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at the Marriott  
May 21, 1977 9pm-1am  
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ROUND

# TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

May 1977 Vol. 7 No. 5

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION, POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

(Please print or type)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

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

PHONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ OCCUPATION (Opt.) \_\_\_\_\_

RECORD COLLECTOR ( ) YES

MUSICIAN? (What instruments?) \_\_\_\_\_



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

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

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

READ MUSIC? ( ) YES

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

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

[ ] Individual membership - \$7.50 per year. Member is eligible for all benefits of the PRJC, including all discounts offered and the right to vote in the general election and to hold office in the club.

[ ] Family membership - \$10.00 per year. Both husband and wife are eligible for benefits described above. Children under 18 are eligible for all discounts.

(A single person buying a family membership is eligible for all benefits described above; discounts offered will be extended to one guest when that guest accompanies the member.)

I enclose check payable to the Potomac River Jazz Club for the option checked above.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Doris B. Baker  
Membership Secretary  
7004 Westmoreland Rd.  
Falls Church, Va.  
22042

**PRJC**

# Tailgate Ramblings

Vol. 7 No. 5  
May 1977

Editor - Ted Chandler  
Contributing Editors - Al Webber  
Dick Baker  
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PRJC President - Harold Gray

TR is published monthly for members of the Potomac River Jazz Club, a non-profit group dedicated to preservation and encouragement of traditional jazz in the Washington-Baltimore area. Signed articles appearing in TR represent the views of their authors alone and should not be construed as club policy or opinion.

Articles, letters to the editor, and ad copy (no charge for members' personal ads) should be mailed to the editor at:

7160 Talisman Lane  
Columbia, Md.  
21045

## Swinging Tribute to Scotty

More than 150 friends of the late Scotty Lawrence turned out Apr. 25 to hear the Band from Tin Pan Alley, the reconstituted Good Time 6, and Scotty's son Jim pay loving tribute to the veteran cornet player who died a year ago.

The memorial concert was put together by a committee working with Ed Fishel. It benefited the Alexandria Men's Home, a favorite charity of Scotty's.

A highlight of the concert was an appearance on string bass of Jim Lawrence who played a strong, agile, swinging bass with a tremendous rhythmic kick.

MC for the show was Dick Baker. Tapes of Scotty in a number of striking performances with the Band from Tin Pan Alley, the Good Time 6, and other groups were

prepared by Hal Farmer and played as intermission music between the offerings of the two bands. The afternoon ended with an open jam. ■ ■

Have Trumpet Will Swing: Geo. Mascall looking for gigs - Dixie, swing, what-have-you. Loc. Va. area. Call (703) 534-6957.

m1-1

## Fake List Redux

More than 2 years ago, TR first published the PRJC Practical Fake List. This was a listing of 200-300 standard jazz tunes - a compendium from which everybody could withdraw tunes beyond the 60 to 70 chestnuts.

The brainchild of Ed Fishel and the late Scotty Lawrence, the Fake List served an indispensable purpose - so useful indeed, that it could stand reprinting. Since it was published, some local bands have pushed the musical vocabulary far beyond even its commodious scope. Not to worry. The tunes listed here would represent a king-sized agenda for any conscientious band.

Listed on page 10 of this issue of TR is the Fake List. If your favorite isn't on it, you have specialized and/or discriminating tastes indeed! ■ ■

## Fatha at Annapolis

Whether the subject at the moment is Leonard Bernstein or Duke Ellington, Jerome Kern or Fats Waller, it is not to worry. You're in good hands.

The characteristic trumpet-style, stride-influenced piano of Earl Hines is going to transform whatever the subject-matter into something Hines-ean anyway. So it was at the Maryland Inn in early April when Fatha brought his act, including Rudy Richardson and Marva Josie to the venerable watering place on Church Circle. Hines was equally at home with a blistering pace on his own Second Balcony Jump, on Duke's Caravan, or on the score of West Side Story. He read us all a lesson in the collected works of Fats, with especial reference to Squeeze Me, Jitterbug Waltz, and Honeysuckle.

His piano obligatos to the songs of Marva Josie were things of sheer loveliness, and sometimes - as in the case of her sexy reading of Just Squeeze Me - wickedness as well.

Rudy Richardson doesn't play tenor as well as Coleman Hawkins, alto as well as Bird, flute as well as Frank Wess, clarinet as well as Buster Bailey, or soprano as well as Sidney Bechet. Who does? Richardson plays them very well.

Overall, the show is carefully planned with little left to chance. There is little spirit of free improvisation. But Fatha has been doing his thing since 1925. Some things have a right to be a little routinized.

And that right hand!!!!

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ■ ■

Be the first kid on your block!  
Rejoin PRJC now. The bread you save will be your own.

## Ruminations on Blowing Jazz

by Chuck Brown

The dictionary defines "ruminate" as "to chew the cud, meditate, muse, ponder." Being home with a bad case of glutenous intestate, and having for the past 25 years been active to some degree as a blower of jazs notes, I feel moved to chew the cud. Let me begin by being controversial.

