

## CITY BY THE SEA

during the last century — and the century before that. Most of what is Jiddah today dates to the seventeenth century as a settled area, with the site of the old city 12 miles south at Ras al-Aswad. History attributes the original settlement to merchants during the caliphate of 'Uthman (644-656 A.D.).

As its commercial importance grew, Jiddah was building its history . . . the Turkish occupation . . . the driving out of the Turks by the British in 1916 . . . the founding of the new Kingdom of Hijaz . . . and finally, the liberation of the city in 1925 by the warrior-ruler who unified the Arabian peninsula for the first time: King Abd al-Aziz. But during most of its history, much of Jiddah's importance has grown out of her position on the Red Sea.

Now, as in centuries past, ships come in from every part of the globe. They bring everything imaginable, from ladies' apparel and accessories to trucks and heavy machinery. It is here at the port that visitors watch the core of the city's economy, for international trade has been the foundation of her prosperity for 500 years.

Newcomers, like Mrs. Clevenger, and travelers passing through find that Jiddah exerts a two-fold impact: first are the impressive signs of growth and modernization, best seen in the city's new homes, stores and offices; second, is that certain atmosphere of self-assurance — both seen and sensed — that one finds in all great cosmopolitan centers.

And, why not? Jiddah is the commercial and financial center of the Kingdom. For hundreds of generations, it has been carrying on international trade and banking, not with just a few countries, but with the *world*. Foreign embassies and consulates, branches and agencies of foreign

firms are a taken-for-granted part of the local scene.

One top businessman epitomized the Jiddah viewpoint: "Jiddah is *not* of the desert, the camel and the Bedouin." Just as a New Yorker might say: "Manhattan is *not* of the corn belt, the cow and the farmer."

And, so, when the man of Jiddah views the changes in his city, he's pleased, but he's not awed by it. Hasn't Jiddah *changed* many times?

"We like Jiddah very much, indeed," Mrs. Clevenger says, describing the advantages.

"The children are happy. We have a school sponsored by American companies that have branches or representatives here. It has an American principal, and there's one teacher for every two grades."

The social life is rewarding and pleasurable, too.

"It's quite international," Mrs. Clevenger says, "as it would be in a cosmopolitan city like this. Our friends are Saudi Arabs, Europeans, and Americans."

Mr. Clevenger is one of only about a dozen Americans with Aramco in Jiddah. The rest are Saudi Arabs. The Company's functions in Jiddah are confined to affairs that require discussion with the Saudi Arab government and to the operation of a large bulk plant for the distribution of petroleum products. The plant has storage capacity for approximately a million barrels of products — aviation and automotive gasoline, jet fuel, kerosene, light and heavy fuel oil, and liquid asphalt.

These are products that are indispensable to the homes, the hotels, the business, the industry and the traffic of the city — the new Jiddah that started to come into being when the bulldozer crashed into the wall back in 1945. ■



**JIDDAH—  
City by the Sea**



# Aramco World

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**FRONT AND BACK COVERS:** The sun-washed buildings of Jiddah, Saudi Arabia, sparkle against the sea, which has been the key to the city's economy for hundreds of years. Along with its position as a center of trade and commerce, Jiddah fulfills an important spiritual function as the welcoming port of entry for pilgrims from all parts of the Muslim world. It is to Jiddah that they come while en route to Islam's holiest city, Mecca, which is 45 miles to the east of the Red Sea port.

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An American housewife in Jiddah, Saudi Arabia, soon discovers that this ancient Red Sea port is one of the cosmopolitan centers of the Middle East.

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# PERSEVERANCE PAYS OFF

A most loyal booster of that old-fashioned maxim is Abdullah Fouad of Dammam, Saudi Arabia

**T**HERE are times when Abdullah Fouad might think that his life story had been planned by the man who builds roller coasters.

"I wouldn't try to kid you," he explains. "I was broke—flat broke."

That was 1952. This is 1960. And Abdullah Fouad is certainly not broke now.

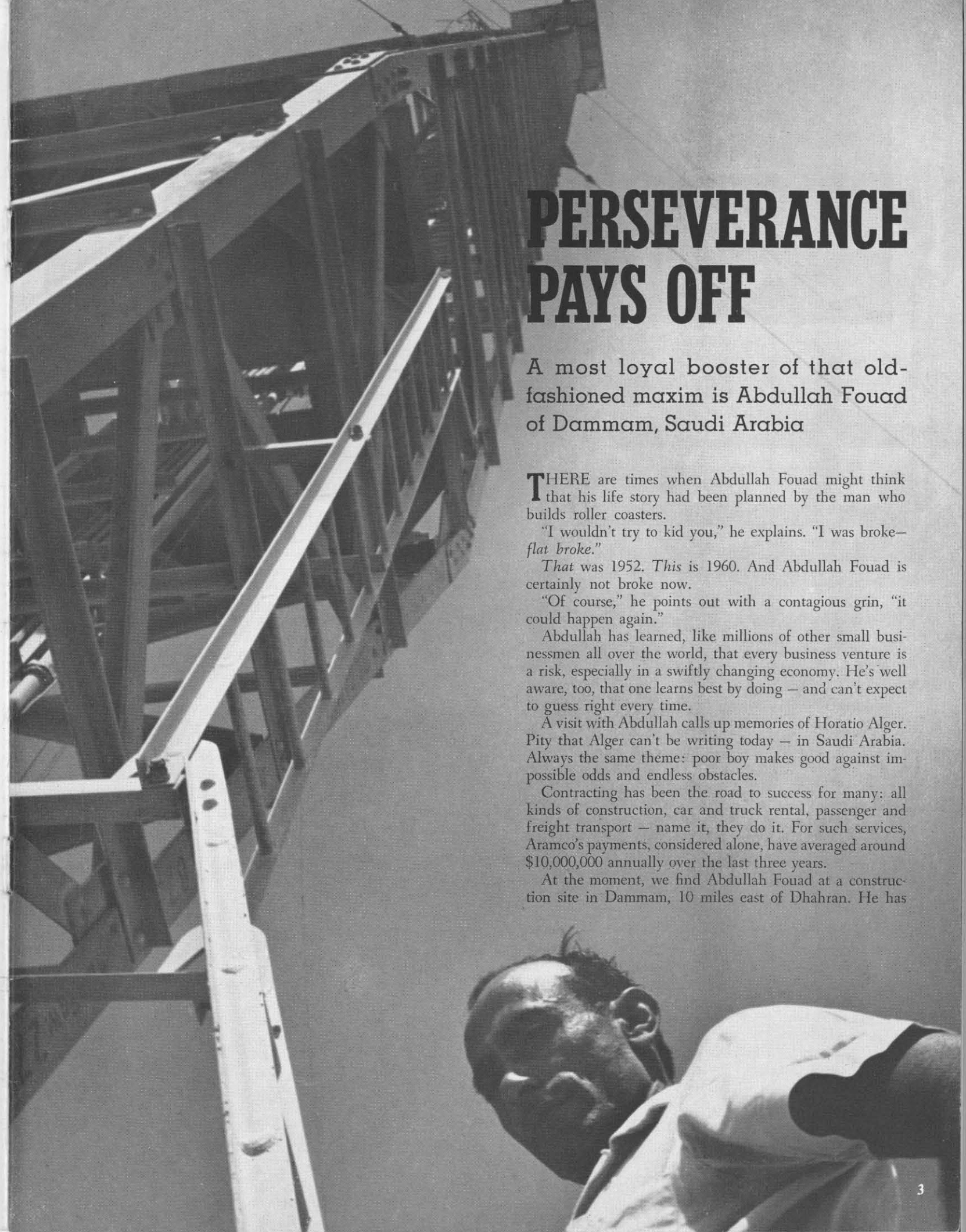
"Of course," he points out with a contagious grin, "it could happen again."

Abdullah has learned, like millions of other small businessmen all over the world, that every business venture is a risk, especially in a swiftly changing economy. He's well aware, too, that one learns best by doing — and can't expect to guess right every time.

A visit with Abdullah calls up memories of Horatio Alger. Pity that Alger can't be writing today — in Saudi Arabia. Always the same theme: poor boy makes good against impossible odds and endless obstacles.

Contracting has been the road to success for many: all kinds of construction, car and truck rental, passenger and freight transport — name it, they do it. For such services, Aramco's payments, considered alone, have averaged around \$10,000,000 annually over the last three years.

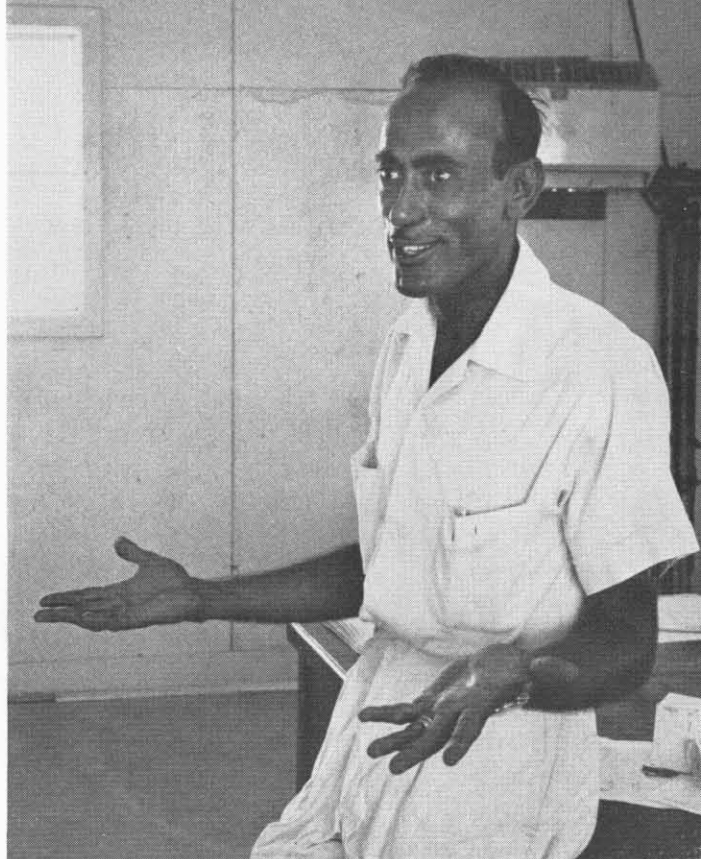
At the moment, we find Abdullah Fouad at a construction site in Dammam, 10 miles east of Dhahran. He has







Abdullah takes a turn feeding his youngest son, 3-month-old Faten.



