

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

JUNE 1977

SAKES ALIVE, NANETTE!
NOW THEY'RE GOING TO DO
IT ON A LITTLE OL' BOAT!

JAZZ
ON THE
POTOMAC
SAT. 25 JUNE
WILSON LINE
M.V. AMERICA
BOARDING AT
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7:30 p.m.

EJB

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION, POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

(Please print or type)

NAME _____

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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. 6
June 1977

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Ed Fishel

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TR is published monthly for members of the Potomac River Jazz Club, a nonprofit group, dedicated to preservation of traditional jazz and its encouragement 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

Lew Green Set For Boat Gig

Fred Wahler advises that tickets are still available for the Riverboat Cruise set for June 25. The M.V. America will set sail (inappropriate: the America is as innocent of sails as it is of oars.) - at any rate, it will hoist anchor, or do whatever boats do to get started these days from Pier 4 at 6th and Maine Ave. S.W. in Washington. Boarding begins at 7:30 pm.

Lew Green, cornetist with the famed Salty Dogs, will be featured with an all star group of local musicians who include Steve Welch - tbn; Bob Thulman - clt; Phil Cartwright - bjo; John Wood - bass; Rick Cordrey - po; and Gil Brown - drums.

So poop the mainmast, me hearties, and it's yo ho ho and a Wolverine Blues - and if you talk like that, over the side you go.

Wild Bill Davison was originally announced to play the riverboat gig, but got involved in a conflicting gig. You'll be able to hear him all that week out in McLean. So we have the rare opportunity of hearing two top flight horn men in the area in the same week. ■ ■

Word has reached us and we report it with regret that Mrs. Kay Lowry, PRJC member #522, died in March. A resident of the Chicago area, Kay was an avid PRJCer and we'll miss her.

The Eagles at the Marriott

That most perceptive of all jazz writers, Nat Hentoff, said of the New Black Eagle Jazzband that they are "abounding in hot grace." PRJCers in May had the opportunity to put that judgement to the test, and the Black Eagles lived up to it and then some.

Playing to a cheering crowd which bulged the walls of the Potomac Room at the Marriott Twin Bridges, the NBEJB was throughout the evening totally in command, artistically impeccable, and unfailingly exciting.

The Eagles play tight, precise orchestral jazz, subordinating their very good soloists to the collective impact they bring to a wide range of material.

First, what they are not: The Eagles are not a "Dixieland" band. Little dixieland was heard the other night. They are not even really a New Orleans band. They hark back to the transplanted New Orleans music of Southside Chicago, and their book ranges across material from Oliver to Django Reinhardt, with genuflections to Duke Ellington, Sidney Bechet, and the Deparis Brothers as they go.

About the only word in our lexicon which unfailingly applies to them is "classic." In the truest meaning of the word, this is a classic jazzband - hot, thoughtful, exciting, and - well - "abounding in hot grace."

One dislikes superlatives, and comparisons are indeed odious. But the Black Eagles may be indeed the best classic jazzband to surface since Muggsy Spanier's Ragtimers in 1939 - and quite possibly, next to Spanier, the greatest white jazzband of all time.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ■ ■

Bob Sauer Band Records

With the May release of "Bob Sauer's Band Live from the Nation's Capitol," another PRJC band has found its way onto wax.

The record, on Phoenix, PXR-131LP, is available on order from most record stores or can be bought from Bob Sauer, 8201 Langbrook Rd., Springfield, Va. 22152 Among the selections are Hey There, Inner Space, Watch What Happens, Straight No Chaser, Ornithology, and others. Vocals are by Dotty Kelly and Ted Efantis.

The Sauer band is currently in residence Mon. evenings from 8:30-12:30 at the Villa Romana on Old Silver Hill Road just off Branch Ave. in Silver Hill, Md. ■ ■

Hey Baby - What's happenin?
Call 630-PRJC and find out.

But On The Other Hand...

An Editorial Outcry.

Somebody said to me; "Hey that was a cheap shot you took a couple of issues back at New Orleans musicians."

I registered surprise. "Yeah," he said, "About how Jack Willis was an argument against old N.O. jazzmen."

OK - I did say in an article which praised three N.O. musicians that Willis on one record did not impress me and that he could be cited by some as being an argument against the old New Orleans.

