

PRJC Presents:  
Tex Wyndham's Red Lion JB  
Marriott Twin Bridges  
July 16, 1977 9-1  
Members \$4 Nonmembers \$5



# TEX WYNDHAM'S RED LION JAZZ BAND

ROAND

## TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

July 1977 Volume 7 Number 7

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. 7  
July 1977

Editor - Ted Chandler  
Contributing Editors - Al Webber  
Dick Baker  
Ed Fishel

Cover Art - Harry Roland  
PRJC President - Harold Gray

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

•••••

## Wyndham Set for July PRJC Gig

"It is a band built on ensemble playing with solos tastefully interjected...The rhythm section is light and tight...the front line free wheels through each tune in a polyphonous manner, yet firmly bound together within the tune."

--- Mike Ballance in Jersey Jazz

The band Mike Ballance liked so much is the band which will be playing for the PRJC special event in July.

A PRJC band with a devoted following of PRJCers who regularly go to hear it at its Wilmington, Del., home base, Tex Wyndham's Red Lion Jazzband will appear at the Marriott Twin Bridges under PRJC auspices on Saturday evening, July 16th.

Tex, of whom Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town recently wrote in these pages, he "is quite simply one of the best traditional pianists I have heard in years," is almost as exciting a cornet player, and has surrounded himself according to all who have heard it, with a powerful band. Mike Mills - tbn, and Jim Weaver - clt, join Tex on the front line and the rhythm section is manned by Rick Cordrey - po, Al Back - tuba, Jon Williams - washboard, and Bud Ahearn - bjo.

In it's PRJC appearance, the band will play from 9 to 1 at the Marriott. Tickets are the usual \$4 for members and \$5 for nonmembers. ▲ ▲

Lose that bewildered feeling.  
Dial 630-PRJC!

## PRJC-Radio For Real At Last

The Jazzband Ball is on the air! The apparently snake-bit radio program of PRJC finally went on a regular schedule on WPFW-FM on Sunday May 29.

Dick Baker MCed the first program in the series playing the records of trad jazzbands currently at work for an hour and a half from 6-7:30 pm. It has been Dick who has carried the ball for the program through at least six frustrating months culminating in the technical difficulties which kept the new Pacifica Foundation D.C. outlet on limited airtime long after it was scheduled to be off and running.

A tentative schedule has been announced calling for would-be DJs from among PRJC members. In July, the schedule looks like this:

- July 3 - Ray West (Cornet sounds from the Past)
- July 10- Dave Robinson (The Evolution of Traditional Jazz - Part 1)
- July 17- Maury Cagle (Omer Simeon - A Personal Reminiscence)
- July 24- Ted Chandler (Black Big Bands - 1923-1944)
- July 31- Roy Hostetter ("Tape Pirates Heaven")

Anyone wishing to appear, spinning records of his choice, should call Dick Baker (home) 698-8017, (office) 755-4644. ▲ ▲

## PRJCer With Clayton in Africa

PRJCer Dave Burns has just returned from a gig which took him with Buck Clayton and Bull Moose Jackson to two European and six African nations in a concert series sponsored by American embassies and Cultural Centers.

The 40-day tour took the quintet through a 24-concert schedule which covered stops in Greece, Egypt, Algeria, Guinea, Liberia, Ivory Coast, Mauretania, and Portugal. The group, which also included Jackie Williams - drums, and John Philips - piano, appeared on radio and television at most stops, played the First Annual International Espinho Jazz Festival at Oporto along with the Cecil Taylor Quintet, engaged in jam sessions with locals in Cairo, Conakry, and Monrovia, and held a jazz workshop with the jazzband of the Mauretanian National Guard. In Guinea, their concert was attended by President Sekou Toure and 2,300 other enthusiastic listeners. Back home, Dave Burns is active with the Hot Mustard Ragtimers and the New Sunshine JB. ▲ ▲

## But on the Other Hand...

### An Editorial Outcry

On a trip to Atlanta in May, stopped down at Underground Atlanta to join Bessie hollerin' hooray under the viaduct, and to try and find Ernie Carson who, I had heard, was there on occasion.

