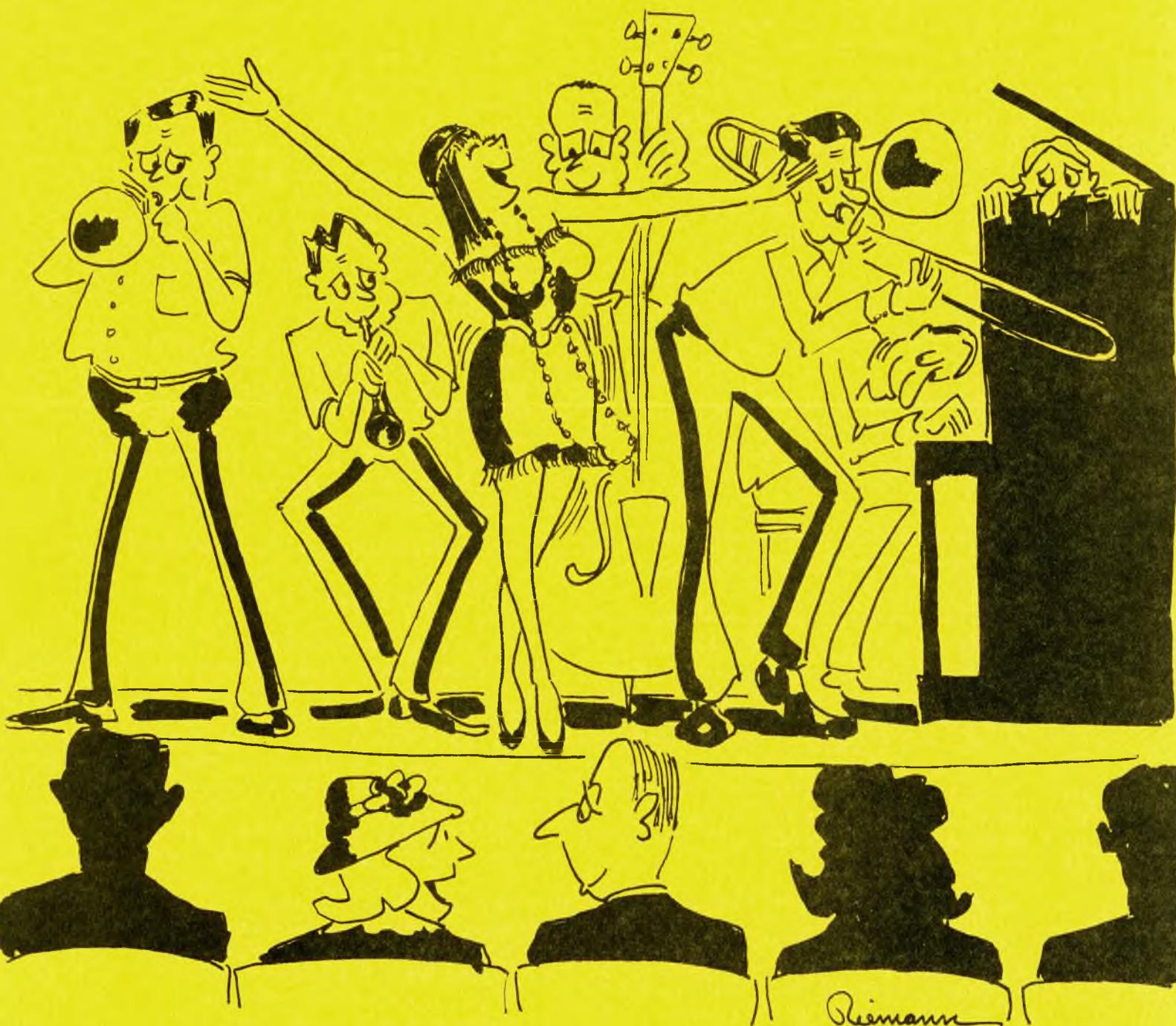


# TAILGATE RAMBLINGS



"MY, THEY CERTAINLY PLAY WITH A SENSE OF PURPOSE, DON'T THEY?"

JUNE 1974

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS, vol. 4, no. 4

June 1974

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TAILGATE RAMBLINGS is published for members of the Potomac River Jazz Club, a nonprofit organization dedicated to the preservation and encouragement of traditional jazz in the Greater Washington, D.C. and Baltimore areas. Signed articles appearing in TR represent the views of the author along and in no way reflect official club policy or opinion.