There have been a number of fine N.O. jazzmen in recent years - Kid Thomas, Louis Nelson, Louis Cotrelle, George Lewis, Jim Robinson just to skim the surface. A few - a tragically small few - are still active. Cotrelle, for example. But more and more the ranks are being filled with people who just can't do it - perhaps never could. The mere fact that a guy is over 70 and Black does not necessarily make him great - any more than it makes him terrible. Vic Dickenson, Barney Bigard, and Earl Hines are Black and at or about the 70 level. They play as well as they ever did - which is to say superbly.

"Cornbread" Thomas and some of the other N.O. guys are hopefully playing no where near their best. I say "hopefully" because if that is their best they couldn't possibly have blown with the greats.

The only time I ever was in N.O., I was standing in back at Preservation Hall talking with an old Black guy who had been around the scene for most of this century. We talked of Keppard and the Rena brothers - of the great clarinetists like Picou and Big Eye Louis - and of those who had left - Oliver, Armstrong, Bigard, Bechet, Nicholas, Dodds, Luis Russell. This guy had booked them all for gigs at one time or another, going back to Frankie Dusen.

"But," he said sadly, "the good ones are all dying out. There's no one we can bring in to replace the guys we've got now."

This was in 1969. On the stand, Kid Thomas and Louis Nelson were toiling away working with a band which even then was having trouble keeping up.

No, I didn't get all harsh and unsympathetic with the current crop of New Orleans musicians. I just don't think most of them represent true New Orleans jazz very well. And I think that's too bad, but inevitable.

The guy I was talking with at Preservation Hall put his finger on it back in 1969. "I buried two good men last month," he said sadly.

**

Jersey Jazz, publication of the N.J. Jazz Society, in May made a point that interests me because it's counter to my notion on the same topic. JJ holds that it is at least an over-simplification to draw a line of descent from Louis (some say Oliver) to Roy Eldridge thence on to Diz and finally to Freddy Hubbard, and thus summarize the development of jazz trumpet.

I'd been thinking you could do something akin to that, and undeniably, in that lineage is of course found a large portion of the ideas which have gone into a horn. The problem is it leaves no place for Freddy Keppard or George Mitchell, Hot Lips Page, Buck Clayton, or Frankie Newton. Among the boppers, Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown, and Miles Davis owe something but by no means all to Diz, and among the post-boppers, Jon Faddis and Donald Byrd are at least as interesting as Hubbard.

Jazz is more than the product of any one individual or school. A Natty Dominique, Red Allen, or Lee Collins may not have been as proficient as Louis, but each contributed something unique.

One of the best things about jazz is its individual character. When we talk about the descent from Oliver to Diz and beyond, we should understand the limits of that concept. It may summarize mainstreams of trumpet style but it overlooks a complex artistic tradition.

Nathless (To use Pogo's immortal word) the troops over at the Smithsonian have now issued landmark records of Oliver, Louis, and Diz. I'm rooting for them to come up with one of Little Jazz to complete the lineage. -- TC ■ ■

POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB
DIXIELAND RIVERBOAT CRUISE

JUNE 25, 1977

ADMISSION: Members \$ 9.00
 Non-Members \$ 10.00

ADVANCE TICKET SALE
ONLY 250 TICKETS WILL BE SOLD

SEND CHECK, Payable to PRJC to:
Fred Wahler
3903 Buck Creek Road
Temple Hills, Maryland 20031

A Private in the Great Saxophone War

A Personal Memoir of the Swing Era by Stuart Anderson

Chapter 2

The secret of learning to play a wind instrument is really no secret at all. It's work of many kinds: Long tones to develop the embouchure (that mask of muscle and tissue that wraps around the end of the mouthpiece or meets it to produce and shape the tone), and breath control, the business of filling the lungs with air and doling it out to maintain level tension from the beginning of a tone to its termination. There are scales, arpeggios, exercises of all kinds to build smoothness and speed. These are just some of the processes necessary for mastery of your instrument whether you intend to play in a symphony or a jazzband.

Time is required; hours and hours - not an easy thing on the road. (When I was an active musician it was not unusual for me to spend 5 or 6 hours in the course of a day in hard routine practice.) A reed player faces the additional task of selection and care of the reed. (A frustrating experience. Time and again I would buy a box of, say, 2 dozen reeds to find not one that I could use.)

