



The REEDER

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NEWS & VIEWS by Mary Ann Love

GET WELL

Well wishes to Bob Provart, who is missing his friends at the club and welcomes telephone visits! Leta Provart is also doctoring for some (as yet) unknown symptoms. Doris Rassman is recovering from hip surgery and Carroll Markivee from knee replacement. Bill Boal took a nasty fall and suffered facial bruising. Audria Gebhardt turned her ankle – the same foot she broke last year and is back to her boot support. Sesto Stieven took an accidental spill and damaged his vertebrae. Lillian Krueger is awaiting another serious surgery. Keep them all in your thoughts and prayers.

CONDOLENCES

Our sympathy is extended to Bob Reynolds who lost his son, Robert Reynolds, on his 51st birthday. May he rest in peace.

CHRISTMAS IN JULY

Thanks to the ladies' auxiliary for the wonderful party following the July business meeting. Thanks especially to Peg Davis and Teresa Stieven for pulling it together and the wonderful treats and decorations. It is always a pleasant and sociable event when the ladies become involved. Thanks!

THANK YOU NOTE

Rev. de Kallos has sent a special thank you note to the Gateway Harmonica Club members for their gifts and participation on his special day of celebrating the 50-year anniversary of his ordination as minister of the UCC Hungarian Protestant Congregation-St. Louis.

Dear Friends in the Gateway Harmonica Club,

I want to send a special thanks to you for being a part of my celebration. Your presence made the difference. The kind words, the prayers, the songs, and the love gifts made it a day that I will never forget.

May God bless you richly!

With brotherly love in Christ,

Arpad

The cover design of the celebration program, as well as his thank you and appreciation acknowledgements, was created by Rev. de Kallos. He uses the designs and forms that nature provides and as they are used in the Folk Art of his native Hungary. Birds, tree branches, flowers, wheat, grapes, swirling leaves, tulips and other shapes were hand drawn.

MAN ON THE STREET:

Buddy Hirsch (GHC member) was interviewed by Charles Brennan (KMOX) on August 3. Buddy enjoys playing music so much

that he is often seen on a street corner playing the accordion, saxophone or harmonica. Charlie Brennan had a nodding acquaintance with Buddy and invited him for coffee, and then to appear on his radio talk show. Buddy does have a city permit to play his street music. Thanks to Buddy for spreading the joy of music!

ARTIST WITH HUMOR:

At the last club business meeting a greeting card was sent around for all the members to sign and send along to Bob Provart, who is rarely able to join us, and who we dearly miss as he is always so joyful, humorous, quick-witted and plays the most melodious harmony!

To our great surprise, he sent back a hand-drawn card to us, illustrating certain individuals and notating each person's unique talent or distinctive trait. Bob is well-renowned for his drawing and cartoonist as well as calligraphy skills and we positively enjoyed receiving his card. What a blast! Bob has contributed much to the club through the years and many name him as their harmonica teacher. Thanks, Bob!

THANK YOU NOTE FROM YOUR PRESIDENT

Thanks to all the GHC members who work behind the scenes, setting up chairs and equipment for our weekly meetings. There is usually a crew waiting to help unload and set up for gig performances and quickly help take down and pack it up again. It is wonderful to see how the club team pulls together and jumps in to do whatever is needed. Thanks to Charlie Pratte, who handles the scheduling, and to Frank Davis & Joe Fey for their dedicated and excellent directing jobs. Several different folks take care of hauling and storing the equipment. And a Very Big Thank You to all who participate in performing at gigs – that is the backbone of our club!

Thanks to everyone who contributes articles to the newsletter, as well as publishing, forwarding photos, folding, mailing, copying, etc. Thanks also to all who activate the Phone Call List for last minute messages. To name their names would be risky, as I may miss someone, but please know you are appreciated. Everyone who does anything (just attending) makes our club a success! Thanks to the spouses who are left behind at home but give support! Thanks to all!

WELCOME TO VISITORS AND POTENTIAL NEW MEMBERS:

Linda Dalton
 Debbie Campbell
 Rick

THE GHC REEDER is a bimonthly publication of the Gateway Harmonica Club, Inc. of St. Louis, Missouri, a nonprofit organization dedicated to the preservation and advancement of the harmonica. The club meets weekly on Tuesdays at 7:00 PM at the Rock Hill Baptist Church, 9125 Manchester, Brentwood, MO.