His contracting work is going full blast now, but Abdullah doesn't mind admitting that it has been a long, hard pull.

75 craftsmen and laborers there, building a new secondary school for the Ministry of Education.

He's moving around . . . checking with his foreman.

"This," he remarks, "is my first contract where I've had to supply all the materials, as well as do the job."

Getting Abdullah's story is a breeze. He has a good memory and he's logical; he starts at the beginning, and all you have to do is listen . . .

He was just a boy back in 1937 when he packed a few personal things at his home and headed for al-Khobar, a tiny port and fishing village on the Saudi Arabian coast.

"My cousin," Abdullah reminisces, "was the passport officer at al-Khobar, and I told him I wanted to get ahead in the world. He talked to an American friend of his at Aramco, and I got a job working part time around his house and yard. He started teaching me English."

After about six months, he learned enough basic words and expressions so that he was able to get a job with Aramco as a trainee telephone operator.

He stayed on the job until 1940 and attended the Aramco school at nights, studying English and arithmetic. Then, an uncle on Bahrain Island died, and duty called. Abdullah had to go there to take care of the family.

This was setback No. 1. He knew his duty, but he knew too, that he'd never be content until he got back off the detour.

By 1944, Abdullah did what he knew all along he'd do: he rejoined Aramco — as a clerk in the personnel office.

Six months later he transferred to the refining center at Ras Tanura, advancing to the job of head clerk in personnel and, all the while, keeping on with his studies.

"By 1948, I decided I was ready to get out on my own. I didn't have enough money for anything big, so I started an automobile wash rack. After a few months, I began to get some little contracts: laying the deck for Aramco's new North Pier at Ras Tanura . . . putting up portable houses . . . other small jobs.

"I wasn't exactly getting 'fat', but I was getting along."

Meanwhile, a great construction project had started up north: the huge trans-Arabian pipeline system — or "Tapline" — that would carry crude oil from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean.

It wasn't too long before Abdullah was sure he heard a knocking at his door, and he knew who it was: Opportunity. He hied himself up to the construction base at Ras al-Mish'ab to see if he could make a deal.

"I did. I got a contract to supply all kinds of laborers and craftsmen on a monthly basis. I got to where I was supplying 500 to 600 men at a time."

Things were going well. Besides the business with Tapline, Abdullah continued to pick up contracts at Ras Tanura.

Tapline was finished in the fall of 1950. With his contract at an end, Abdullah planned to put to work the money he'd made.

"I decided to open a carpentry shop in Dammam to build furniture. The town was growing. New homes were going up.

"I put in about 65,000 riyals (a little more than \$14,000 at present exchange rates)."

But it was time for setback No. 2. Before he could get his shop set up, a combination of elements closed in on the

new enterprise: a shortage of local craftsmen and a shortage of demand. There simply wasn't the market that he had calculated.

"After 15 months, I went broke — flat broke," says Abdullah, quite comfortable in the American idiom. "It cost me about 85,000 riyals. Which, at going rates, is pretty close to \$19,000 — and how would *you* feel? So did Abdullah. There was his family to support. And working capital to raise. And not too many folks are anxious to lend money to a fellow with a dead business.

"I tried raising chickens. No good. I just didn't know the chicken business. I thought I was about licked — and then I got a break. They were building the Saudi Government Railroad then, and I got a contract to erect 11 radio towers.

"A little bit later, I got another contract — to furnish men to the company that was building barracks for the Air Force at Dhahran."

Busy as he suddenly became, it took him a couple of years to pay off his debts and make himself solvent again. By 1954, he was moving ahead steadily, and a good chance came up when he won a contract to erect family housing for Aramco at the oil-producing center of Abqaiq.

"It was my first big job entirely on my own, without supervision. It was a lump-sum contract. I had to try to figure out all of my costs so I'd come out with a profit. I'd never had to do this before, and I did some bad guessing.

"It was my own fault. Aramco doesn't want contractors to lose money. It wants them to *make* money."

Abdullah's American friends assured him that "bad guessing" is a built-in hazard for ambitious businessmen. The

main thing is that he kept learning from experience and didn't toss in the sponge.

He kept right on taking contracts — lump-sum jobs: an Aramco employee-training school . . . a machine shop . . . supplying men to erect oil storage tanks.

All the while, with each job, Abdullah figured those costs better. More contracts: family housing at Abqaiq . . . underground lines for central air-conditioning . . . a dining hall and a cafeteria, an automotive body shop and a swimming pool.

"Last year, I built 32 family houses in Dhahran, and this year I'm renovating and remodeling a whole section of bachelor dormitories at Ras Tanura."

Meanwhile, in the Horatio Alger pattern, Abdullah has won a few rewards at the "old age" of 35:

"I've made four trips through Europe. I went to the fairs at Hanover and Milan — to enjoy myself and pick up ideas."

He has a bank account, a home and a wonderful family.

"Yes, I have a daughter, Anisa, 14. She's a good student. My son, Fouad, is nearly 10. Time goes quickly. In a few years, he'll be in college. And, there's the baby, Faten, 3 months."

You'd figure Abdullah's worries are over, wouldn't you?

"No—for one thing, costs are going up. Wouldn't you know it!" Abdullah turns on that grin again. "As I was telling you — I could go broke again!"

Somehow, though, it's evident that he won't. And, even if he should, with his kind of zest and vitality he'd bounce right back again. ■



A new secondary school in Dammam is the biggest construction job Abdullah has tackled to date.





# ICE INVADERS

*Spawned by the glaciers, icebergs steal into shipping lanes like phantom fleets threatening destruction*



THE sturdy little Danish freighter was returning from her maiden voyage to Greenland when it happened. Rounding Cape Farewell in a raging arctic storm, the steel-armored, radar-equipped vessel radioed her anxious owners in Copenhagen that she was on the home stretch.

Suddenly the appalling call came crackling over the airwaves: "Collision with iceberg!"

The U. S. Coast Guard and two German trawlers picked up the grim message, swung about and began pounding toward the scene. Then came the second call: "We are sinking now..."

That was the last heard from the *Hans Hedtoft*, pride of the Danish merchant fleet. On a grim February day in 1959, the brand-new ship, billed as the "safest afloat," went down with 95 humans aboard.

Like the "unsinkable" *Titanic* 46 years before, the *Hedtoft* had been the victim of an iceberg — one of the dread phantom fleet that lurks in the North Atlantic seas.

In spite of radar, reinforced steel hulls and other modern guards against the fury of the polar seas, the worst menace to mariners is this herd of white monsters that break loose from the great glacier fields of Greenland each year and stream toward the shipping lanes.

Some 16,000 icebergs are born each year in the arctic alone, most of them spawned by the vast, age-old glaciers that stretch across the bleak coast of Greenland. Many also come from the ice crust girdling nearby Baffin Bay. An ever greater number are "calved" in the south polar regions, but most of them remain trapped in the Antarctic Ocean, where few vessels ever sail.

Explorers who have ventured into that forbidding area along the Antarctic Circle known as the Devil's Graveyard report seeing more icebergs in one day than the International Ice Patrol spots in northern waters in an entire year. The British adventurer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, witnessed

an awesome armada of thousands of towering white bergs drifting past in spectral parade.

Fortunately, in an average year only about 400 of the northern leviathans make it past the Grand Banks of Newfoundland into the steamer tracks, although 1,000 slipped through in 1912, the year the *Titanic* went down and took 1503 humans with her.

Greenland's glaciers were formed by countless layers of snow that began falling more than 50,000 years ago. This mile-deep blanket covers more than one million square miles and forms about 100 separate tidewater glaciers, about a fifth of which constitute iceberg birthplaces.

An iceberg is "calved" in two principal ways: First, when there is a sharp drop from the shore to the sea floor, water eats away at the base of the advancing glacier until the lip breaks off with a thunderous roar that echoes across the frozen wastes and a newborn berg crashes into the sea. Second, where the sea floor slopes gradually from the shore and the glacier nudges its way into the sea, the buoyancy of the ice lifts the foot of the glacier and snaps it off when it reaches deep water.

A newborn iceberg, unlike most newborn things, is vast to begin with and gradually grows smaller. When it breaks free from the mother glacier, an arctic infant weighs up to several million tons and measures as big as a city block.

In the southern hemisphere the bergs are vastly larger. Each year the endless ice field known as the Ross Barrier breaks off in almost vertical walls as it is pushed slowly into the ocean by distant glaciers. Weighing billions upon billions of tons, these mammoths are often islands of ice up to 50 miles long. Others form lofty dreadnoughts towering hundreds of feet in the sky.

The unearthly beauty of these great frosted mountains drifting beneath a brilliant polar sun was lyrically described by Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd after his trip to the

Antarctic. He likened the ghostly flotilla that surrounded his ship to "a doomed fleet, the fairest that ever put to sea . . . drifting slowly toward extinction in the warmer latitudes." Death comes gradually to the antarctic bergs. With no strong currents to push them toward warm waters, they often live up to 10 years. Fortunately for mariners, these giants rarely, if ever, reach the shipping lanes.

