



The Dundalk Charivari

Dundalk, Md. Chapter



Barbershop Harmony Society, (formerly known as SPEBSQSA)
Official Bulletin of the Dundalk, Maryland Chapter, Western Division, Mid-Atlantic District
Meets every Tuesday, 7:30 P.M. at the Govt. Center Auditorium, Merritt Blvd. and Wise Ave., Dundalk, Md.



Let's get behind
our music plan

International quartet champion Oriole Four, 1970
SPEBSQSA International chorus champion, 1961, 1971
Top P.R.O.B.E. International bulletin, 1971, 2001
Home of the Chorus of the Chesapeake, Mr. Rick Taylor, directing
Dundalk Barbershopper-of-the-Year - 2007 Roger Heer

Volume 50 Special Issue

Make it happen !

September 2008

Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . .

My two cents worth

by Tom Wheatley, editor

On Monday, September 1, 2008, the Dundalk Chapter and indeed the entire barbershop world lost a living legend. This was a day I have been dreading since I first took over the reins of the editorship of the Charivari from Clyde Taber back in 1996, even though I knew that Freddie King's health problems would meet with inevitability one day.

I didn't look forward to writing this issue. However, I still feel it must be done, and I am honored to be able to say a few words, however inadequate they may be. Fortunately, I find my task and privilege made easier by testimonials of many of his friends and admirers. I am taking the liberty of sharing some of their words with you. Read along, and enjoy a small insight into the life of a great man.

Some of the tales included were written well before September 1, but they seem as appropriate as the more current ones, inasmuch as this is a tribute to his life, not his passing. To quote a line from one of my poems, "Who cares how he died. Tell me, how did he live?"

Now, let's share some memories.

Freddie

lives

on



from **Ev Nau**, Dundalk Chapter member &
Director, Harmony Foundation (Major Gifts)

*The call came early this morning.
I listened, I thought, and then it hit me.*

Freddie King is not dead.

Dying is for mortals like the rest of us. We are beaten by life's various obstacles and are taken home when it is our time. Freddie chose to go on his own terms. He lived, he fought, and he won. When all else is said about this man, there will still be the fact that he managed to go home his own way. Yet, he is not dead and may never be. In every student he ever taught, and there are thousands, Freddie lives on in the culture he brought them, the lessons he provided them and the role model he was. Who among us would not have traded his left arm to be in one of THOSE classes? I imagine that it would be hard to flunk any class he taught. I am confident that he will live in each of them for a long time to come.

(Cont. P2, col 1)

(Freddie lives on, continued from page 1)

In every barbershopper he ever met, there is a Freddie story, one that will grow with the retelling. Freddie will be an oral legend for as long as tags are sung, teeth are remembered and jokes are told. He cannot die among us, for we carry him as an icon of all we stand for and all the good we can do. In every person who ever crossed an airport lounge only to witness a complete jerk with awful teeth tantalizing youngsters, Freddie will be remembered. And they won't even have had the chance to really know him!

I was fortunate enough to know him on many levels . . . as a teacher . . . a drummer . . . a Barbershopper . . . a friend. It is the last one that I cherish most. No one else has ever touched me in the way Freddie has and still does. I can still hear, "Hey, Daddy, what's up?" whenever he called. There were times he would call me on the phone at the office just to raise a little merriment. I recall many serious talks with him . . . really. There were other not-so-serious moments when he displayed his keen interest in flatulence . . . and considerable skills at demonstrating the various types.

There were still other times when he would just want to sing . . . and drop a few little surprises in the middle of a lovely ballad, and just look at you with those eyes twinkling in their own world of glee. And the head nod when he did it was priceless! He is the clown prince of barbershop, no doubt.

Every time I hear someone emit a bit of gas, or sing a tag, or tell a joke . . . or any of a hundred other simple things, I will see Fred and know he's still here. It isn't the spectacular things that mark Fred as the man he is; it continues to be the simple, elegant and heart-felt things that mean so much on a personal level. We will still play the "Downfall of Paris." However, there will only be one set of sticks making any noise. Another soul will be grinning from ear to ear and just keeping up. He loved playing that drum solo with me, and we did it at every Harmony University.

I can hardly wait for the next time a bunch of us will get together, for I know Fred will be there, too. And I will smile, knowing that my friend still guides my path. I only wish he could help a little with my singing, . . . but even he can only do so much.

Godspeed, Freddie.

Ev Nau

Imagine having Freddie as a roommate!

by **Marty Israel**, friend

The first time I saw **Freddie King** was at the 1971 M-ADDistrict contest when the *Oriole Four* were doing hospitality rooms, and our director, **Artie Dolt Jr**, sang "Sweet Sixteen" with them. However, I didn't actually meet him until I became a candidate judge in 1984 and began practice-judging.

My most distinct Freddie event was my first category school in 1986 at Widener College. He was my roommate for the week. Never mind the goofy stuff. Never mind his waking me up a couple of times by banging on the wall because of my snoring. What I remember most fondly were the discussions we had; topics I would never have imagined he would bring up with me. I'm not going to share those topics here, but I was both surprised and honored that he would discuss with me what he chose to bring up. I have never forgotten those talks, and I won't. So, while he is reunited with Pat, let me point out that he is now also re-united with **Lloyd Steinkamp**. Heaven help us! Heaven help Heaven!

Rest in peace, Freddie.

Marty Israel



Photo credit: Dolly Wheatley

Freddie King and Norma Moore. Norma is one of Freddie's long-time "gals" of the Dundalk Sweet Adelines' Star-Spangled Chorus. Freddie directed the group for about 37 years, and he took them to International competition on several occasions.

(May 2008)

He touched the hearts of hundreds

from **Rich Taylor**, host of the Applause show & Musical Director, Rahway Valley Jerseyaires

When I woke up this morning, I thought about all of the folks in the areas being slammed by Hurricane Gustav and thought that that story was going to be depressing me more than I could handle. Then came word that my long time friend, mentor, coach and icon had been called to the Lord's side this morning after such a life struggle. I am sitting at my computer crying as I write this message.

I met Fred in 1969. I had the privilege of working on the Publicity Team for the 1970 International Convention in Atlantic City. As the coordinator for the Philadelphia area, I solicited PR information from all the competing quartets, including the *The Oriole Four*. What a treat it was to get a letter from the quartet saying they would be pleased to help us in any way possible. As a 22 year old "green" barbershopper, this meant so much to me, and I proceeded to interest the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin into doing a feature story on some of the competitors. *The Oriole Four* did a bit for the story and voila, they ended up winning the contest, along with the Dapper Dans of Harmony under the direction of **Dave Middlestadt**. Over 30 years later, the two teamed up to form *SAGE*, Fred's most recent quartet.

