I'm on the left, Roger Cox (guitar) Sonny Boy, Ivan Robinson , Al Powell , Rod Mayall on the right .



16 year old David (Bowker) Booker

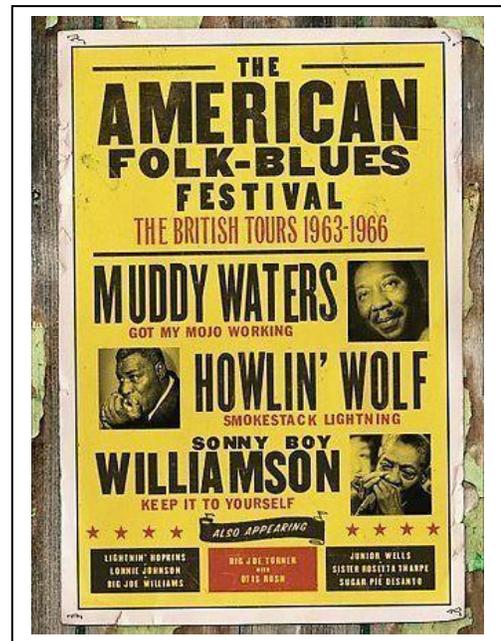
stage while carrying his amp by the handle and playing guitar with one hand"! Funny how you remember this stuff after all these years! 1963 saw the 2nd American Folk Blues Festival come to UK somehow I missed that too, but Sonny Boy Williamson decided to stay on after the concerts were done, he had his famous 45' out on The Pye R&B label, 'Help Me' and 'Bye Bird' on the B' side which I HAD to have. I went to my fave' store, Barry's Record Rendezvous, I spent so much money on LPs with Barry that he said "hey take this one, Sonny Boy was in here recently he signed it"!

Sonny Boy recorded with The Yardbirds and The Animals and it was about this time when he hit

Manchester with The Animals as backup band for an all-nighter at the famous (infamous) Twisted Wheel Club. I was working at Wilson Advertising as an office boy, and I asked this gal at the office if she'd go with me to the all-nighter to see Sonny Boy, my mother had no worries about me as she knew I was nuts about the music and, somehow this gal said yep (she wangled it somehow !) and off we went to our first show at The Wheel.(A brief description of the Twisted Wheel at that time would be a shithole for dossers to crash and sleep off their drugs, but we were there for the music.)

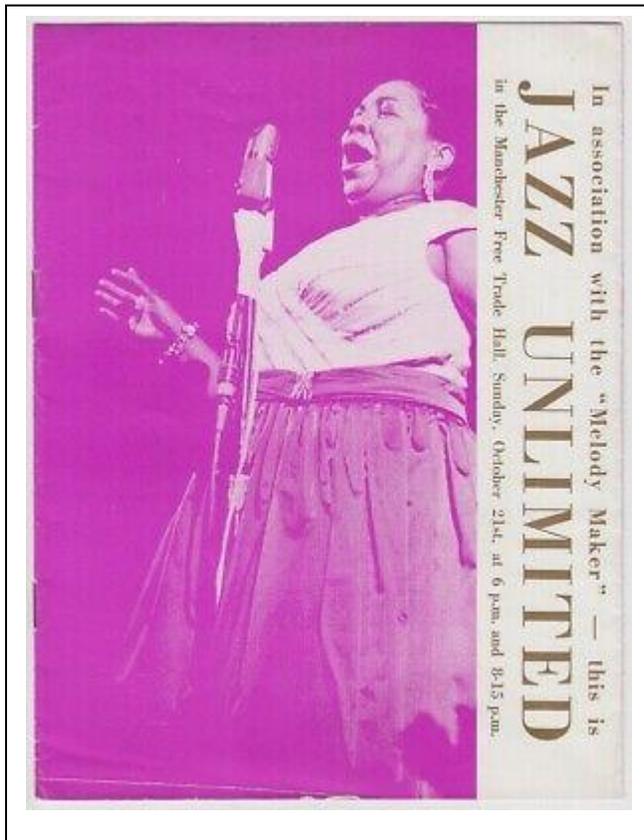
We got a good spot and on came The Animals, Eric Burdon, Alan Price, Hilton Valentine, Chas Chandler and John Steel, They rocked it pretty hard and were very tight, next thing you know here comes Sonny Boy through the audience with 2 chicks- one on each arm ! He climbs up onstage and they go into a tune or two.10 minutes later he tells the Animals to leave the stage (I think they were too loud for what he wanted to do). Sonny Boy decided to do the rest of the set solo, just vocals and harp! He finished the set, which was magically as hypnotic as could be, put his harps in his Doctors bag gets the 2 gals and leaves! I later found out where he went -over to my pals flat, 'Wheel DJ' Roger Eagles, for the night! I got a graphic description later that week of Sonny Boys activities, but I am leaving that to your imagination!

I remember us leaving the club as dawn was breaking, I put my date on the morning bus and I took the morning train home, an unforgettable night!



The Blues hit many of us in Manchester at that time I had a Band called the Drifting Hearts in 1963 that played local youth clubs, all Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley tunes

naturally! One night in 63' we got a gig at Manchester's Jungfrau Club (I saw the original Jethro Tull there a couple of years later). We were opening for Ivans Meads, a popular North Manchester puristic blues band-the lead singer had maracas like Jerome Green! I was blown away! I loved their Wolf, Hooker& Witherspoon tunes. I went up to one of the guys and gave him my phone number, "If ever you need a guitar player call me" I thought nothing of it until a few weeks later my mum calls me at my office job and says "there's this guy from Ivans Meads, that band you've been raving about, they want to know if you're interested in playing bass for them, they have a bass and an amp for you "I almost leapt out of my skin!



1964 was quite a year, I "passed the audition "on bass for my heroes Ivans Meads (we played 'How Many More Years', a one chord riff) and I got the gig! I had never played bass before, but I quickly learned the material, we played a few gigs, the most memorable was a house gig at the North Manchester Ballroom Bury Palais.

Herman's Hermits had been holding down a weekly residency and had gotten famous and were touring the USA, which left a slot for us every week to build a crowd at this enormous ballroom. (The two surviving pictures of a 16-year-old Dave Bowker playing bass are included here).