Articles, letters to the Editor and ad copy (for which there is no charge to members) should be mailed to:

Dick Baker, Editor  
TAILGATE RAMBLINGS  
2300 S. 25th St., Apt. 101  
Arlington, Va 22206

Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington  
1899-1974

I would like to be able to say something eloquent on the occasion of the passing of one of the greatest American musicians ever, but the words won't come. I can only invite each of you to think of your own favorite Ellington composition or performance--*that* is eloquence, and that is how we will all remember the Duke.

\* \* \* \* \*  
PRJC MUSICIANS' DIRECTORY

The long-awaited PRJC Musicians' Directory is finally available. We originally advertised the Directory at \$3 some months ago, but we found

it unacceptable for distribution when it came back from the printers. Hard-working editor Ed Fishel has since revised it and we are making it available in a less-expensive Xerox-copied edition for \$1. Send orders to Polly Wagner, 432 E. Columbia St., Falls Church, Va 22046.

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*"Slide" Harris in Hospital*

One of Washington's most respected jazz musicians, trombone-player Walter "Slide" Harris, suffered a mild stroke on May 5 while playing for us in the Windjammer Room.

Slide is recovering nicely at Arlington Hospital; in fact, his doctor even sent out for Slide's trombone and has him practicing in the basement of the hospital, figuring that's the best physical therapy for Slide right now.

At best, though, Slide will be out of action for some time. He may be out of the hospital by the time this TR arrives, so anyone wishing to send their greetings should use Slide's home address:  
114 46th Place N.E.  
Washington, D.C. 20019

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JUNE 15 RIVERBOAT RIDE

The boat is rented, the band is hired and the tickets are sold. All we need do now is come and enjoy (and hope it doesn't rain).

We sail at 8 p.m. sharp on the MV Diplomat, moored at the Wilson Line's dock at 6th & Water Street S.W. There is plenty of parking right across the street from the dock. Here is the band line-up:

- Tex Wyndham, piano
- John Thomas, trumpet
- John Skillman, clarinet
- Jerry Nichols, trombone
- Phil Cartwright, banjo
- Johnny Roulet, drums
- Tom Gray, bass

# The Potomac River Jazz Club



For recorded info -  
DIAL (301) 630-PRJC

## \*\* WINDJAMMER \*\*

JUNE 2 WORLD'S THIRD GREATEST JAZZ BAND  
9 BAY CITY SEVEN  
16 DIXIE FIVE-0  
23 NEW SUNSHINE JAZZ BAND  
30 JOYMAKERS  
JULY 7 FREE STATE JAZZ BAND

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## REGULAR GIGS

Sunday PRJC weekly session in the Windjammer Room, Marriott Twin Bridges; 7:30 - 11:30 p.m. \$2.00 cover. Open to public. South end of 14th Street Bridge, Arlington, Virginia.  
ANACOSTIA RIVER RAMBLERS, Lighthouse, Falls Church, Va. 7 - 11 p.m. Sit-ins welcome.

Monday GOOD TIME SIX, Bratwursthaus, 708 No. Randolph St., Arlington, Va. 8:30 - midnight

Wednesday ASPEN HILL GANG, D'Angelo's Restaurant, 4064 Aspen Hill Rd., Wheaton, Md. 8:30 - 11:30 p.m.

Friday TEX WYNDHAM RED LION JAZZ BAND, Surrey Restaurant, Wilmington, Del. First Friday of month only. Reservations suggested.

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## COMING UP

Sat., June 8 ... WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND 8:00 p.m. The American Theatre, L'Enfant Plaza, Washington

Sun., June 23 &  
Mon., June 24 ... NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY RAGTIME ENSEMBLE conducted by Gunther Schuller, Wolf Trap Farm Park, McLean, Va.

Sat., June 29 ... BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET Wolf Trap Farm Park 8:30 p.m.

Tue., July 16  
Wed., July 17 ... PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND Wolf Trap Farm Park 8:30 p.m.

Thurs., July 11.. COUNT BASIE Wolf Trap Farm Park 8:30 p.m.

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## MONUMENTALS TO LAUNCH "SUMMER IN THE PARKS"

The ORIGINAL WASHINGTON MONUMENTAL JAZZ BAND will play the first of the National Park Service's "Summer in the Parks" concerts on June 15 at noon in the Sylvan Theatre near the Washington Monument.

