

Autie Goodman (continued from page 3)

He also produced a solo album, *We Thought about You*, and was inducted into a local musicians hall of fame, Kris Goodman said, adding that “he was like a Las Vegas icon, a jewel that he didn’t even know.”

When he finally retired in his 70s, he and Mildred started camping and traveling more in Nevada, fishing and exploring the wonders of the West.

“There were so many beautiful sights to see, especially when you had a dear, kind husband like mine,” Mildred said through tears.

Autie and Mildred Goodman raised four children: Kris, Terry, Jill and their late son Ted.

Autie Goodman poses with his saxophone while stationed in Saipan during World War II. (Terry Goodman)



Autie Goodman and his wife, Mildred, on their wedding day Nov. 11, 1951. (Kris Goodman)



Autie Goodman, second from right, plays the saxophone and drums live with The Four Freshman. (Terry Goodman)

The Workingman's Musician

Kris and Terry Goodman remember there always being harmony at home, whether it was Nat King Cole on the record player or their father practicing saxophone or piano. While he was gone for long periods of time, his kids would play his albums while their father was a way to be close to their father. Kris Goodman's favorite song by his dad was *Blue Velvet*, a song he recorded in 1964 that he remembers watching him play live with The Modernaires at the Desert Inn.

“He was the workingman's musician,” Kris Goodman, 57, said. “He was able to take his talent and parlay that into the career and become a person of note in the industry, but not so much a household name.”

He described his father as a “Sinatra-type vocalist” and jazz, saxophone player.

“He raised four kids on a musician's salary,” he said. “He was all about his craft, and his family.”

After moving to Pahrump, Goodman entertained for about three years at the now-closed Tommasino's restaurant with owner/musician Tom Saitta and well-known Vegas pianist Tommy Deering.

Goodman wasn't the only artistically inclined member of his family. He inspired all three of his sons to follow in his footsteps. His wife was a sketch artist and painter who worked in several local art galleries in Las Vegas.

His daughter, Jill, went to art school in Portland and is a graphic artist.

His son Terry Goodman, 66, known in the music industry as Terry Nails, was a bass player with Ozzy Osbourne and recorded the hit 1981 song *867-5309/Jenny* as a member of Tommy Tutone.

Kris Goodman played in a performing arts group at Bonanza High School that was hired to play gigs in Disneyland, and Ted Goodman played in local bands Vegas Wash and the Generics.

“He was the centerpiece of all of that,” Kris Goodman said.

“The bigger lesson from my dad to me was humility,” he said. “He was like a humble, human person. He never had a bad word for anyone he was always so kind and forgiving of humanity.”

When not playing music, Autie Goodman had a great interest in Nevada mining history. He'd bring his children on road trips and map out old western ghost towns, such as Goldfield and Delamar. They'd go camping on Mount Charleston, and he'd take his kids to the drag races at the old Stardust raceway. They water-skied and went to Lake Mead National Recreation Area.

“It was a nice treat when his band would play here,” Kris Goodman said.

His kids learned to grow up backstage, sitting behind the curtains. Kris and his sister, Jill, had their first time at Disneyland, seeing Mickey Mouse backstage.

“It always gave us a good perspective of what really goes on behind the scenes,” he said.

Along with their four children, Autie and Mildred Goodman had five grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

His brother, Terry, moved in with his parents in 2013 to help take care of them. He said his father was a “hoot,” with a great sense of humor.

“He was the most amazingly kind, gentle human being I ever met,” he said.

For fun, the man would rewrite the lyrics to some of the old classics. His sharp wit would make them laugh.

As a musician in his own right, Terry Goodman said he always felt bad that he didn't learn how to sightread like his father. One day, he confided that to his father.

“I can barely see the charts,” his dad responded with a laugh. “I just knew the songs.”

The Goodmans held a private memorial service but believe the family patriarch deserves broader recognition.