There is absolutely nothing wrong, musically, morally, or ethically, with "When the Saints Go Marching In." The listener who asks for it - yea, the band that plays it - is usually marked for certain derision. It's a rare gig that excludes "Royal Garden Blues," yet I've never heard anyone put the rap on that tune. Saints is a 12 bar ditty, you reply. Well, then, do the whole thing - the part that starts; "Some say this world of trouble is the only one we need..." The Stutz Bearcats start it with a clarinet solo on "Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen," followed by a low register moderate tempo clarinet lead on the first chorus before the whole band jumps in. Doesn't sound half bad.

Dixieland is FUN stuff. Get those guys to a nunnery who make of it a deadly serious business. The Transactional Analysis boys would have a field day at Blob's Park. How many times in life can you look at not just one person, but 5 or 6, and know what they're thinking and what they're going to say next?

To think through somebody else's horn is a very special moment in life. We let people that close to us only rarely. Speaking of transactions, the closer you can get to your audience, the more they are going to respond; the bigger their response, the better your notes. So play to them, sing and talk to them, entertain them, and they will fuel up any band beyond expectations.

An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of performance. You formed a band back in '07. It got better and better except for poor old Snidely Splitlip, or Snip as he was affectionately known to the group. In the old days, Snip never missed a charity gig, rehearsal or jam session. Then the band booked a steady gig. Inevitably, dark thoughts began to brew about how the group would sound now, if Snip were replaced with Billy Jo Blowgreat. I think there's a rhythm in the cosmos. With Snip, you've got that rhythm; with Billy Jo, you lose it. As the capitalist owner of a tractor factory in the real world, yeah; maybe Snip would have to go. But Dixieland is fun.

The flip side is humor. One night at Buzzy's when Miles Evans was blowing drums with us, he asked me if this 19-year-old chick could sit in on drums. I was dubious, but one look at her qualifications convinced me she could play great stuff. It so happened that that another guest artist, an unknown named W. William Whelan, was also sitting in that set. We kicked off an up tempo tune which quickly began to lose steam despite the driving lead horn. Came time for the classic drum break. Nothing. Not a single sound. The lady had never heard of Dixieland before. Wild Bill grabbed the mike and sang the drum break. The band broke up, the audience was bewildered, and herself beamed.

The trouble with PRJC is that it's not perfect. Like the trouble with the U.S. Constitution. For those quick to criticize, let me ask a question. What the hell did you have to complain about before 1971? As a working musician, I say thank you very much to all who have worked to bring the PRJC to where it is. Thanks especially for the opportunity (at the open jam session) to meet Lou Weinberg and a few dozen other fine folks. PRJC has some politics, you say? Checked out your church for evidence of that, lately?

Maybe what PRJC needs next is a bibliophile -- somebody to write up the history of traditional jazz that we are all collectively making. To be sure, this will not be remembered as The Roaring 70's, but some recordable things have been happening in our area.

Maybe the PRJC museum could take this on. Wouldn't it have been great to have interviewed Scotty, Slide, and Lou last year.... ■ ■

Who knows what jazzbands lurk within the Bratwursthaus?  
Dick Baker knows. 630-PRJC

## SUNSET CAFE STOMP

by Petrarch McBarlhaus

*When Satchmo put his horn up to his chops  
And played his heart out to the milling throng,  
Or sang a rough, impassioned, moving song,  
The Austin High Gang almost blew their tops.  
Mugsy would holler, "Aw, now, play it, Pops!"  
Armstrong was king. The king could do no wrong.  
If life was short, well, Satchmo's art was long,  
More moving than Fritz Kreisler's double stops.  
Chicago was a booming, bawdy town,  
The home of gangsters, gunmolls, gin, and sin,  
Not what you'd call a cradle of the arts.  
But gunmen had to lay their pistols down  
When Louie with his gay, infectious grin,  
Instilled his ringing music in their hearts.*

# BUT ON THE OTHER HAND ...

## An Editorial Outcry

Great traditional jazz did not end with the disbanding of Armstrong's Hot 7 (although the period which began with King Oliver's Creole JB and ended with the Hot 7 was certainly the Golden Age).

Since then, there have been great bands from time to time playing the old time style. The Muggsy Spanier Ragtimers of '39-40, for example, or the Bunk Johnson Stuyvesant Casino band. There was Lu Watters' bunch and the Kid Ory group with Poppa Mutt and Joe Darensbourg. And of course there were the groups - Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laudes, the DeParis bros., Red Allen, and others - who played great jazz at various removes from the basic tradition.

There are those who think that the New Black Eagle JB is earning its way into consideration in the august company of the authentic greats. We'll have the opportunity to find out on May 21 when the Black Eagles come to town to play for us.

While the Black Eagles boast no soloist of the stature of Muggsy or Ory or George Lewis, their ensembles are tight, well constructed, and their professionalism is unquestioned. Their gaze is set resolutely backward. They look to people like Jabbo Smith, Lovey Austin, Tommy Ladnier and Jimmy Blythe, and the other residents of southside Chitown.