I would have to have volumes of paper to tell you what **Fred King** has meant to me. When I lived in the Baltimore area for a short time, I visited Dundalk and many times learned how to be a great director by watching Fred. He told me that "Barbershopping has nothing to do with WHO we are. It has everything to do with HOW WE ARE with each other." He taught me motivating skills that I have tried to carry all my life. I had the opportunity to be coached by Fred throughout the years and, without a doubt, he was a man who could make you feel good about yourself and the music you were creating.

I attended Harmony College from 1979 to 1993 and always looked forward to seeing his smiling face on the stage with other faculty members. I think, unless I am wrong, that he did it before and that I was in the auditorium at Western Missouri when he first showed the world his famous teeth. I envied Fred when he ended up in a quartet named *Pros-N-Cons* with his son Kevin singing lead. I had always wished and hoped that my only son would come to like barbershop, but he never did.

I had the privilege of seeing Freddie on the International stage as he racked up the honor of being the only man in Society history to appear on the stage in a quartet for six continuous decades from the 1950s into the 2000s. To say that he touched the hearts of hundreds of thousands of people is probably not too far from the truth. His arrangements will live on forever. His memories that could fill vaults will keep his love, his laughter, his courage and his love of his Lord alive in the hearts of so many of us.

I join the legions of people who will express their heartfelt sympathy to his family, both immediate and extended, to those members over the years who had the opportunity to sing with or for the "King," and to **Judy Hassan**, an angel who loved and cared for Fred for his final years. I am not sure about my own destiny, but if I am fortunate enough to meet our loving God in heaven, I hope he points me to that great barbershop chorus in the sky so I can see and rejoin my friend **Fred King**. Such a hope is worth keeping in my soul.

God Bless You Fred. I have been so blessed to have known you for just shy of 40 years, *my entire barbershop career*. I pray to God that each day of my life I live it to help people, just as you have, even in the way your courage had uplifted so many people. Rest in Peace my friend. I truly loved you. **Rich Taylor**

He put his heart into it!

by **Tom Meier**, Fairfax & Culpepper chapters

One of the first times I saw Freddie in action was during his fifth decade of barbershopping (and my first.) Of course he was famous enough that I had heard about him, but I didn't know how much he could get away with until I saw him in one of the M-AD contests. I had heard he was sick in some major way, but after the first night's competition, they let him come out on stage and he allowed as how he had recently had heart bypass surgery and was doing much better. Then he asked any man in the audience who had also had bypass surgery to meet him backstage at the end of the evening. The next night he showed up on stage with a 43-man chorus built from those who had accepted his invitation!

Tom Meier

(To which **Helen Giallombardo** asked, "What did they sing? 'Heart of My Heart' perhaps?")

Remembering remarkable Freddie

by **Dan Dekowski**, Dundalk member

Shortly before **Freddie King** had to move from his long time home due to his illness, I had the pleasure of spending some time with him in his kitchen looking at an arrangement I had done. Fred read the music, obviously playing it on the instrument in his head. He made a suggestion and wrote in a swipe “to propel” the song. The process only took about 10 minutes so there was time to socialize and reminisce.



Dan Dekowski

During the course of the conversation, I told him that I could tell for whom his arrangements were written, whether the Chorus of the Chesapeake, the Dundalk Sweet Adelines or a quartet. An impish smile that we have all seen before came to his face.

With his usual impeccable timing, he grew serious and told me that he had arranged more than 300 original songs for his students over the years. He said he always made sure that students would be challenged but within the students’ capabilities. In one case he had a female student with a “lovely voice but a one note range.” He wrote an entire song for her using only the musical note “A.” The day before Fred’s burial, I was talking to **Joe Liles** when Fred’s name was brought up, and I related this story to Joe. His comment was, “I can verify that.” Joe was already familiar with the story and the song.

Dan Dekowski



(Photo credit: Dolly Wheatley)

Freddie & Kevin rehearse for the July 2007 International performance of Auld Lang Syne.

A hair-raising experience

by **Jeremy Reynolds**, tenor, *Over The Hill Gang*

I met Freddy a few times and I’m sure I remember him a lot more than he ever remembered me. The most lasting memory of Freddy that I have was when his quartet *The Entertainers* competed in New Orleans.

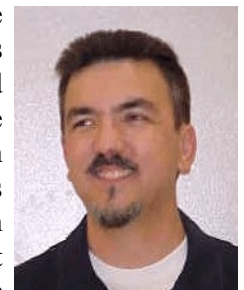
He was standing next to **Al Mazzoni** who was wearing a hairpiece that day. They were singing “Last Night was the End of the World.” Some time during the song, Freddy “accidentally” got his hand caught in Al’s hair piece and pulled it off. Looking embarrassed, Freddy was trying to lose the rug but couldn’t seem to shake it off his hand. The lead nudged Al, who had not noticed the missing toupe, and pointed up. Al felt his bald head, realized what had happened and as they got to the final phrase pointed directly at Freddy singing “Last night was the end, the end of the world!” Freddy was cringing. The whole audience fell over, but that was Freddy, entertaining to the end. Rest in peace, Freddy. We all miss you.

Jeremy Reynolds

The dog stayed on the couch

by **Brian Owen**, tenor, *Paramount & Free State Four*

As everyone knows, Freddie would coach any level quartet as long as they were motivated and willing to learn. I had the pleasure of being coached at his home on two separate occasions. One was with *Paramount* and the other with the *Free State Four*. I’m sure that many quartets experienced the following situation, but I wanted to submit it, just to make sure that it wasn’t overlooked.



Brian Owen

When we rehearsed at Freddie’s home, he would take us downstairs, and he’d sit on his couch in front of the quartet. While we were rehearsing, Freddie’s huge and beautiful German Shepherd came in the room and got up on the couch with him. It was fairly intimidating, but Freddie assured us that the dog was a music critic. He said that if the dog got up and left, it was an indication that we weren’t very enjoyable to hear. Fortunately, the dog stayed on the couch the entire time, although it did stretch now and then. And this is just one more tidbit on the huge giving nature of the amazing **Freddie King**. God bless his legacy.

Brian Owen



Freddie was always ready to flash his infectious smile at the drop of a hat. Actually, he never even needed the hat! He is wearing his Sage Lake Roundup shirt. That's where his final quartet, SAGE, was formed and how it got its name.

A Farewell Performance to Freddie

by **Ron Furrow**, Charivari staff reporter

Our last time with Fred as a chorus was on Friday September 5th 2008 at Ruck's funeral home in Towson. We've conducted similar services for many a great chorus member, but this time it was incredibly different. Never before have we performed for such a man as this, for one who directed us to a gold medal, for one who had such a heavy influence on us all.

