



A Look Inside Jazz Kats Return

WRITTEN BY MICHELLE GLENNON



Excerpt...

Vern's long, crooked finger pointed to a series of buildings along the river just on the other side of the wharf. A dark alley of cobblestones had lost all its charm years before. Now, it was just a scary and eerie place for fog and who knows what else to venture down that route. Frankie could barely make it out, but a sign hung lop-sided off a hook with 'Gee Willikers' on one line, and 'Nightly Jazz' under that. Next door was a diner, 'Good Eats.' It's lace curtains and freshly painted door showed that some life did indeed still exist. Well, besides Vern and Fern, that is.

Vern interrupted Frankie's observation. "Yeah, Gee Willikers' been gone, long gone now. It closed down that night and never opened up again. The diner next door been through differ't management and only reason it's still hangin' on is on accounts of the crews that work down yonder where the merchant ships come in. It's their favorite place for breakfast- good eggs soft an'

easy," Vern went on.

"That's right, Vern. Good grits, too. Mix 'em all together, like," added Fern.

"It's been a mystery for as long as I can remember. I'll never forget dem boys. Fern remembers dem clearly too. Don't you, Fern?"

An affirmative nod and throaty "yup" sounded deep from Fern. "Dat's right, Vern," he added.

"Wasn't nothing special 'bout that night - just another hot and sticky August steamer. They was the best jazz band 'round these parts. Jazz Kats was their name. Wheeww, boy, they had some angelic harmonies and devilish rhythms. But I 'member that night as right as rain. 'Cuz we was there, me and Fern here, and the two skeemin', no good women that live down yonder. You know who I'm talkin' 'bout. It rattles my nerves just to say their names."