They are well advised to do so. It is there that the wellsprings of this music are to be found. TR adds its voice of welcome to the Black Eagles. We think this should be one of the real high points of our musical year.

\*\*

Should I live to the century mark, I think I shall never quite get over the shock. At the old Savoy Cafe in Boston one evening, I asked Sidney Bechet who his favorite reedman was. I expected him to say Johnny Dodds or someone like that, but what he said was "Jimmy Dorsey."

I was thinking about that when the letter from Dan Havens (printed in this issue) came in saying that Sid DeParis favored Dizzy Gillespie.

I think what these answers show is a very real dichotomy between the tastes of jazz fans and jazz musicians. We who listen to jazz forget sometimes that what we are listening for may or may not have much in common with what a working musician wants to hear.

Bechet was not telling me that he most of everything in the world wanted to sound like Jimmy Dorsey. DeParis did not try to do a bebop thing ever in his life so far as I know. They were answering quite precisely the question they had been asked. If they had been asked the criteria by which they judged the musicians they favored, their answers might not have seemed quite so surprising.

Higginbotham thought Jack Jenney was a helluva trombonist.

\*\*\*

You are holding in your hand the last issue of TR you will receive (how do you like that for a nasty shock?) if you don't renew your membership in PRJC.

To crib unashamedly from somebody else's grift, TR makes everything more interesting - including you. Don't let the unspeakable happen. Re-up now!

If you didn't receive or have otherwise misplaced your renewal notice, not to worry. Use the membership form inside the cover of this TR, being sure to mark it as a renewal. -- TC ■■

## Jam Draws Crowd at Brat

That happy confluence of factors - a good-sized, appreciative audience and a good supply of breathing live musicians turned up at the Brat in April for the open jam.

It was the second month in a row for the sessions to really come to life. They had been languishing for lack of listeners (alliteration's artful aid - did you catch that, Spiro?).

The April gig attracted a number of familiar faces, and was livened by the addition of a young front line who had not previously appeared. These included George Hascall, a slashing trumpet player in the Little Jazz mold, sop saxist Brian Kidde, and trombonist Mark Rippe. John Doner, coordinator of the session, was kept busy acting as traffic cop on the sometimes crowded Brat bandstand and taking his own turn on trombone. The jam is attracting large numbers of brass players - needed are reed men and rhythm instruments in order to spell the sometimes overworked guys who do show up on those instruments. ■■

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full page - \$50 (20%)  
1/2 page - \$25 (10%)  
1/4 page - \$13 (no discount)

*TAILGATE RAMBLINGS* reaches approximately 1000 jazz fans each month.

## COMMUNICATION

Editor:

I am very sympathetic to Ed Fishel's views ("on Bridge Building," Apr. issue). I suppose I'm best known as a dixieland musician. The Boll Weevil JB was a traditional 2-beat band, playing pretty much mouldy figge stuff.

I've been playing jazz professionally for close to 30 years and listening to it even longer. When I was about 11 I could whistle most of Armstrong's solos on the Hot 5 and 7 sides. But I could also whistle all of Teagarden's solos in my dad's collection...and Benny Goodman's, Harry James', Bunny Berrigan's, Buck Clayton's, Herschel Evans', Lester Young's...and on and on. (I really ought to list Teddy Wilson, Fats, Jas.P., Jess Stacy, my main man Joe Sullivan, and Duke and Count and...) Some of these were dixielanders, but many weren't.

For that matter, to call Louis a dixieland trumpeter, even on the Hot 5s and 7s, or Benny Goodman on the early Rollini, Nichols, or Pollack sides, is to ignore the fact that these great soloists were in no way bound by the particular conventions of the small band playing traditional N.O. or Chicago material. Any of their early solos in most cases fit as well into the big band context of the mid-30s on. They defy categorization.

Am I a dixieland trumpeter? Sure, when I'm playing dixie material in a traditional band. But I've played big band stuff too, and I'm quick to doff my musical hat to such guys as Cootie Williams, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Billy Butterfield, Buck Clayton, and dozens of others that I "studied" when I was a kid listening to my dad's 78s.

When I was in college in the mid-40s, bop was big stuff. All us jazz hopefuls on campus learned to play it. I didn't think it incongruous that I could punch out an Armstrong-flavored chorus on "Struttin' With Some Barbecue" and also play "East of Suez and try to make some of the figures Dizzy Gillespie or Charlie Parker or Charlie Ventura were using. We just did it. It was fun, it was exciting, it was fresh. And it kept us fresh.

In 1946 in NYC, I was digging the wonderful DeParis Bros. band. I contrived to lure Sid DeParis to our table to talk with him. He was one of my most favorite horn men. A superb man with the derby hat or the open growl. "Who's your favorite trumpet player,

Mr. DeParis?" I asked, certain that he'd say Armstrong. He didn't. He said "Diz."