But for the jazz soloist that isn't the end of it. He has to listen to other players -- in person, on records and radio. If he is working (sometimes they do work) he'll be looking for after-hours clubs where he can sit in. The point is the jazz solist has to be active alert, on the lookout for ideas.

A hard life, but there are rewards. You're at the mike blowing "I've Got Rhythm" or some other tune in modern times. The brass is grinding out background riffs; the drummer is clouting cymbals, hitting rimshots. You're swinging, the band is swinging, the crowd is swinging, everything is swinging, even the crummy chandeliers. You reach the end of the first chorus; you glance at the leader. He's a nice guy; he holds up one finger, meaning "take another." You take another... and another... and another. There isn't another feeling that can match it. Sex isn't in the running.

Most of us have the urge to create. With some it's placing nice even shingles on a roof (nothing wrong with that - it takes a lot of skill), or tuning up the motor of an 18-wheeler (that too takes expertise); some of us paint, others make music, while still others try to write; and when those avenues of expression are blocked we try to find

other ways to reach people, for without the people we are lost.

I see myself standing on a box in front of the town band on a Saturday night under the stars, playing "The Rosary" on a reconstituted soprano saxophone purchased by my dad from Lyon and Healy (on time payments of course). I see the proud face of Prof. Cafaro my saxophone teacher, as well of those of all the others in the little town (west of Hamlin Garland's Middle Border, near where Rolvaag found Giants in the Earth, and where music rises up like hot whirlwinds off the prairie), and I know now that it took all of us to add that extra little bit to that old romantic piece.

Later, in Cumberland, Wisc., in my 3rd year of high school, I was playing in Allen's Clown Band. Marcellus Allen and I both played the melody of Dardanella at the same time, he on the C-melody and I on the tenor saxophone - not quite together in pitch or in meter, but the crowd loved it in that little pavilion on the lake - as we scampered around the stage in our clown suits.

So there you have the "artist" and the people. But he still needs a "star to steer by". That is why, later, I started listening to Coleman Hawkins. ■ ■

(to be cont.)

W. Va. Bash has Good Talk, Music

The Huntington, W.Va. chapter of the Original Coon-Sanders Nighthawks club held it's annual reunion May 13-15 - an opportunity for a lot of truly gracious music lovers to commune with each other and hear good music.

Centerpiece of the weekend was the Coon-Canders Club orch., composed of Frank Powers and Moe Klippert - reeds, Bill Rank - tbn, Bob Hamer - tpt, Jack Kuncl - bjo, Ruth Sutherland - po, Clyde Fuller - dr, Mike Walbridge - tuba, and "Big Foot" Charlie Keating, fiddle. The group was augmented from time to time by Terry Waldo - po, Earle Roberts - bjo, and Fred Woodaman - tpt.

Among the non-musical highlights: reminiscences from Rex Downing, tbn. with the original Coon-Sanders band; Bill Rank, tbn. with Goldkette, Whiteman, and everybody else; Curt Hitch, whose Happy Harmonists recorded as early as 1923; and Clyde "Pappy" Hahn, founder of the Coon-Sanders Nighthawks Club.

-- Dick Baker

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JUNE 17, 1977

JAZZ

8:30 'TIL 12:30

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JACQUES KERRIEN REMEMBERS SIDNEY BECHET.

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- FROM ORLANDO BILLY ALLRED - TROMBONE
- FROM NEW YORK JOHN HALSEY - PIANO
- FROM NEW YORK MIKE PETERS - GUITAR
- FROM WASHINGTON VAN PERRY - BASS
- FROM FAIRFAX FRANK HARMON - DRUMS

THE BAND

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This is the group that received standing ovations at all of the 1976 Manassas Jazz Festival sessions

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THIS IS A RARE CHANCE TO HEAR ONE OF BECHET'S MUSICAL STUDENTS RE-CREATE THE MASTER'S GEMS - COMPOSITIONAL AND REFLECTIVE AS WELL

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COME ON OUT AND HEAR THEM !!

A Presidential Note

This is the third month that the TR gig list has shown that traditional jazz can be heard somewhere in the area every night of the week. The hotels and restaurants that are providing this increased exposure of our favorite music deserve our patronage.