Inquiries about membership should be directed to:

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Information about the club's activities is also available on the World Wide Web at:

www.gatewayharmonicaclub.org

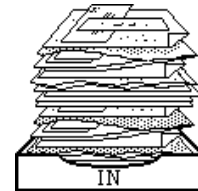
Happy Birthday!!!

Birthday greetings are extended to the following members of the GHC family who are celebrating birthdays in September and October.

<u>September</u>		<u>October</u>	
Greg Hommert	9/1	Norma Uhl	10/6
Rosemary Nesslein	9/7	Jim Bricker	10/6
Charles Pratte	9/9	Bob Reynolds	10/8
Jim Melchers	9/17	Ron Beer	10/18
Frank Davis	9/25	Bill Boal	10/24
Geza Dombi	9/25	Bill Dulin	10/30
Julie Melchers	9/29		
Jerry Bonfiglio	9/29		

Editors Note: Apologies to Jessie Hirsch for omitting her birthday on July 31. Congratulations, Jessie. To everyone else, please notify us if you or your spouse's birthday is missed or incorrect.

WE GET (AND SEND) LETTERS



Father Dominic

Saint Louis Abbey
500 South Mason Road
St. Louis, MO 63141-8500

Dear Father Dominic:

On behalf of the Gateway Harmonica Club, we would like to again express our appreciation of your donation of the harmonica collection left by Brother Ed. We have now completed the silent auction of these instruments to members of our organization and want you to know they will be played with respect and gratitude.

An amount of over \$450 was collected and added to our other funds to distribute to various St. Louis charitable causes at the end of the year.

If you ever have an opportunity to hear the Gateway Harmonica Band, we know it would be a delight for you and your brothers.

Thank you again for the donation of the harmonica collection.

Sincerely,

Mary Ann Love

Mary Ann Love, President
Gateway Harmonica Club

August 2, 2006



2006 HARMONICA CONVENTION

August 15—19

Denver, Colorado • Renaissance Denver Hotel

We are presenting several reviews on the Denver SPAH Convention. It's interesting how different people attend the same function, but come away with very diverse impressions. Look for additional points of view in the next issue.

SPAH REPORT – MARY ANN LOVE

I was one of the lucky GHC members who was fortunate to attend the SPAH convention in Denver August 15th through 19th. My son, Joe, was still on medical leave from surgery and along with my husband, Francis, we made it a family driving vacation. Joe was very impressed with all the friendly and down-to-earth people from everywhere. I heard him telling about his adventures on the phone to his friends and he said there was every kind of harmonica music all over the place – from Bach to Pink Floyd (he prefers Pink Floyd).



There were about 22 members from the Gateway club (including spouses) who attended. Quite a few of us signed up for a rail tour through the Rocky Mountains. Unfortunately, the previous day, the train broke down and we ended up on a bus tour. The tour guide was very informative and articulate. It was a bit stunning to hear that the median age of the Denver population is 31. Their main economic sources are tourism and high tech occupations, as there are no manufacturing industries (I did see Coors brewery, but she explained Coors has expanded into the high tech arena also). We lunched in the delightful town of Georgetown, which is now a restored, charming and colorful Victorian era replica of the silver mining town.

I participated in the *Hermonicas* and performed with that group on-stage at one of the evening shows. My E note went flat and luckily for me, Bill Dulin introduced me to Jimmy Gordon, who is a custom harmonica technician from Vermont. Jimmy had his tools of the trade handy and replaced my broken reed. I asked Jimmy if he also played and he modestly said “a little. . .” He has played at Carnegie hall with J. J. Cale band. Jimmy also had a part in one of the evening shows and he played a ‘mean’ diatonic, his preferred instrument.

Ernie Roberts was the professional photographer and was seen everywhere snapping digital shots and video recordings even in the classes. Scott Paulding, a Denver resident, who has visited our club several times, is the Vice-President of the Mile High Club and was gracious and welcoming, as was Paul Davies, the outgoing president of SPAH.

There was a Korean Harmonica Ensemble that performed and they are master musicians on tour. The Harmonica Hotshots (Al and Judy Smith) presented classes and shows and are now old friends. The traveling German Harmonica Museum that had been at the University of Missouri at St. Louis was also presented. There were many other performers – it would take a whole program to name and describe them all.

Tom Stryker is the new President of SPAH and a professional harmonica player who has played with many of the great names in the industry. He held a President’s breakfast (for all the different harmonica clubs) and Bill Dulin and myself represented St. Louis. SPAH is an international organization and Tom has a vision to grow membership and preserve SPAH for future generations. The convention was an unforgettable experience!