To get back to Ed Fishel's view, I agree. I think died-in-the-wool dixieland fans probably are less tolerant of other forms of jazz than some modernists. I don't think that's true of dixieland musicians. Jazz must have that swing, and if it does, and it's reasonably well executed, it's good. Any musician will respond to the pulse of swing.

Jazzbo Brown said, forthrightly, in "Bix, Bird Alive and Well in D.C." (see Apr. issue) that although he felt uncomfortable reviewing a bop performance, he found that "understanding isn't needed to dig the rich tone, inventiveness, and sonic beauty available for the most casual listener." That's beautiful, Jazzbo, beautiful. Or as another main man of mine, Red Allen used to say, "Carry on, my man. Whaamp, whaamp!"

A classical buff can dig Haydn and Stravinsky, though maybe he prefers one over the other. I think a traditional fan who categorically puts down later jazz forms is missing the forest for a few trees. So, long live good dixieland...and swing...and bop...and...it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing.

Dan Havens

(Ed. note: Carry on, my man. Whaamp, whaamp! --TC) ■■

Editor:

The Storyville Seven plays with total authority and a technical precision born of a love for traditional jazz.

When the group cooks, great things happen. The band offers Dixie as it is expected to be played by those who not only listen and appreciate, but who judge as well. They play the standards, but include really obscure pieces as well.

I'm sending this unsolicited review to TR in the interest of sharing what the Storyville Seven has to offer.

Joe Donegan

(Ed. note: Thanks, Joe. We appreciate your taking the time to write - we know the Storyville 7 does - and we'd like to hear from others who feel moved to eulogize their favorite bands.) ■■

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Hopkinton, Mass. was always known as the starting point for the BAA Marathon. It still is. But now, it's also the home of the New Black Eagle Jazz Band. They're coming our way May 21 - only one month and 2 days after the BAA Marathon. How's that for a coincidence?

---

## A Private in the Great Saxophone War

by Stuart Anderson

(Editor's Note: Stuart Anderson, a NYC-based member of PRJC, was during the swing era, a sideman in a number of big bands, playing tenor sax. He has agreed to furnish TR a continuing series of personal recollections of that magic era. Herewith, Part One of that series.)

The little man was blowing frantically on his saxophone, his right leg pumping up and down like a pile driver, pushing the beat that the drummer was laying down with a booming bass drum and sizzling cymbal. The little man blew chorus after chorus, each succeeding chorus thrusting to a higher level of emotion-packed intensity than the one before, while the band blasted out searing background riffs.

The time was Jan., 1928, the place was Roseland Ballroom, the band was Fletcher Henderson's. The piece they were playing was "King Porter Stomp," and the little saxophone player was Coleman Hawkins.

Up to the time in 1915 when my father brought that Edison Amberola phonograph with it's flaring ornate horn into the dark parlor of that square nonsense house in Bridgewater, S.D., my musical life had consisted of drudging piano lessons, administered by my mother in her incessant soft dogmatic voice, and valve trombone afterbeats in the brave little town band that strutted down the Fourth of July streets to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever," stepping over old man Skelly lying drunk.

I remember the smoky insidious tones of a saxophone quartet -- the soprano swooning, the alto and teno bleating, the baritone gulping and pumping like an aquatic bird in a swamp -- to the tune of "La Paloma" -- and I was hooked on the saxophone. It wasn't long before the piano lessons ground to a halt and the trombone stood mute in its case, a monument to the afterbeats to which I was glad to say goodbye.

One night in the fall of 1926 -- by that time I was playing tenor sax and clarinet in a theatre band in Appleton, Wisc., I stood awestruck in front of a bandstand in a dancehall near town listening to McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and especially Prince Robinson pumping out lots of eighth notes with a heavy beat. His tone was different, a big expanding sound that filled the hall. The next day I rushed out and bought a big open metal mouthpiece.

On Dec. 26, 1927 I was with a little band from Minneapolis that opened in New York in the play "Excess Baggage." The play spilled over into 1928; that was how I could get over to Roseland that fateful January night.

In my fall (1929) semester at the U. of Illinois I had a hard time. Disciples of the Chicago crowd had taken over and it was all Bud Freeman with his groggy tone, his delicately balanced rhythms, and his uncertain octaves. I tried to adjust, but it was too late: I had by that time, an incurable case of Hawkins' aggressive beat superimposed on that of Prince Robinson. (I shudder to think of how that went over in those F. Scott Fitzgerald fraternity parlors!)

In the spring of 1930, I heard the Mound City Blue Blowers' record of "If I Could Be With You," and the first stage of the journey from Bridgewater, S.D., with stopovers, was ended. Hawk's dark, luminous tone and eloquent story had done that.

(Cont. next month)

Experienced banjo player seeks gigs, spot with N.O. band, D.C. area. Can do vocals too. DICK SACKETT, PRJC. Days till 4:45 - (301) 443-6500; Eves. to 10:00 - (301) 530-2474. m2-3

Support your local jazz club.  
Rejoin PRJC now.