I never saw the chorus either so quiet or so disciplined as it was that night. We had as our one mission the honoring of a friend, a father, a director, a mentor, an icon, and a barbershop great! We sang "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and "Nearer My God to Thee." In between these songs, chorus members **Jim Hackman**, **Bob Fogle Sr.** and **Paul Murrell** conducted the service with great stories and memories of Fred. This is usually the time when we invite other members to share things about the deceased, but we didn't on this occasion because we knew we'd there for at least a week sharing and enjoying our many memories. There were just too many great memories that we could have shared about Fred.

The chorus finished the service with "Auld Lang Syne," inviting any man who could sing to join us. Kevin stepped in to direct what would have been Freddie's portion. It was an incredible time and one that will not be forgotten by anyone who was there.

It may be your thousandth time to sing a song, but it's always somebody's first time to hear it. Sing it like it's the first time!

Freddie King

"I came from Pig Town"

by **Bill Biehl**, Dundalk member

One of my fond memories of Fred is when Dundalk went to London to appear in the London New Year's Day Parade, along with the Cheerleaders Association. We sang in Wembley Hall, along with the marching bands. Through the parade on New Years Day, we sang on the top deck of a London bus in the freezing rain. We also sang "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," at the end of our parade route which ended in Berkeley Square.

One day we went to Westminster Cathedral and sang. Although we were supposed to get permission, the vicar allowed the chorus to finish before he delivered a polite admonishment.

However, one of the more delightful highlights of the trip was when the chorus entertained the folks at Lambeth. With the amply decorated Lord Mayor herself in attendance, we sang "After Dark," including our traditional dance moves in their little auditorium. Not to be outdone, the Lord Mayor had her town folks stand up and dance "The Lambeth Walk" for us. It was just great. And then Fred, in this wonderful moment, told her excellency that it reminded him of his own neighborhood, Pig Town. I almost fell off the risers. I knew that Pig Town was in South Baltimore and was a great little community, but I always wondered if the people of Lambeth took it as a compliment or not. The only thing I can say is that we've never been invited back to sing.



Bill Biehl

Bill Biehl

Short and sweet

by **Dick Johnson**, Great Falls, Montana

I have hundreds of fond and 'warm and fuzzy' memories of him, but none can top the session with Fred, Unka Lloyd, and myself on the Rec Room floor in Racine (WI) in '71, reciting limericks to the gathering of ARR hopefuls at the Category school.

'Til the three of us meet again - - -

Thank You, Freddie King!

by **Leo Larrivee**, Medford, Mass.

As the barbershop world focuses its thoughts and prayers on our brightest star, I want to publicly thank the man who taught my first barbershop HEP Class. This is the same man who sang “Danny Boy” with his quartet and who helped a fledgling barbershopper to understand that barbershop music went way farther than a contest song. He is the mentor who has helped me to become a better singer, a more competent arranger and director, a better barbershopper, and a better person, all over the course of many years.

Freddie King is renowned for his acrobatic teeth. Once, on an Ireland tour, he found a Sweet Adeline with similar molars. Freddie quickly taught her the ropes and they were soon performing for us in stereo. But throughout the years, nothing yet compares to the experience of being in an airport with **Freddie King**. “Laugh until you cry” doesn’t aptly describe the pain following uncontrolled sustained laughter.

In an interview with **Bill Rashleigh** (“Inside the Musician’s Studio” DVD,) Freddie speaks of once being the “heir apparent” to **Dr. Bob Johnson** as SPEBSQSA Director of Music. However, Fred said that he didn’t feel qualified to take that position because he was a barbershopper who turned musician, rather than someone like Bob who was a musician who turned barbershopper. I wonder what our Society would be like today had **Freddie King** said yes to **Bob Johnson**.

As sad as we may feel at this particular time, it is easy to rejoice in the thought of Freddie being free from pain, reunited with his beloved Pat, ringing chords with fellow *Oriole Four* members, **Don Stratton** and **Jim Grant**, and woodshedding once again with the great *Volunteer* himself, **Danny Cuthbert**.

Freddie King openly and willingly shared his many talents wherever he went, and he made us laugh and enjoy the ride. He taught us all about the barbershop style of music. He is a fine musician and a wonderful positive influence. Fred’s philosophy of “No Man Left Behind” will live on with the champion Chorus of the Chesapeake. He is a Sweet Adeline legend for his work with the great Dundalk Sweet Adelines Chorus and as a coach to a countless number of quartets and choruses. He is a baritone’s baritone having sung with the champion *Oriole Four*, *Pros ’N Cons*, *Premiere*, and *SAGE*, among others. He is the

example to which every young barbershopper should aspire.

Thank you, Freddie, for helping me and thousands of other barbershoppers to better enjoy our hobby. You have always been my HERO, and you would still be my hero even if you hadn’t won two gold medals or had had REAL teeth. I love you, my friend. I thank you for making this world a better place. **Leo Larrivee**

A Funeral Service to Remember!

by **Ron Furrow**, Charivari staff reporter

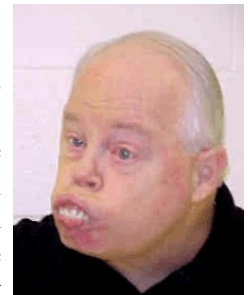
On September 6, 2008 at Perry Hall United Methodist Church, we said our final farewell to Freddie. In spite of the remnants of hurricane Ike passing through, nearly 300 people showed up to say goodbye. Four reverends and pastors were there; **Dr. Millard Knowles**, **Jeff Paulson**, **Allan Vance** and **Jim Pugh**. It was a great service with **Daniel Vance**, **Rob King** and **Jim Pugh** handling the scripture readings. **Kevin King** directed the multi-church choir. **Jim Pugh** delivered a terrific message. **Jim Hackman** did the naming. Kevin, Kerry, Chris, Ed, Merle, Jeff, Jim and Allen did a great sharing about Fred’s life. They made us laugh a whole lot and made us cry.

After that incredible service every one went to the wake at Tall Cedars in Towson. The amazing thing about this was the fun we had singing in break-out quartets. Fred would have wanted us to do just that, specifically to nail a few chords. Singing barbershop was what he was about. We finished our time with friends sharing their stories of Fred. *Capri* and *Classic Connection* sang several for the King. The whole day was an incredible one, but extremely sad for us all.

Applauding the King

by **Gary Stamm**, friend

My tribute to “the man” was private. It was actually Ruth’s idea. When I found out Freddie was gone I put on my glasses with the big nose, bushy eyebrows and mustache, then wound up the chattering teeth that I keep on my desk. When I let them go they clicked away, almost as if applauding the King.



Freddie King & teeth

He was the best

by **Doug Treff**, Dundalk bass section leader

I first met Freddie in 1980 when my father joined the Dundalk, Md. Chapter. At the time, I was 13 years old, and I had no idea who he was or the stature he held in the Society. All I remember about that early era was that he took time to talk to me backstage after one of Dad's first chapter shows. Now, years later, when I see the demands placed on a front line director's time, I appreciate that conversation even more.