VOCABULARY SPIN

For those who love the philosophy of hypocrisy and ambiguity....

1. Don't sweat the petty things and don't pet the sweaty things.
2. One tequila, two tequila, three tequila, floor.
3. Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
4. If man evolved from monkeys and apes, why do we still have monkeys and apes?
5. The main reason Santa is so jolly is because he knows where all the bad girls live.
6. I went to a bookstore and asked the saleswoman, "Where's the self-help section?" She said if she told me, it would defeat the purpose.
7. What if there were no hypothetical questions?
8. If a deaf person swears, does his mother wash his hands with soap?
9. If someone with multiple personalities threatens to kill himself, is it considered a hostage situation?
10. Is there another word for synonym?
11. Where do forest rangers go to "get away from it all?"
12. What do you do when you see an endangered animal eating an endangered plant?
13. If a parsley farmer is sued, can they garnish his wages?
14. Would a fly without wings be called a walk?
15. Why do they lock gas station bathrooms? Are they afraid someone will clean them?
16. If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is he homeless or naked?
17. Can vegetarians eat animal crackers?

BEER VACATION: EPISODE #3 – ENGLAND

Ron and Judy Beer have excerpted from their travel journals the trip to England March 14 through April 4, 2006. So many folks asked Ron about this trip that he was willing to share their adventures. This documentary is the third episode issued in the Reeder. Thanks to the Beers for this Travelogue!

CORNWALL Episode 3A

The southwestern extremity of the mainland of the British Isles is triangular with 200 miles of coast. East-west 80 miles and north-south about 40 miles. Rich in character, the coast has many bays and headlands with the greatest height above water over 1300 feet. Deep water estuaries are found on the south coast and hills and valleys define the landscape. There are four large outcrops of granite which appear as gaunt moorland and steep hills. Copper and tin mining are old industries in these regions. The lowlands between and around the outcrops are mainly agricultural and horticultural areas.

Sunday, March 26. We began our tour with a visit to St. Ives on the north coast., situated on the west side of St. Ives bay, about four miles wide. A Medieval town with a present population of 11,400, it has a jumble of alleys and tiny streets. We parked up high and wound down to the seashore on switchbacks and short diagonal lanes, all with wall-to-wall buildings both residential and commercial. In the 1920's St. Ives' cobbled alleyways and overflowing flowerpots attracted painters and sculptors whose works can be seen in many local art galleries. Contemporary author Rosamunde Pilcher, born and raised in Cornwall, based a pub in a novel on The Sloop, St. Ives's best known watering hole on the corner of Fish and Wharf Streets, which has been active since 1312. Naturally we checked it out as we were ready for lunch. It was crowded and noisy, with tiny tables, and we had to hunt for a third chair. Stepping boldly to the bar where drinks and food are ordered, Judy found that they drink until about 4:00PM, then eat. So... we moved on, pulling a bit of atmosphere out the door. It was windy, and the door hard to control although we tried to not bang our exit. We wandered around finally settling for a small sit-down lunch spot where we each enjoyed a lamb pasty and drink.

In our wanderings, an attraction to a second hand bookstore led Judy to an author she encountered some years before in Canada. She landed a copy of Derek Tangye's first novel. Oh joy! Derek made his home in Cornwall.

As we and the day wore down, we headed home for an in-house supper.

Monday March 27. Today we headed for the deep south. In fact as far south as one can travel on mainland England. The Lizard, or Lizard Point, was a trip for all of us. The name is a corruption



of Old Cornish "Lys ardh" meaning "the high place". We drove from the top of the cliff down a road cut into the rock, wide enough for one but not for two. Periodically a widening of the road allowed one vehicle to pull off so another could pass. At times the rock was above our roof line. Vegetation tumbled over the edge of the cut and, for me, was entertainment. Eventually we came to an opening where a gravel car park area gave us a sort of sea view. The wind was strong and mist or rain reduced our visibility. The horizon over the water was not discernable. We were still a long way from the water, perhaps as much as 100 feet. There was a refreshment building, open for the season as of the previous day, so we entered and each enjoyed a Horlick's malted (hot).