## CORNET CHOP SUEY

by Scotty Lawrence

In the mid-30's, a group of us from Pittsburgh had a summer gig at a resort on Lake Erie--long before pollution had spoiled the lake for summer vacationers. Shortly after we began, we were offered another job as substitutes for a college band that had suddenly decided to take a job playing aboard a boat cruising to South America. This second gig was tailor-made for us, for it consisted of a couple of noon concerts a week plus a half-hour concert each week night, finishing early enough to allow us plenty of time to make the lake resort by 9 p.m. Besides, the job included room and board and we figured to live like kings with the dual gigs. We were a little leery at first about the concert demands, for our library was heavily laced with Lunceford-type arrangements hardly suitable for nondancing audiences. However, we made a quick trip to Buffalo and picked up some books of relatively simple concert type pieces mostly composed and arranged by some cat called J. S. Zamecnik and discovered that we could get by with some judicious juggling of parts, e.g., 1st violin part played on clarinet, cello part on baritone sax and oboe part on muted cornet. By the end of the summer we were all heartily sick of Brother Zamecnik and even after all these years, I still get a queasy feeling in the stomach when I see his name on some of the band parts that I now play with the Alexandria Citizens Band.

One aspect of the concert gig that wasn't entirely clear to us when we took it was that it was in a spiritualist summer camp (located in Lillydale, New York), which was populated by semi-permanent residents who were either true believers or professionals in spiritualism, such as mediums and seance conductors. This didn't bother us, of course, but it did have some bearing on later developments.

Shortly after we started concertizing, a lady resident inquired if there was anyone in the band who could write music. Somebody steered her to me and it turned out that she had a tune that she wanted written down; since she didn't play any instrument, it would be necessary for me to transcribe the tune from her singing and write a piano part in sheet music style. I had had prior experience with down-home Tchaikovskys and promptly quoted \$25 for the job--a princely sum then--and was pleasantly surprised to get no argument. But there was a kicker. The lady explained that she hadn't really composed the tune herself, but that it was taught to her by an 18th century musician; she went on to say that I would be able to hear the voice of the original composer, since he would have final approval of my interpretation of her singing. In fact, it seemed that one of the college musicians had started this project but had quit because of this unusual situation. She was gravely concerned that I too might get frightened and give up. I took the opportunity to remind her of the agreed-upon price and assured her that since the terms were cash on delivery I would write the piano part even if the tune were dictated by the Devil himself *in person*.

As scheduled, I showed up at her cottage the next day and after she had hummed the opening phrase, I played it back on the piano as a check before writing it down. She apparently wasn't certain that I had caught it exactly, for she looked up and away and murmured softly, "Is that right, Dear?" So help me, there was an answer in a small, squeaky voice, tinny but distinct, that seemed to come from somewhere inside her head telling her that I had it right and that we could go on. The lady looked at me expectantly and asked if I were now convinced. "Madame," I believe I answered, "my knowledge of female anatomy--at least the

part relating to the speaking voice--is about zero, but I think you are talking to yourself and somehow managing to bypass the vocal cords. I have heard the term "bone induction" and that may be the name for this business of talking to yourself. Anyhow, it's a cute trick but let's get on with the music." My explanation amused her no end and we proceeded with the transcribing of her humming aided by occasional promptings from the squeaky voice which I still think belonged to the lady herself.

The tune was even worse than I had anticipated. Childlike melody, inane lyrics (the title was *I'm in Love with an Englishman*), and a harmonic structure of two basic chords (I and V) that could not be disguised even with liberal doses of chord substitutions and a heavy sprinkling of flatted fifths and ninths. To cap it all, the chorus was 33 bars long. Now, part of the deal was that my name would appear on the cover and as I would have no part of anything with a 33-measure chorus, I compressed the final phrase to make it come out to 32 bars, figuring that because she didn't read music she would never know the difference; and if she ever did find out, I would be hundreds of miles away with no forwarding address. In due course, I finished the piano part using several colors of ink and some fancy script work on the cover that really knocked her out.

One hurdle remained. The lady naturally wanted to hear the finished product and since I wasn't good enough on piano to play what I had written, I had to ask our piano man to play the damned thing for her. I had to coach Buncy, our piano player, on how to stretch out the final phrase so that it sounded as if there were 33 bars instead of the 32 written and he latched on with no trouble. Still, I was more than a little uneasy, for Buncy was a very naive country boy and I was certain that at the first sound of the squeaky voice he would take off and no cash would change hands.

The solution to the problem was readily apparent. I bought a pint of gin and coaxed Buncy (normally a cola man) into taking several hefty belts before we went up to the cottage for the finale. Buncy never even heard the voice (though it was audible to me once or twice), I got the loot, and the lady had her lovely-looking piano part immortalizing that deathless melody.