Icebergs come in many sizes and shapes. Pinnacled bergs, luminous white and reaching heavenward like a church steeple, are called "drydocks." Flattops, or floating islands, are known to mariners as "growlers." Most arctic bergs don't exceed 100 feet in height, but one giant spotted by an exploration party was reported to tower 400 feet above the sea. Some bergs have been compared by awed observers to great cathedrals, others to oriental palaces with gleaming dome and minarets. Still others have great caves glowing a deep blue in their marbled flanks. As they reach the warmer latitudes, the mammoths often break into smaller chunks that clutter the water in packs known as ice floes. Veteran polar mariners, prefer, however, to call these packs "brash," since an ice floe can also mean a field of salt water ice.

Icebergs play strange tricks on a mariner's eyes. Some look like great, jagged rocks, thrusting up from the sea. Others resemble ships in the gloom. Byrd likened one antarctic berg that suddenly loomed out of the mist off his bow to a battleship, and the quartermaster of the *Titanic* mistook the monster that his vessel hit for a windjammer under full sail. Most feared perhaps are the dome-shaped bergs whose rounded skulls can, in some cases, send a ship's radar signals bouncing off in all directions instead of rebounding straight back.

The sight of these silent spectres gliding through the sea is frightening enough, but the real danger lies in the fact that 85 per cent of their bulk lurks hidden beneath the water, ready to gash the hull of any vessel that crosses

their path.

Once born, arctic icebergs begin a meandering 1,800-mile journey of two to three years to the Grand Banks and some of the world's busiest shipping lanes. Wafted along by wind, tide and currents, they travel about 50 miles a day.

The great majority of northern bergs become grounded in Greenland bays or are trapped in arctic coves. Others stack up against the upper Newfoundland shore and slowly die in the sun.

The piercing sun rays cause many bergs to founder or "explode" with a thundering roar that can be heard for miles around as the heat apparently causes the ice crystals to contract. As blocks of ice — many as big as houses — tumble from the stricken berg into the sea, rings of waves that could swamp a fair-sized ship radiate in all directions.

But the 400 or more bergs that survive this arctic obstacle course form the ghost fleet that is one of the sailor's deadliest foes. By the time they have reached the Atlantic, the monsters have dwindled to several hundred thousand tons — still many times the weight of an ocean liner and a threat to any vessel.

Icebergs usually perish after they pass the Grand Banks and encounter the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Yet in 1926, a British steamer spotted the remnants of a berg about 200 miles south of Bermuda. It measured only 15 by 30 feet and stuck but three feet above the surface. But, with a bulk nearly nine times that size lurking beneath the surface, it was still big enough to deal a damaging blow to an unwary ship.

Shocked by the *Titanic* disaster, a group of nations decided in 1913 to form an international ice patrol to police the North Atlantic and warn ships of the presence of icebergs. Sixteen countries contributed to the support of the patrol, which is administered by the U.S. Coast Guard. On duty from February through August, this watchdog





A nineteenth-century engraving dramatically depicts the crushing power of an iceberg pack on a fleet of trapped seal-hunting ships.

## ICE INVADERS

service claims that no lives have been lost in the Grand Banks shipping area since it was organized. The ill-starred *Hans Hedtoft* was in Greenland waters outside the patrol's beat when she met her fate.

The Ice Patrol, operating in swift U. S. Coast Guard cutters, marks the location of every berg that reaches Newfoundland waters and flashes a warning to ships in the neighborhood. Once the lurching monsters reach the 48th parallel and begin to stream through "the Slot," a deep Atlantic channel, prodded by the Labrador Current, the Ice Patrol takes up its watch. Merchant vessels and warships of many nations operating in the Newfoundland area radio word to the Ice Patrol headquarters at Argentia, Newfoundland when they spot a prowling berg. Its position is immediately marked on a chart and word goes out in the advisory bulletins broadcast twice each day to all ships in the vicinity. If a ship lies in the berg's path and her wireless operator doesn't respond, an Ice Patrol cutter speeds to the endangered vessel and flashes word by blinker.

In pursuit of their perilous task, men of the Ice Patrol have acquired a respectful familiarity with their ghostly foe. They have found that icebergs are full of air bubbles that crackle and snap as the berg melts. Patrol crewmen have used pieces of "berg ice" for their soft drinks and say it lasts longer than regular ice.

On more than one occasion, roaming bergs have proved a boon to fishing trawlers or merchantmen whose water supply has run out. Most of the huge ice cakes have flat surfaces where the sun's rays have melted the ice into sizeable pools. Crewmen have boarded the berg from a small boat and drained off the precious salt-free water.

For years the Patrol has sought some means to destroy the bergs that wander into their territory. They have tried thermite fire bombs, underwater demolition charges and torpedoes but none has had a visible effect.

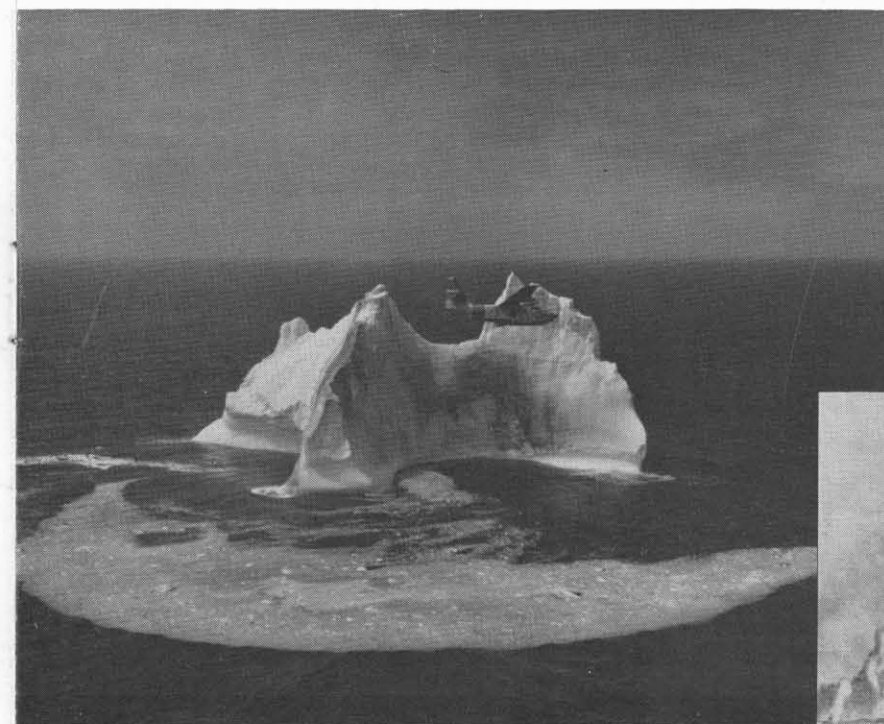
Time, sun and the Gulf Stream eventually reduce icebergs to mere water, but while they live, they are a constant peril to the sturdiest ship and the most seasoned mariner. ■



Air-view minimizes the size of new iceberg (left foreground) breaking from its parent, the Jacobshavn Glacier in Baffin Bay, Greenland. Berg measures one mile across at break-point.

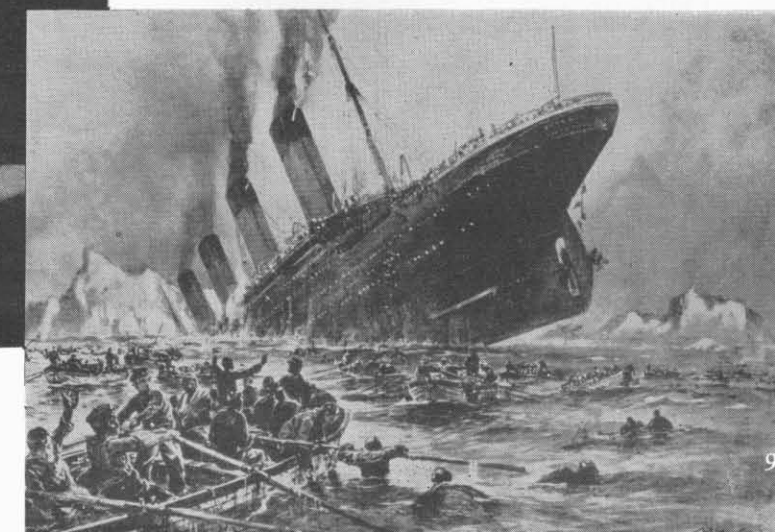
*"and through the smoking pall, like phantom fleets, prowled icebergs past numbering with the sea sobbing in their basement grottoes."*

Richard E. Byrd



A U.S. Coast Guard plane flies past an iceberg that has just been hit by a 1,000-pound bomb. The berg, estimated at 150 feet high, 300 feet wide and 1 million tons, received 16 direct hits and still kept its bulk.

In 1912 a berg ripped a 300-foot gash in the *Titanic*, sinking the 46,000-ton ship in three hours and prompting formation of watchdog International Ice Patrol.





# VICTORY AT CHALMETTE

*Six miles east of New Orleans an odd assortment of American troops turned the tables on a veteran British army in a battle that was fought two weeks after the War of 1812 was over*

IT is six o'clock in the morning. A cold, wet, white fog hangs over the plantation fields. The ground ahead is jagged with the frost-covered stubs of sugar cane, gleaming like silver nails driven up from beneath the earth.

Suddenly comes a long, sharp "S-s-s-sh," and then the gray sky flashes with a burst of blue light as a rocket explodes. Another rocket blazes in reply a little distance off. Then a moment of tense silence.

And now they come. Through the wind-scattered fog, over the frosty ground, 600 yards ahead, magnificent and dreadful, huge squares of Englishmen, colorful in red tunics and white cross-belts, marching in perfect formation, their bayonets gleaming in the early morning light.