As we sat at a table looking out at the waves crashing on the shore, the sun broke through and provided a superb view of what we had not seen clearly. When we left we decided to climb a footpath back to the top of the cliff where we circumnavigated a lighthouse complex which had been there since the 1700's. A herd of wild ponies feeds and wanders in that area, but we did not find any. The ground is moor-like, grassy and treed but quite wild. Upon regaining the parking lot we bid farewell to the Lizard and headed back up the trail. It was lunchtime (t'was ever so), and we drove about ten miles to Gweek, a small town. A pub of the same name provided lunch. An English custom I found charming involved the family pooch joining the group inside. All we encountered were well behaved and friendly, however it was expedient to walk with one eye on the paw, tail or nose, as space was crowded. A rather interesting relationship of man and pet.

Leaving Gweek we headed toward Falmouth, about seven miles, and stopped at Trebah Gardens (or Trebah Garden of Dreams) which stands at the head of a 26 acre ravine, 500 meters long and descending 70 meters to Yankee beach and the Helford estuary.

Registered in the Domesday survey of 1085 as the property of the Bishop of Exeter, it passed for six centuries by sale or marriage through many old Cornish families. From 1961 to 1971 Trebah was owned by racing driver Donald Healey whose popular Austin Healey sports car was well appreciated in my teen years. In 1987 the Hibbert family opened the garden to the public and formed the Trebah Garden Trust as a registered charity in 1990. In 2002 the Trust successfully bid to the Heritage Lottery Fund and received a 1.94 million pound grant to build a visitor center and carry out garden improvements.

Trebah's beach at the foot of the valley was the launching point for the U.S. 29th Infantry Division for the assault landing on Omaha beach on D-Day. (Thus the term "Yankee Beach", above.)

The garden contains specimens from diverse parts of the globe. The presence of palm and other tropical plants was a surprise. The pathways were well laid out and not difficult to travel on while changing views were spectacular. Some Japanese magnolias of great height were in blossom and magnificent. We had some sun for much of the visit, a special treat.

Tuesday, March 28 — We seek King Arthur. Tintagel is a tiny village on the North Atlantic north shore. Nearby, the magnificent ruins of Tintagel Castle lure visitors of all types, although the cliffs and distance require suitable footwear and some stamina. Rubble piles include Roman remnants, so within or shortly post-the-Roman period (circa 400A.D.) visitors brought evidence of advanced culture to a remote and difficult landscape. The Celtic

word “Din Tagell” means “fortress of the narrow entrance”. The present castle remains were erected after 1233 A.D. by Earl Richard of Cornwall, who had acquired the lands. Ruined Dark Age defenses were replaced with a strong stone wall.

From the town, which is on a high bluff, a road passes down a valley to the beach harbor, where ships had brought people and supplies. On the left of the roadway a finger of land projects into the sea from the flat plateau of north Cornwall. Half of the castle is on the mainland, the balance on a large point joined by a narrow neck of land and accessed today by a bridge connecting the divided land masses. Owing to our available time, we devoted our excursion to the island portion.



The narrow entrance is part of the mainland facility. After a complicated climb on sturdy but narrow steps, sharing space with groups descending, we came to a wooden door in an arched doorway made of stone. Beyond lay the remnants of foundations and wall portions of Tintagel, unroofed but capable of defining mystery in a pseudo-tangible way. There are foundation stones in varied parts of the point, indicating usage over time, most undocumented

excepting for archeological evidence which can tell us whether life was rich with excellent imports, or less so with simpler craftsmanship as evidenced by stone tools and simple ceramic work.

The Arthurian legend gives hope to aficionados whose capacity to leap into any fragment and build thereon is typical of the romance implied in stories surrounding the fabled king. We are instructed that there may have been a hero, possibly named Arthur, whose feats gave rise to the legend. However, we are cautioned that

much Arthurian legend is rewritten to appeal to differing sensitivities and sentiments as newcomers periodically have traversed these hallowed paths. No concrete proof is known at present. Do visit!

Leaving Tintagel Castle, we walked uphill against a strong breeze coming down the valley. In town we partook of a full English breakfast consisting of eggs, bacon, ham, sausage, grilled tomatoes, baked beans and toast, washed down with cups of coffee or tea according to our individual preference. Our usual style was early breakfast in the condo, but variety isn't all bad.

From Tintagel we drove to Clovelly in Devon, with a brief stop at the village of Bude and a look at the waterfront. The distance from Tintagel to Clovelly is about 27 miles.

Clovelly is picturesque and interesting. A visitor center in the cliff-top parking area set us up for a

pleasant walk first north along the shore, then west straight down main street through the town to the waterfront. (and I really mean straight down!) Buildings were cheek-by-jowl, as much of England is set up, and the surface involved 170 steps of cobblestones.