The strongest promoter of Dixieland jazz is our longtime friendly meeting place, the Arlington Bratwursthaus with different bands Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. You have your choice of two spots on Friday nights: Shakey's in Rockville or the Crystal City Howard Johnson's on U.S. 1. Comes Saturday and you can hear the sounds at Buzzy's in Annapolis or on the good ship Nobska docked at Baltimore's Inner Harbor. Every Sunday night foot stompers and dancers congregate at the Twin Bridges Marriott to enjoy one of the fine PRJC bands that take turns playing there.

In addition to these regular gigs, there are numerous monthly or one-time gigs where local jazzmen find jobs. There are at least 16 traditional jazz bands now performing in the Washington-Baltimore area. The inns and cafes that hire them deserve the patronage of Club members so that the current jazz revival may last forever.

Several of the bands are to be commended for spreading the word to the general public at civic events, parades, festivals, and dedications. On May 1, the Washington waterfront celebrated the opening of the season with "Aweigh Day," featuring free entertainment. Two appropriately named bands played for the crowds in a waterside plaza: Dick Underwood's Washington Channel JB and Del Byers' Riverside Ramblers.

The club's monthly special events in large ballrooms offer outstanding jazz bands from throughout the world. Already this year we have enjoyed groups from Denver, New Jersey, Boston, and Germany. Mark your calendar now for these upcoming Fred Wahler events:

- June 25 -- Annual jazz boatride (See story in this issue)
- July 16 -- Tex Wyndham's Red Lion Jazzband from Wilmington
- Aug. 6 -- Jazz Minors, a teen age band from Oregon
- Sept. 17 -- Annual Blob's Park picnic
- Oct. 15 -- The Salty Dogs from Chicago
- Nov. 19 -- Membership meeting (with jazzbands, naturally).

Members are urged to patronize these events, to attend them, and to bring a bunch of friends who are hookable

on the charms of jazz. TR will run ads in advance of each of these soirees. Please tear them out or photocopy them for circulation around your office and for posting on bulletin boards. We must fill those ballrooms. Some of our specials have lost money. Will you help? -- Harold Gray ■ ■

PRJC Composers Score

Pianist Grant Klink and banjoist Fred Stork of the New Sunshine JB are back in print again with new musical compositions. Grant is represented in the latest issue of National Music Review with the full piano score of the New Sunshine Rag, and Fred is in with two songs, one suggesting fully requited love (Two Uninhibited People on an Uninhabited Island) and the other seemingly generic with Charlie Parker's Romance Without Finance (An Empty Purse and a Full Heart).

Klink's Run of the Mill Rag is on the NSJB's Old Rags record, and his Wednesday Night will be on their next platter. Stork's patriotic song Have Faith, America, is now in the repertoire of the Navy's Sea Chanters. ■ ■

Southern Comfort Gets Museum Gig

Al Brogdon's Southern Comfort JB will be the attraction as the National Trolley Museum celebrates "Roaring Twenties Day" on Sunday June 19 at its Wheaton grounds.

Included in the celebration will be a display of 20 restored cars of the period by the Nation's Capital Model T Ford Club.

There'll be no charge for the event which will be presented between 2 and 4 pm on the station platform. The Museum is on Bonifant Rd north of Wheaton. ■ ■

Jazz Course at Glen Echo

Royal Stokes, proprietor of "I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say..." and "Since Minton's," jazz record programs on WGTB-FM, will be offering a course in the History and Appreciation of Jazz this summer at Glen Echo.

The series, part of the Glen Echo Creative Education program, will cover the early period of jazz from its beginnings until about 1940. Records, tapes, interviews with musicians, and discussion groups will be features of the six-week course which will be held Monday evenings from 7:30-9:30 beginning June 27. For registration info, call 492-6282. ■

PRJC ON THE AIR!!

"Jazz Band Ball" Sundays 6-7:30pm
WPFW-FM 89.3 Mhz

The Commodore Years

(Editor's Note: Someone asked me why we carry on the mast head the names of contributing editors. Mostly because they contribute - either time, help, advice, writings, or a combination of these. Like Al Webber one day suggested I write to Milt Gabler and see what would happen. So I wrote to Milt and the following is what happened. Thanks Al -- Thanks Milt!)

COMMODORE -- COMMODORE, let's see now ... Of course I named the shop after the hotel across the street adjacent to Grand Central Terminal. The hotel is now shut down for good, and it seems that the Commodore brand of music and recordings will live longer than recollections of that famous establishment. After all, the big bands did play there at the end of the thirties and in the forties. Isham Jones, T.D., and even Sammy Kaye's first little band.