Among the professionals in the spiritualist camp was a good-looking, if quite large (weighing in about 165), medium who took a shine to me. She was quite well known as a medium, traveling around the country giving lectures and conducting seances for fees. Out of the blue, she offered me a job as her advance man, going into towns ahead of her, setting up the meetings, doing publicity and press relations and similar tasks. I was tempted, for the money was far more than I usually made trying to play jazz. However, it developed that there were additional duties not previously mentioned, such as sharing accommodations. I turned it down. Sometimes commercialism can be overdone.

(Note: final paragraph has been heavily censored. Ed.)

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*Egg-on-the-Face Department: re St. Louis Rag Fest Accommodations*

In last month's TR we recommended the Bel Air East in St. Louis as the place to stay for the St. Louis Ragtime Fest, July 9-13.

Unfortunately, none of us had checked with the Bel Air East: when we did, we found that it was filled with a convention at that time.

PRJC'ers are now encouraged to make reservations at the HOLIDAY INN Downtown, 2211 Market Street, St. Louis 93103; tel 314/231-3232. Request reservations to be with the Potomac River Jazz Club. See you in St. Louie, Mortimer!

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

by Icon O'Clast

*(Musings, sometimes irreverent, on the state of the performing arts by a professional trumpet player and member of the PRJC presently resident in New Orleans)*

Jazz fans are pretty wonderful people. They love the music and, in many cases, they are fairly expert on the performers, history, etc., of our unique American art form. And yet--as it may seem--they aren't really doing all they can to help their favorite music survive. There are notable exceptions to this, both individual and group, but in the majority, jazz fans are dropping the ball.

Turn on the radio in your particular corner of America. What do you hear? Either Rock/Pop, Country or something nauseatingly innocuous called "Easy Listening." Any jazz around? Darn little and even that is tucked into a small corner of some remote FM station, having to share its little place in the sun with a predominance of modern cacaphony from the Bird School. Did you ever think of taking five minutes to write your favorite station(s) and ask for just a little jazz? Too much trouble? Aw, come on--this is what keeps us alive!

American Pop music tastes are governed by a relatively few big commercial interests and it's common knowledge how they promote their latest product. But think of the number of people that comprise the Jazz Fan World. Ten to twenty thousand, probably, as a guess. That's a heck of a lot more than those who mold American musical taste today. The problem is simple: apathy. We'll go to great lengths to obtain a good record. Sometimes we'll go out to hear a concert or a band when it would be easier to stay home. But write a letter occasionally? No. Imagine what reaction there would be if personal visits were made to the

station manager? He's just another guy trying to make a living and he'd be so darn surprised to see you that something good would be bound to happen. Sound kind of silly? Man, that's just what makes things happen!

Another area that needs some pressure is your local record shop. You know how much real jazz the typical commercial record store carries. If you ask them--and you should--they'll tell you that (1) they get too few calls for our music to make it profitable, not enough turnover (then ask them about the stock of symphonic/operatic perennials they keep on hand for prestige purposes); (2) their distributors don't carry jazz and they don't have the time to hunt down each independent producer to order a few records (ask them why they don't insist on better choices from the distributor on the threat of looking for another source--it's a cut-throat business and very responsive to pressure like this if it's used); or (3) they'll point out that they did have the Bessie Smith series but it sold out!!! Excuses every one. Every other retail business carries some slow-moving items because they know that to really succeed they have to provide service to as many customers as possible. If this wasn't true, every item in a jewelry store would be cheap.

There are other areas that could be "sold" with a little effort, too. It's been well demonstrated in the Washington area that determined jazz fans can create places for bands to play. How about your local pizza parlor? Or better yet, if you belong to some civic or fraternal organization, have you ever pushed anyone to have a jazz band at the annual dance? Jazz musicians can play better dance tempos than anyone--and they know the old favorites--and, even better, they can play requests all night.

I'm not saying go into booking or record promotion--just promote jazz in a little different, more positive way. A letter here, a personal call there, a suggestion somewhere else.

It will work, believe me, and just imagine what could happen to American music if several thousand determined fans around the country really made an effort!

## NEW JAZZ TRIO ACTION

Several faces familiar to area jazz fans are beginning trio gigs this month.

Al Stevens (piano), Stan Booth (bass) and Johnny Roulet (drums) are playing Tuesday-Saturday at 8 p.m. in the Roman Torch Restaurant, in the Willston Shopping Center, in Arlington. 534-4600.