Well, Carson wasn't there but in Muhlebrink's Saloon, Piano Red was in residence and I spent a couple of rewarding sets listening to him. Red plays intermissions between sets of a particularly obtuse bluegrass group, and is well worth the wait.

Red, who told me that his brother was "Speckled Red," a Detroit boogie pianist who once recorded for Brunswick and who died in 1974, plays some boogie, but his forte is blues piano with an archaic, powerful right hand which drives like mad and sounds a little like the raw material out of which Hines fashioned his style.

Billed as "Dr. Feelgood," Red attracts quite a few people into the joint and for that purpose is placed up by the window. If you drop in, you'll catch him 20 minutes out of every hour. But don't expect either quiet conversation or any musical reward out of the other 40 minutes.

▼ ▼

It is not given that all of us should be privileged to go to jail for jazz. It has fallen to a few, however, and in this forgetful world, it is well for us to remember them. Thus the word is passed griot-wise from generation unto generation.

This, then, is about the Boston Hot Club and certain events evolving from it, including the incarceration of George Frazier, the late Harvard alumnus, bon vivant, columnist, and jazz fan.

In the late 30s, when the world was virginal and all was innocence and youth, some people including Stan Warren, Charlie Miller, Grover Sales, and George put down the rental money for a walk-up loft at the corner of Mass. and Huntington Aves. in Boston, and put a huge sign in the window reading "Boston Hot Club." You couldn't miss it. (Look for the big red letters...)

Very quickly, the room became a hub of jazz activity. There was a piano and folding chairs; a regular Board of Directors, and weekly record sessions.

Well, sir, my high school academic record having been rather less than brilliant, I was banished to an unforgivable prep school far from Boston, so I wasn't present at the events I shall now describe. But this is about the way it went: Count Basie's band was playing

at the Roseland State, down the street, and George, Stan, and the others invited the band over to the club for some after-hours jamming and a drinky-poo. Count, Prez, and Helen Humes were among the celebrities thus lured, and soon, a good deal of wailing was in progress up in the Hot Club's loft.

Bear in mind that there were no residences for blocks around the club, so the notion that the proceedings were bothering anyone is pure balderdash. Nonetheless, within a couple of hours Boston's finest were hammering on the door hollering that they had a complaint and this was a raid. Cool heads got the Basie people out the back way as the cops came in the front door with drawn guns, sniffing all cigarette butts, and glaring about for nude girls. All they found were some indignant jazz fans not very cowed by the uniforms. (This lack of fear may have contributed to the strain. There was a police scandal in town at the time relating to payoffs for where the police were taking their laundry. This gave rise to pleasantries from George and others about the delivery man being there for the laundry.)

The cops noted anything that looked at all actionable. One charge; "Mixed dancing, colored and white." Frazier throughout was glacially calm, conveying well-bred outrage with quivering nostrils and an occasional repetition of the "delivery man" line, which he had begun rather to enjoy. This was out of keeping with the self-image of at least one cop, and Frazier was arrested, as was his date and several others as well.

As they left the Hot Club in a paddy wagon, it is said Frazier was exultant. "After all," he told intimates later, 'Panassie never went to jail for jazz - but I did - and stayed all night, too."

(Frazier was again to experience that kind of elation soon before he died when he heard to his delight that he was on Nixon's "enemies list", an honor denied rival columnist Nick von Hoffman.)

The Boston Hot Club never really recovered from the hammer blows of the raid and WWII, and soon passed away. This tale has no moral at all. --TC ▲▲

WANTED: Cornetist and Trombonist for new Chicago-style band - The Baltimore Nite Owls. Serious musicians willing to rehearse in Towson area. Original '20s style preferred. Call Kim Warner (AC301) 448-0128 evenings after 6.

# A Private in the Great Saxophone War

A Personal Memoir of the Swing Era by Stuart Anderson

## Chapter 3

As I said, I first heard the Mound City Blue Blowers' record of If I Could Be With You in the spring of 1930. The setting, the date, the hour elude me. Time's erosion leaves only the music. Yet that's not entirely true; I see clearly now what I didn't see so clearly then: the glorious bloody struggle of the Black people told through folk music, spirituals, the blues, poetry, and prose - distilled through Hawkins' genius and catalysed in his deep soliloquy riding on the carrier wave of that popular tune by Red McKenzie and Gene Krupa, otherwise known as One Hour.