They move forward steadily, to the sound of their drums . . . now they are 500 yards away.

This is the moment the American cannoneers have waited for. Down come their burning matches to the touch-holes of their cannon . . .

This was the morning of January 8, 1815, the morning on which one of the strangest battles in history was fought. The British were making their last attack on the American forces defending New Orleans in the War of 1812. Their commander was young, handsome General Sir Edward Michael Pakenham, brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. Opposing him was Major-General Andrew Jackson — "Old Hickory" to his soldiers. His army, called on to defend New Orleans, was one of the oddest combinations ever assembled.

The war Pakenham and Jackson were about to conclude had begun less than three years before, on June 18, 1812. The Congress of the young American nation had declared it in vexation at British behavior on the high seas. The British were already at war with Napoleon and badly needed sailors for their naval vessels. Some of their own seamen had deserted to American ships. To get them back, the British had been stopping American vessels, searching them and seizing any of their crew who had been British subjects. American protests against the high-handed methods had no effect, and war was declared.

It went on feebly for the most part, especially on land. But in the spring of 1814 matters changed. The British had defeated Napoleon and now had troops to spare to settle things with the United States. A part of their strategy was to capture New Orleans, and on December 14, 1814,

a large British squadron had moved through the Gulf of Mexico and entered Lake Borgne, quickly taking possession from the small American forces defending it.

Jackson had calculated that the British might attempt such a penetration, but he was completely unaware that it had happened. The British lost no time using their advantage. They marched immediately from Lake Borgne on toward New Orleans, pressing through five miles of swamp that Jackson had thought impassable. By the morning of December 23, they had reached the plantation of Jacques Villeré and captured it. They were now within nine miles of their objective — New Orleans.

And Jackson, at his headquarters at 106 Royal Street in the old French Quarter, still believed the enemy was somewhere near Lake Borgne. When he learned that the British were practically at his front door, his reaction was explosive.

Quickly he organized his forces for an attack to be made that same night. It began at 7:30 P.M. with a broadside from the guns of the schooner *Carolina*, which bombarded the British camp from the Mississippi River. It was the turn of the British to be surprised, but they recovered quickly and soon they were engaged with Jackson's infantry, the first of the land actions at New Orleans. It was more or less a draw, and both sides pulled back to prepare for the next encounter — an artillery duel on January 1, which was over early in the afternoon.

A week later came the thunderous engagement that is always called "The Battle of New Orleans." The British had waited for reinforcements to arrive and now were ready to attack with an initial force of 5,400 seasoned troops. Jackson had some 4,000 men in his line, behind a long mud rampart. He was well aware that his troops would stand little chance in daylight and in the open against the British regulars. Under Jackson's directions, his men labored for days along moat-like Rodriguez Canal, building a mud wall on ground that was too soft for trenches. They drove stakes into the soil along the canal and then piled dirt against them. Shifts of soldiers relieved one another until the fortification was complete. Behind the wall Jackson's army waited, an odd assortment of regulars, volunteers and recruits. Besides the 7th and 44th Regular United States Infantry, the Tennessee and Kentucky Militia, there waited, among other groups, such fight-

ing outfits as Coffee's Tennessee Mounted Infantry, Hinds' Mississippi Dragoons, two battalions of Free Men of Color, a company of Choctaw Indians, and a band of pirates organized by the infamous LaFitte brothers, Jean and Pierre. Jackson had accepted their offer of assistance at almost the last minute.

At one o'clock in the morning of January 8, 1815, an aide awakened General Jackson. He spent the rest of the "dog watch" riding up and down the line, giving final orders, inspecting, and encouraging his troops.

At six o'clock the British attack came through the dawn fog. Thrown into the assault against Jackson's mud wall were nine veteran infantry regiments and assorted engineers, rocket troops, sappers and miners. The red-coated soldiers advanced in great squares, just as they had successfully marched against Napoleon. Three times during the day they flung their massed numbers against the mud wall, but it was a hopelessly futile tactic to use against Jackson's sharpshooters. The British marched gallantly, but they marched to their deaths. A British officer, one of the few who survived, said later that the American line "looked like a row of fiery furnaces."

Jackson's defenders stood three and four deep, protected by their rampart. As each rifleman fired, he stepped back to reload and instantly his place was taken by another with loaded rifle. Up and down the line, 1500 rifles cracked almost simultaneously, adding to the grape-shot devastation wrought by American artillery battalions. Two 24-pounders of Battery 3 were manned by a pirate crew under the command of Dominique You and Renato Beluche.

The aftermath of battle, at two o'clock in the afternoon, counted 2,000 British killed. The Americans had lost only seven men dead and six wounded.

As Jackson surveyed the holocaust, the sugar-cane fields dotted with the British dead, he saw an awesome sight. From among the dead there slowly rose up 500 British soldiers, still living, who came forward, like ghosts, to give themselves up as prisoners. Jackson later said that the scene was like the resurrection predicted for the end of the world.

So ended one of the strangest battles ever fought — the last battle in a war that had already been ended by treaty fifteen days before. Jackson went back to New Orleans and to the celebrations arranged in his honor. But for young General Pakenham, there were no celebrations — and no more battles. He died as he was carried to the rear after being hit a second time.

From the spot on Chalmette Plantation where Pakenham died to Jackson's headquarters on Royal Street in New Orleans is six miles. Today the old plantation is a national park, in which stands Chalmette Monument, a marble shaft 100 feet high, erected to commemorate the battle. Towering and severe in design, it suggests the spirit and austerity of "Old Hickory" himself. The passing years have transformed much of the land, particularly battle areas outside of Chalmette National Park, but the visitor who walks over the grounds, perhaps in an early morning mist — letting his imagination run free — can see again Jackson and his colorful army behind their mud rampart . . . and rushing upon it, squares of red-coated soldiers, the vanguard of the British who have come to capture New Orleans. ■



Astride a white mount, Major-General Jackson rallies his infantry and cannoneers behind their rampart as the British make final effort to take New Orleans in War of 1812.



# THOSE MEANINGFUL SCRIBBLES

KEY—	
1	Pay the bill.
2	I know you will cover each package.
3	Get a bill and pay for the file.
4	The file is rather cheap.
5	Lock the silver case and cover it.
6	I know you will check the cover.
7	The check for the package is due.

Speedwriting	
1	pa. bl\
2	i no u l kw ec pky\
3	gl a bl & pa f. fil\
4	.fil s Ra cep\
5	lk. Slv kas & kw l\
6	i no u l ch. kw\
7	.ck f. pky s du\

PITMAN	
1	pa. bl\
2	i no u l kw ec pky\
3	gl a bl & pa f. fil\
4	.fil s Ra cep\
5	lk. Slv kas & kw l\
6	i no u l ch. kw\
7	.ck f. pky s du\

GREGG	
1	pa. bl\
2	i no u l kw ec pky\
3	gl a bl & pa f. fil\
4	.fil s Ra cep\
5	lk. Slv kas & kw l\
6	i no u l ch. kw\
7	.ck f. pky s du\

Stenography is the shortcut that makes it entirely possible for the hand to match the speed of speech

JOHN Robert Gregg, of shorthand fame, used to tell a story that he insisted was true: Two Germans, living abroad, became friends, but a coolness soon developed when they found that one man came from Prussia, the other from Bavaria. They had no more than conquered their suspicions and become friends again when they discovered that they had been educated in different types of schools. The coolness returned, and they avoided each other for several months. But friendship eventually triumphed when they agreed to forget their differences. Which they did — until one day it came out that one man wrote Gabelsberger shorthand, the other used Stolze's system. The two Germans parted and never spoke to each other as long as they lived!

True or not, Gregg's story is a graphic illustration of the esteem and loyalty men have accorded to one or another system of shorthand, the only systems, outside of mechanical recording devices, that enable us to make a record of man's words as fast as he speaks them. At a normal speaking pace, the voice may spill out slightly more or less than 200 words per minute, depending on the language habits of the speaker. Not too strange then is the fact that more than 2,000 years ago scholars recognized the shortcomings of longhand for transcribing speech. And also not too strange is that shorthand's usefulness has, over its 2,000-year history, made it the subject of study for emperors, kings, Presidents, noblemen and great writers. But it has been shorthand's workaday usefulness that has caused its growth, until to-

day various systems are printed in more than 60 languages and dialects, from Russian to Burmese, from Hindu to Maori.

Americans frequently call this science of recording speech by brief signs just "Gregg" — rather a comedown for a "lithe and noble art," which in the past has borne such high-sounding names as characterie, tachygraphy (swift writing), brachygraphy (short writing), stenography (narrow writing) and phonography (sound writing).

The first organized system of shorthand, however, was called simply *notae*, the Latin word for "marks" or "signs." Its inventor, Marcus Tullius Tiro, used shorthand in 63 B.C., so that he could take down the Roman Senate speeches of his friend, Cicero, and other senators.

The Tironian system, based on Roman capital letters, was taught in the schools, and many Romans learned it, including the Emperor Augustus, who in turn taught it to his grandchildren. *Notarii*, or shorthand writers, were in demand as reporters and secretaries to high officials. But they ran some risks — a serious error could cost a shorthand writer his hand, or even his life.

The early Christian church employed shorthand scribes to take down testimony at trials of accused Christians, so that convictions would not be made on false reports. St. Paul probably dictated some of his epistles to *notarii*, and St. Augustine told of eight stenographers, at a fourth-century church conference in Carthage.

Though Tiro's shorthand survived Rome's fall, by the

tenth century it had died out completely. When a way to "retrieve winged words" was reborn, it was in late-Elizabethan England. This time, shorthand was destined to stay alive, through many changes.