## The GRAY Area

Lida Ruth and I were among the 15 members of PRJC attending the "Strides of March" weekend staged by the New Jersey Jazz Society in March. Many of the great names in NY-NJ jazz performed. All PRJCers attending agreed that music and fellowship were great but we could have saved a bundle by chartering a small bus and traveling together.

That's what the 12 or more of us going to the Coon-Sanders Reunion in Huntington, W.Va., will do May 13-15. Those still interested in going to Huntington without having to drive should call John Sears (703-573-0018) or me (966-5037) soon. This will save a lot of gas.

Another possibility is the St. Louis National Ragtime Festival (mostly jazz) on the Golden Rod showboat, June 13-18, via airline charter (\$129 round trip travel only). These group trips and prices depend on enough of us signing up. Do it soon.

Had you noticed that last month's listings in TR showed that traditional jazz can now be heard every night of the week somewhere in the area? On Sundays, Mondays, and Fridays, you can have a choice of 2 or 3 different places. This is the first time in many years that this has been so, and the Club's jazz promotion can claim some of the credit. If members support these new gigs they can continue indefinitely.

Our special events, managed by Fred Wahler, continue to draw larger crowds. The Halleluja Ramblers brought N.O. jazz from Germany to about 300 of us at the Marriott and to students at Georgetown University. These appearances plus jamming with local musicians provided a joyous weekend of international good will through jazz.

All the above activities make one realize that JAZZ IS BACK. We are in a Dixieland revival. And at the Scotty Lawrence memorial benefit we honored a departed jazzman who helped to cause the rebirth of America's original art form.

-- Harold

## Jazz In The Afternoon

Three-sevenths of his band hadn't shown, so it may have been something other than chance impelling Al Webber to call "Sometimes My Burden Is Too Hard to Bear" as the first tune. Anyway, there we all were out on the little mall by the Martin Luther King Library on a pretty, balmy day - as heterogeneous a group as the Federal Jazz Commission is likely to play for. There were Black kids out of school for lunch, Metro construction workers,

office workers, old people, Black people, white people, a robed gospel choir, Anna Wahler, Eleanor Johnson, and Sterling Tucker. In short, a mixed bag.

TV camera crews circled the band, then zeroed in on Chris Henderson, the left-handed girl banjoist from Baltimore, easily the prettiest of the 4 Commissioners. Al called "Bourbon St. Parade," and an ad hoc group of young Black kids snake danced around the plaza. He called "The Saints," and a contingent of the gospel choir standing together in the crowd, unfortunately too far off mike for all to hear, got happy and were lining out the words as the trombone, cornet, banjo, and drums blasted out the ancient song of yearning and faith.

It was all part of the D.C. Government's Streets for People program, yet another try to make the downtown popular. And there for a little while on an April day, it worked. As the speakers gathered on a nearby platform, just as it has done the years for so many people, straight-out jazz - a lingua franca for millions who don't even realize they know and love it - bound races and generations and classes together and made everybody feel good. We left before the speeches started.

--Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town

## A PRIDE OF PREJUDICES

Opinions vary widely as to what special arrangements have been made in the Hereafter for jazz musicians. Lacking concrete evidence, of course, one can only speculate.

Most certainly there should be attention paid to the needs and whims of those relatively rare musicians who, besides being gifted jazzmen, have been able to evoke mirth in their audiences. For the Falstaffs of jazz there should be strictly red carpet treatment.

In the celestial saloon I envisage, the bandstand would have a 6x6 section covered with heavy pile carpeting. There, when he tired of manipulating his trombone slide with his foot, Georg Brunis could lie in comfort and blow chorus after chorus of Jazz Me Blues with a short-skirted wench standing on his chest.

A really first-rate grand piano, preferably a Baldwin, would be a must for that never-to-be-forgotten fat man Tom Waller. After carving memorable music out of Tin Pan Alley trivia, Fats used to work up a thirst. So a special compartment in the piano stool that could house a gallon of gin would probably please the harmful little armful.

The acoustics and mikes in this heavenly watering place should be of the very

(cont. back cover)

# THE POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

PROUDLY PRESENTS

## The New Black Eagle Jazzband

"...doing jazz a great service..."  
George Kay

"...Spirited and precise..."  
Boston Globe

AT THE MARRIOTT

Direct from the Sticky Wicket  
in Hopkinton, Mass.

The Southside Chicago sound of  
the 20's now for  
D.C.

"...large-spirited, precise,  
abounding in hot grace..."  
Nat Hentoff

"...fresh and uninhibited..."  
Paul E Affeldt

Hear this great band May 21, 1977

9 pm - 1 am

Members \$4 Nonmembers \$5

### KINGSMEN SET SPRING GIGS

The King's Men, one of two PRJC big bands, based on Springfield, Va., will kick off an ambitious spring-summer schedule in May.

Much of the activity will be in cooperation with Northern Virginia's "Summer in the Parks" program, and some will feature the Washington Channel Jazz Band as an extra added attraction.