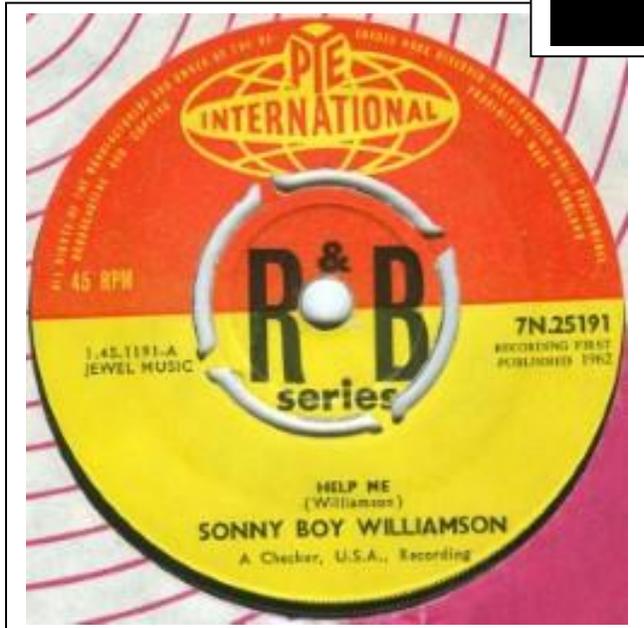
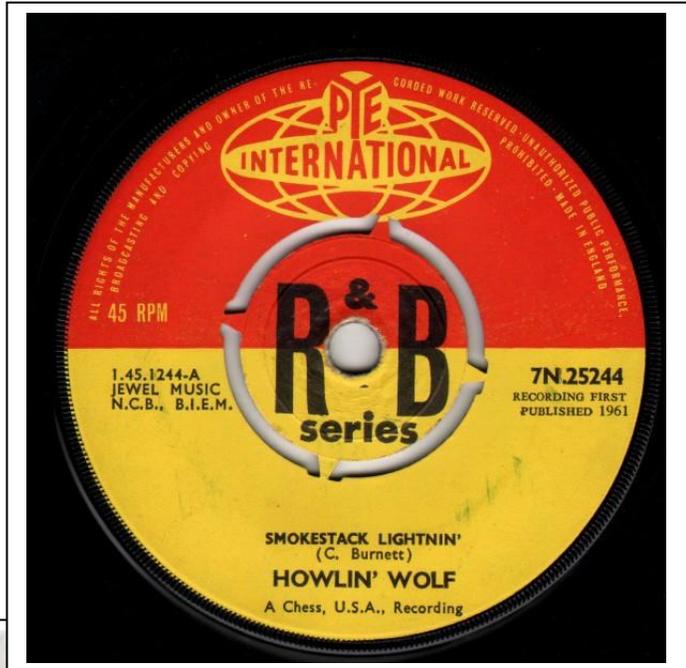
Drummer Ian Howard was quickly replaced by Al Powell (who went on to play with Robert Palmer, and Hawkwind) and to fatten up the sound I got hold of Rod Mayall (Johns brother) who lived near me to join on Farfisa organ! (I will never forget the name of the group he was in at the time "The

Bodysnatchers"!))

In May 1964 I turned on the 'telly' one evening and right there live onscreen from a disused Manchester railway station that had been doctored up somewhat with props to make it look "southern" was the famous Granada TV Presentation of The Blues & Gospel Caravan which can be seen on DVD or you tube now. Muddy Waters walking down the railroad tracks, Otis Spann on Piano, the legendary Ransom Knowling on Bass, Rev Gary Davis, Cousin Joe Pleasant from New Orleans also on piano, Sonny Terry & Brownie Mcghee, all topped off with Sister Rosetta Tharpe launching into "Didn't It Rain" ... Of course it did; this was Manchester! To quote John Mayall at this point I'd say, "The Blues had hit me in my life, and this was gonna be a 'Hard Road' till I die! As October 64' approached, we were getting a name around town as Ivans Meads, we had a dynamo manager Harvey Demmy who had a string of betting shops in

town and there was talk of us recording for Parlophone Records. Harvey had connections and when The American Folk Blues Festival hit town, we were told that we were all invited to hang with the artists DURING the performance backstage! While we were watching the 'tail end' of Howlin' Wolf's set the word came out, and we were all ushered backstage from our seats out front.

The backstage area was very plush and we were hovering around watching the scene, out of the corner of my eye I noticed



Hubert Sumlin resplendent in a shiny stage jacket, suddenly Willie Dixon and Howlin' Wolf appeared I shook hands with them both and got Wolf's autograph. Later I got Sonny Boy Williamsons' too, and both autographs are framed together and are still in my possession today . We were all bunched together by Harvey "Come on lads its time for a picture with Sonny Boy." While we were getting ready for the shot I remember being introduced to Sonny Boy - This is Dave" "Hello Dave " said Sonny Boy(I'll never forget his friendly 'growl) as he pulled out a hip flask from his jacket and handed it to

me. I figured there was some kinda firewater in there as I unhesitatingly took a swig myself! I'll also never forget the beam on ol' Sonny Boys face as I handed the pewter flask back to him while my throat was burning! This was my first taste of the hard stuff, it had been beer only up till then, hell I was only 17! On reflection all these years later I think Sonny Boy was impressed with this white kid taking a drink without hesitation; in 1964 black and white folks drank separately in The U.S.A I never even thought about it until years later as to why he was so cool with me .

After the photo with Sonny Boy, I noticed Lightnin Hopkins sitting alone so I went up to try to say hello!

He had his hair conked up, shades on , Blue mohair suit, black turtleneck underneath, I can't remember exactly what I said but it was something like "Hello Mr. Hopkins it's so

nice to have you here and to see you play!"...silence ... was it my thick Manchester accent and he couldn't understand a word? I later read that he would not fly or travel without Chris Strachwitz (Arhoolie Records owner) being with him and he was kinda difficult!

I have a vivid memory of Lightnin' facing a full house with an acoustic guitar, and an amp, he only had drummer Clifton James with him on the stage using brushes, my angle from the wings of the stage was that all I could see was his back; the rapturous applause after every rockin' tune was amazing, he sure brought the house down ! Oh yes Sunnyland Slim, and Sugar Pie Desanto were also on the bill.