I remember one night when I went over to see Tommy and hear Bud Freeman et al. Glenn Miller was sitting at a table with Tommy and getting particulars on organizing and setting up his first orchestra. They were great friends at that point, and perhaps always.

I also remember getting a record of Pinetop's Boogie Woogie for Howard Smith, Tommy's pianist, so Howard could make a boogie woogie arrangement for the band. Eight-to-the-bar was the thing at the time, what with Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, and Meade Lux Lewis killing the people at Cafe Society Downtown. John Hammond had found Meade Lux working in a garage and had brought boogie woogie to Carnegie Hall with the B.G. concert and his Spirituals to Swing concert.

But a lot happened at Commodore before 1938.

I always like jazz - preferred it to all other sounds. While still in high school I worked in my father's Commodore Radio Corp. on E.42nd. We took in our first records in 1926 - Harmony, Columbia, Brunswick, Vocalion, Okeh, Perfect, Crown. We couldn't get Victor as a dealer around the corner on Lexington had an exclusive franchise on them. Two years later he closed shop and we got Victor as well. After that, we had to change our name from Commodore Radio to Commodore Music Shop.

When Martin Block hit WNEW about 1935 with his "Make Believe Ballroom," Commodore was already launched as the best place in the city to buy any record. I wanted to stock every record ever made anywhere and I almost went broke doing it. My dad always hated the record business claiming songs and records of them were like vegetables at market. When they were old, you couldn't sell them.

Dad didn't know jazz, or good show tunes by great artists, or religious, classical, or blues and

the then-so-called hillbilly and race records. I stocked them all. Commodore was the only shop below Harlem where one could buy a blues side. I remember Tex Ritter coming into the shop and being amazed at my stocking his white label Vocalion record of Rye Whiskey.

I've always been into all kinds of music and love it all from Joplin and Jelly through Oliver and Louis; and Whiteman/Goldkette, Coon-Sanders, Bix, Nichols, the Memphis 5, ODJB, Duke, Basie, Bechet, the Dodds Brothers, Bertrand, Leadbelly, the Carter Family, Josh White, gospel, piano - all of it.

Every groove is precious to me.

-- Milt Gabler

(Next month, Milt recalls the United Hot Clubs of America and writes of his friends, Eddie Condon and George Frazier.) ■ ■

New Band Gets Md. Gig

PRJC is step daddy to yet another band paying lip and all other service to the true allegiance.

The Dixie-7 Knights kick off their public life on June 8 in Beltsville at a place called The Big Dipper. They owe their being to the Open Jam, having gotten together there last year.

Through months of woodshedding, the band called itself the Wednesday Knights, since Wednesday was the day for rehearsal. And, indeed, their first gig will be on Wednesday. The front line of the Knights will be more than faintly familiar to PRJC regulars - George Gailes - tbn, Joe Shepherd - tpt, and Jimmy Hamilton - clt. The rhythm section consists of Howard Watermeier, Warren Steininger, Eric Henderson, and Dick Harlow.

The Big Dipper is on U.S. Rt 1 in Beltsville, north of Beltway exit 27. The band starts at 9 and plays till 1 am.

The Knights are at least the fourth band to get together as a result of the Open Jams. Others include the Stutz Bearcats, Bruce Weaver's N.O. Gang, and the Washington Channel JB. ■ ■

DIXIELAND JAZZ



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How Come Bob Plays That Big Wierd-Looking Sax With the Deep Voice

It may just be that the only thing rarer than a bass saxophone is the original copy of the Magna Carta. Well, our town may be the only one anywhere that has not one, but two - one owned by Country Thomas, the other by Bob Schmidt of the Storyville 7. Today, the seminar is about the bass sax owned by Bob.

It turns out to our surprise that Bob's sax - so far as is known - was not owned originally by a member of the Buddy Bolden band - or even by Ellington (who did employ one for some time). Nor was it willed to Bob by Min Leibbrook or Adrian Rollini. Its possession by Bob is a matter of serendipity, pure and simple. Fifteen years ago, when 2 of Bob's children were learning clarinet down in Jackson, Miss., Bob went looking for a bass clarinet so they could play trios. His first port of call was the instrument repair shop of the Jackson schools. Its proprietor didn't have a bass clarinet but offered Bob his other reed-activated bass instrument which had been in a back room for several years, having been given by a Californian to a school band down in the Delta and then abandoned. The horn's entire surface was coal black - the color of silver oxide - and not everyone would have been able to identify it as a bass sax. Bob was, "and as soon as I made sure there weren't any bullet holes in it, I asked the man how much he wanted for it. He said \$90 and I grabbed it right then and there."

