



(Someone in the San Francisco Bay Area who must have read the series on Louis Armstrong that ran in this column earlier this year, including references to Joe Glazer and Freddie Williamson of Associated Booking Corp., has sent along the following material from an unidentified source. We thought it was great stuff and pass it along to you with many thanks to our unknown benefactor.)

THE BENIGN VOICE OF ALTRUISM whispers softly in the ear of everyone at one time or another. Sooner or later, for a moment or two at least, all hear the siren's song of selflessness. Even jazz musicians.

"I was in New York one night at the Embers," said Freddie Williamson, one of the nation's most persuasive talent peddlers and for the last 17 years the head of the midwest office of Associated Booking Corp., "and pianist Ahmad Jamal came and set down at the table and he had this great big, thick book.

"I said, 'Ahmad, what's that thick book?' and he says, 'That's a plumber's manual!' And I says, 'What in the hell are you doing with a plumber's manual?'"

"He says, 'Well, Freddie, I made up my mind I'm not doing the kind of work that is contributing to humanity. I'm gonna learn to become

a plumber, and I'm goin' to India and try and help those downtrodden people out of their problems by doing something that is actually constructive."

Today, if the plumbing is not better than ever in Bombay, the Indians can blame Williamson. "I just needled him out of it," laughs Freddie.

"I says, 'Ahmad, with those little ol' butterfly fingers of yours, man, you're gonna have a helluva time bein' a plumber.'"

NATURALLY, WILLIAMSON HAS STORIES about all of his clients.

There's the story about the time Louis Armstrong was having stomach trouble and a mystery man sold him some red powder in an unmarked quart jar.

"Pops, it's a miracle!" grinned Louis, having drunk some of the gook mixed with water. "We gotta market this stuff. Call it 'Satchmo dust!'"

Sadly, "Satchmo dust," for which Armstrong had paid \$10 a jug, turned out to be a cheap antacid sold in any drugstore.

But of all Freddie's memories, the one that stands out the most may very well be the incident involving Professor Irwin Corey and the lady manager of one of the biggest names in show business.

One late afternoon the lady stopped by Freddie's office to discuss business. Since it was almost dinnertime, Freddie gallantly offered to buy her some chow. Middle-aged and rather frumpy, she demurred, saying, "Oh, I can't go looking like this."

"And I said," recalls Freddie in his slight Nebraska drawl, "Aw, what's the difference? We'll go to the Black Orchid. You won't be seen 'cause nobody eats there anyhow."

"So we go over and Irwin was workin' there, I booked him. Well, he always hangs around a joint where he works, y'know. So he just came in and slides into the booth and . . ."

IT SEEMS THAT IRWIN IMMEDIATELY gave his full attention to the lady, and in no

time at all the two of them were generating enough heat to warm not only the room but the entire building. Seconds passed into minutes and passion flowered.

"So," Freddie chuckled, "I didn't think too much of it. I thought, 'Well, hell, that's crazy kooks.' But then Irwin gets a phone call and he gets up and I says to her, I says, 'God, you and Irwin are pretty tight, aren'tcha!'"

"She says, 'Who is he?'"

"I says, 'Who is he? You mean you don't know?'"

"She says, 'No, I never saw him before in my life. But I think he's wild.'"

"Now Irwin comes back and sits down in the booth, and I says, 'You dirty little descriptive noun.' I says, 'You don't even know this girl! How dare you get this familiar with her. This could have been my wife!'"

"Isn't she?" asked Corey."

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(SPORTS, from page 9)  
as boxing, despite being born to wealth and social position in Chicago.

THE SUPREME Court of the United States ruled in 1959 that Norris' International Boxing Club, with its control arenas, had violated the anti-trust laws by conspiring to control the promotion of title bouts. The Court told him to dissolve the IBC of New York and restrict his promotions to the Chicago Stadium; also only two title bouts a year.

Nagler's is a book of value because it is written from a virtual listening-post, inasmuch as he doubled for years as both boxing writer and television producer for the networks. But before the cathode ray brought new money into the fight business, he was writing the boxing news of the day, with a fine sense of the history of it.

He was the first man to be told by Joe Louis, in 1947, that Louis planned to retire as champion, and that his second fight with Joe Walcott would be his last. When he did quit, Louis, in effect, sold promotional rights to his title to Norris for \$150,000 and an annual salary of \$15,000. Nagler details the device as one by which Louis rounded up contracts with the four leading contenders which resulted in the Joe Walcott-Ezzard Charles fight-off won by Charles.

BOXING HAD its bad name long before the Ray Arcel case in 1953, when, as an independent promoter he attempted to set up a series of TV shows for a rival network. Arcel was standing on a Boston street before a bout one day, talking with a fight manager, when a third party carrying a lead pipe wrapped in a brown paper bag, skulled him. Arcel wouldn't or couldn't identify his assailant but a bit later he gave up the idea of competing in the TV fight field.

Frankie Carbo is in jail now, for 25 years. His pressure man, Blinky Palermo, also drew a 15-year sentence. Truman Gibson, an officer of IBC, got five years, suspended. This was in connection with their conviction for attempting to extort money from the earnings of fighter Don Jordan.

Such affairs, only hastened boxing's decline, however. There was beginning to be general understanding that promotions were being bought and sold and that titles changed hands suspiciously.

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