The free concert series begins May 8 at 2pm at Annandale's Wakefield Park Community Center.

According to Sam Laudenslager, spokesman for the band, the King's Men are aiming far beyond the big band sound of the forties, and are now working on charts of the astonishing Supersax group, and recent Kenton and Ferguson arrangements.

Besides the Summer in the Parks series, the 17-piece band is also booked into Wolf Trap for the 1977 season opener - "Fairfax County Day."

In June, an appearance is set for International Square at King's Dominion, near Richmond. ■ ■

FOR SALE-6 Vogue LPs - Bechet in Paris, w/Claude Luter Ork. Also 1 45 rpm same artists, label. Cat. #s LDE018, 019, LD025, 027, 048, 049. Price only a bit exhorbitant. Ed Fishel, 536-8065. m1-1 9-

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DIXIELAND RIVERBOAT CRUISE

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PRJC JAZZMEN

No Reserved Seating

BOARDING TIME	7:30 pm
BAND PLAYS AT	8:00 pm
SAILING TIME	9:00 pm
RETURN	Midnight

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SEND CHECK, Payable to PRJC to:  
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# PRJC Practical Fake List

## Part I -- TUNES GENERALLY KNOWN

### \* Usually with vocal

- After You've Gone (Bb)  
 Ain't Misbehavin' (Eb)  
 Ain't She Sweet? (Eb or C)  
 Alexander's Ragtime Band (C/F)  
 Alice Blue Gown (Bb or C)  
 All by Myself (Bb)  
 All of Me (C or Bb)  
 Am I Blue? (F)  
 Angry (Bb)  
 At Sundown (F)  
 At the Jazz Band Ball (Gm/Bb)  
 Avalon (F)  
 \*Baby Won't You Please Come Home? (F) (or Ab)  
 Back Home Again in Indiana (F)  
 Back in Your Own Back Yard (F)  
 Ballin' the Jack (Gm/Bb)  
 \*Basin Street Blues (Bb)  
 Big Butter and Egg Man (F)  
 Bill Bailey (Dm/F)  
 Birth of the Blues (C)  
 Black and Blue (C or Bb)  
 Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave to Me (Bb)  
 Bourbon Street Parade (Ab, occasionally G)  
 \*Buddy Bolden's Blues (Eb)  
 Canal Street Blues (F)  
 Careless Love (F)  
 Charleston (Bb)  
 Cherry (C)  
 Chicago (Eb)  
 China Boy (F)  
 Chinatown (C)  
 Ciribiribin (Eb)  
 Clarinet Marmalade (F)  
 Come Back, Sweet Papa (Bb)  
 Confessin' (Ab)  
 Coquette (Eb)  
 Corinne Corinna (Bb)  
 \*The Curse of an Aching Heart (Bb)  
 Dallas Blues (Bb)  
 Darktown Strutters' Ball (C)  
 Davenport Blues (Eb)  
 Dinah (F or Ab)  
 Dippermouth Blues (Sugar Foot Stomp) (Bb)  
 \*Doctor Jazz (Eb)  
 Down by the Riverside (F)  
 Down in Jungletown (Bb)  
 Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans? (C)  
 Exactly Like You (Bb)  
 Farewell Blues (F)  
 Fidgety Feet (Bb/Eb/Ab)  
 Five Foot Two (Eb or C)  
 Friendless Blues (F)  
 Georgia on My Mind (F)  
 \*A Good Man Is Hard to Find (C)  
 \*Hard Hearted Hannah (Eb or C)  
 Hello Dolly (Bb)  
 Hindustan (Bb, occasionally C)  
 Honeysuckle Rose (F)  
 How Come You Do Me Like You Do? (Bb)  
 \*How Long Blues (C)  
 I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me (Bb)  
 I Can't Give You Anything but Love (F or Ab)  
 Ice Cream (C)  
 Ida (Eb)  
 If I Could Be With You (Bb or Eb)  
 If I Had You (Bb)  
 I Got Rhythm (Bb)  
 I'll Be a Friend With Pleasure (Eb)  
 I May Be Wrong (Eb)  
 I Never Knew (That Roses Grew) (F)  
 Is It True What They Say About Dixie? (F or Ab)  
 It's a Sin to Tell a Lie (Bb or C)  
 I've Found a New Baby (F)  
 I Want a Little Girl (F)  
 I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate (Eb)  
 Jada (F)  
 Japanese Sandman (F)  
 Jazz Me Blues (Eb)  
 Just a Closer Walk With Thee (Bb)  
 Just a Little While to Stay Here (F or G)  
 Keepin' out of Mischief Now (C)  
 Lazy River (F)  
 Limehouse Blues (Ab)  
 Lonesome Road (Eb)  
 Louisiana (Ab or F)  
 Love Is Just Around the Corner (F)  
 Mack the Knife (C)  
 Mama's Gone, Goodbye (Bb)  
 Mandy (Make Up Your Mind) (F)  
 Margie (F)  
 Maryland, My Maryland (F)  
 Melancholy (Dm/F)  
 Melancholy Baby (Eb)  
 Memories of You (Eb)  
 Milneburg Joys (Bb)  
 Monday Date (Bb)  
 Muskrat Ramble (Bb, sometimes Ab)  
 My Gal Sal (Bb or F)  
 My Blue Heaven (Eb)  
 My Buddy (F)  
 My Honey's Lovin' Arms (F)  
 New Orleans (Bb)  
 \*Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out (Eb)  
 Nobody's Sweetheart Now (F)  
 None o' This Jelly Roll (Bb)  
 \*Of All the Wrongs You've Done to Me (F)  
 Oh Baby! (F)  
 Old Fashioned Love (Eb)  
 On the Sunny Side of the Street (C)  
 Original Dixieland Onestep (Bb/Eb/Ab)  
 Peg o' My Heart (Bb or C)  
 Pennies from Heaven (Bb or C)  
 Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone (Bb or Eb)  
 Poor Butterfly (Ab)  
 \*Rockin' Chair (Eb)  
 \*Rose of Washington Square (Gm/Bb)  
 Rose Room (F or Ab)  
 Rosetta (F)  
 Royal Garden Blues (F/Bb)  
 Runnin' Wild (Bb)  
 \*Saint James Infirmary (Fm or Dm)  
 Saint Louis Blues (Gm/G)  
 San (F)  
 September in the Rain (Eb)  
 Shanty Town (F)  
 The Sheik of Araby (Bb)  
 Shine (Eb)  
 Singin' the Blues (Eb)  
 Sleepy Time Down South (Eb)  
 Smiles (Ab)  
 Somebody Loves Me (F)  
 Somebody Else Is Taking My Place (Bb)  
 Somebody Stole My Gal (Eb)  
 Some Day, Sweetheart (F)  
 Some Day You'll Be Sorry (Eb)  
 Some o' These Days (F)  
 South (Eb)  
 Squeeze Me (F)  
 Stars Fell on Alabama (C)  
 Struttin' With Some Barbecue (F)  
 Sugar (F, occasionally G)  
 Sunday (C)  
 Sweet Georgia Brown (Ab)  
 Sweet Lorraine (F)  
 \*Sweet Substitute (Ab)  
 Sweet Sue (F)  
 'S Wonderful (Eb)  
 'Tain't Nobody's Business if I Do (Bb)  
 That Da-da Strain (Gm/Bb)  
 That's a Plenty (Dm/F/Dm/Bb)  
 There'll Be Some Changes Made (Bb)  
 Tiger Rag (Bb/F/Bb/Eb/Ab)  
 Tin Roof Blues (Bb)  
 Tishomingo (F or G)  
 Trouble in Mind (F, sometimes G)  
 Twelfth St. Rag (Eb)  
 \*Ugly Chile (Ab)  
 Washington and Lee Swing (Bb)  
 'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans (F)  
 When My Sugar Walks Down the Street (F)  
 When the Saints Go Marching In (F)  
 When You're Smiling (Bb)  
 Who's Sorry Now? (Bb)  
 \*Winin' Boy (Eb)  
 The Wolverines (Wolverine Blues) (Bb/Eb/Bb)  
 The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise (Bb)  
 Yellow Dog Blues (C or Bb/Eb)  
 Yes Sir, That's My Baby (Eb)  
 \*You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You (F)  
 You Took Advantage of Me (Eb)  
 \*You've Got to See Mama Ev'ry Night (Bb or C)  
 You Always Hurt the One You Love (Bb)