And the Tommy Gwaltney Trio is now featuring the legendary Claude Hopkins at the piano, along with Tommy on clarinet & vibes and Van Perry on bass. They play nightly except Sunday at 8 p.m. in the Cabaret Rue d'Awakening, in the Ramada Inn in old town Alexandria. No cover or minimum, res. 683-6000. Do you suppose Gwaltney named the place, too?

## PRJC BAND PHOTOS AVAILABLE

The occasional interruptions of PRJC rituals which you witness at the Windjammer Room--to favor a cameraman who is trying to get a shot of the whole band--are for the purpose of building a PRJC photographic archive. We may be making jazz history or we may not be, but in any case we want a picture of each PRJC band for advertising purposes.

These photos will be made available to the bands, and to any interested PRJC members, at a cost which will permit a small profit to the photographer, Harold Bigler. If you are interested, call Hal at 785-0889 or Ed Fishel at 536-8065. All pix are in color.

*A couple of the PRJC's more distant members, Ernie & Kittle Lutz, of Canandaigua, NY, joined us in the Windjammer Room on April 28.*

## MARTIN WILLIAMS LECTURES

*Earlier this year, Mr. Martin Williams, noted authority on jazz and curator of the Smithsonian Institution's jazz division, gave a series of lectures for the PRJC. Liz McRee took notes at the lectures and later submitted them to Mr. Williams for his approval. TR will serialize those notes, beginning with March 21.*

Significant that he was asked to speak to a club of jazz buffs whose interests are largely "traditional"; very pleased and will give heavy emphasis on certain musicians.

Discussed his COLLECTION OF CLASSIC JAZZ, published by Smithsonian Institution; will discuss music parallel to that included in the collection.

RAGTIME is written syncopated music to be followed note for note. displaced rhythms; melodic music, naive emotionally; an Afro-American version of the polka or Sousa-style march (military).

SCOTT JOPLIN's standards were European in some ways.

NEW ORLEANS introduced new rhythmic values into music.

BUDDY BOLDEN was first trumpet player in jazz style of known reputation.

FREDDIE KEPPARD played same style but more accomplished musically; first to be recorded.

BOLDEN, KEPPARD, JOHNSON played with an emotional quality not present in ragtime.

Small record companies turned to jazz because large companies were doing operas, etc; however, radio started broadcasting such music and record sales fell off and therefore, record companies turned to other kinds of music and found other buyers.

JELLY ROLL MORTON is the summary of what New Orleans had achieved up to the arrival of LOUIS ARMSTRONG.

THIS IS THE GROUP ORIGINALLY SELECTED FROM SIX EAST COAST TRADITIONAL JAZZ BANDS TO PLAY ONE TIME ONLY AT BIX'S GRAVE IN DAVENPORT, IOWA, ON THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, AUGUST 6, 1971. (A PHOTO AT THE OAKDALE CEMETERY APPEARS ON THE BACK OF THE ALBUM JACKET.) "ONE TIME ONLY" BECAME SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR AS THE BBMJB WAS ASKED TO REGROUP FOR SPECIAL EVENTS SUCH AS BIX'S BIRTHDAY, FOR THE POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB, AND NOW ANNUALLY FOR THE BIX BEIDERBECKE JAZZ FESTIVAL, HELD EACH JULY IN DAVENPORT.

THE JULY, '73 EDITION OF JAZZOLOGIST STATES: "THE BIX BEIDERBECKE MEMORIAL JAZZ BAND IS THE WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND. ASK 'EM IN DAVENPORT!" THE BAND RECEIVED SIX STANDING OVATIONS IN ONE SET AT THE FESTIVAL THAT YEAR.

THIS ALBUM WAS RECORDED AT THE TARN, BARTLEY, NEW JERSEY ON OCTOBER 19-20, 1973, BY EWING NUNN FOR HIS AUDEX LABEL.

