Brubeck combo promises thrills for jazz fans

"Cool" jazz fans will have their inning on March 11, when the Dave Brubeck quartet is scheduled to play two concerts at the Hilltop Parkway Theatre.

This marks the first time the Hilltop has been engaged for a jazz concert, and the first time in almost four years that the top rated Brubeck quartet has played Baltimore.

Riding to fame on the strength of his college dates and recordings, most notable of which is probably "Balcony Rock," from the "Jazz Goes To College," album, the Brubeck quartet will again feature Paul Desmond on alto sax.

PLACING THE concerts in the legitimate theatre hall, is a shrewd maneuver on the part of producer Fred Dunnemore, who being an avid jazz fan himself, says "nothing is worse than going to a concert and being unable to hear the sounds."

Dunnmore added that the acoustics in the Hilltop are such that amplifiers will not be needed.

Fans are rigidly divided on the merits of Brubeck's work. There is no middle line. Either they are ecstatic over the group's sound, or find them violently distasteful.

One thing is certain, however, if a person likes jazz at all, he cannot help falling under the Brubeck spell once he hears the quartet in person.

THERE SEEMS to be an almost hypnotic quality about the group. Dave starts his piano solos in soft, modulated tones, as he gently sways back and forth in tempo with the music.

Gradually, the tones build in intensity, gathering momentum, straying far from the original notes, but all the while staying within the chord structure, until finally reaches a crashing climax as crescendo upon crescendo are wrung from the piano.

He generates an electric excitement that seems to grip his listeners as he titillates them with his excursions into dissonance and atonality.

Watching the group at work is a delight, and hearing them is an unforgettable experience.

BACK FROM BOSTON

AUGUSTA, Ga. — Mrs. Robert Brayboy returned home from the city after spending five weeks with her son and his family in Boston.

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BIG TOWN

By JAMES HICKS

THERE IS a tie that binds the Red Rooster in Harlem, the Postal Card in Philadelphia, Cecelia's in Washington, and Sam Owens' filling station in Richmond so closely together that one feeling over that route gets the feeling that he has never left home.

Thus when I last saw Elizabeth Yates of Richmond in the Red Rooster in New York it was only natural for her to give me the address of her parents in Richmond and tell me to look them up.

And since I was delayed in leaving New York it was no surprise at all to me to find on my arrival in Richmond that Lizzy had flown into town ahead of me and left before I arrived and that Mollie Moon also had dashed down from New York and dazzled the Richmond set with her attendance at an Urban League affair.

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FOR ME the trip usually runs something like this: You dash madly down the Jersey Turnpike, skim through Delaware as fast as traffic and pull up at the AFRO office to get your final instructions from Editor Cliff Mackay.

You chat about the Red Rooster Jocks, the Big Apple and Harlem-at-Large with Assistant Managing Editor Jesse Walker, who knows more about New York than you do, then you resist a temptation to pinch luscious Shirley Kyle because it is not considered good AFRO office procedure.

After Mr. Mackay issues his instructions you hang around the office until Managing Editor Art Carter is ready to head home for Dee Cee.

You drive with Art to Washington, go in unannounced with him and plant your feet under his dinner table as if you were his own son Carlton, and you wonder if the day will ever come that his wife Edna will throw both you and Art out for continuing to pop up all of a sudden for dinner without prior notice.

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YOU MARVEL at the way Art's young son, Carlton, has grown, recall your own son Jimmy when you note how reluctantly Carlton drags his nimble feet up the stairs when Edna finally sends him off to bed, then you sip a cocktail with Art and Edna and bounce back in the car with Richmond 110 miles away.

The nearest and shortest way should be to cross U Street, head down Ninth, or some other thoroughfare leading to Constitution Ave., then swing on over to cross the 14th St. Bridge into Virginia.

But since Washington is Washington and the longest way around is the shortest way home, you turn left when you hit U St. and whatta you know—there's Cecelia's.

A peep is all you want and you stick your head in the door, turn down an offer just to "have one" and then you head over to R St. to yell at Reid, manager of the Charles Hotel.

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YOU TELL yourself that you'll not find a better place to spend the night but you resist the urge to take a room and finally you are on your way.