## Part II -- TUNES ON WHICH ADVANCE DISCUSSION OF LEAD, CHORDS, OR ROUTINE IS USUALLY NECESSARY

- \*Ace in the Hole (F) (verse?)  
 Atlanta Blues (F) (1st strain?)  
 \*Aunt Hagar's Blues (Eb or F) (routine? chords?)  
 \*Beale Street Blues (Bb/Eb) (routine?)  
 Beale Street Mama (Ab)  
 Blue Turning Gray Over You (Bb or C) (bridge often misplayed)  
 Bluin' the Blues (Bb) (routine?)  
 Bugle Call Rag (Bb) (routine?)  
 Bye and Bye (F) (routine?)  
 \*Cakewalkin' Babies (Bb) (routine?)  
 Copenhagen (Bb/Eb/Bb) (routine?)  
 Daddy Do (F) (verse?)  
 Ev'rybody Loves My Baby (F) (chords on bridge?)  
 Georgia Camp Meeting (Bb/Bb/Eb) (routine, esp. 3rd strain?)  
 High Society (Bb/Eb) (routine?)  
 I Can't Say (Eb) (verse?)  
 I'm Comin' Virginia (Eb/F) (verse? chords in chorus?)  
 Memphis Blues (Eb/Ab or F/Bb) (routine?)  
 Mr. Jelly Lord (Bb/Eb) (verse? transition to chorus?)  
 Oh Daddy (F) (verse?)  
 Ol' Miss (F) (middle strain? chords in last strain?)  
 Ory's Creole Trombone (F/Bb) (routine? middle strain?)  
 Panama (Eb/Ab or Eb/Ab/Eb) (routine? keys?)  
 Riverside Blues (Eb) (routine?)  
 Sensation (Bb/Eb/Ab) (routine?)  
 South Rampart Street Parade (Eb/Ab/Fm/Eb/Ab or Eb/Ab/Fm/Eb/C or Eb/Ab/Fm/Eb/Eb) (routine? keys?)  
 Storyville Blues (Ab) (verse?)  
 Wang Wang Blues (F) (routine?)  
 Weary Blues (F/Bb) (routine? vocal?)