When the seller had finished re-padding the horn and completing other repairs (another \$70) we discovered that the sax played in tune over its entire range. The guy wanted to buy it back. No deal, said Bob.

But Bob's new prize didn't sound right. It had the tonal quality of a French horn and the trouble was in the mouthpiece. Bass sax mouthpieces couldn't be bought at your corner music store in 1962, and Bob spent 2 years in a frustrating search. At the time, Red Nichols' band was still in business with bass saxist Joe Rushton, and Bob sent a letter to Nichols care of Capitol Records for whom the band was recording. While the letter was still bouncing around the west coast, Rushton, driving between San Francisco and L.A., suffered a fatal heart attack; his car left the road and plunged into the ocean. His widow finally received the letter and sent Joe's bass sax mouthpiece to Bob

Schmidt, whom she had never met or even heard of. As it turned out, apparently Rushton had had mouthpiece problems himself. His mouthpiece, which worked fine in Bob's sax and still does, turned out to be an outsized baritone sax mouthpiece, some of whose innards Joe had had milled out.

Bob says the incident opened up many rewarding experiences, among them, a party given by Priscilla Rushton at which the Schmidts met many of the men who had played with Joe over the years.

Bob's bass sax had gone unclaimed all those years because nobody could lift it. Bob may be the only bass saxist in the business who plays his horn standing up, without a stand to support it. He designed a harness which puts the strain on his back instead of his neck, and which, incidentally, holds his pants up.

-- Ed Fishel ■ ■

A Pride of Prejudices

Like every religion worthy of the name, traditional jazz has its shrines and holy places.

In The Beginning there was the Storyville section of New Orleans which, according to holy writ, was inhabited by three classes of people: whores, piano players, and brass band musicians.

Tom Anderson's Cafe was one of the shrines of this era, as were some of the livelier sporting houses such as Lulu White's.

Since Storyville shut down 60 years ago, it's pretty hard to conjure up a true picture of the jazz scene in the pleasure palaces. Jazz buffs and record collectors being one-track-minded individuals, they probably hung around the cat house parlors begging the "professors" to play Pretty Baby and The Easy Winners while the tourists from Bayonne sampled the venereal vineyards upstairs.

My own favorite jazz shrine was a steak house long since given over to banjo music and other heresies.

Perched on the corner of 7th Ave. and 10th St. (subway to Sheridan Square), Nick's advertised "sizzling steaks and crazy breaks" and gave thousands their first live sampling of small band "hot jazz" in the 30s and 40s. Alas, poor devils, many were never the same again - Country Thomas, Gary Wilkinson, Bill Whelan, Jimmy Hamilton, Al...ah, but I run on too long.

From Nick's opening in the mid-30s till owner Nick Rongetti's death in the late 40s, the bands and intermission pianists were never less than first rate. It was always a parade of stars -



...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
June 5 - The Band From Tin Pan Alley June 12 - Riverside Ramblers
June 19 - Washington Channel JB June 26 - Stutz Bearcats JB
July 3 - Hot Mustard Ragtime Band

JAZZ AT THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS, Crystal City Howard Johnson's - Fri. 8:30-12:30
June 3 - Washington Channel JB June 10 - Orig. Washington Monumental JB
June 17 - Federal Jazz Commission June 24 - Washington Channel JB

REGULAR GIGS

Mondays

Federal Jazz Commission 8:30-12:30 Bratwursthaus, Arlington, Va.
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 Bratwursthaus, Arlington, Va.

Wednesdays

Bruce Weaver's N.O. Gang 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthaus, Arlington, Va.
(N.B. - Wed. June 8, PRJC open jam takes over at B'haus.)
Dixie-7 Knights 9-1 The Big Dipper 11350 Baltimore Blvd. (U.S.1) Beltsville, Md.

Thursdays

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

Fridays

Southern Comfort 8:30-12 Shakey's, Rockville Pike, Rockville, Md.
Tony Mack's Original Strawhatters 8:30-12:30 Waterview Inn, Edgewater, Md.