Every five or six feet there is a raised row of cobbles, which presumably act as a sort of brake. No cars are allowed in the town proper. Incoming supplies are delivered on hand-pulled wooden sledges, while personal groceries were seen to be carried in shopping bags. People who live there are very content. We stopped at a pub for afternoon tea. Devon cream served with scones, or Victorian fruitcake, all washed down with tea, seemed just right. The walk back

up was shorter than the walk down – seemingly – and the experience well worth the time and effort. A drive back to the condo for dinner and bed rounded out a pretty full day!

If any other GHC member would like to share their travel adventures, you are most welcome to submit your stories.

St. Louis Style - CHAT-a-Nooga Choo Choo

(Or the Adventures of Christine Pondo)

Due to a printing malfunction, the following page was incomplete in the last issue of the Reeder and we are repeating it here so that you may know . . . *The Rest of the Story.*

On June 30, 2006 at 6:15 p.m. I decided to travel to the Belleville gig by transit. I boarded the Metro Link at Hanley Station, which is 15 minutes from my home. I had planned to arrive in Belleville an hour early and walk around downtown, but as usual I procrastinated!

Packed with Cardinals fans, the train slowly moved to downtown St. Louis. It was fascinating to catch the excitement of the ball game goers, as well as overhear the conversation of the lady beside me talking with her friends behind us. She had been Activity and Events Planner for Tan-Tar-A, Lake of the Ozarks Retirement Community; and now was Office Manager for a large physician's office in Lake St. Louis (both impressive jobs). Finally, at 6:45 the train stopped on Eads Bridge and we all had to get off as this one was going out of service for the evening.

While waiting for the next train, I sat with another lovely young woman and asked how long it takes to get to Belleville (my first trip across the Mississippi River on the Metro Link). Soon we were traveling again on the next train and enjoying a long conversation. At 7:10 p.m. we reached the destination of Belleville where her mother picked her up and invited to drive me to Bellecourt Place (the location of the gig). The mother told me her niece had held her wedding reception there in the beautiful large



banquet hall upstairs, which was an old church with lovely stained glass windows and high vaulted ceiling. With the help of the ride from these women I arrived at the gig on time and really enjoyed playing with our band and later touring the upstairs to see the beautiful former church.

Jerry Bonfiglio graciously drove me back to the transit station and on the return trip I read my mystery novel *No One Dies in Branson* by Kathryn Buckstaff, which has this quote: "It's the vigor of the live performance here that sets Branson (any one of them) apart. For audiences and entertainers alike, the fountain of youth is right on stage."



On another subject, I was watching a DVD – *Fever Pitch*, which is a cute story about a Boston Red Sox Super fan. There's lots of music in the movie, including great blues harmonica playing by Tommy Morgan.

What a ride!

GHC HELPS TO KICK OFF HARMONICA EXHIBIT



Our club was honored to have a part in the opening day festivities of the German Harmonica Museum's exhibit on Friday, July 14. The exhibit, a traveling event which is touring the United States, remained in St. Louis on the UMSL campus until August 8. In addition to an extensive display of harmonicas, the exhibit traces the history of the instrument beginning with the origin of the free reed *sheng* in China through the development of the present-day harmonica in Europe. The contributions of Hohner and other manufacturers are featured as well as the United States' role as the primary consumer of harmonicas.

The evening began with a reception hosted by Mr. Larry Marsh, Director of the German Culture Center of St. Louis. Mr. Martin Haffner, Director of the Museum, opened the program with a brief historical review. GHC member Ria Meagher then extended a welcome in German, followed by a GHC program, which included a number of German selections.

The exhibit was open to the public on Tuesdays through Saturdays from 11 AM to 5 PM. A special exhibition and demonstration of "oddball" harmonicas from the vast collection of St. Louis' own Harland Crain was presented on Sunday, July 30 at 2 PM.