Hawk opened a door into a magic other world of broad conceptualization, searching out and developing all the conceivable nuances of a melody - and I was determined to step through that door.

In the late spring of 1930 I was back in New York - broke and out of work. The band at the U. of Illinois had broken up at the end of the semester. The drummer, Wally Gordon, and I joined a band playing at a dancehall near Youngstown, Ohio. That was a nice job. There was only one thing wrong with it - nobody got paid.

When the Youngstown job folded, four of us; Dave Wiener, the first alto man, John Mitchell, the tuba player, Wally, and I piled into Mitch's 1920 Buick and landed in New York with about \$1 between us. Wally and I moved in with Wiener's family in the Bronx. Wiener's father was a pushcart peddler. We all lived as one large poor tumultuous happy family for three weeks; we probably could have stayed together to this day if it hadn't been for severe overcrowding. Wally returned to his home in Chicago. I moved into the Alvin Hotel at Broadway and 52nd (\$10 from home had made me rich), and Mitch, having gotten his hands on some money, opened up a speakeasy near 9th Ave. and 48th.

In those depression days, to find work, you had to get yourself down to Broadway and 49th on the west side of the street between 2 and 5 pm on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. There you would see a horde of musicians talking, gesticulating, and milling around in front of the Brill Bldg. That was where you hoped to book a weekend club date for which you would be paid \$7, two of which you were expected to kick back to the contractor - a fellow who couldn't play his instrument but who had "connections." There being no work of course, you would trudge down to 46th St. in front of the Strand Theater, where you would see another bunch of demoralized musicians, all with eyes like blood-shot

poached eggs. There you hoped to wheedle a weekend date for which you would be paid \$5, only one of which you were expected to refund to the contractor - a character less able to execute a C scale in slow time than the entrepreneur near 49th St. (In bad weather the above hassle took place at Local 802 headquarters on E.86th, the frenzy of the activity being accelerated by the restricted area of the union floor.)

After the invariably unsuccessful search for a gig I would look in the disintegrating mob for others of the jazz coterie like Bill King, the bass player from Nebraska, who looked like a blond Gary Cooper; or Bill Long the pianist from Indiana, a cynical little man who played marvelous boogie woogie. Then maybe we would run across Brooklyn's great jazz trumpeter Johnny Cunniffe and one or two others. Gathering on some street corner we would put together nickels dimes - possibly even a quarter - until there was enough for one of us to go around the corner to a "cordial shop" for a bottle of bathtub gin. We were headed for my room at the Alvin Hotel for a jam session. It was a hectic, happy, deadly serious life.

▲ ▲

SWINGING  
BIG BAND  
JAZZ

## NEW ALBUM RELEASE

BOB SAUER BIG BAND

*(Live from the Nation's Capital)*

Available directly *(at discount)*

for \$6.00

*(Covers postage, insurance & mailer)*

Order from:

Bob Sauer

8201 Langbrook Rd.

Springfield, Va. 22152

## The Strange Songs of the Storyville 7

Having gained a bit of a reputation for playing the rare and unheard-of, I have been called to account for the Storyville 7 to explain once for all whence cometh such obscurity. I have always maintained that these tunes were whistled to me long ago by a peanut vendor in Broken Arrow, Iowa. Now is the time of truth.

The fact is that such treasures need not be uncovered by digging 5 paces east of a gnarled oak. They're right under your nose. We use three sources; sheet music, records, and the player-piano roll. From this latter source we have gleaned such gems as When I Hear That Jaz (sic) Band Play by one Eddie Gray, and My Little Kangaroo (sic again). This last is so obscure we're not sure that's the title, but it's what the box label looks like though the roll is unmarked. The title seems to fit the melody line (essentially a march), but one would be hard pressed to supply the lyrics (maybe a Qantas commercial?). Under the Double Eagle also comes from a shredded QRS.