Dr. Timothy Bright, a physician turned clergyman, was the first of the new shorthand inventors. In 1588 he dedicated to Queen Elizabeth I his "Characterie: an Arte of Shorte, Swift, and Secrete Writing by Character." The queen rewarded him with a Yorkshire parish and the sole right for 15 years to teach and print his method.

For more than a century, shorthand was almost an English monopoly. An early use was to report proceedings at court trials (still an important shorthand function). Before Sir Henry Hyde put his head upon the execution block, in 1650, he made a speech from the scaffold, and his words were duly "taken in shorthand from his mouth." And when the notorious highwayman, Dick Turpin, went before a judge in 1739, a professor of shorthand was there to take down the proceedings.

Early shorthand had many personal uses. Ministers (including the American divine, Jonathan Edwards) wrote sermons in shorthand. Gentlemen and scholars made notes, copied prayers and poems in beautiful, minute shorthand characters. Some men chose shorthand for journals and diaries, feeling, no doubt, that characters gave them more privacy than longhand.

Samuel Pepys based his secret diaries on Thomas Shelton's system of "Tachygraphy"; fortunately Pepys could not dream that future scholars would break his code and publish his indiscretions through many editions!

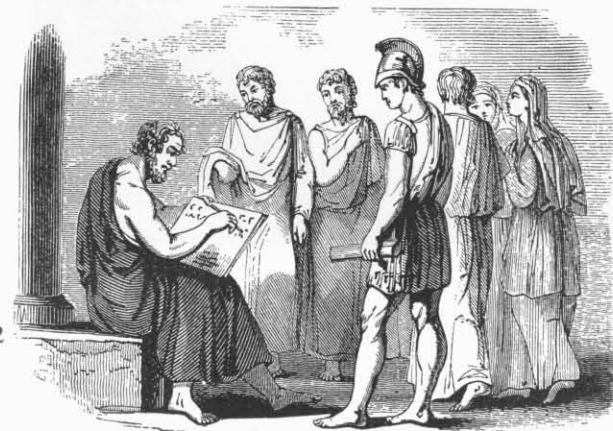
One nineteenth-century gentleman, the Reverend Hugh Worthington, even wrote his will in shorthand, and it was duly filed at the probate registry. From the seventeenth century on, shorthand scholars have enjoyed reading books printed in shorthand characters, including the Bible, works of Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe, Dickens, Scott and Washington Irving.

John Byrom, who could list Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield among his students, was the first and only shorthand teacher to be singled out by Parliament. He petitioned, and Parliament answered in 1742 with "An Act for securing to John Byrom the sole right of publish-

ing the art and method of short-hand invented by him."

An excellent reason for remembering Thomas Gurney's method in 1751 is that Charles Dickens studied Gurney. By teaching himself shorthand, Dickens changed his life from poor clerk to "a first-rate Parliamentary reporter." Shorthand itself even figures in *David Copperfield*. David, like Dickens, studied "an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography." He was baffled by the characters: "a thing like the beginning of a cobweb, meant expectation . . . a pen-and-ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous." After three or four months of study, David ventured to try to report a speech in the House of Com-

In Rome those who learned shorthand, as taught in schools, were in demand as aids to officials.

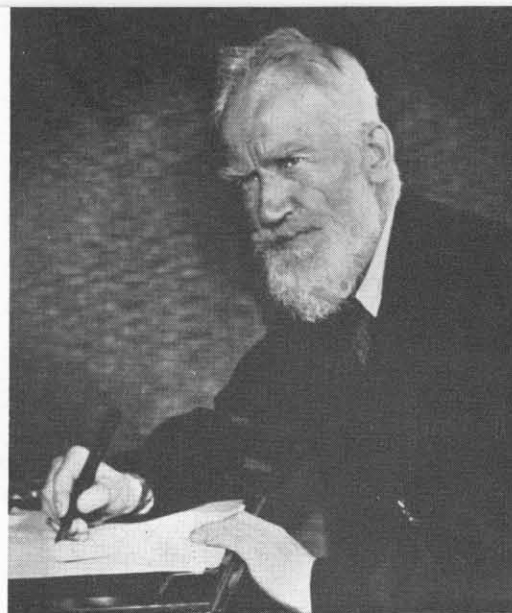


During Middle Ages, men of means often hired public stenographers, who used shorthand to write letters.





Playwright George Bernard Shaw, like many other writers, found shorthand an aid to composition.



#### THOSE MEANINGFUL SCRIBBLES

mons, only to find that his "imbecile pencil" could not keep up.

The year 1837 is a milestone in shorthand history. Up to that time, some 200 shorthand systems had evolved, most of them based on orthography, or words as they are spelled. In 1837, Isaac Pitman, an English schoolmaster who had taught his boys Samuel Taylor's shorthand method (1786), published his own *Stenographic Sound-Hand*, or phonography, the first good system based on phonetics, or the way words sound. "Pitman" was an intricate system of symbols and shadings, but solidly efficient and speedy. Mr. Pitman published it in a four-penny booklet, so that anyone could afford it.

To many young Englishmen and a few brave young women, Pitman was far more than shorthand — it was an "enchanted key" to a better future. Novelist Arnold Bennett might have stayed clerk in a pottery town if he had not learned Pitman and gone up to London as a shorthand clerk. He felt as his character in *Hilda Lessways* advised: "You ought to go in for phonography—it'll be the Open Sesame to everything."

Pitman's phonography, with modifications, became the chief shorthand system in England, and still is. Pitman himself was knighted for his contribution to the business world. In the United States, his method began well and was adopted by public schools in the largest cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia—which still teach it. But before Pitman had time to become a universal method here, a persuasive young Irishman, John Robert Gregg, came over and swept the field.

Gregg had studied many shorthand systems. His own, called "Light-Line Phonography," was based, like Pitman's, on phonetics, but it used characters in harmony with the

slant and movement of longhand. Gregg's shorthand appealed because it was easier to learn and to write. When Gregg opened a business school in Chicago in 1896, only one pupil turned up, but soon there were hundreds. Today, millions of persons have studied Gregg, and it is taught in more than 90 per cent of all the shorthand classes in the United States.

The many American shorthand students who have made good range from Presidents to Broadway producers. Woodrow Wilson, as a young professor, wrote chapters of his books in beautiful shorthand characters and typed them on his Calligraph. James F. Byrnes began as a court reporter, went on to the Senate, the Supreme Court, and the President's Cabinet. Fiorello LaGuardia walked the New York streets seeking work during the financial panic of 1907; he found a job immediately after taking a business course and learning shorthand in six weeks.

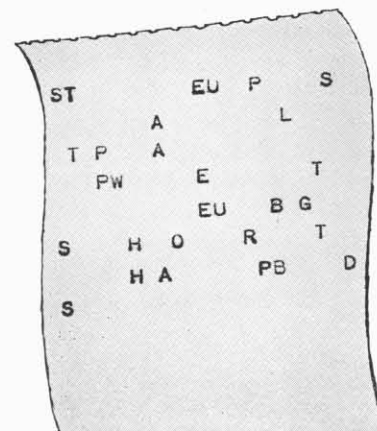
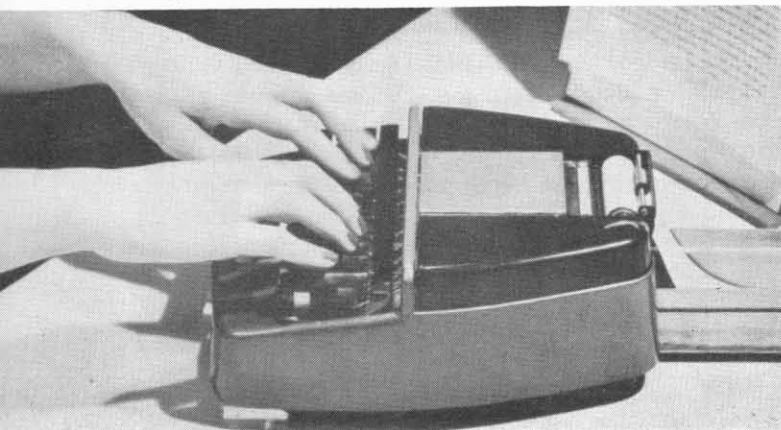
In the 1940's, two newer systems of shorthand began to expand: Speedwriting, or alphabet shorthand, and Stenotype, or machine shorthand. Both had the basic appeal of being easy to learn.

The "speed" in Speedwriting means the quickness with which the method can be learned: from six to eight weeks, as compared with one or two years for Gregg. A New York shorthand teacher, Emma Dearborn, was the inventor of Speedwriting in 1923. Based on the letters of the alphabet, each consonant stands for phonetic syllables or words. Because letters take longer to write than symbols, a Speedwriting graduate's top dictation speed is 120 words per minute, and this is more than sufficient for many offices and uses.

Court reporters, taking notes for hours, were the first to think what a boon machine shorthand would be. Miles Bartholomew, an Illinois court reporter, patented the first U.S. machine in 1879. Other stenographer-inventors experimented with models, but it was not until 1911 that a New Jersey man, Ward Ireland, patented his 54-pound "Old Ironsides" — the basic model of the machine most used today in Stenotype (or Stenograph) methods.

Today's machine weighs less than five pounds and looks something like a tiny, silent typewriter with 24 keys. It records alphabet shorthand on an automatic roll of paper. Stenotype is the fastest system to date: an official record of 375 words per minute, as compared with highs of 260 to 280 for pencil shorthand. Printed notes make Stenotype unusually accurate and can be transcribed by any Stenotypist or filed for reference.