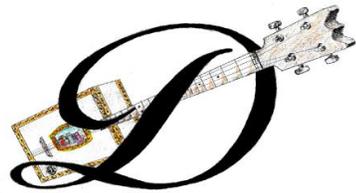
Part 2 Coming in the October-November Holler Next time in Part 2

A final word on Sugar Pie Desanto , Sunnyland Slim ,and the amazing duo of Sleepy John Estes and Hammie Nixon at The 64 American Folk Blues Festival.

I attend The Howlin Wolf/Long John Baldry/Chris Barber Band show at the Free Trade Hall in December 64'and the next 1965 AFBF Festival with JB Lenoir, Dr Ross , Big Mama Thornton and Buddy Guy on the bill.

I leave Ivans Meads, form my own local band on the south side of Manchester, hold my job down in Advertising , but cannot escape the magic of the Blues . I get the call to back Champion Jack Dupree with my new Band in Nov 65'---David Booker





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How To Make a Black Cat Bone*

by Rick Saunders Information provided for amusement only.
Evil does not play well with others. Reprinted from <https://realdeepblues.blogspot.com>

...Got a black cat bone, got a mojo too,
I got John the Conqueror root,
I'm gonna mess with you...
—Muddy Waters

"You go in a graveyard on a dark night when it's thunder and lightning and put a black cat in a pot of boiling water and boil all the meat and hair off until they go to the bottom. There's one bone that stays floatin' on the top and that's your black cat bone. You gotta make sure it's the right one. Take it home and saw back and forth across your teeth while you look in a mirror at midnite. It'll make a sound so shrill it'll break the glass then you got the power of the devil and the Lord both and ain't nothin' can stop you. Can't be shot or burned up in a house neither. You can read a man's mind like it's you thinkin' and you can snap your fingers and pick money out of his pockets.
Ain't nothin' can stop you."

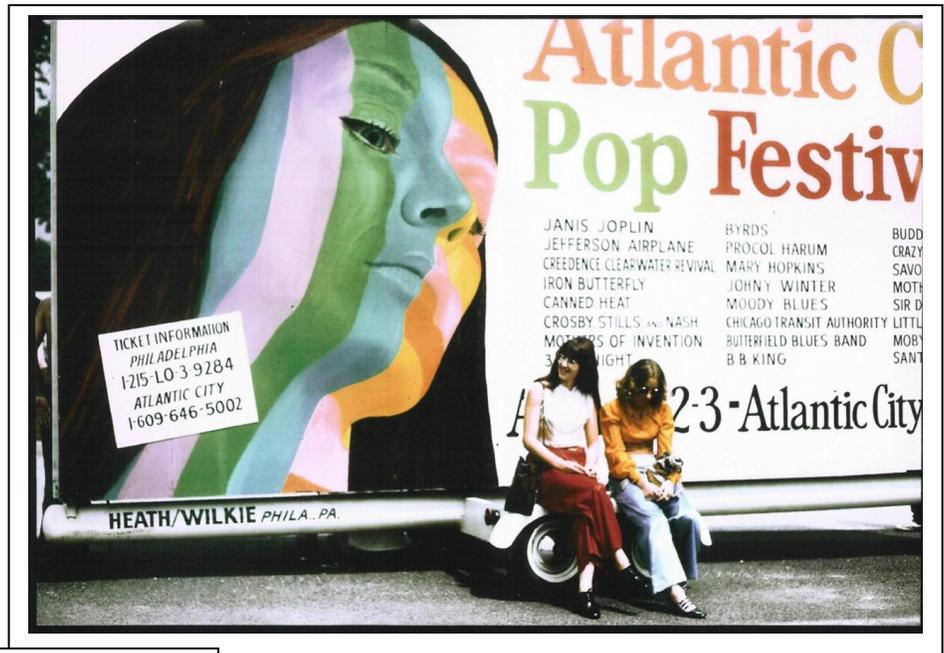
"You



The Atlantic City Pop Festival - August 1-3 1969

By Chick Cavallero

Early in the summer of 1969, about the time I was graduating High School, posters started appearing in head shops and on billboards for Atlantic City Pop Festival and the Woodstock Music & Arts Fair. As a kid in South Jersey, Atlantic City Pop looked like a better bet than some obscure artists community in the middle of upstate New York. AC Pop's symbolic poster had



the face of a girl painted in stripes and the Festival was August 1-3 at the Atlantic City Race Track, and two weeks before this Woodstock thing, if it even made it off the ground. Best of all, the AC Pop poster promised a killer lineup: Iron Butterfly, Procol Harum, Joni Mitchell, Tim Buckley, The Crazy World of Arthur Brown { "Fire" }, Lighthouse, American Dream, The Byrds, Hugh Masekela, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, and the Sir Douglas Quintet. But they had just as many in the lineup with their origins in "The Blues" – not that it mattered to me back then. AC Pop had a heavy Blues lineup with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Canned Heat, Chambers Brothers, BB King, The Buddy Rich Big Band, Little Richard, The Santana Blues Band (that's how they were billed), Dr., John The Night tripper, Joe Cocker, and being billed as the headliner, Janis Joplin. Oh yeah,

the Jefferson Airplane and Creedence Clearwater Revival were on hand as well. As I said, it was a killer lineup.

So 2 weeks before Woodstock became a household name, 120,000 kids stormed the AC Horse Racetrack for an event the Jersey Shore never saw before or since. The force behind the Festival were 3 guy-Larry Magid, along with brothers Herb and Alan Spivak. Within the past year they had , opened the Electric Factory in Philadelphia and began turning the Philly and Jersey audiences to the West Coast groups that were leading the cultural revolution that was sweeping the country. For the Festival they had an elaborate circular Buckminster Fuller designed stage that moved and allowed one act to be emptying as the next was loading on stage. The exchanges were super smooth and delays were unheard of that weekend.

Woodstock was overwhelmed by gate crashers who over ran the field, partied, left a total soggy mess, and lost a ton of money...



Atlantic City Pop Festival went off without a hitch. It was masterfully organized, run smooth, had as good if not better lineup and actually made money. No deaths, no gate crashers, parking, no problem with police or food.