Doug Treff

When I turned 16, I decided to join the chapter. Freddie was always very encouraging, and I learned a great deal from his craft sessions. I spent many hours in his basement getting personal coaching as part of one quartet or another, and he never charged us a dime. Today, coaches of his caliber charge enough money to make a career of it. As a chorus director, Fred was a master at getting his men to reach high on game day with his inspirational talks. He never failed to get us charged up and ready to kick @\$%.

I will never forget the time at a division contest when **Mike Kelly** walked into the warm-up room to greet us. At the time, Mike was an assistant director under **Kevin King** at the Patapsco Valley, Md. Chapter. Mike and Kevin were wishing us well. Then, as a parting shot, Mike said, "We're gonna kick your butts today!" When Kevin heard this, he quickly grabbed Mike by the sleeve and dragged him out of the room with a stern look on his face.

After they left, Freddie said only this, "Boys, let's prove him wrong." The score sheets would later show that we defeated them soundly. Later, with a smile on his face the whole time, Freddie was heard telling Mike, "You wrote your own obituary with that comment." I believe I even heard talk of awakening a sleeping giant, which certainly happened that day.

As a showman, he was the best. He had an instinctive sense of comedic timing. His sense of humor and showmanship made our chapter shows during his tenure to be some of the most entertaining and enjoyable events. A long-time favorite feature was "Uncle Freddie's Story Hour," where Freddie would regale the audience with one of his collection of frog jokes. Often we would hear a joke for the umpteenth time, but we would laugh anyway because he was so good at

delivering it. Then, just when you thought you had heard every possible frog joke, he would come up with a new one. He always had the audience rolling in the aisles. The routine with his many sets of false teeth was so funny that I would leave the room sore from laughing so hard.

Freddie was also a firm believer in never leaving anyone out, a practice which continues to this day with our "No Man Left Behind" mantra. He had a theory that every person could sing if given enough training and coaching. He had any number of men in the chapter who were raw novices, and who didn't know how to blend properly. He would go to them individually and say, "When I make this signal, sing silently until I give it again." He could shut off 10 or 15 men with one hand signal if necessary. I think that each man thought that the signal was only for him, but I guess we'll never know for sure how many there actually were.

The respect that he commanded within the ranks of the Dundalk men could be seen even recently. Whenever he appeared in the room, half of the guys would immediately steal a glance at him, regardless of who was up front. Even though he was not the current director, he was afforded a level of respect that I have not seen anywhere else.

Of course, all the things I've related to you were oriented to things within his "home" chapter. I would be remiss if I didn't mention his six decades on the International quartet competitors' stage, his quartet gold medal, his chorus director's gold medal, his countless hours of free coaching to choruses and quartets of all kinds, or his thousands of hand written barbershop arrangements, his service to the Society for many years as a judge or... Well, the list really goes on and on and on, and I know that there are many items I can't recall.

So you see, at the end of the day, he meant something different to each one of us, and *that* is what made him so special!

Doug Treff



Old School, (Rick Taylor, Joe Connolly, Joe Kronos and Jack Pinto) was among the last quartets coached by the King.

A bit of time with Freddie King

by **Fred Womer**, lead, *Premiere*



Fred Womer

Yesterday morning (August 2008) *Premiere* was privileged to visit for a short while with the inimitable and indomitable **Freddie King**. He appeared comfortable, happy to see us, allowed us to sing a few numbers and to chat with him briefly about days gone by. Of course, we laughed together about several famous punch lines.

Though Fred was our coach and an integral part of our quartet from its inception, some will better remember that after the 1998 International in Atlanta, our original baritone, the incomparable but completely humorless **Dennis Malone** moved to Denver, Colorado. We found ourselves looking for a baritone to fill Denny's very large shoes.

Naturally I called **Freddie King** and asked him if he was interested. He thought I was teasing at first, but I told him that he was our most beloved coach, friend, and musical mentor, and that it would be an honor to have him come and sing with us. He accepted our offer with not a little trepidation.

In 1998 we made the switch live on the M-AD stage, and it was a really awesome moment. We sang a signature up tune called "Old Man Time" with Denny on bari, which Denny had arranged and made his own with his classic doubletakes. We then introduced Freddie as the new baritone, and he stepped in to sing another favorite contest ballad of ours, **Ed Waesche's** beautiful chart of "The One Rose that Lives in my Heart." The crowd was awesome and gave us a wonderful ovation. The M-AD audiences have always been tremendously supportive of *Premiere* in all our incarnations.

After Freddie exited the stage, Denny returned and we sang our swan song with Dennis, the "Jimmy Webb Medley." Because of all the contributions he made as our main coach and (de)mentor prior to stepping in as a quartet member, we dedicated the song to Freddie. Still, we (and the audience) understood that the emotion pouring forth for those several minutes stemmed deeply from our wish to pay special tribute to **Dennis** and **Donna Malone** and all they had shared with us during our memorable and wonderful three years together.

The response from Fred and his wife Pat while we sang that night was amazing. They were both crying and were the first two to jump up and give a standing ovation.

"Shoes'" presence in the quartet was amazing. Fred always made us laugh and ALWAYS was a professional when it came to the music. (OK, Denny made us laugh too, but as for professional, well...) As most can imagine, having sung for several years with not one but two gold medal legends, how lucky we were and how thankful we always will be for these men teaching us and sharing with us their love of barbershop and the joy of ringing chords together.

As we were invited to sing on many wonderful chapter shows, we were able to watch Freddie's famous teeth routine a LOT. I laughed so hard every time I saw it. I never got tired of his timing and delivery, the way he could wrap any audience around his finger. What that man could do to an apple with some of those teeth sets was amazing!

But of course, his humor was so much more than that routine. He inspired everyone he coached and taught to be the best they could be. Freddie made a special difference in each person's life while in their presence! We love you Freddie, we thank you for the musical gifts that you gave to us, and we are so thankful to have had you and Pat complete the *Premiere* family. You continue to live in our hearts.

Your brothers in love and harmony,
Freddie Womer, Rick Savage, Bill Clark, Paul Grimes, and (OK, he really can be funny,) **Denny Malone**



Freddie, shown wearing the special orthopedic shoes that gave him that nickname.



GMM with Freddie King

by **Jeff Myers**, friend

I was fortunate to have had several GMMs (Gold Medal Moments) involving Freddie. When I was about four years old, I can remember being at a ‘glimmer’ or afterglow at someone’s house after a Thoroughbred show. The quartet that was singing, I assume, was *The Oriole Four*. All I remember was that they were dressed the same and they had this funny guy singing with them who was getting all the attention.