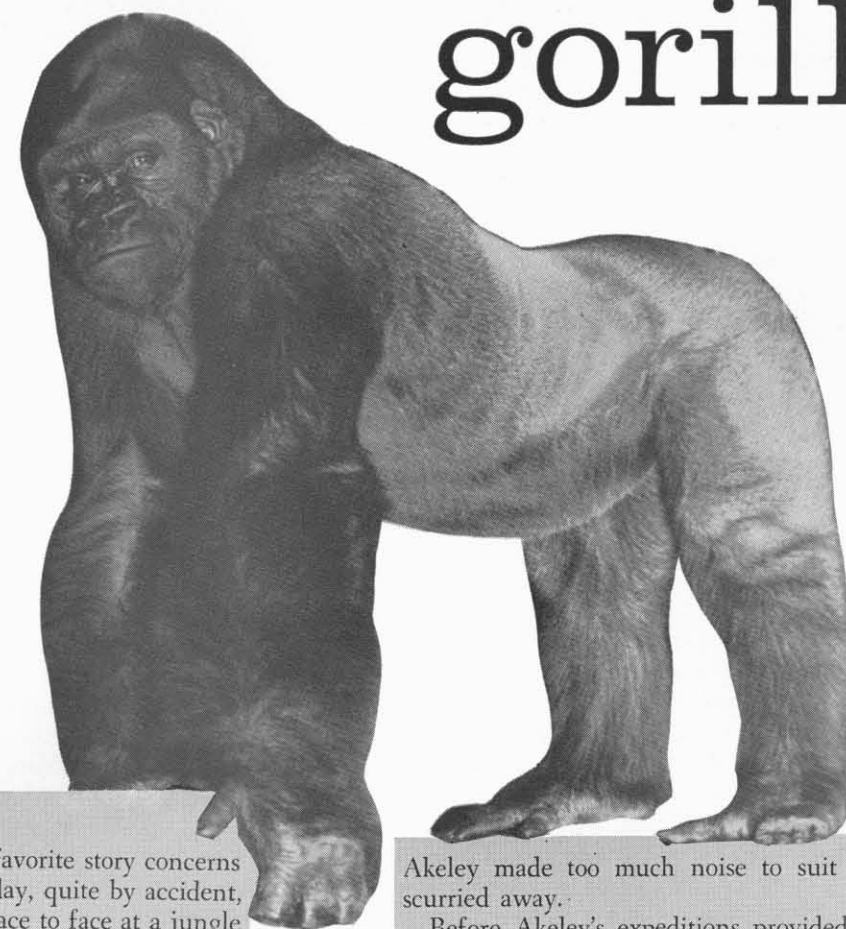
But whatever partisanship stenographers may express toward one system or another, one fact is clear: the usefulness of shorthand in catching and preserving "winged words" is demonstrated daily. ■



Stenotype's alphabetic shorthand is a comparatively recent stenographic system. Sample at left is the Stenotype reproduction of the first two lines in this caption.

# the good-natured gorilla

Wherein the much maligned ape turns out to be a comparatively gentle creature quite willing to live and let live



**A**MONG the Uganda Pygmies a favorite story concerns an explorer and a gorilla. One day, quite by accident, the explorer and a huge gorilla met face to face at a jungle crossroads. Both stopped dead in their tracks, rubber-kneed, while amazement turned to abject fear. Then both fled in opposite directions, howling in terror. The story might illustrate what man thinks of the gorilla and, in turn, what the gorilla thinks of man. But it also illustrates equally well the little-known fact that gorillas are actually quite placid, even shy, and only dangerous when provoked.

The popular image of the gorilla as a ferocious, cunning monster dates back to the stories of the famous African explorer, Paul du Chaillu. Carl Akeley, the great American naturalist, said that he had it on good authority that "du Chaillu's tales of adventure were twice rewritten before his publishers were satisfied they contained sufficient proofs to thrill the public."

Akeley himself disproved the gorilla myth when he went to Africa in 1920. He took the first movies of the big apes, studied their habits and shot some specimens for the American Museum of Natural History. His film showed three young gorillas at play while their mother, munching leaves, watched the entire proceedings disinterestedly. When

Akeley made too much noise to suit them, the gorillas scurried away.

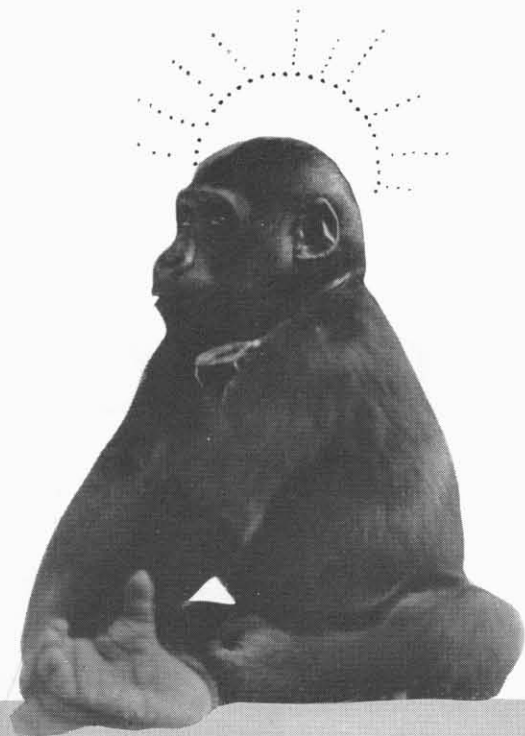
Before Akeley's expeditions provided accurate information on gorillas, the great ape was a subject of mystery and speculation, although at least one reliable account had been published more than 300 years before Akeley went to Africa. Andrew Battel, an English sailor, spent some time in the West African wilds during 1590 and later recounted his trip — and his encounter with gorillas — in Purchas's *Pilgrimage*, published in 1613. After that account, for hundreds of years, the only reports of gorillas were of the rumor variety, brought back from Africa by missionaries and sailors and embellished with legend and imagination.

Just before the turn of the century, several large European zoos acquired baby gorillas, but at the time no one knew how to keep them alive long enough to study their habits. And as late as 1911, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* reported that "fully adult gorillas have never been seen alive in captivity — and perhaps never will be, as the creature is ferocious and morose to a degree."

Most of the non-scientific accounts that filtered back from Africa concerned the gorilla's prodigious strength and



# THE GOOD-NATURED GORILLA



his pugnacious behavior. About the strength, exaggeration only did justice to the gorilla's amazing power, but about his hostile behavior, later explorers and hunters, such as Akeley, set the record straight.

Instead of being a truculent, even vicious adversary, the gorilla has been shown to be a pacifist who prefers to live and let live. But, like the mild-mannered man who suddenly whips the beach bully, there is a point of provocation beyond which the gorilla cannot be pushed. When aroused, a male gorilla *will* charge an adversary — but only when he has been persistently annoyed or if he thinks his family is in danger.

More often the gorilla will sham a charge to scare an intruder away. On such a "false" charge he may come within a few feet of his victim — and suddenly veer away. Gorillas, incidentally, run on all fours — their feet and their knuckles — and not upright as drawings often picture them.

There are certain basic differences between a false charge and the real thing. A false charge is usually preceded by an excess of roaring, chest thumping and threatening poses. But when a gorilla means business, there are rarely any preliminaries. When in doubt, however, it is a good idea to vacate the premises — immediately. Some years ago a group of scientists were tracking a gorilla family to study their habits. After a while they angled off the trail to avoid pressing the animals. Unknown to the scientists, the gorillas turned off in the same direction. When they met, a thoroughly irritated male charged the party and the guide had to shoot him.

Gorillas live in the lowland forests of West Africa from the Cameroons to the Congo River. In 1903 a mountain variety, darker and more hairy, was discovered in the eastern Congo area at altitudes of 10,000 feet. The last 350 of these are in danger of extinction due to encroachments on their habitat by various tribesmen.

The gorilla's coat is soft and glossy, and the male's has a light band across the back that gets whiter with age. An

old "silverback" may grow to almost six feet and weigh over 400 pounds. With that size comes a strength that's incredible, enabling the gorilla to snap a tree limb as easily as a man breaks a twig. Gargantua, one of the world's most famous gorillas, could pull 15 circus roustabouts off their feet by tugging at a rope with one hand. Although a gorilla and a champion weightlifter have never been matched, the 400 pounds that the weightlifter can "clean and jerk" from the floor, grunting and straining, would be easy pickings for the gorilla.

Gargantua, incidentally, was one gorilla who lived up to his public image. But he had good reason to. Captured as a baby on Africa's West Coast, Gargantua was shipped to the United States. On the voyage a discharged seaman threw acid in his face. Miraculously, the baby survived and was raised by Mrs. Gertrude Lintz. She sold him to Ringling Brothers, where he spent the rest of his days thinking up ways to murder his keepers. Gargantua died in 1949 from a stomach disorder.

However, in their natural surroundings, gorillas are good-natured. They prefer the peace and contentment of simple family life to violence. In fact, they are extremely connubial animals and are seldom found living alone (though one family rarely lives with another). Not too much is known about gorilla family life because families are hard to observe in nature, and in captivity gorillas soon become morose and lethargic. They are not very prolific and are believed to have a life span half as long as humans.

A typical family may include one male, two females and two babies. The male is undisputed boss; the females take care of the young. When young males reach puberty (at about 12 years), the old male gorilla drives them away. They will then try to entice a female from another family or fight a silverback for his wives.

The big apes are very talkative. Over 50 different sounds of gorilla conversation have been recorded. The male's bark of impatience ("Let's get going!") and his guttural roar of

anger are easily recognizable. Mrs. Carl Akeley describes some of the female's sounds as "having the same qualities of certain bird songs." A female's scream of terror, however, is blood-curdling enough to break up any conversation.