For sheet music, we look to our resident banjo man Bob Walker. His stacks of scores have yielded many numbers usable by jazzbands. Virginia Blues is a nice multi-key number interpolating a bit of Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, followed by a bit of bounce tempo. It's by Fred Meinken (Wabash Blues). Harry Bason's Count the Days has become one of our most popular numbers. Other scores (And They Called it Dixieland, Sweet Baby Doll) were given to us by the Wahlers. Look for What Do I Care What Somebody Said, and Get Out And Get Under The Moon - soon to appear at a bandstand near you.

Original records are invaluable. We do the Oliver version of Dippermouth, and soon, the Bix Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down. Also from discs; Coney Island Washboard and our theme, Storyville Blues.

A venture to obscurity requires two things; lead sheets and rehearsals. Add patience and a positive attitude and you too can bewilder audiences everywhere by announcing: "Here's a number played by no other jazzband in the world..."

-- Dave Robinson ▲ ▲

## The Shy Jam

To play traditional jazz with all goofs forgiven and all can play: That's the Shy Jam - an open, nonaudience session for learners and the rusty, nonconfident, newcomer, or otherwise audience-shy. Teenagers welcomed, and leadsheets available.

There are 2 Shy Jams, one at my home the 3rd Friday each month (6809 5th St. NW, Washington. Call 723-9527) the other at the home of the Frank McPhersons, 2619 E Meredith Dr., Vienna, 7:30-10:30,

1st Friday each month. Call 938-4461. Check before 7:30 the evening of the session to confirm at both places.

The jams are growing, but we need more musicians - and places to play. Twice a month is not enough if you're just learning. If you have a place, call me. We also need some old hands to help keep things on track and guide newcomers.

Following are tunes on our play list - more next issue - for practice purposes: After You've Gone (Bb); Ain't Misbehavin' (Eb); All of Me (Bb, C); Jazz Band Ball (Bb); Baby Won't You Please Come Home (Ab); Ballin' the Jack (Bb); Basin St. Blues (Bb); Black and Blue (C); Chinatown (C); Clarinet Marmalade (F); Five Foot Two (C); Hello Dolly (Bb); and Hindustan (Bb).

-- Dave Littlefield ▲ ▲

## BLUE NOTE BLUES

by Ralph Waldo VonTwelvebar

(The Blue Note, Chicago, June 30, 1948 -- Billie was fresh out of jail.)

*All conversation stops, and in the gloom,  
A brown girl with gardenias in her hair  
Stands on a platform; then a spotlight's glare  
Cuts through the murky, smoky cellar room.  
Sorrow is in her eyes, and in her mouth  
The song is tortured till you feel each note  
Tingle your spine. Her heart is in her throat  
And so is yours. The strange fruit of the South  
is bitter in her voice, and in your ears.  
And as she sings her incandescent song,  
Each bent and twisted agonizing line  
Is stark and terrible. Your hand in mine  
Is all the comfort in a world gone wrong.  
I lift my glass. An ineffectual tear  
Drops ludicrous and sad, into the beer.*

## Directory Help Available

Dave Littlefield reports that the PRJC Musicians' Directory is now a telephone reference service, with a goal of making it an active tool for getting people together.

The way it works, bandleaders needing substitutes or wanting to get a group together or musicians who want gigs or simply the chance to be heard can call the Directory any time on week-ends or after 4 pm on weekdays and check out Directory listings. Dave's number is (AC 202) 723-9527.

Dave is currently working to bring the Directory up to date from the 1974 listings. Anyone not currently listed should call him and list availability for gigs and jamming, instruments played, experience, and ability. ■ ■

# A Pride of Prejudices

What Do You Say to a Naked Lady? STAD!

Wednesday June 8 was the opening night for the Dixie 7 Knights at the Dipper in Beltsville on Rt. 1 a couple of miles north of the beltway.

Maybe 15 people showed up and one or two of them were probably management. To make matters fairly complex, in the Dipper are many mansions (mostly unmarked) and the logical first door you went through in search of jazz opened in upon a pretty little go-go dancer with a startling lack of costume dancing to music which can only be described as PTINNO-STAD. God alone knows how many jazz aficionados may have run screaming at the sight of the young lady. We will not here speculate on how many others may have dallied along the primrose path promising themselves they'd check into the jazz at a later date.