Well, being the curious child that I was, I proceeded to go up to the funny man and tug on his pants leg until I got his attention. The fact that they were singing at the time made no difference to me, I had to know about this guy. It was about then that the choppers came flying out in my direction, which of course scared the stuffing out of me. I don’t remember anything else about the occasion but that, and I’ll remember it always.

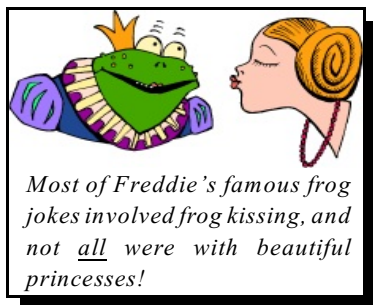
My second GMM with Freddy occurred in Clemson, SC. I was on one of our summer trips through the south with my brother and my dad. This was when my dad was a traveling Music Specialist for SPEBSQSA. We went to the Dixie district school in Clemson two or three years in a row back in the late 80s.

One year the guest quartet was *Pros-N-Cons*. I still didn’t know who Freddy was in the barbershop world at that time, (I was only about 16) but I do remember sitting in a dorm room for about three or four hours with just my dad and Freddy telling stories about the “old days” of the *Citations* and *Oriole Four*. Another GMM I’ll never forget.

I’m proud to say I knew **Freddy King**. I’ll remember him not just for the jokes and the funny teeth, but for his heart, his smile, and the kind words he had for everyone he met.

Freddy, “Jesus sees you,” and he’s laughing his butt off! Kevin, my heartfelt condolences to you and your family.

Jeff Myers



Nine, eight, seven

by **Rob Campbell**, friend

I would hate to see our remembrance of Freddie die. He had a significant impact not only on our Society but also on so many of us as individuals. I once saw Freddie do a chorus warmup where he freely admitted that he “stole” some of his best exercises from others. So I promptly stole them from him and used them regularly when directing the Bay Area Metro chorus. Just this past weekend, coaching the Fresno Gold Note Chorus, I used several of those exercises and passed them on, so even in that small way Freddie still lives. I have two remembrances to share

(1) Long ago, in a quartet performance, I remember Freddie having a little fishing pole kit. After the song began he started putting together the little pole, threading it, putting on a plastic hook. Then he started casting across the heads of the quartet trying to hook the toupee of the tenor on the far end. Hilarious!

(2) Many of us heard his joke at International a couple of years ago, when he received a lifetime achievement award. He made fun of his medical problems by relating a recent visit to his doctor's office. He asked “Doc, how bad is it? How much time do I have left?” The doctor replied “You've got ten.”

A puzzled Freddie asked “Ten? What do you mean, ten? Ten months, ten weeks?” And the doctor gravely looked at his watch and said “Nine, eight, seven...”

Rob Campbell

Remembering the “forgotten” era

by **Carroll Stevenson**, Dundalk Chapter member

Whenever I see a recollection of **Freddie King’s** accomplishments, there always seems to be a part missing. When I was a member of the Catonsville Chapter (1961-1963,) Freddie was our director, and we had about 80 men in the chorus. In 1963, the Catonsville Chapter went to Toronto, Canada to compete in the International chorus contest. I don’t recall where we came in, but it was the one of those “thrill of a lifetime” events. Freddie also directed the mass sing on the Capitol steps before thousands of barbershoppers. I can see it in my mind’s eye as though it were yesterday. Freddie left Catonsville to direct the Chorus of the Chesapeake in Dundalk. Now you know the first part of the story!

Carroll Stevenson

“Baris live forever!”

He was one of a kind!

by **Rosalind Frizzell**, friend (the Boston Shrimp)

Though our hearts are heavy, no one can deny that **Freddie King** touched all of us in a very lasting way. If there were words that would describe our friend, some of those words would be enthusiastic, heartfelt and inclusive. Like Lloyd, Buzz & Mo ... Freddie made you his brother from the moment he shook your hand. To Freddie, the song and the brotherhood that barbershop music brought to all of us was the bread and butter of our hobby.

Over the years, our paths crossed at the shows he MC'd, the performances his quartet sang and at the conventions and events that he shared with his wife Pat, son Kevin and the network of friends that were his extended family.

You'd think that being someone as accomplished and powerful as this International Champion was would put him out of reach, but that wasn't true of Freddie. Not too many years ago, I engaged Freddie in a private conversation about my interest in revisiting the Barber-teen Program and my hope and dream of a Barber-teen Chorus to be mentored by past International Champions such as himself. Freddie not only was thrilled at the idea, but he willingly promised to do anything I wished to help with the project, including accepting the responsibility of directing these youngsters at the International - gratis. Even though my plans fell through, Freddie always impressed upon me that we both loved this Barbershop hobby, and we both felt that encouraging the younger generation was the way to keep this hobby ticking.

Some years ago at the Riverside Mid-Winter Convention, Freddie invited me to join him and his quartet for dinner at a beautiful outdoor restaurant. **Tom Felgen** and **Dick Webber** from *SAGE* were there and so were **Ed & Katie Waesche**, who joined us later with other barbershop friends. But what I remember most from that dinner under the stars was singing *Arcade* songs in harmony with Freddie. I wonder if he knew how much that meant to me? I hope so.

It didn't matter if Freddie's name was on the program as a competitor, performer or MC. Freddie gave it his all and you clapped in response because he was the best at giving his all to his audience.

The Association of International Champions had planned to dedicate its upcoming summer AIC show to

Lou Perry. When Lou passed away, Freddie made it a point to feature as much heart and spirit into directing that upcoming AIC show just the same. **Earl Hagn** sketched a "Smiling Through" program cover for the show, and Freddie chose and arranged for the various past International Champion Quartets to sing **Lou Perry** arrangements throughout that AIC show.

I wish I had a video of that performance. Wow! It was really spectacular. They closed the show with "That Old Quartet of Mine," and there wasn't a dry eye on the risers. It's the first time I ever heard an AIC audience ask for a curtain call. The entire audience joined the AIC chorus in the tag of "That Old Quartet of Mine" and you know **Lou Perry** would have been overwhelmed by the enormity of the event.

Later that night, after the show, Freddie came up to me and asked me what I thought. I shared my excitement at how well orchestrated the performance was, how the quartets and the chorus had sounded great and how proud and happy Lou & Ruth would have been to see it. And it was so true.

When I could, I would send Freddie little frogs. Recently, I sent a personal note, a barbershop recording and a little stuffed frog wearing a crown and cape, not unlike what **Joe Connolly** wore at the Nashville convention.