GHC Events Calendar

WEEKLY EVENTS

Tuesday evening meetings at Rock Hill Baptist Church, 9125 Manchester, St. Louis, MO 63144:

6:30 PM - Blues Group, led by Louise Cook — Everyone welcome

7:00 PM - First Tuesday of month: Business Meeting — Everyone welcome

All other Tuesdays: Band Rehearsal — Everyone welcome

8:00 PM - Open Mic — Everyone welcome

PERFORMANCES AND SPECIAL EVENTS

A schedule of upcoming Gateway Harmonica Club performances and special events is distributed bimonthly at our business meeting. For maps and customized driving directions, go to www.gatewayharmonicaclub.org/gigs

Mack the Knife

Excerpted from Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia (internet)

The club has lately been performing a program that features many German songs. "Mack the Knife" is included and I was surprised to learn that song had a German origin. Although the tune is catchy, the words have always seemed strange and unappealing to me. Also, I was not aware that the song came from an opera. However, I do know many operas have dark stories and tragic endings. Following is a little background. - Editor

"**Mack the Knife**", originally "**Die Moritat von Mackie Messer**" is a song composed by Kurt Weill with lyrics by Bertolt Brecht for their music drama *Dreigroschenoper*, or, as it is known in English, *The Threepenny Opera*. It premiered in Berlin in 1928. The song has become a pop standard.

The Threepenny Opera A *moritat* is a medieval version of the murder ballad performed by strolling minstrels, from *mori* meaning "deadly" and *tat* meaning "deed". In *The Threepenny Opera*, the *moritat* singer with his street organ introduces and closes the drama with the tale of the deadly Mackie Messer, or Mack the Knife, a character based on the dashing highwayman MacHeath in John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*. The Brecht-Weill version was less dashing and much more cruel and sinister and has been transformed into a modern anti-hero.

The opera opens with the *moritat* singer comparing MacHeath (unfavorably) with a shark, and then telling tales of his robberies, murders, rapes, and arson. In the best known English translation, from the Marc Blitzstein 1954 version of *The Threepenny Opera*, which introduced the song to English-speaking audiences, the words are:

Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear,
And he shows them pearly white
Just a jack-knife has MacHeath dear
And he keeps it out of sight.

"Mack the Knife" was introduced to the U.S. hit parade by Louis Armstrong in 1954, but the song is most closely associated with Bobby Darin, who recorded his version in 1958. In 1959 Darin's version reached number one on Billboard's Hot 100 and number six on the Black Singles chart, and was described by Frank Sinatra, who also recorded the song, as the "definitive" version.

Ella Fitzgerald made a famous live recording in 1960 (released on *Ella in Berlin: Mack the Knife*) in which, after forgetting the lyrics after the first verse, she successfully improvised new lyrics in a performance that earned her a Grammy.

The rarely heard final verse, which closes the opera, and expresses the theme, compares the glittering world of the rich and powerful with the dark world of the poor:

There are some who are in darkness
And the others are in light
And you see the ones in brightness
Those in darkness drop from sight

Many versions of "Mack the Knife" pay homage to previous artists who have recorded the song by naming them towards the end. Some of the recorded performers are Sting, Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett, Westlife, Nick Cave, Lyle Lovet, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, and Michael Buble. Sonny Rollins recorded an instrumental version called simply "**Moritat**" in 1956. There was a 1959 instrumental performance recorded by Bill Haley & His Comets.

IT'S JUST THE MUSIC IN HIS SOUL

Bob Pangilinan, GHC member, has been studying songwriting in classes at Webster University. He was very excited to recently release the following song (on CD) and shared it with us at last month's meeting. The vocalist and guitar player is Dan Rubright, Faculty, Music Dept. of Webster University. Bob played the background harmonica music as well as being credited with the lyrics. It blends a mix of blues, Latin beat, and soul with heart. Bob is very appreciative to be an American and of all the opportunities this country and St. Louis has to offer. Thanks, Bob, the GHC club extends *Congratulations* on all your achievements!

* * * * *

St. Louis . . . Where My Heart Became Whole (St. Louis . . . Where My Heart Is) Previous Title

Verse 1:

*I came here in '64
I was a foreigner in a strange land
I came here from the far east
Only \$200.00 dollars in my hands*

Verse 2:

*No family to call on
No roots in this river town
I had to start it all from scratch
So hard to move-up when you're so far down*

Chorus 1:

*St. Louis. . . A city between two rivers
In the Show-Me state
In the middle of this great land
Is the heart and the gate*

Verse 3:

I got married here, raised a family

*Over time our life grew
We had 5 kids. . . 2 sons. . . 3 daughters
Eventually they had children too*

Verse 4:

*I started it all with just one Now we're 21 in all
I was just a single falling leaf
Now I'm a tree growing tall*

Chorus 2:

*A city between two rivers
With music in it's soul
It's the gem of this heart land
St. Louis is my home
Where my heart became whole
St. Louis is my home
Where my heart became whole (sound fading and ending slowly)*

Copyright: © Lyrics by: Robert U. Pangilinan July 12, 2006