At Richmond you swing into Sam Owens' filling station and before you can say "fill 'er up" Sam swings open the door of his Hudson Hornet and says, "Come on, you're just in time—we're going to Hampton for the Union game and I'm going to make it in 90 minutes."

You reflect on the distance to Hampton and you tell Sam that if he is going to be in Hampton in 90 minutes it will be in the Hampton jail, and since you only have no intentions of going to jail, you think you will sit this one out.

They roar off into the night, you go on up to Hampton swearing you're going to get a good night's rest.

But Scott Henderson drops by, the two of you are sitting there discussing your proposed trip to Danville and points South when in walks the owner of the Principle Blue Room in Danville.

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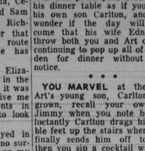
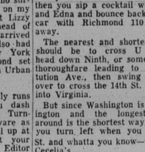
SINCE YOU are going to hang out with him in Danville it's only natural that you start getting better acquainted right there and before long someone mentions a new club called the Bethlehem and before long — well—sleep no more—the good times murder sleep.

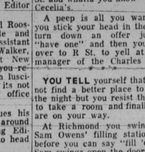
When morning comes you hop over to Sam Owens filling station to pick up your car, and head for Petersburg. You find that Sam made it to Hampton all right, possibly in 90 minutes, but it must have been a long trip back for he has just returned.

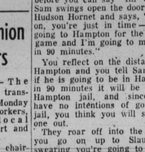
In the station you meet Lee D. Pryon of Pryon's Cleaners just across the street and he is walking around with a snub nosed pure bred English bulldog the kind you've wanted all your life.

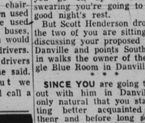
He promises to see what he can do about getting you one just like his and you begin to reflect on how your boy Jimmy will like him and how much adulterated hell your wife will raise when and if you bring him into the apartment.











London bucks union to hire conductors

LONDONN (N N P A) — The Nattingham Corporation transport committee decided Monday night to employ colored workers, despite opposition by local branches of the Transport and General Workers Union.

Sidney Hill, committee chairman, said the colored men used will be employed will be used mostly as conductors on buses, but promising young men would get a chance to become drivers.

"We are more than 300 drivers and conductors short," he said. We expect opposition but we don't think the union will call a strike."

Schools in Louisville will be integrated

Official tells audience he will obey high court ruling

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—The superintendent of Louisville schools told a white audience last week not to run to school authorities in an attempt to defeat desegregation. "We try to be courteous, but we will never do anything to thwart the law of the land."

The statement was made by Omer Carmichael at Fourth Avenue Methodist Church, who also expressed the opinion that the Supreme Court will cause every southern states at least five years to put desegregation into effect.

Declaring that he was not advocating a policy of gradualism, Mr. Carmichael said the going will be rugged when desegregation begins in Louisville.

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HE ASSERTED great difficulty would come because the average colored sixth-grader is a year and two months behind the average white sixth-grader in educational achievement, due to economic and social conditions, rather than racial.

The superintendent said some white parents who probably fear scholastic standards will be hurt, while colored parents may feel teachers are being partial to white pupils.

He also discussed the difficulties that will be faced in selecting the best qualified teachers from colored and white applicants, and stressed the fact that colored teachers would definitely teach white pupils in the city.

Heads chemistry dept.

ATLANTA, Ga. — **Dr. Alfred S. Spriggs** is the new head of the department of chemistry of Clark College here. A native of Houston Texas, Dr. Spriggs is a graduate of Dillard University and earned his master's degree in Chemistry at Howard University.

He received his Ph.D. from Washington University, St. Louis Mo., in 1954 and was a professor at Lincoln University until he came to Clark.

He is a member of the American Chemical Society, Sigma Xi, Beta Kappa Chi and Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, and is married to the former **Miss Morel Jenkins** of Chattanooga, Tenn. They have one daughter, **Sharon.**

Mrs. Ida Fox, 76 succumbs in Toledo

TOLEDO, O. (ANP) — Mrs. Ida Mae Fox, 76 former Juvenile Court probation officer here, died last week in Maumee Valley hospital. Services were conducted at All Saints Church, with the Rev. Ellsworth Jackson, pastor, officiating.

Mrs. Fox, former president of Toledo NAACP and native of Kokomo, Ind. is survived by a sister, Mrs. Minnie Gordon, Mt. Vernon, O.