To Fred's family and friends, my deepest condolences. He was one of a kind and I'll never forget his smile & his laugh - Man! There may be little frogs in big ponds or big frogs in little ponds but to me there never will be another **Freddie King**. He was big hearted and a true friend. His song will live on for all of us who live in harmony. I love you Freddie! **Roz Frizzell**



SAGE teaching the craft at the 16th Danny Cuthbert Woodshed Weekend conference. All four men started their barbershopping careers in their teen years, woodshedding the harmonies to their hearts' delight. L. To R: Dick Webber, Dave Mittelstadt, Tom Felgen and Freddie.

The gift at Denver

by **Tom Wheatley**, Dundalk Chapter editor

To say that Freddie could have a significant impact on barbershop audiences is perhaps a bit of an understatement. Rejoin me for a recent marvelous journey with Freddie. In my mind, the right place to pick up this trail has to be the moment at the 2006 M-AD contest in Wildwood when we had finished singing our contest set. I was part of the human curtain we barbershoppers use when there is no actual curtain to conceal how inept we are at getting on and off the stage.



Tom Wheatley

We had finished “Auld Lang Syne,” the second number of our package, and I was glancing down into the judges’ pit. There I spotted the three judges immediately below me wiping their eyes after Freddie had directed us briefly toward the end of the song. One of them looked up at me and, with a “Ya got me!” look on his face, shook his head almost in disbelief. During the judges’ critique, one judge remarked that he had to stop scoring when Freddie stepped out to direct his few lines of “Auld Lang Syne” because he couldn’t see his score sheet any longer. Out in the audience I spotted big **Bob Sutton**, from the Anne Arundel, Md. Chapter, totally losing it, accompanied by at least the first ten rows. Bob was also smiling with a look of appreciation that had to be seen to be believed.

It was then that the thought crossed my mind that if we were to make it to Denver, and if Freddie’s health held up, we had a gift for the barbershop world that was unique. The score sheets came out, and we scored 81.8%! I recalled that 80% was good enough to qualify for the 2006 International contest, and we were well above that. In a few weeks, after the last scores were posted, the Chorus of the Chesapeake was International-eligible for the first time in 36 years. We were going to Denver!

As to the contest performance itself, I must say that it seemed to go by in high gear. When things and singers are ready, and everyone is pulling together, time seems to lose its usual meaning. “Listen to the whistle blowing” were our opening words. I remember the rest happening, but I can’t recall taking time to do individual phrases and accompanying actions. When you’re prepared, such things just flow!

However, I was acutely aware that there was an arena-wide reaction when Freddie stood up and stepped out. I also could see the audience rise to its collective feet synchronously as we finished singing “Auld Lang Syne.” The gift was well received.

On Saturday morning, the day after the chorus contest, I had ventured down to the Barbershoppers’ Shop to pick up the DVD of the Midwest Vocal Express. You know, those were the guys who preceded us on stage in their Pinocchio outfits. They were also the ones who did the Fish in the Aquarium bit in 2006 and the Plastic Green Soldiers in 2003. As I stood there chatting with the guy who was serving as their money taker, I had a barbershopper walk up to us. He raved about the wonderful things we did on stage. I hastened to explain that I was not with MVE, but rather was with the Chorus of the Chesapeake. “I know,” came his reply, pointing to my COC blue shirt. “I’m talking about two fantastic moments we had from two great groups, back to back!” He and his family spent the next 15 minutes talking to me about the level of their appreciation for our performance, and how much they were touched. Needless to say, their special love and appreciation for “the gift of Freddie” was overwhelming.

This was but one of perhaps two dozen folks who stopped me that morning to thank the chorus for sharing such a great gift. Almost without exception, such encounters were accompanied by descriptions of emotion and appreciation that were comparable to what was expressed by **Bob Coant**, who for three years was the M-AD representative on the International Board.

Dolly and I chanced to run into Bob as we were getting ready to go to the quartet finals on Saturday. Prior to the singing festivities, the three of us took time to have a bite to eat over at Brooklyn’s Restaurant, just across from the convention center. Needless to say, we chatted about many things, but what I want to pass on at this time are his comments about “Auld Lang Syne.”

Bob said that when he saw Freddie stand up, he felt a lemon-sized lump in his throat. As Freddie stepped forward to direct, that lemon-size lump quickly grew to become a good sized orange, after which he became completely overwhelmed by the emotion of the moment as Freddie started to lead us into “For auld lang syne,…” Bob, you had a lot of company, and not just a few of them were on stage.

Continued on page 12 (The gift)

Continued from page 11 (The gift)

As I walked around the hotel and convention center, I often heard words to the effect of, "Those guys from Westminster may have taken the gold medals with their fancy dancing and their virtually flawless vocal performance, but absolutely the most thrilling and awe-inspiring moment of the whole convention came from the Chorus of the Chesapeake's decision to share **Freddie King** with us just one more time. The tears flowed freely!"

I must say that standing next to Freddie as he stepped out to do his magic, was a magic moment in itself for me, and only **Ron Schoepflin**, who was on the other side of Freddie, can claim to share that exact marvelous adventure.

I am thrilled to have been able to be a part of that gift we shared with the barbershopping world. I am also very pleased to have shared in the gift we were able to give to Freddie, that of having him direct his chorus on the International stage once more. And we should never forget the gifts we gave to ourselves, those of embracing all these experiences together.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne!

"Hello Bill, how is everything?"

by **Bill Tieberg**, baritone, FWD

I first met Freddie in San Francisco the end of 1969. He was there for a weekend workshop. Along with Freddie was Unka Lloyd and **Walter (Buck) Williams**.

I was able to spend quite some time with the three of them. I think we finally wrapped it up about 4AM. It was a very special time for me as it made me want to be a better barbershopper, and my quartet career started not long after that. Every time I ran into Freddie, he always came up to me with that great smile and said "Hello Bill, how is everything?" He always remembered who I was. He truly is one of the greats.

The three of them are now together and I would imagine that everyone in heaven has a sore stomach from laughing. He is in good hands. I will miss you, my friend, along with thousands of people whose lives you have touched.

Bill Tieberg

Auld Lang Syne, as viewed by a Scot

by **Walter Dods**, Dundalk & Edinburg chapters

I first met **Fred** and **Pat King** when I visited the chorus after being at my first International Convention in Nashville in 2001. My friend, **Pat Lipscomb**, who sang under Fred at Dundalk, brought me along to a chapter meeting. However, the chorus was performing at Heritage Park in Dundalk, so we went there instead.

After the sing-out, Fred and Pat invited me back to their house. They attended me quite royally, and I was made to feel very welcome indeed. Fred took me down to his den and showed me his collection of arrangements and sheet music, along with his collection of photographs. Having thus been hooked on the International, I bumped into Fred and Pat at following conventions. Thus I was greatly saddened when I heard about Pat's illness and sudden death. I have been singing Fred's arrangements for a number of years, and I count myself to be extremely lucky to have become friends with both of them.

