

Bob's Memorial

Thank you all for coming out to celebrate Bob Selby, my father, in this most appropriate of ways – listening to jazz and drinking ‘adult beverages.’

His lifelong love of jazz was infectious and he was very involved in the local jazz scene.

One of Dad's favorite jazz moments was when Clark Terry came to town to play at the Central High School jazz fest when I was in high school, playing tenor sax in the jazz band. We all picked him up at the airport and took him to the Great Impasta where he declared the clam chowder the best he had ever had. Dad was so proud that I got to trade 4s with Clark Terry at the jazz festival. Having Clark Terry ride in the passenger seat of his car was so momentous for Dad, when Mom tried to sit there afterwards, she was not allowed. After all, that's Clark Terry's seat. Luckily, we talked him out of that.

He was a member of the UNESCO International Jazz Day committee.

He played trumpet and flugelhorn in the Parkland Big Band and later with the BVD band, playing at senior living facilities.

My Mom and Dad also joined local jazz enthusiasts on jazz cruises and at the Chicago jazz festival. Dad arranged for the group to have dinner with Dee Dee Bridgewater on one of the cruises. My parents looked to Sam Reese for advice on which artists to see in Chicago.

Dad would be happy to see so many of his WEFT family members here tonight honoring him. He was a jazz airshifter for many years. During pledge drives, he was at the station almost daily to help raise funds during jazz shows. Dad declared himself the “pronunciation police” and did not hesitate to correct other jazz airshifters on air.

In my Father's honor, WEFTies are available to accept any donations you wish to give.

Dad's last wishes were: “party hardy **but** don't forget to tip the bartenders.”