At any rate, to find the Dixie 7 Knights, you had to go in an entrance marked DISCO I and climb a flight of stairs into a darkened loft. Once there the acoustics were excellent and the Knights - obviously well woodshedded - were playing well. They consist, for the record, of Joe Shepherd - tpt; Jimmy Hamilton - clt; George Gailles - tbn; Howard Watermeier - po; Warren Steiniger - bjo; Eric Henderson - bass; and Dick Harlow - drums. A fine group, but as too often happens, the appreciation of the crowd sounded like the closing soundtrack of the old Laugh In show.

Here was an attempt by a good band to present classic jazz in an adequate (however hard to find) setting, and getting no support at all. Makes a fellow think. Whenever TR mentions this someone calls us self-righteous. But unless we support jazz, the electric guitars are waiting just off stage.

The room with the undressed lady was jammed.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ▲ ▲

Storyville 7 banjoman-singer-composer Bob Walker underwent heart surgery late in June at the Washington Hospital Center. At presstime, his condition was stable in the intensive care unit at the Center. TR sends Bob all best wishes for quick and complete recovery.

Several members have expressed a desire to obtain copies of the Scotty Lawrence recordings prepared for the memorial concert in April. This music just fits on a C90 cassette, which can be ordered at a cost of \$5 from Hal Farmer, 11806 Georgia Ave., Wheaton, Md. 20902. ▲ ▲

## BLACKEAGLESHEAD REVISITED

If the sages are right and the path of true love is invariably sprinkled with pitfalls, pratfalls, and shell holes, my devotion to the New Black Eagle Jazz Band is probably good for the course.

The romance started badly. I passed them up on their first DC appearance in the spring of 1973 because somebody told me they sounded like a George Lewis group. More Kid Bastian? No thanks; too moldy for my taste.

A few months later I bought their first record, cut in 1972 for GHB. I played one track, Weary Blues, and wasn't knocked out. So I lent it to Ray Osheroff and he hid it in his banjo case for 2 years.

The revelation came in the fall of '74 when I heard the band's first record on their own Black Eagle label, superbly recorded by Ewing D. Nunn. I've been doing penance ever since. I can't believe there is another band anywhere on earth currently playing N.O. jazz with the skill, verve, creativity, and emotional depth displayed by the New Black Eagle Jazz Band.

Twenty-eight years ago in London I heard the only other recent jazzband which I feel can compare with the Eagles as purveyors of the NO message; the Humphrey Lyttleton band. But alas for NO devotees, the English cornetist abandoned the parent style in the early '50s and donned a mainstream cloak.

And I wonder listening to tape of the Eagles May 21 at the Marriott if the band is not moving - inevitably perhaps - into a more sophisticated mode of expression owing as much to Harlem as it does to NO.

Search the annals of NO pianistics as you will, it would be hard to come up with a keyboard artist capable of the thunderous eloquence of Bob Pillsbury at the Marriott.

Some may find traces of Jim Robinson in Stan Vincent's terse lightfooted trombone work. So did I the first time I heard the band live. But that was 2 years ago. At the Marriott, I mostly heard Jimmy Archey and J.C. Higginbotham - and loved it. On soprano sax, Stan McDonald was strictly Old School. He played superb clarinet too, but the Dodds/Bechet-like vibrato was subdued and some of his phrasing had a more contemporary sound.

Tony Pringle's cornet still rings out as an amalgam of the Black NO trumpet greats, with a tone very like Mutt Carey. His economical self-effacing lead contrasts delightfully with the bashy school of younger cornetists who crouch while they play and intentionally produce a

(Cont. back cover)

## The Commodore Years

Commodore was where I got my education. (I had to quit CCNY in '29 after 2 years.) I learned from my customers and they from me. After all, a cross section of the world passed through Grand Central and there I was right across the street. They came looking for me even when they got off the ocean liners at the piers across town near W.42nd. A nickel trolley ride brought them to my door.