Although gorillas are often pictured as meat-eaters, they actually are vegetarians. They like berries, fruits, tender shoots and, occasionally, bird's eggs and grubs. Unlike other apes, gorillas spend almost all their time on the ground. At night the females and young sleep in the low forks of trees in bird-like nests which they make by snapping off a few nearby branches and leaves. The male, who has no natural enemy to fear, sleeps on the ground in a similar nest. They use these nests once and move on.

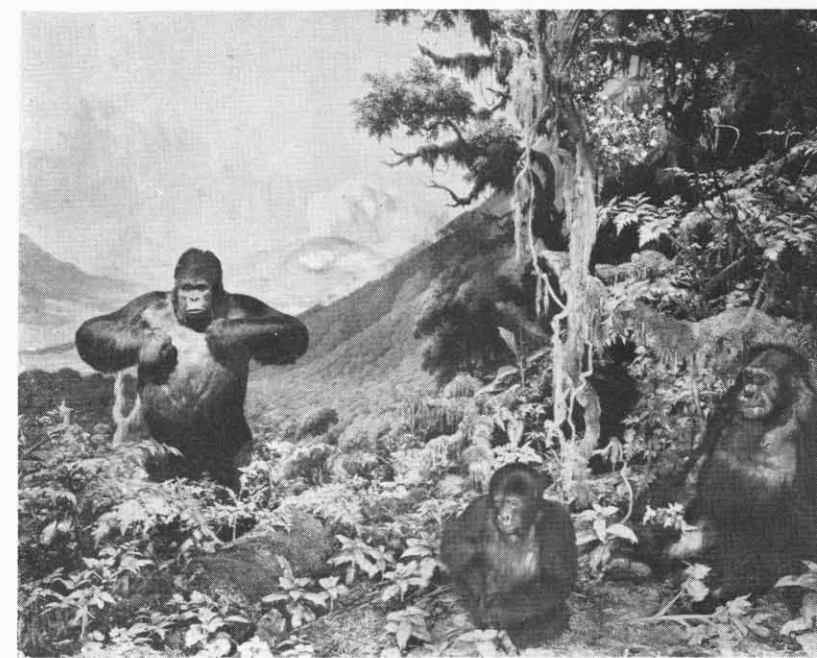
The gorilla resembles man physically more than any other animal. Besides the obvious skeletal similarity, such as the curve of the spinal column, the internal organs of a gorilla are very close to man's, right down to the appendix. Scientists point out that only man and the gorilla have a heel and that the gorilla has the palate and muscles that enable man to talk. When he stands upright, not his usual position, the gorilla's height approximates man's but his weight has an entirely different distribution, with most of a gorilla's weight in a barrel-like chest, which develops as he matures to support the chest's and arms' tremendous muscle structure.

Psychologically, a gorilla sometimes even acts like a man. Reports credit him with carrying wounded mates to safety and trying to staunch the flow of blood with leaves. Such behavior indicates a high order of intelligence, but the gorilla's intelligence — particularly that of the adult male — is hard to measure. Professor Robert M. Yerkes of Yale University in his experiments in this field found that gorillas had poor mechanical ability and good memories. Congo, a three-year-old female, singled out a box with food in it as consistently as a five-year-old child. She also learned to pile three boxes one on top of another to reach a bunch of bananas. But when the bunch was raised and a fourth box was provided, Congo was stymied. Professor Yerkes gave her a stick with which to knock the bananas down, but instead she tried to climb it. When that failed, Congo grabbed the professor, thrust him under the bananas and scampered up his back!

Of some 60 gorillas in captivity, about a dozen are in Europe, the rest in the United States. Only recently have they been successfully raised in captivity. With their delicate respiratory systems and stomachs, infant mortality is high even in their natural habitat. In civilization they succumb to colds, stomach disorders and other human ailments, including loneliness. The babies especially need love and affection — and a strict diet. They are like children and will overindulge in sweets and fruit if they have the opportunity.

Today most zoos keep a glass wall between gorillas and the public to protect the animals from infection. Ringling Brothers, who valued Gargantua at a million dollars, built a thermostatically-controlled glass-enclosed cage for the big ape at a cost of \$20,000.

A healthy baby gorilla is worth about \$5,000, but in 1956 the Columbus, Ohio Zoo got one free. Christina, a



In their natural habitat gorillas prefer a quiet family life, with the father (left) as boss of the household.

nine-year-old, 260-pound female gave birth to a three-pound, four-ounce baby gorilla, the first one ever born in captivity. The baby would have died but for an attendant who saw her in the cage and kept her alive by breathing into her mouth until oxygen could be administered. The next day young Colo, as she was named, was on a formula of milk and boiled water suggested by a local pediatrician. In three weeks she was gurgling, sucking her thumb and playing with her toes. Today Colo lives in a special wing which the zoo built for her. Perhaps in time she will teach man more about the good-natured gorilla. ■



Young gorillas are very affectionate, like to overindulge in candy and, left to themselves, suffer from loneliness.



## A SESSION ON

Duke Ellington



Louis Armstrong



Benny Goodman



Tommy Dorsey



Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk



*Every decade keeps time with this expressive music, which is now recognized worldwide as a genuine American art form*

**F**ORTY years ago, in a modest brochure read by few, a jazz band happily referred to itself as "a group of untuneful harmonists, playing peppery melodies." Today, ten thousand jazz musicians and a hundred million fans would no more speak of their music in these quaint terms than they would talk of donning goggles and dusters and taking a spin in the horseless carriage.

Jazz today is a highly sophisticated music. It is probably heard and admired by more people than any other form of musical expression the world has ever known. Not only have sales of jazz records steadily increased, but the music continues to expand its own usefulness. It currently provides background or mood music for countless television programs, comedy reviews, off-Broadway drama and movies from serious documentaries to light-hearted romances. And hardly a week passes without a jazz festival somewhere in the United States.

Interest in jazz is not limited to America. In Western Europe, the peoples of England, Sweden and France are all notably jazz happy. In Poland and Soviet Russia, there is a thriving black market trade in jazz recordings stamped into discarded X-ray plates. Jazz is popular in Japan, and American jazz groups tour Africa and the Far East, often under State Department auspices. Sometimes, when jazz

doesn't go to a particular country, the country comes to jazz. King Rama IX of Thailand interrupted an official tour of the United States last summer to participate in a jam session with Benny Goodman and other jazz musicians in New York. The *New York Times* reported that: "The king plays a mean alto sax."

How did this transformation of jazz from a quaint sound heard only in America to a worldwide art form come about? For that matter, what is jazz in the first place?

The word itself comes from *jass*, Louisiana Creole slang in use a hundred years ago. No one knows exactly what the term meant originally, but the music it describes today goes back to the tribal chants the West African Negroes brought to the New World long ago. In the West Indies, the African chants became the basis for rumba, tango, bolero, beguine, calypso and other of the so-called Latin rhythms popular today. In the American South, Negro music was almost entirely vocal for over 200 years, developing from complex rhythmic chants into work songs, spirituals and blues.

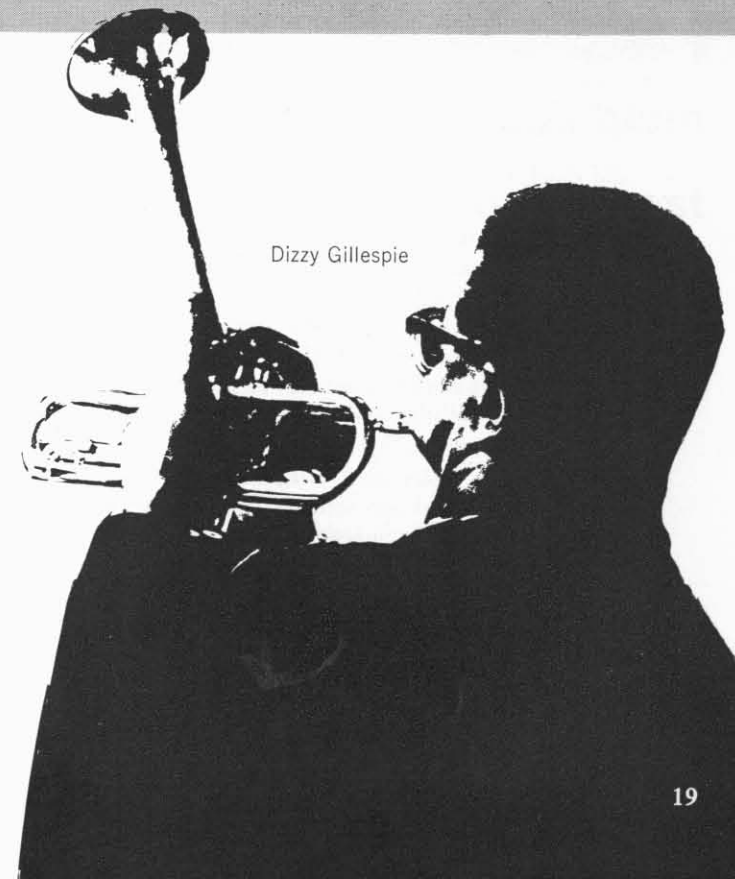
Musically, American work songs — like "Take Dis Hammer" and "Pick a Bale o' Cotton" — were simplified African chants. The spirituals were mainly developments of standard eighteenth and nineteenth-century hymns. But the

blues were a real innovation. The conventional scale of Western music has eight notes, or sounds of a given loudness and duration. By introducing a flatted note — a note a half-step down in loudness — after the second and sixth notes of the conventional scale, a new ten-note blues scale was originated. Exactly when and how this new scale came into being, no one knows. But flat sounds can be heard in any human moan or cry of distress. By the time of the War between the States, vocal blues could be heard in every stokehold and plantation field in the South.