The warmth and welcome I received at my first rehearsal for the 2007 contest set was overwhelming. All the hours of sitting on my own and listening to the learning CD and studying the dots was well worth it in the end. I must admit it was a bit strange learning the music without getting the chance to sing it through with the chorus until shortly before we left for Denver, but it all fell into place very quickly, especially in the case of "Auld Lang Syne."

I have to say that "Auld Lang Syne" is very poignant for a Scot at the best of times, but when I arrived in Portland for the 2002 International Convention, I found out that **Steve Hall**, not only a very good friend, but also a coach and mentor, had passed away on the Friday past. The next day at the quartet semi-finals, the first quartet up sang the same arrangement of "Auld Lang Syne" that we sang, and I sat in the darkness of the arena and cried my eyes out. During one of the rehearsals, I saw **Clay Hines** standing at the back of the hall, and I wondered what he made of our interpretation of our arrangement. I'm sure that the bard himself (**Robert Burns**) would have agreed fully with the sentiment we put into the whole song.

Walter Dods

Let's go down to Harborplace

by **Tom Wheatley**, then a new member

This particular memory goes back to an overly hot late July evening in 1989. I had only transferred to the chapter a few weeks before, although I had already known Freddie for about eight years while I was a member of the Baltimore Chapter.

The rehearsal hall was boiling hot, and it was just plain miserable trying to sing. So Freddie, in his infinite resourcefulness, told the chorus members that the meeting was being transferred to Harborplace in downtown Baltimore. Car pools were assembled, and about a half a hundred members relocated.

Freddie quickly got us into singing formation on the steps of the waterfront park, and we started to sing, cooled by the breezes wafting off waters at the Inner Harbor. The reason he had to act quickly was that before a group could perform there, it was supposed to obtain a permit from the city authorities.

We had gotten through maybe a half dozen or so songs, when Johnny Law made an appearance. He approached our fearless leader and told him that we couldn't sing there. "Fine," said Freddie, "just let us cap the session off so it looks like everything is hunky-dory." The officer agreed, probably assuming that we were going to announce that the session was now over. However, Fred led us into "Nearer My God to Thee," followed with no break by "God Bless America." The policeman looked annoyed, but just didn't seem to have the heart to break into a religious or a patriotic song. And that's how it was that Freddie got our chorus cooled off, entertained a goodly summer crowd, and tweaked the long arm of the law, all in one fell swoop. Looking back, it was just a warm-up for singing in Westminster Abbey in December of 1994. There's never a dull moment when you're in the company of **Freddie King!**



"Old-And-In-The-Way" Freddie loved singing in impromptu quartets. This one consisted of Dick Webber (SAGE-Tenor), Len Garey, (King's Contrivance-Lead), Jim Pugh, (Freddie's brother-Bass) and of course, Freddie

My personal memories of a King

by **Ron Furrow**, Charivari staff reporter

As I wrote my articles for this month's Charivari, I found it terribly hard. Many times as I was writing, I was teary eyed. Even though I hadn't known Freddie nearly as long as some of the guys, I miss him dearly. He coached my very first quartet, *Shockwave*, free of charge. We sang "Old Folks," and "Somewhere," both of which were Freddie's arrangements of course. Over the years **Fred Womer**, **Doug Treff** and I would often be without a bari, so we would ask Freddie to sing with us.



Ron Furrow

I remember when I came back two years later at a chapter meeting, when in a crowd of people and out of nowhere, I heard Freddie call, "hey." What you have to understand is that he couldn't see very well at that time, and I had my back to him six to eight feet away. It occurred to me that there was no way he could see who I was. He had heard my voice within the crowd and recognized me. Wow, what an ear!

I found it to be ironic that my very first performance on the International stage was his very last! I was glad I made it to Denver! For the last several weeks, I've been hearing his sweet baritone in my ear as my quartet would sing "Old Folks."

We will miss him

by **Tom Wheatley**, editor

As I write this, I am getting ready to leave tomorrow morning for the Mid-Atlantic District Convention, being held in Wildwood, N.J. It will be the first time that the Chorus of the Chesapeake will have gone to competition since the passing of our friend, director emeritus, and of course, the famous creator of "Uncle Freddie's Story Hour."

I realize that all things must change over time, but there are some changes that leave a much deeper impression than others. When the chorus competed at the International convention this past July, we all knew in our hearts that the clock was ticking his final hours. We just didn't know when those hours would reach us. Now we know, and his passing leaves a void, not only with us, but also with our entire Society.

A man, his life, his love 1935-2008

from M-AD 2008 Fall Convention program



Freddie King
Photo: Dolly Wheatley

Frederick Hyland King was a 58+ year barbershopper. He died on Monday, September 1, 2008 of complications from diabetes at Gilchrist Hospice Care, at the age of 72. Fred was the long-time director of the Dundalk Chorus of the Chesapeake men's chorus, and also of the Dundalk Sweet

Adelines chapter. He was Baltimore born and bred, graduating in 1954 from Forest Park High School.

A lifetime member of the Barbershop Harmony Society, Freddie was a member of the Barbershop Hall of Fame. He was also a music educator with the Baltimore County school district.

He started singing barbershop in high school with three other guys, who became *The Oriole Four*. He joined the Navy after high school. After a few more interim jobs, he started a career in 1960 with the Baltimore County school system, working as a music teacher at Parkville Junior High School. He earned a bachelor degree in music in 1972. In 1972, he received his master's degree from Towson University, after which he became music department chairman at Pine Grove Elementary until 1980. His last job was with the Overlea High School music program as chairman and choirmaster until his retirement in 1990.

In 1959, he began directing the Dundalk Sweet Adelines Chorus, which post he held until his retirement from that position in the late 1990s.

He also directed the award winning Dundalk, Md. chapter's Chorus of the Chesapeake. With Fred at the helm, they won the 1971 International chorus competition in New Orleans. He retired from directing them in 1996.

In addition to being a chorus director, Freddie was a Society judge, an MC, a composer, an arranger (with over 500 arrangements to his credit,) a storyteller with vaudevillian type jokes, and most notably, a quartet man. He started singing baritone when it was decided that his friend, **Jim Grant**, could sing higher and would sing the lead part. His quartets include the *Oriole Four* (1970 Int'l Champs in Atlantic City,) the *Pros-N-Cons*, *The Entertainers*, *The Untouchables*,

Premiere, *Kings Contrivance*, and most recently, *SAGE*.

He was married for 50 years to **Pat King**, who died in 2005. In his final months, Fred was tended by his good friend and caregiver, **Judy Hassan**, (Pride of Baltimore Chorus.) I am sure that all of his family will be forever grateful to Judy for her loving care and support. Mr. King was a member of Perry Hall United Methodist Church, 9515 Belair Road, where services were held at 10:00 a.m., September 6, 2008.