I remember Leonard Feather's first trip to the U.S. for the Melody Maker. I gave him a half-page Commodore ad in 1936 to run in London. Imagine advertising records for 25¢ (Melotones), 35¢, and 75¢ to be shipped overseas plus postage and a small packing fee. AND I packed them in wooden boxes with corrugated fillers. Panassie, Delaunay, Goffin, Dance all wrote and bought from me.

I printed Delaunay's Hot Discography here and, as did many American fans, helped with the research. We learned to listen to each instrument on a record and the styles of the performers until we could recognize them like the human voice. Then we'd check with the musicians as they came into the shop. Little by little it all got together.

We organized the first hot clubs, mimeographed forms on how to start one and formed the United Hot Clubs of America with the help of Marshall Stearns who, as secretary did most of the writing

I organized the first public jam sessions or jazz concerts with the help of Condon and Hammond to procure musicians. The press lived at the store.

I had issued the first Commodore Music Shop sides in 1933 or 34 - 4 plain white label records that preceded the UHCA/Vocalion Original Wolverines. I couldn't get the Bix Gennetts as Starr Piano Co. was just about out of the record business at that time. The first record I ever got a record company to reissue was the Casa Loma Band's Royal Garden Blues and Casa Loma Stomp on Columbia Blue Label.

As a reward I asked to be allowed to attend the Benny Goodman Allstars "Ga. Jubilee" session with Coleman Hawkins and Mildred Bailey. Benny didn't have his big band then - it was just post-Charleston Chasers days. After that you couldn't keep me out of the studios. The bug had bit me and has never left. I was asked to do the Bix Victor 78rpm reissue album. Warren Scholl was to do the booklet. I couldn't leave the store for all that time to do research in Camden, so I sent Warren and he did a beautiful job. The record collectors flipped. Bix even in the short span since his death had become the legend he still is.

Condon came to the store with his

brother-in-law Paul Smith. We hit it off immediately and remained fast friends. The story of Condon and Gabler cannot be told quickly. I loved the man and believe the feeling was mutual. George Frazier wrote on the back of the Commodore LP Condon a la Carte; "And while we are about it, let us be thankful for Milt Gabler who, if there had never been an Eddie Condon, would doubtless have created one." Those are strong words and I don't know whether I deserve them, but Eddie and George are telling stories and writing elsewhere no doubt. You can't keep men like that quiet - not for long - not ever. -- Milt Gabler

(Editor's Note: This concludes a 2-part article. Milt reports that he has not been able to start his Commodore reissues for lack of customers. Been thirsting for some of the currently unavailable Commodore sounds? Drop a line to Milt at 3 Kensington Oval, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10805. --TC)

### PRJC In St. Louis

The oldest traditional jazz fest in the country logged its most successful meeting yet in mid-June - the 13th annual National Ragtime Festival, with jazz or ragtime being played 7 hours per night for 6 consecutive nights at 6 locations on and alongside the picturesque Golden Showboat in St. Louis.

The band contingent was led by the Original Salty Dogs and Turk Murphy's San Francisco Jazzband, followed by the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial JB and a dozen of so others. Among the pianists were Ohio's Terry Waldo, New York's Dave Jasen, and North Carolina's (and PRJC's) Tom Shea.

As usual the PRJC delegation was largest on the boat with upwards of 4 dozen in attendance. Among local musicians performing in the organized jam sessions were: Bob Harris (cnt), Tony Hagert (tpt), and Chris Henderson (bjo), and singers Janice Cole and Anne Stansfield, the latter of whom has just become Mrs. Tony Hagert (congratulations!). -- Dick Baker ▲ ▲

### The Boys On The Boat

Lew Green, cornetist and leader of the Salty Dogs, and a band of PRJC allstars broke it up in a hot (in far more ways than one) session on the M/V America on the Potomac in late June. The ship's air conditioner couldn't compete with the crush of people, the muggy evening, and the music, but nobody left, and all cheered the performances.