Negroes singing these blues had occasional contact with other musical sounds, of course, but the blues never really broke out of their isolation until almost a generation after the war. By then, Negroes had been exposed to all sorts of music and had learned them all: sea chanteys, mountain ditties and comic minstrel show tunes. They heard Caribbean melodies, French and Creole popular songs, English madrigals and opera. Musical Negroes assimilated all these pleasing new sounds and by the 1880's and 1890's, the sounds were part of their own music. Another important influence was ragtime, a syncopation, or shift in rhythm, gained by accenting ordinarily weak beats in music.

The music that came out of all this was, at first, still vocal, but as cornets, banjos and other instruments came to hand, it was easy enough for talented musicians to trans-

Dizzy Gillespie





## A SESSION ON JAZZ

late song patterns to instrumental music. And with that translation, jazz was born.

The first jazz band leader of note was Buddy Bolden, a barber in a New Orleans neighborhood called Storyville. Bolden used to hold what today would be called jam sessions in a room behind his barbershop. In about 1898, he organized his musical friends into a band that supplied a two-beat, polka-like music for advertising wagons, street dances and parades, and other occasions.

The "other occasions" often were funerals. As the hearse was drawn to the cemetery by black-plumed horses, the band, marching double file in splendid uniforms, might play "Free as a Bird," or "Nearer My God to Thee," in solemn rhythms fitting the occasion. By the time the hearse was headed home, however, the band's theme changed to "He Rambled Round the Town 'Til the Butcher Cut Him Down" or to some other number appropriate to the recent history of the deceased.

Jazz left New Orleans during the first two decades of this century. The first jazz recording was cut in New York in 1917 by a group of white New Orleans musicians who had heard the Storyville music and played an imitation of it called ragtime. Orchestrated for a small group, this music developed into a style known today as Dixieland, probably because the musicians who made this first record called themselves the "Original Dixieland Jazz Band."



Thelonious Monk, leader in bop school of jazz, holds center of stage at Newport Jazz Festival.

Jazz also came up the Mississippi on riverboats that traveled between New Orleans and St. Louis, and eventually to Chicago. On one of these boats was a group, or combo, that included a young cornetist named Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong. Later, when he was playing the cornet in Chicago in the 1920's with King Oliver and his Creole Jazz Band, Louis' brilliant, hard-driving solo playing influenced every jazz musician who heard him and

did much to change jazz from music that emphasized group playing to music that stressed solo improvisation.

Another musician in Chicago in the 1920's was a frail cornetist named Bix Biederbecke. Bix died at the age of 28, but he had played enough great music before then to inspire everyone who followed. Around the legend of Bix clustered a whole school of musicians who developed a swinging style of their own and changed jazz rhythms from the two-beat of the early marching bands to a four-beat better suited to dancing.

These two influences — Louis Armstrong's improvisations and the Chicago school's swinging style — were to become enormously important within a few years. Oddly, the man who paved the way for their wide acceptance was working at the same time in New York. He was Fletcher Henderson, whose work led to the big-band boom.

After trying out bands of various sizes, Henderson decided that his music could best be heard in the cavernous dance halls if it were played by more musicians — 14 or

more instead of seven or eight. With band member Don Redman, he began arranging his songs — writing them down for the different instruments in the band in such a way that although each instrument played something different from all the others, all the sounds blended in a pleasing whole. Henderson added instruments for desired effects, and before very long, he had groups of trumpets, saxophones and other instruments playing separately but together. These groups evolved into the "sections" that became the basis of big-band jazz. At the same time Henderson left spots in the arrangements for improvised solos, which Louis Armstrong had made a hallmark of jazz.

Henderson's idea spread, and very soon there were as many big bands as there were combos, but jazz itself was still a spotty thing, listened to and admired mainly by college students, musicians and sports who visited night clubs. It remained for a Chicago jazz man named Benny Goodman to give jazz a truly national audience.

Where most previous leaders had stuck largely to obscure compositions, Goodman's innovation in the mid-1930's was to marry the sounds of big-band jazz to popular songs of the day like "Chloe" and "Sing, Sing, Sing," yielding a danceable music called "swing." This was in the middle of the Great Depression, and though there was little money available to spend on entertainment, audiences all over the country would line up for blocks to hear "BeeGee."

The big-band craze started by Goodman lasted until World War II, by which time a new kind of jazz was beginning to take the place of swing. It was called bop.

Unlike the earlier kinds of jazz, which had more or less drifted into existence as a result of a particular influence, bop was a frankly experimental form, based on rhythms that were more complex (than those used previously for marching and dancing) and on dissonance—combinations of notes that sound incomplete or even jarring. Bop was developed in 1945 and 1946 almost entirely by three men: trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, pianist Thelonious Monk and saxophonist Charlie "Yardbird" Parker.

The new music was picked up at once by a few of the remaining big-band leaders: Stan Kenton, Woody Herman and Boyd Raeburn among others, and labeled "progressive jazz." But the adaptation to big-band arrangements seemed to diminish the appeal of bop, and the progressive sound never caught on the way swing had done.

If the big-band bop never caught on, the bop combo certainly did. While older musicians like Louis Armstrong and Benny Goodman still play Dixieland and swing, a whole new generation of musicians plays bop of one sort or another. There is a "hard" bop and a "cool" bop; a "West Coast" school and an "East Coast" school. There is "funky" bop and "soul" bop.

There are also brilliant oldtimers like Duke Ellington, whose music has never been classified in any school, and glowing newcomers like Ornette Coleman, whose music is equally unclassifiable but who describes himself as reaching for "a human quality and sound" in his playing.

Although some classifications are convenient, they mean very little to most admirers of jazz, and properly so. The important thing about jazz, as with all music, is not what it may be called, but that it is a form of communication than can be understood and enjoyed by everyone. ■



Modernity is the theme along Jiddah's main thoroughfare.

# CITY BY THE SEA

Jiddah, ancient Red Sea port, is once again a new city, as it has been many times in the past



ONE day in 1945, the man on a bulldozer maneuvered his monster into position and gunned the engine — and that was the beginning of the end for the ancient wall that surrounded the city of Jiddah, Saudi Arabia.

While all of this was going on, Suzanne Perkins was busy some 9,000 miles to the west, as a secretary in an airline office in Kansas City.

And, the unlikely thing that could possibly have entered her mind was the idea that the wall-shattering in Jiddah could ever have any significance in her life.

But Suzanne is Mrs. Sam Clevenger now. And she doesn't live in Kansas City. She's a new resident of the new Jiddah: the vigorous port city that has had a five-fold pop-

Mrs. Sam Clevenger is a new Jiddah resident. Her daughters are Lisa Anne, age two, and Mary, age six.





At Jiddah's bustling pier, goods from all over the world are unloaded from freighters.

New designs, new construction and modern transportation are evident almost everywhere in Jiddah.



The old market, or suq, is a roofed-over street, where merchants put a colorful variety of goods on view.



#### CITY BY THE SEA

ulation growth in a decade and a half and is the home of some 200,000 people.

Much of what she sees today as she moves about this Red Sea metropolis had its beginnings when the bulldozers finished the work that had been ordered by the late great King Abd al-Aziz ibn Sa'ud.

At the same time, much of what she sees was standing when a little group of colonists flung a load of tea into Boston Harbor. *These* old buildings symbolized the *new*

A clerk in one of Jiddah's lamp stores shows Suzanne Clevenger how flowers can be arranged in an illuminated garden fountain.



Jiddah 200 years ago — one of many new Jiddahs that have evolved over the centuries.

Jiddah was a thousand years old when Columbus discovered America. It had been one of the world's great trading centers for at least 150 years when Peter Minuit bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$24. And this, of course, is dealing only with more *recent* times, for Jiddah, according to legend, is the burial place of Eve.

The reason Mrs. Clevenger is living in the new Jiddah is that her husband is deputy company representative for Aramco in western Saudi Arabia. With other Aramco families, they and their two girls live in a palm-shaded section in the eastern part of the city, just off Mecca Road, which leads east forty-five miles to Mecca, one of the holy cities of Islam and the goal each year of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. Only Muslims may enter.

Mrs. Clevenger would make a good tour guide for visitors to Jiddah, for she knows the city well and is enthusiastic about its growth. A trip with her reveals how much newness there is in Jiddah . . . new homes, new business and professional buildings, new schools, new apartment buildings. One section of town boasts many new businesses — a dairy, a bottling plant, a marble works, a tire-recapping shop, a printing plant and many others.

One of the most modern buildings in Jiddah is the Pilgrim Center, a big structure at Jiddah International Airport where pilgrims from the far corners of the eastern world wait until it is time to go to Mecca.

"During the last pilgrimage," Mrs. Clevenger says, "an airplane either landed or took off every seven minutes."

It is a statistic that is hardly surprising, for three-quarters of a million people came to Mecca by air for the pilgrimage of 1960 (1379 by the calendar of Islam).

Along Airport Road, Jiddah's newness continues. After the spacious, air-conditioned Kanandra Hotel comes one new building after another — more commercial enterprises, hospitals, and government buildings. King Sa'ud Street, a fast-changing business district, exhibits Jiddah as a city in transition. Intermingled with the very newest in offices, stores and hotels are some of the city's oldest structures, dating back to times that people have forgotten.

Mrs. Clevenger grows especially enthusiastic when she talks about shopping.

"You can buy *anything* here," she says, "if you know where to look. Some of the stores are just beautiful."

But Mrs. Clevenger's enthusiasm doesn't stop with the big, modern shops. She finds the old main *suq* just as fascinating. Here are block after block of tiny, open-front shops, set along a narrow, unpaved street. In many places the street is roofed over with corrugated iron, boards or canvas, and although the *suq* is not beautiful in most senses of the word, it has a charm that is hard to deny — even when it comes to dodging donkey carts and occasional sheep and goats, which, in turn, are trying to dodge the 1960 automobiles.

The old *suq* must look today very much as it looked