The Atlantic Pop Festival was my introduction to live music adventure. And

it was an adventure. I took a cute red head named Esther to AC Pop but she had to be home that night for work. So I took her home and drove back, the advantage of being 30 miles away. Now AC Pop isn't as famous as Woodstock – if you weren't there, you probably never heard of it- but it was by far a better concert, a more organized show, and like Woodstock, it changed the lives of a lot of people forever.



Janis Joplin at Atlantic City Pop Festival August 1969

4 years later, July 28, 1973 I got to the Watkins Glen outdoor summer jam in NY with The Allman Brothers, Grateful Dead and The Band, along with over 600,000 rock fans. Many historians claimed the event was the largest gathering of people in the history of the United States. Now that one got a bunch of rain, so much so one 6'4" friend of mine got us weather protection serving as a tent pole, lol, but that's another story.

At Atlantic City

Joni Mitchell Opens 1st Day of Pop Festival But Departs Abruptly

By JACK LLOYD
Of The Inquirer Staff

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 1.—Folk singer Joni Mitchell had them in the palm of her hand. More than 25,000 festive-minded youths were on hand Friday for the opening session of the Atlantic City Pop Festival, and Joni Mitchell was beautiful. But she lost them. No, she gave them away. A little later in the evening the Iron Butterfly took hold of the same audience and never let go. And for a time it seemed the audience wasn't going to let go either. Then the Chambers brothers stepped up and did the same thing.

Until Joni's appearance, it had been mostly a day of hard driving rock sounds. Good sounds, but hard driving. Pulverizing.

And then along came Joni to take her place on the stage located in the winner's circle at the Atlantic City Race Track. But something was wrong. She was scheduled to appear for 40 minutes.

The way Joni started out, it could have been the high spot of the evening. But she appeared

Picture and Related Article on Page 19



Racing Never Like This--Rock Fans Cram Track

By JACK LLOYD

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30,000 Dance It Up in Rain

By JACK LLOYD

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Few Oldsters Out to Rock With Youths

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30,000 Rock At Pop Festiv

By PAULA SPAN

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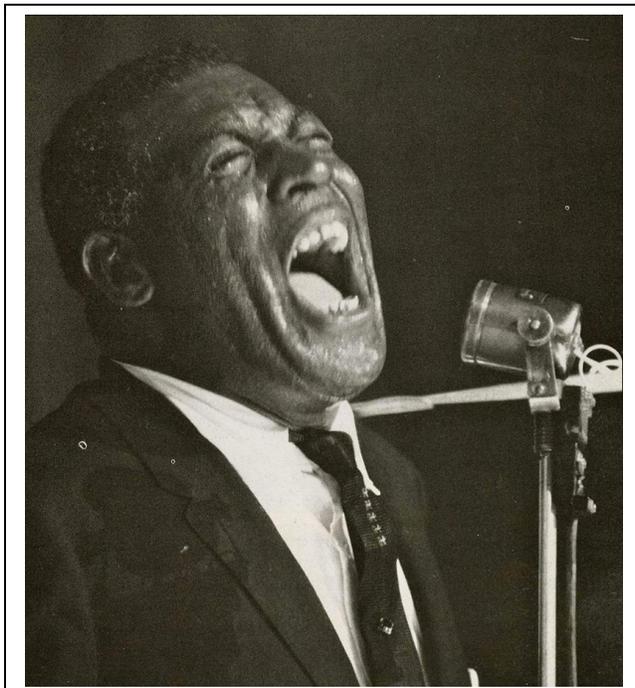
1987 Albert Collins at The Hi-Lo in Boulder, with the Mojo Matics...and a young harp player (with hair!) by the name of Al Chesis. Along with Hawkes Homan - vocals/ bass, Cory Hiatt on Piano, the late Kevin Daley- guitar/vocals, and Phil Sage -Drums

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: HOWLIN' WOLF

By Todd Beebe

Todd Beebe is a full time musician/teacher in the Chicago area and a staff writer at BG: Blues And Music News. His first exposure to music was hearing his Grandfather's bands playing Traditional Country music by the likes of Hank Williams Sr., The Carter Family and Jimmie Rodgers. Tracing the roots of that music lead him to his love of the Blues. Todd gives private guitar instruction at All About Music, Inc. in Mokena, IL.

On the wall at Legends there is a Mount Rushmore of the Blues, known affectionately as Mount Bluesmore. There are only four faces on Mount Bluesmore: Muddy Waters, Sonny Boy Williamson, Little Walter, and last but certainly not least: the mighty Howlin' Wolf.



With a monstrous voice that shook listeners to the core, Howlin' Wolf was performing like a rock star before the term even existed. Stalking the stage with a presence to die for, nobody dared follow him onstage. A music critic once said, "If you want to know what stage presence is, just point at Howlin' Wolf and divide by ten."

Howlin' Wolf was born Chester Arthur Burnett on June 10, 1910 in White Station, Mississippi. He was named after the 21st President of the United States, Chester A. Arthur. Young Chester's grandfather often warned him that if he ever misbehaved, the wolf would come and get him. He added a little intimidating "howl" each time he told the

tale. Chester both feared the wolf and was struck with curiosity, and the tale followed him until it twisted its way into his life long stage name.

From an early age Wolf was influenced by everything musical. Even the sounds of passing trains seemed musical to him. Sonny Boy Williamson II (Rice Miller) taught him how to play the harmonica. But everything fell into place when he saw Charley Patton perform. He convinced his father to buy him his first guitar, and the first song he ever learned was Patton's "Pony Blues." Wolf studied Patton's every move, watching how the crowd reacted to his performances. He soon realized that they reacted as much to the great showmanship as they did to the music. Wolf said of Patton, "When he played his guitar, he would turn it over backwards and forwards, and throw it around over his shoulders, between his legs, throw it up in the sky." Wolf took that inspiration and ran

with it. At 6' 3" and 275 lbs., this giant of a man prowled the stage, moaning and howling, terrifying and intimidating. The stage was Wolf's domain, and anyone who witnessed him perform live never forgot it.