In the band accompanying Green were Steve Welsh - tbn; Bob Thulman - clt; Bob Schmidt - bssax; Phil Cartwright - bjo; John Wood - bass; Rick Cordrey - po; and Gil Brown - drums. ▲ ▲

## On Building a Repertoire

(Editor's Note: A month or so ago, as often happens, an envelope showed up among the bills in my mailbox which, upon inspection, proved to have originated with Ed Fishel. The contents should keep this space filled for at least the next three issues. Free advice is usually worth every cent you pay for it. But the advice Ed offers herewith is not only free, it's valuable.)

As long as he was taking a hand in the PRJC open jam sessions, Scotty Lawrence used to show up carrying a 3-inch-thick book of handwritten charts - lead sheets on 200 standard jazz numbers. He made the book available for the night to anyone wanting to learn the tunes, but no one but Scotty ever went home with that book.

I knew two reasons for his treating it as a treasure: Over the years he had lost more than one library of arrangements by being openhanded; and he had learned that wholesale dispensing of charts doesn't do enough good to be worth the risk. Your friend will probably learn as many tunes better if fed to him a few at a time.

In brief there is no shortcut to repertoire-building. More crudely; get yours like I got mine if you want to do it right. This is the first installment of the way to do it right.

### BEGIN BY LEARNING - NOT TUNES - BUT BASIC HARMONY.

There are only 7 primary families of chords and 12 tones on which to form them. A mere 84 individual chords will get you by in our music. Another 7 or 8 chord families can be mastered later - all you will ever need for jazz a lot further out than ours.

Voice: "But that all sounds technical!"

Or, "Why chords? I only blow a note at a time."

Or, "Moe Himmelfarb can outblow anybody in town and he can't read a note, much less whole chords."

Sure, chords are technical, but at a very low level. Chord formation is being taught to tots. You can buy a chord-instruction book that's so easy when you take it home you'll say "Cheez, the guy must think I'm an idiot!"

And sure, you blow one note at a time. But that note is a component of a chord. Unless you intend playing straight melody all your jazzing days, you need to know how to find the notes to fit into the chord that obtains at any given moment.

As for Moe Himmelfarb, either he plays a lot of wrong notes so fast you don't notice, or else he's one of those near-geniuses who can land on a wrong note and bend it so it sounds right; or he knows

the chords subconsciously from experience without knowing their names or theoretical basis. I know a few Moe Himmelfarbs, and it's true that though they don't know a C7th from third base, they always find the chord. Well, almost always. If you want to be like them, you must have their talent, and take several times as long to get where you want to be as you'd take if you began by getting \$.75 worth of technical know-how. Moe learned the hard slow way.

Next month we'll consider the next step in repertoire building.

-- Ed Fishel      ▲ ▲

## President's Message

People sometimes ask: "What does the Jazz Club do for me?" To answer simply, "It puts more fun in your life."

By preserving, promoting, and encouraging the music we call jazz, the Club enables all of us to do more listening, foot stomping, and dancing to our favorite sounds. It provides many more gigs for jazz musicians and singers than would otherwise be available. The Club's Sunday and monthly jazz sessions bring fun, fellowship, and frivolity to most of us who are not musicians. If that's not enough euphoria and rhythm for you, we promote the bistros that hire traditional jazzbands on week nights. If you don't like the saloon atmosphere seemingly necessary to finance most gigs, you can get your kicks from reading this monthly jazz journal (we devoutly hope).

So we urge you to spread the joy of jazz to more people by bringing your uninitiated friends to these gigs, by signing up new members (use p.2), and by circulating and posting our ads and handbills for special events.

Membership also has nationwide ramifications. Those of us who are TJFs (Traveling Jazz Fans) have many happy days and nights fraternizing with fans and musicians in other jazz clubs during their regular events. Eight of us were at the Coon-Sanders Nighthawks Reunion in Huntington, W.Va., several went to the Sacramento Jubilee and to the Big Horn bash near Chicago, while about 50 members attended the National Ragtime Festival in St. Louis. On the way to or from there, some of us caught the Cake-walking Jss Band in Toledo, or the Bourbon St. Philharmonic in Indianapolis. Several attended the monthly dance of Cincinnati's Classic Jazz Society with music by the Salty Dogs. These visits and the acquaintances we made with the St. Louis Jazz Club show that the automatic camaraderie among jazz fans everywhere is one of the reasons for belonging to the Potomac River Jazz Club.