Surviving family members are his son, **Kevin King**; daughter **Kerry Lee Vance**; brothers **Ed** and **James Pugh** of Parkville; a sister, **Merle Burgess** of Yorktown, Va; four grandchildren and a great-grandson.

It's just too much for one man

by **Paul Murrell**, Dundalk Chapter president

Way back many, many years ago, when the vote came to select Freddie as our director, I was the only one on the Board of Directors to vote "No." I didn't know him, and I firmly stated that no normal human being could be in a championship quartet, direct a quality group like the Dundalk Sweet Adelines, work with a church choir, teach school with all its involvements, coach other quartets, and then also lead the Chorus of the Chesapeake.

I was correct. No NORMAL human being could do all that. However, this was **Freddie King**, not a normal mortal. I didn't understand the energy that Fred possessed, nor the dynamic personality that he was.



In 1997, the Dundalk Chapter celebrated its 40th anniversary with a show highlighting our history. For the occasion, we invited Bob Johnson, director of our 1961 International Championship effort. Here we see the 1961 and 1971 gold medal directors sharing a moment together.

You can sing in my chorus any day

by **Robert L. Seay VI**, chapter member

My first specific memory of Freddie is from when I first joined the chorus. I had been around the chorus for years before this, sporadically attending rehearsals with my dad or great-grandfather during the summers, so I knew who Freddie was. Of course, I was amused by his antics. Then, when I was 13, I decided that I wanted to join the ranks of the mighty Chorus of the Chesapeake, but first I had to have my audition with **Fred King**.

At that time, there was a piano in the rehearsal hall, so Freddie sat at the piano and played a pitch for me. I sang my way through "Danny Boy" as Freddie sat listening intently, all the while with a beaming smile on his face. I'll always remember that contagious smile. When I finished, he looked at me and said, "You can sing in my chorus any day, boy!"

From then on, I unknowingly enjoyed what would become one of my life's greatest privileges, singing under the direction of **Fred King**. In all the times I've sung for him, I've never ceased to be enthralled, even hypnotized, by his command and musical artistry. When he raised his hands, an undeniable change would come about in every man under his gaze and the energy which resulted was palpable. He was truly a magician. Fred had a gift that he could have easily shared with the world, and he decided to share most of it with us. I don't know about you, but that makes me feel pretty good.

Thankfully, **Robert L. Seay VI**

The story of the teeth, as I recall it

by **Tom Wheatley**, editor

Shortly after I joined the Dundalk Chapter, Freddie mentioned that he had played football for Forest Park High School. During one of those games, a very aggressive and much larger player decided to show this pesky lineman that he was out of his league. At least, I think Freddie was playing at a lineman's position. You really can't hold me to exact details after so many years.

At any rate, there was a terrific clash of the opposing player's arm, or maybe fist, and Freddie's teeth. Of course, this was way back when Freddie actually had real teeth, and helmets didn't have face

guards. Score: Opposing player, 1 hit; Freddie, most of his teeth.

So there was this high school teenager walking around the campus with a mouthful of empty and feeling sorry for himself. Finally one of his teachers (or such) told him that he actually had two choices, and getting his teeth back wasn't one of them. He could either mope and moan about his situation, or he could accept the hand (pardon the pun here) that was dealt to him and make the very best of a bad situation. I think that he succeeded in accomplishing the latter.

As to the variety of teeth he sported from time to time, Freddie said that there was a dental technician in the Dundalk Chapter who offered to make him a fine collection of outrageous teeth. What Freddie could do with them was beyond the technician's control, but who can doubt that Freddie wound up making the best of his "handicap."

At least, that's the way I recall it!

An Era Ends

[In 1996, I wrote the following poem to mark the end of Freddie's long tenure as our director. Somehow, although a dozen years have passed since then, it seems appropriate to reissue it, as another era ends. THWJ]

An era ends, as all times do. The journey has been grand.
The Chorus of the Chesapeake has sung across the land.
We took the gold in New Orleans - a mighty lofty spot,
And every other time we could, we gave it our best shot.

Now Freddie King's directed us for over thirty years.
The highs and lows across that span
brought laughter and some tears.
We've sung inside a prison and the Abbey of the Queen.
We've put on shows that wowed the crowd.
Our music set the scene.

The time is come; the torch will pass into another's hands.
We need no trumpet fanfares or military bands.
And if we wish to honor him, the man that's known as King,
We'll raise our voices mightily when e'er we chance to sing.

It's true, an era's ending; its grand course nearly run,
But when an era's ending, another's just begun.

Thomas Henry Wheatley

*And now the torch has been passed on to us.
It falls to each of us to carry it with pride and harmony.
We'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne!*

Note from the editor: I was in the process of compiling the regular issue of the Charivari when Freddie passed away. I have put that issue on a back burner. Now I hope to actually get it out in a few more days. When it gets done, you can see what else is going on with the Dundalk Chapter and the Chorus of the Chesapeake. I thank all for the patience you've shown.

I want to express my appreciation to everyone who contributed tales of their days around the one and only **Freddie King**. Your contributions have made my job of assembling these stories more of a pleasure than a task. Remember, all recent issues of the Charivari are posted on our web page at www.dundalk.org. Click on the Charivari tab to take a peek.

Tom Wheatley, editor

Credits:

Editor: Tom Wheatley
 Reporter: Ron Furrow
 Production: Dick Dods, Nancy Dods
 Marilyn Doyle, Tom McPoyle
 Dolly Wheatley
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 Note: The Dundalk Charivari is published bi-monthly, more or less, as the whims, energy and scheduling conflicts dictate. With any luck, it will come out a little more often.

Table of coming events

10/18	Sat	Somerset Chapter Show	Somerset, Pa.	2:30 & 7 Show times
11/8	Sat	Dundalk Fall Show	Kraushaar Auditorium, Towson	7:30 (SELL TICKETS!)
12/6	Sat	Frederick Chapter Show	Frederick, Md.	Time to be determined
12/23	Tues	Chapter Christmas Party	Rehearsal Hall, Dundalk	7:30 Guests welcome
12/30	Tues	"Beer Blast"	Glen Burnie	Guests welcome

YES, WE HAVE AN ACTIVE SCHEDULE. ISN'T THAT A WONDERFUL PROBLEM TO BE FACING ?
 We are a social chapter. We are a performance chapter. We are a competition chapter. For best results, take all three.

* Members are encouraged to wear any informal Dundalk Chapter shirt for casual events. The uniform for all performances will be as indicated in the Weekly News. Since that decision is usually made only in the week or two prior to performance, it's too late to be included in this publication.

Visit us on the Web at <http://www.dundalk.org>

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Dundalk Md. Chapter, SPEBSQSA, home of the Chorus of the Chesapeake, Mr. Rick Taylor, directing

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