In the late 1940's Wolf landed a radio spot on KWEM in West Memphis, Arkansas, advertising farm gear and playing his blues in between. The legendary Sam Phillips heard Wolf on the radio and brought him to Memphis, Tennessee to record him at Sun Records. Years later someone asked Phillips who his greatest discovery was. The man who discovered Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis and countless others said it was, without a doubt, Howlin' Wolf:

When I heard him, I said, 'This is for me. This is where the soul of man never dies'. He was about six foot six, with the biggest feet I've ever seen on a human being. Big Foot Chester is one name they used to call him. He would sit there with those feet planted wide apart, playing nothing but the French harp, and I tell you, the greatest show you could see today would be Chester Burnett doing one of those sessions in my studio. God, what would it be worth to see the fervor in that man's face when he sang. His eyes would light up and you'd see the veins on his neck, and buddy, there was nothing on his mind but that song. He sang with his damn soul.

His first recordings came in 1951 with "Moanin' At Midnight," and "How Many More Years." No records were ever released on the Sun label though, and Chess Records and RPM both fought to get Wolf full time. Chess eventually won, and soon Howlin' Wolf was on his way to Chicago. His years with Chess Records are the stuff of legend. They include blues classics like Wolf's own "Smokestack Lightning," and "Killing Floor." He also put his stamp on Willie Dixon tunes like "I Ain't Superstitious," "Evil," "Back Door Man," "Spoonful," and "Little Red Rooster."



It is mandatory to mention Wolf's lifelong musical partner, Hubert Sumlin. Hubert hooked up with Wolf before he moved to Chicago. Wolf told him to be ready when he called for him to come to the Windy City. Wolf called, Hubert came, and the blues world became a better place. Hubert Sumlin's Guitar playing is an incredibly important part of Howlin' Wolf's music. They were an inseparable institution of the blues, and

Sumlin's playing is heard all over those great Chess classics from Howlin' Wolf.

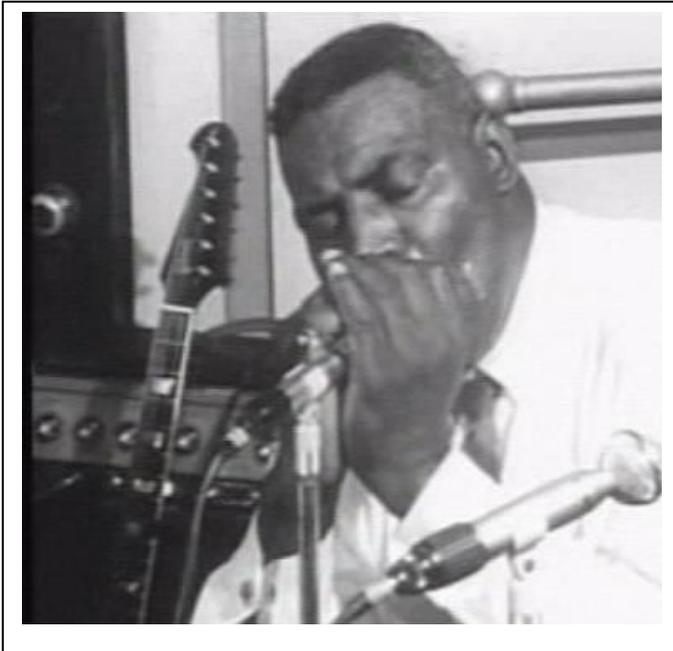
As popular music tastes changed and rock'n'roll swept the world, blues artists like Howlin' Wolf were the source of inspiration for a whole generation of younger acts. In May of 1965, The Rolling Stones brought [Wolf on the TV show Shindig](#), showing the world where their music came from. As the late 60's came, more and more rock acts acknowledged the founding fathers of the blues. Howlin' Wolf, B.B. King, Muddy Waters, and Albert King now found themselves on the same bill as acts like The Jefferson Airplane and Cream. For Howlin' Wolf this whole scene peaked with the release of the album *The London Howlin' Wolf Sessions*, which featured him with younger artists, presenting new versions of his classic tunes.

He continued to perform into the 1970's, despite health problems. Howlin' Wolf was a bluesman in every sense of the word, and not performing was not an option. "Back Door Wolf" was his last album,

released in 1973. He gave his last major performance in November, 1975 at the Chicago Amphitheater on a bill with Luther Allison, B.B. King and others. This night has gone down in blues history, as Wolf pulled out all the stops. He shook, rolled and prowled the stage, once again reminding the world who the master was.

On January 10, 1976, the world lost one of the giants of the blues. His legacy is far too long to list here. Guitarists, vocalists, and performers of all genres of music constantly cite Howlin' Wolf as a huge influence. Many have tried to recreate his style through the years, but there will never be another Howlin' Wolf. He was perhaps the most unique artist this world will ever see. Any time anyone hits the stage with massive presence, he's there. Any time anyone sings with every last drop of emotion they can pull from their soul, he's there. Any time anyone performs exactly how they want to, and doesn't worry about following a trend or doing the expected, Howlin' Wolf is there.





I'd like to close with a quote from Howlin' Wolf about the blues. Anyone who says they don't like the blues should remember it.

"When you ain't got no money- you've got the Blues. When you ain't got no money to pay your house rent, you've still got the Blues. A lot of people holler "I don't like no Blues", but when you ain't got no money, and you can't pay your house rent, and can't buy no food, you damn sure got the Blues!"

This Article was reprinted from June 1, 2013 from BG Blues and Music News.