-- Harold Gray      ▲ ▲

**prjc**

This ad can be xeroxed and placed  
on bulletin boards at your job.

**presents**

**TEX WYNDHAM**

and his

**red lion jazzband**



mike mills - tbn. al back - tuba  
jim weaver - clt. bud ahearn - bjo.  
jon williams - washboard  
rick cordrey - piano  
and on cornet - -  
tex wyndham

**marriott twin bridges**

**JULY 16** sat. eve. 9 - 1

members - \$4 nonmembers - \$5



# ...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  
July 3 - Riverside Ramblers July 10 - Dixie 5-0  
July 17 - Federal Jazz Commission July 24 - Manassas Festival Jazzers  
July 31 - Bay City 7

Jazz at the Captain's Quarters, Crystal City Howard Johnson's - Fri. 8:30-12:30  
July 1 - Washington Channel Jazzband July 8 - Federal Jazz Commission  
July 15 - " " " July 22 - Washington Channel JB  
July 29 - Federal Jazz Commission

## Regular Gigs

### Mondays

Federal Jazz Commission 8:30-12:30 Bratwursthau, Arlington, Va.  
Bob Sauer's Big 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

### Wednesdays

Bruce Weaver's NO Gang 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau, Arlington  
(N.B. - Wed. July 13, PRJC open jam takes over at B'haus.)

### Thursdays

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

### 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

Johnny Maddox at Il Porto Ristorante, Alexandria Va. weeknites expt. Monday  
July 1 Tex Wyndham's Red Lion JB Hotel DuPont, Wilmington, Del. (res. advised)  
July 16 Tex Wyndham's Red Lion JB at Marriott Twin Bridges - PRJC SPECIAL.

Note for TJFs: The annual Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Festival will be held  
in Davenport Iowa, Thurs, July 28 thru Sunday July 31. For tickets, write  
BBMS, 2225 W.17th St., Davenport, Iowa 52804.

(from p.7)

tone like tearing bedsheets. No chance of Tony moving away from NO. Not bloody likely..and yet after another year or two of playing Ellington tunes with tight head arrangements.. it just could happen.

Whatever path the Eagles tread in the next few years, they will be fun to listen to. And so long as they stop short of Dizzy and Miles, whither they goeth, so goes this columnist.

-- Al Webber ▲ ▲

### WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Mr. & Mrs. Ernest H. Gilbert  
Charleston, W.Va.

Sandie and Arthur Rice  
Silver Spring, Md.

Morley Segal  
Washington, D.C.

Richard S. Beverly, Ph.D  
Alexandria, Va.

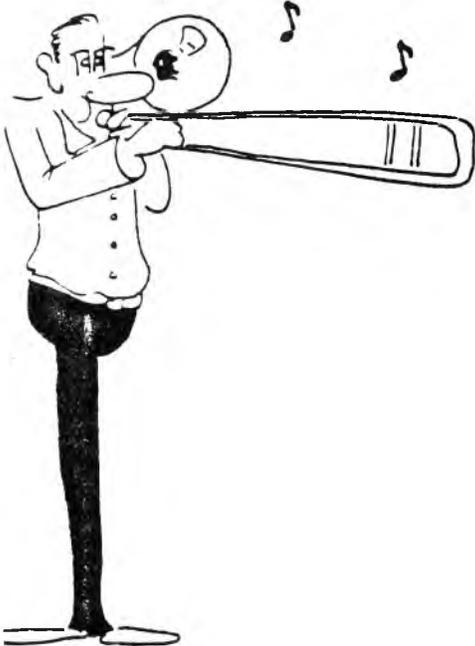
Edmee and Frank Pratt  
Washington, D.C.

Bryant Edward McDonald  
Burke, Va.

Barry Askew  
Falls Church, Va.

W. Bruce Taylor  
Chevy Chase, Md.

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



FIRST CLASS MAIL



# Support Traditional JAZZ!