ANNOUNCING

The  
**Bix Beiderbecke  
Memorial  
Jazz Band**

*Limited Edition LP*

**Side One**

Davenport Blues  
Creole Love Call  
Royal Garden  
Fidgety Feet  
Riverboat Shuffle

**Side Two**

Louisiana  
Blues for Bix  
From Monday On  
I'll Be a Friend  
Bogalusa Strut

**Personnel:** Joe Ashworth — Clarinet and Soprano Sax  
Bill Barnes — Cornet  
Bill Donahoe — Washboard  
Jay Duke — Drums  
John Gill — Banjo  
John Schober — C Melody, Alto and Soprano Sax  
Skip Strong — Trombone  
Bill Taggart — Tuba  
Tex Wyndham — Piano

*The Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Band is a non-profit group dedicated to the perpetuation of the memory of Bix.*

RECORD ORDER FORM

Send to: **The Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Band**  
171 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ BBMJB records @ \$6.50 ea., ppd. Enclosed check, \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Also send a copy of this ad to \_\_\_\_\_

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION, POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

(Please print or type)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE & ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

OCCUPATION \_\_\_\_\_

RECORD COLLECTOR? YES ( ) NO ( )

MUSICIAN? (What Instruments?) \_\_\_\_\_



MEMBER OF ORGANIZED BAND? \_\_\_\_\_

INTERESTED IN ORGANIZING OR JOINING ONE? \_\_\_\_\_

INTERESTED IN JAMMING OCCASIONALLY? \_\_\_\_\_

READ MUSIC? YES ( ) NO ( )

DESCRIBE YOUR JAZZ INTERESTS BRIEFLY (What styles interest you, etc.)

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

ANY OTHER COMMENTS, REMARKS OR SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO FUTURE P.R.J.C. ACTIVITIES?

\_\_\_\_\_

WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN CONTRIBUTING SHORT ESSAYS OR ARTICLES TO THE P.R.J.C. QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER? YES ( )  
PLEASE DESCRIBE

\_\_\_\_\_

I enclose check for \$7.00 initiation fee and first year membership dues:

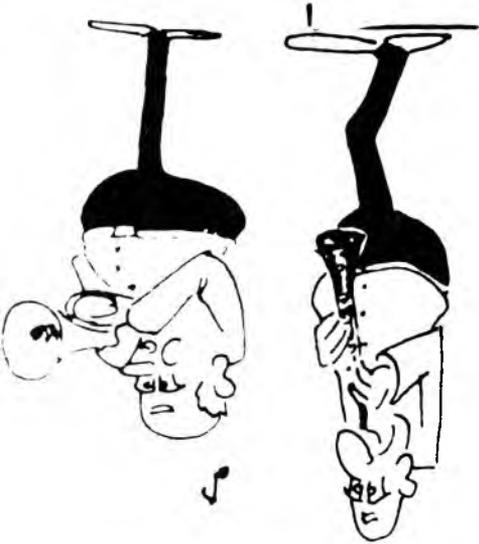
Signature \_\_\_\_\_



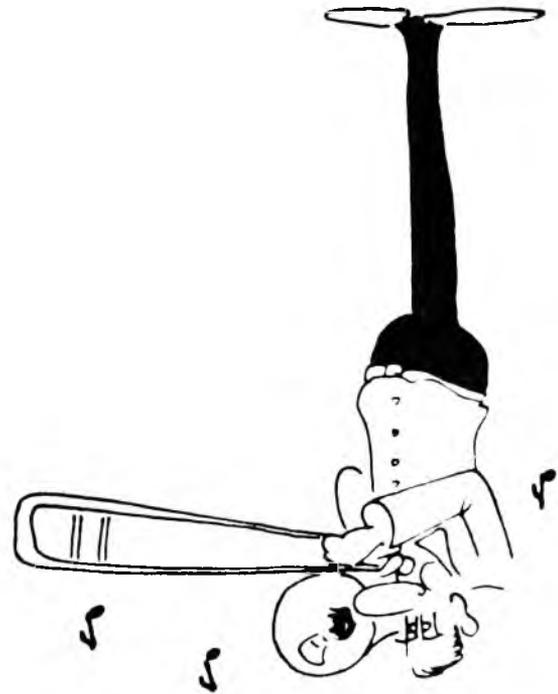
Mail to: Dolores Wilkinson, Secretary-Treasurer  
2122 Massachusetts Ave., N. W. Apt. 813  
Washington, D. C. 20008

**PRJC**

# HOORAY FOR DIXIELAND JAZZ



FIRST CLASS MAIL



Dick Baker, Editor  
TAILGATE RAMBLINGS  
2300 S. 25th St., Apt. 101  
Arlington, Va 22206

WELCOME - NEW MEMBERS --

Sue A. Bercaw  
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*McLean, Va.*  
Sidney Harris  
*Arlington, Va.*  
Jack Hiland  
*Silver Spring, Md.*  
John R. Pence  
*Washington, D. C.*  
Jon Peters  
*Gaithersburg, Md.*  
James D. Roberts  
*Falls Church, Va.*  
Keith Steyer  
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Harold Wendt  
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