...and check out more interviews,

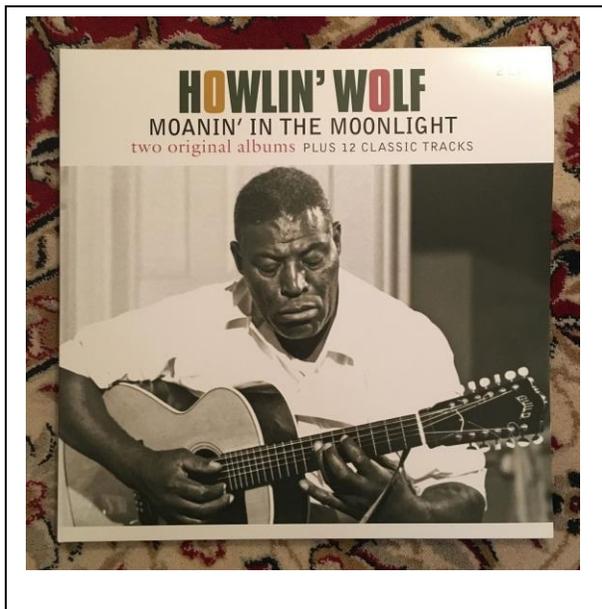
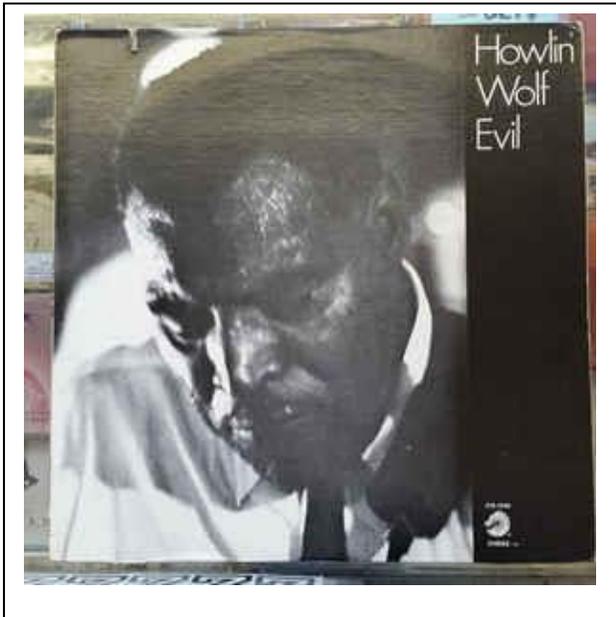
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Little Walter, Big Walter and *Middle* Walter

Compiled by Chick Cavallero and excerpts from <http://bobcorritore.com>

Marion Walter Jacobs came into this world to change the role of the blues harmonica forever. Little Walter was a true musical genius as evidenced from his incredible use of



tone, phrasing, and dynamics. His revolutionary approach made him perhaps the most influential harp improvisors of the 20th Century. Many regard him as the Jimi Hendrix or Charlie Parker of the harmonica. Little Walter once said, referring to George Washington Carver, "If a guy can pick up a peanut, and make something out of it," he remarked, "I can take the harp, and make something out of it." He sure did.



And yet, fellow Chess stablemate Willie Dixon called Big Walter Horton “the best harmonica player I ever heard.” Shakey Walter Horton was a shy and quiet musician who lacked the flamboyance of Little Walter and Sonny Boy, but he was a pioneer in harp amplification with an unbelievable sound that incorporated a chilling vibrato, combined with swooping phrases and a bell-like tonality. Never a band leader or frontman, his harp found it’s way on the stage with Muddy Waters, Otis Rush, Tampa Red, and the cream of Chicago Blues bands.

With Little Walter and Big Walter dominating the harp scene, it is no wonder you probably never heard of



James Jones, that is, Middle Walter. The following on Middle Walter comes from Bob Corritore’s website the <https://bobcorritore.com/>

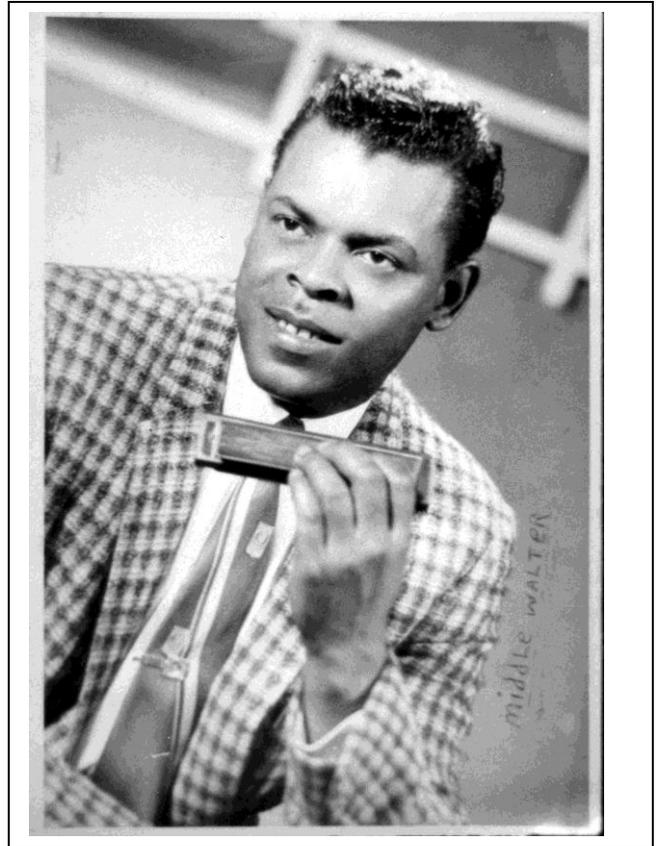
“ **Middle**” **Walter** was a fine but obscure harmonica player who was based in Gary, Indiana. His real name was James Jones (no relation to Tail Dragger who shares the same legal

name), but was named Middle Walter by Johnny Littlejohn in an obvious gesture to associate him with the popular harmonica players Little Walter and Big Walter Horton.

He was very active musically in Gary during the 1950s and '60s. Though he never recorded as a leader, he contributed some killer harmonica work as a sideman on the records of Big Daddy Simpson and his son Melvin Simpson on the M-Pac label.

He resurfaced in the late '70s as a bass player in the Kansas City Red Blues Band and it was then that Bob got to know and befriend Middle Walter. In his last years he was touring as the harmonica player with Big Daddy Kinsey and the Kinsey Report.

Middle Walter passed in 1986. Though a relative unknown he was a hero to those of us who knew him. Enjoy these great photos including a few classic shots from the '50s."