# ...NOISES, SOUNDS, AND SWEET AIRS THAT BRING DELIGHT...

"Here we will sit, and let the sounds  
of music creep in our ears....."  
- The Merchant of Venice -

Hot line for jazz -- 630-PRJC

JAZZ AT THE WINDJAMMER - Sun. 8-12 pm. - Marriott Twin Bridges  
May 1 - Federal Jazz Commission      May 8 - Dixie Five-0  
May 15- Manassas Festival Jazzers      May 22- Bay City Seven  
May 29- Band From Tin Pan Alley

Jazz at the Captain's Quarters, Crystal City Howard Johnson's - 8:30-12:30  
May 6 - Orig. Washington Monumental JB      May 13- Federal Jazz Commission  
May 20- Washington Channel JB      May 27- Federal Jazz Commission

## REGULAR GIGS

### Mondays:

Federal Jazz Commission 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau, Arlington, Va.  
Hot Mustard Ragtime Band 9-1 Ramada Inn, Tysons Corner, Va. (May 9 et seq.)  
Bob Sauer's Band 8:30-12:30 Villa Romana 3622 Old Silver Hill Rd., Silver  
Hill, Md. off Branch Ave. (tel. 423-2310)

### Tuesdays:

Storyville 7 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau, Arlington, Va.

### Wednesdays:

Bruce Weaver's N.O. Gang 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau, Arlington, Va  
(N.B. - Wed. May 11, PRJC open jam takes over at B'haus.)  
Peter Henning's Orig. Crabtowne Stompers 7-11 Timbaktu Rest. Dorsey, Md.

### Thursdays:

Riverside Ramblers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau, Arlington, Va.

### Fridays:

Bay City 7 9-12 Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse #2, Benfield Plaza, Md.  
Southern Comfort 8:30-12 Shakey's, Rockville Pike, Rockville, Md.

### Saturdays:

Bay City 7 "The Nobska" The Inner Harbor, Baltimore, Md.  
Stutz Bearcat JB 9-12 Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse, Annapolis, Md.

May 6 Tex Wyndham's Red Lion JB Hotel DuPont, Wilmington, Del. (Res. advised)

May 14 Bay City 7 Perry's Ordinary, Cross Keys Village, Baltimore, Md.

May 15 Jazz of the Trolley Car Era Nat'l Capital Trolley Museum, Wheaton, Md.

May 21 NEW BLACK EAGLE JB 9-1 Marriott Twin Bridges

### Kingsmen - scheduled as follows:

May 7 Concert, Lake Braddock Secondary School, Burke, Va.  
May 21 Dance, Kings Park Civic Assn. Springfield Holiday Inn  
May 27 Wolftrap Farm Park "Fairfax County Day"  
May 28 Chesapeake Ranch Club, Lusby, Md.

NOTE: May is Jazz Festival Month in Annapolis. Long list of gigs, some of which  
are:

May 10-15 - Helen Humes      May 17-22 Milt Jackson  
May 21 - Dave Brubeck      May 24-27,29 - The Soprano Summit  
May 29 - Dizzy Gillespie

(Call Maryland Inn for details.)

(cont. from p. 8)

finest order. The drunk at the far end of the bar should be able to catch every syllable of Brunis singing Sister Kate, Wingy pleading Stop the War, Those Cats are Killing Themselves, and Clancy Hayes describing the 79-lb. octogenarian damsel with terminal trenchmouth and a rich daddy who, he used to sing, was "just perfect for me."

Eddie Condon's rare talents merit something out of the ordinary. If I were running this heavenly grog shop, I would hire a resident speech therapist for Eddie so that the famed Condon wit could be intelligible to people with hearing difficulties. Last time I saw Eddie, in Manassas 6 or 7 years ago, we talked for ten minutes and I only understood two words - both prepositions. But since Eddie loved to table hop and a lot of people seemed to be able to grasp the gist of his rapid mumblings, I would hire a house guitarist so that Eddie would never have to play. Under most circumstances such instrumental duplication would be difficult to justify. But nothing is too good for Eddie. Any guy who prescribes the juice of two quarts of whiskey as a hangover cure deserves the best. -- Al Webber

Ted Chandler, Editor  
Tailgate Ramblings  
7160 Talisman Lane  
Columbia, Md. 21045



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Gloria Evans  
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