Saturdays

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

OTHER GIGS OF NOTE

June 3 Tex Wyndham's Red Lion JB, Hotel Dupont, Wilmington, Del. (res. advised)
June 11 Tony Mack's Strawhatters 9-1 Chesapeake Ranch Club, Lusby, Md.
June 19 Southern Comfort - Roaring 20s Day, Nat'l Capital Trolley Museum, Wheaton,
Md. 2-4
June 25 RIVERBOAT CRUISE - Lew Green - tpt w/ PRJC All-Stars. MV America
Boarding time - 7:30 pm Pier 4, 6th & Maine Ave SW

Kingsmen - scheduled as follows:

June 10 - 8 pm Lake Anne Ctr. Reston June 19 - 7 pm Lake Braddock High,
Burke, Va.
June 26 - 2 pm Kings Dominion, Doswell July 3 - 2:30 pm Cherry Hill Park,
Falls Church

And remember!!

Jacques Kerrien June 17 - Tyson's Corner Holiday Inn, and Wild Bill
Davison the week of June 21 - Caesar's Forum, McLean, Va.

(cont. from p 10)

Sharkey Bonano, Sidney Bechet, Condon, Peewee Russell, Zutty Singleton, Hank Duncan, Brad Gowans, etc.

Nick's had three pianos - a grand on the stand and two uprights down front. Besides a nose almost matching that of drummer Joe Grauso, a Nick's regular, Rongetti possessed better-than-fair keyboard technique and would often accompany the intermission pianist on one of the uprights.

Though Tin Roof Blues was composed in New Orleans, Nick's engraved it on the memories of generations of musicians and fans. One chorus by the band would bring the intermission pianist back from the bar and vice versa.

After Nick's death the caliber of the bands dropped off badly and by 1950 most true believers had begun to find Eddie Condon's W.3rd St. temple a more congenial place to worship.

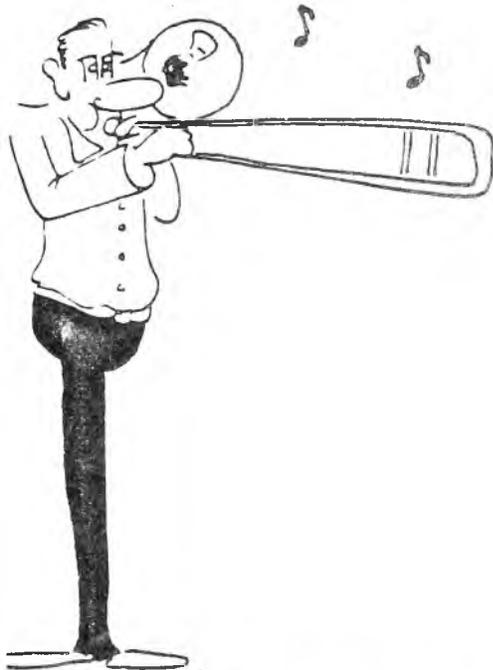
But in its heyday Nick's was Mecca. If you were 17 and walked in on a summer eve when Brunis was belting out Bluin' the Blues you wouldn't forget it for a long time - maybe never.

-- Al Webber ■ ■

Welcome New Members!

George Hascall Falls Church, Va.
Donald A Hurter Cambridge, Mass.
James R. Robinette Falls Church, Va.
Dianne & Martin Frankel Columbia, Md.
John and Nancy Lopez McLean, Va.
Kay Battle Arlington, Va.
J. Dale Chastain Washington, D.C.
Mary & John Welling Reisterstown, Md.
Mona & Pete Martineau Springfield, Va.
Douglas C. Arthur Strasburg, Va.
Annette & Arthur Braver Silver Spring
Burton Winkle Arlington, Va.
Peter Hill Wheaton, Md.
Ed Goldstein Baltimore, Md.
Dorothy Beltrone Washington, D.C.
Dorothy and Ed Hasson Long Green, Md.
Fletcher Cox, Jr. Arlington, Va.
Doris & Kendall Pensel Easton, Md.
Gene W. King Falls Church, Va.
Lt. John C. Petty Fairfax, Va.
Richard F. Blackmon, Bethesda, Md.
Sen. S.I. Hayakawa Calif. & Washington

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