Middle Walter and Bob Corritore in the 70s
photo by Jim O'Neal.. bluesoterica.com

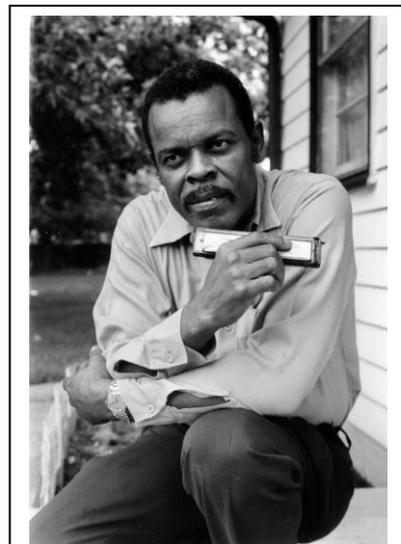


photo by Jim O'Neal
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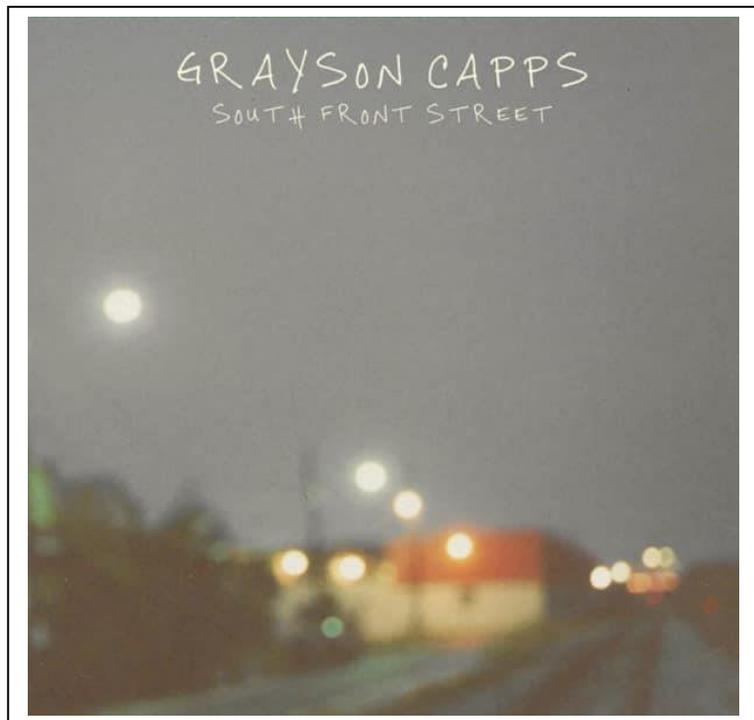
CD Reviews

Grayson Capps *“South Front Street”*

Royal Potato Family 2020
by Jack Grace

Grayson Capps is often described as a Southern Gothic Blues artist for his portrayals of eccentric characters accompanied by bluesy, swampy guitars. *South Front Street* is a collection of songs recorded during the period 1997 through 2019. It began as a playlist compiled by his wife, Trina Shoemaker - a four time Grammy Award winner for her recording work, of her favorite songs.

The album opens with “Get Back Up” - a song about the time Capps lived with some fellow musicians scraping by on little money in a row of dilapidated shotgun houses nestled along the banks of the Mississippi River in New Orleans. One can feel the carefree life of a young musician living on the gritty side of a river town full of artists and grifters. Capps majored in theatre at Tulane University. The influence of the theater can be heard in many of his songs. Some are like little plays.



From *South Front Street*, we follow this sensitive, charismatic troubadour through the street corners of New Orleans and the backroads and bars of the Gulf Coast where we feel the sticky southern heat and visualize the imagery of “wisteria vines hanging on that old Alabama pine.” We meet characters such as Junior whose mud boat sounds like the African Queen on Bayou Gauche; Bobby Long, a complicated friend of Capp’s father with “God and the devil all inside his mind”; a lover who goes to France but will know through her psychic powers if Capps is unfaithful; Washboard Lisa, a street singer on the corner of Royal Street “living life like a dream”; his 22 year old wife whom he made

live in a trailer park threatening him with a kitchen knife; and Freebird who lives in the Hummingbird Hotel and dreams of escaping her life on a Harley Davidson. We feel the pain of breaking up with lovers, the joy of finding an arrowhead, and are assured we can find the holy person that lies within us and be “New Again.”

The second song on the album is “May We Love” which should be considered as a national anthem of healing during this divisive time in our country. Capps pleads, “May we all join hands and lay down our arms. And harmonize and breathe as one.” Let us hope we can.

Capps has that unique talent of immersing you into his songs and stories. You might or might not admire his characters but you feel them and the world in which they exist. South Front Street is probably best appreciated in a single listening. Trina Shoemaker has given us amazing sound quality that is excellent with or without headphones. Carve out some quiet time, create your own listening zone in your living room, and journey with Capps through his life on the Gulf Coast. You might just emerge with a different perspective and appreciation for a side of life most of us never visit.

Colorado Blues Society Mission Statement

The Colorado Blues Society is dedicated to preserving Blues heritage and increasing awareness of and appreciation of the Blues as an indigenous American art form (the wellspring from which all contemporary popular American music originated)

Johnny Burgin

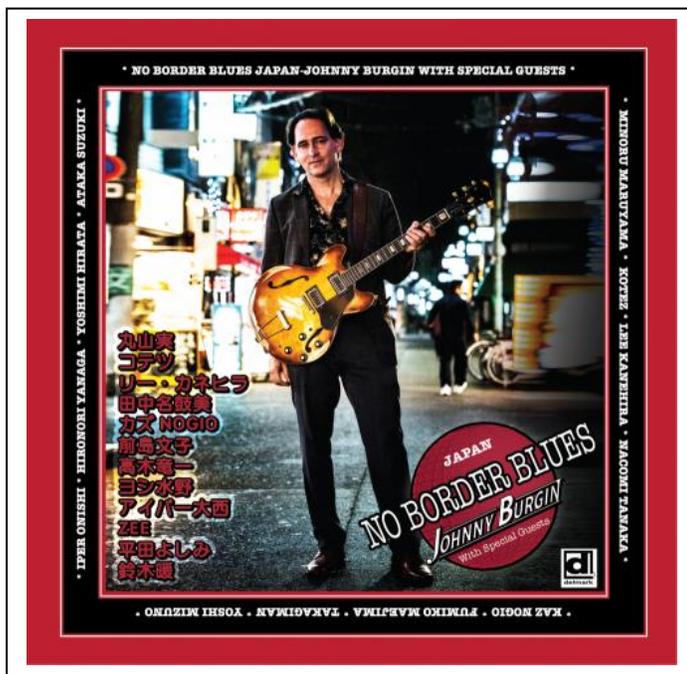
“No Border Blues Japan”

Delmark Records
By Dan Willging

Google live albums recorded in Japan and a plethora of blues/R&B artists pops up. A shortlist would include Albert Collins, Otis Rush, BB King, Eddie Taylor, Snooks Eaglin, Wilson Pickett, and even Sleepy John Estes and sidekick Hammie Nixon. As a result of such tours, a micro but intense blues scene sprouted in the Land of the Rising Sun that continues today. Through several tours, former Chicago mainstay and now Oregon resident Johnny Burgin has gotten to know its players and the Japanese conformist culture well.

In 2014, bassist Yoshihimi Hirata booked Burgin for a tour and squeezed in as many Japanese sidemen as possible so everyone would have a shot playing alongside the American guitarist. A few years later, guitarist Tsuyoshi Kato coordinated Burgin’s 2018 tour with a similar game plan. Afterward, Burgin’s partner Stephanie Tice suggested recording an album featuring Japanese players. So, in May 2019, Burgin gathered his peeps and recorded 10 of these 11 tracks at an Osaka studio. (“Two Telephones” was recorded later at Delmark Studios in Chicago.)

Burgin does a marvelous job of selflessly sharing the spotlight. He sings only on five tracks, allowing his Japanese counterparts to have the microphone on six others. If you only heard the harmonica-heavy instrumental portion of this, you probably wouldn’t realize this was recorded on the other side of the globe by a group of non-Chicagoans – it’s apparent blues resonates in their soul. Harp howler Iper Onishi channels Carey Bell convincingly on Bell’s “One Day You’re Gonna Get Lucky” and tackles Little Walter’s mind-blowing solo on “Rattlesnake.” Perhaps no stranger to Cash Box Kings fans, Lee Kanehira, who recorded on the Kings’ last two albums, plays spot-on blues piano steeped in the Chicago tradition. Besides pumping the ivories for all its worth on her



original “Pumpkin’s Boogie,” Kanehira sings while harmonica player Kotez and Burgin scorch their parts to a crisp.

In the course of these proceedings, it’s evident that these Japanese guys and gals have made this time-honored American genre their own. Robert Johnson’s immortal “Sweet Home Chicago” is recast as “Sweet Home Osaka;” Kotez sings Little Walter’s “I Just Keep Loving Her” in Japanese as “Mada Sukinanda.” But wait, there’s more. “Samurai Harp Attack” features all three harmonica players, Kotez, Onishi, and Kaz Nogio, all darting and dashing in between the melody and accompaniment lines, allowing everyone ample room to solo. It’s an extremely torrid track, but so is Burgin’s performance on “Two Telephones” with his best playing of the album. An insightful, cultural recording that shows dedication to the blues goes beyond stateside boundaries.



The Blue Star Connection Mission: To provide access and ownership of musical instruments for children and young adults (Blue Stars) fighting cancer or other serious life challenges.

Blue Star Connection is a 501c3 program that has served over 1000 Blue Stars, 100 hospitals, and dozens of music therapy and community organizations across the country.



DEADLINE FOR THE **NEXT** HOLLER?

Deadline for the next issue (**October/November 2020 issue**) is **September 1st** and I could use your help. Here is your chance to write about the music you love. Here is your chance to see your name in print! Write about anything involving the Blues- a show you saw, favorite performer, festival, favorite club, why you like the blues and when you started liking the blues, your Blues 'Bucket list', Anything. I want it in your words, and hopefully have someone each issue with a different perspective on things. Include pix you took as well. Also, take a stab at reviewing a new CD you might have



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Colorado Blues Society Mission Statement

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Music Acts- Musicians/Bands etc...

50 Shades of Blue
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Deep Pocket Thieves
Erica Brown
Felonius Smith
Grace Kuch Band
Hogback Blues Band
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Jenn Cleary
Johnny Johnston
Kerry Pastine and The Crime Scene
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My Blue Sky
Randall Dubis Band
Reverend Freakchild
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Montrose, 4-5 pm, Beale Street Caravan,
www.kvnf.org
KOTO 91.7FM, 89.3FM, 105.5FM Telluride,
4-6 pm Blues Hang Over (every other
Sunday) www.koto.org, Island Radio,
5-7 pm (rebroadcast Thursday, 5-7 pm)
True Blues with Brian Elliott
www.island92.com
KRFX 103.5 FM Denver, 7-10 pm
Strictly Blues with Kai Turner
KBCO 97.3 FM Boulder, 9-10 pm
Blues from the Red Rooster Lounge
KPLU Seattle, 7 pm-1 am
http://www.kplu.org

MONDAY

KSBV 93.7 FM Salida, 9-10 am Blues Deluxe
KAFM 88.1 FM Grand Junction, 9 am-noon
Jimmy's Blues Kitchen (alternate weeks)
KAJX & KCJX 88.9, 89.7, 90.1, 90.9, 91.1,
91.5 FM Aspen, Carbondale, Rifle and
other towns, 11-midnight Blue Horizon
with Blue Bird

TUESDAY

KVNF 90.9 FM Paonia & 89.1 FM Montrose,
noon-3 pm, Blues & Other Colors
www.kvnf.org
KAFM 88.1 FM Grand Junction, 1-4 pm,
Bluesday Laboratory
KLZR 91.7FM Westcliffe.
2-4pm blues with Sally Barnes

WEDNESDAY

KCRT 92.5 FM Trinidad, 7-8 pm
Trinidaddio Blues Hour with
Ken Saydak and Darnell Miller
KHEN 106.9 FM Salida, 1-4 pm
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Montrose, 9:30 pm-midnight Crossties,
www.kvnf.org
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House Rent Party with Jeff

THURSDAY

KAFM 88.1 FM Grand Junction, 9 am-noon
Blues Injection with Mickey the K
KVLE 93.5 FM Crested Butte/Monarch,
102.3 FM Gunnison, 2-3 pm Blues Deluxe
www.blueswithrussell.com, 8-10 pm
Blues with Russell
KAJX & KCJX 88.9, 89.7, 90.1, 90.9, 91.1,
91.5 FM Aspen, Carbondale, Rifle
and other towns, 11-midnight,
Beale Street Caravan
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KVNF 90.9 FM Paonia & 89.1 FM Montrose,
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www.kvnf.org
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93.7 FM Ward/Nederland 6-9 pm
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www.ckua.com
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KUNC 91.5 FM Greeley,
8-9pm Beale Street Caravan
KUNC 91.5 FM Greeley, 9-10pm
9 O'Clock Blues with Marc
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