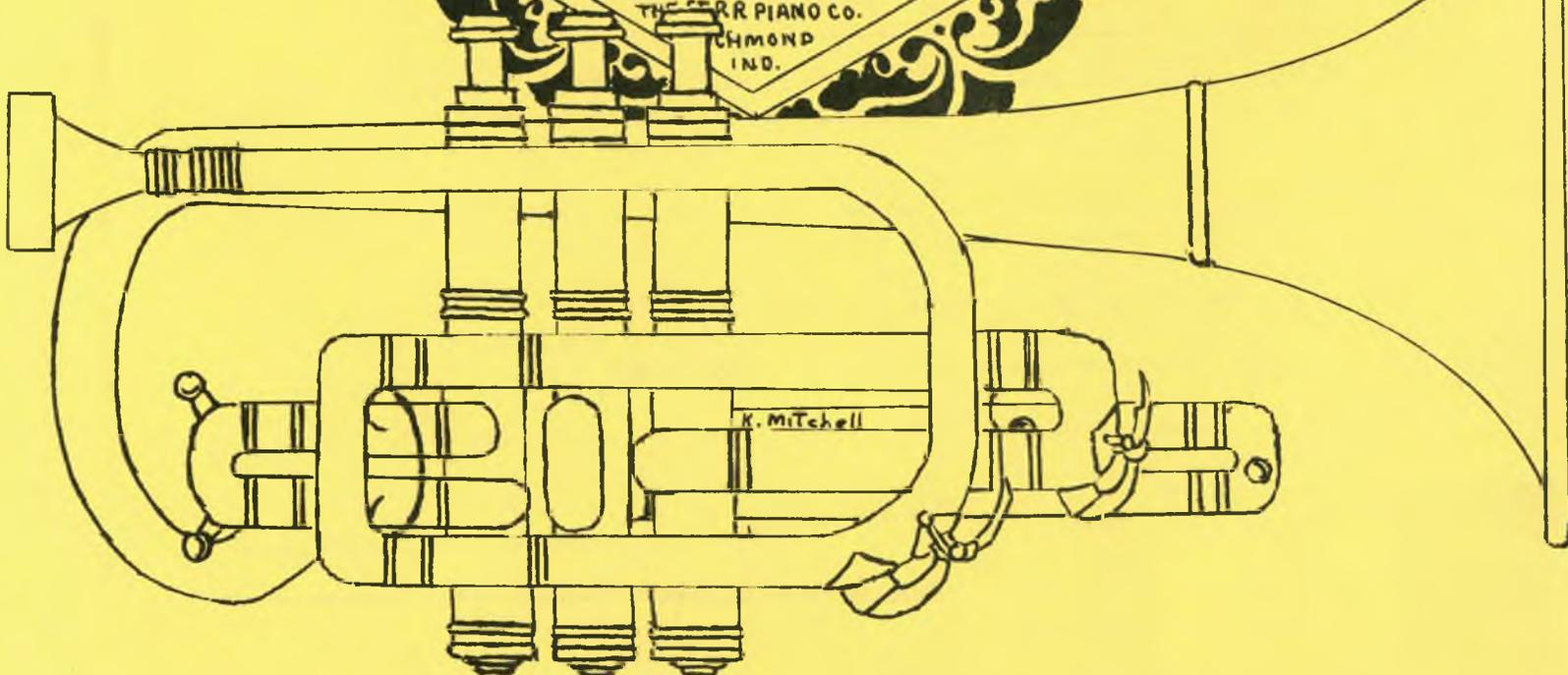


# TAILGATE RAMBLINGS



PRJC Special for August:  
 The Jazz Minors  
 At Marriott Twin Bridges  
 Sat. Aug. 6, 1977  
 9-1 Members \$4, nonmembers \$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. 8

August 1977

Editor - Ted Chandler

Contributing Editors - Al Webber  
Dick Baker  
Ed Fishel

Cover Art - Kevin Mitchell  
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

••••

## The RECORD CHANGER Lives

I cannot think of any announcement that would make me prouder than this:

Starting with this issue of TR, we are happy to announce the reprinting of historical material of great importance from the pages of the late Gordon Gullickson's great magazine, The Record Changer. Material included in this first of a continuing series is a report of an interview with the Black composer of Jazz Me Blues and many other classic jazz songs, Tom Delaney, and one of a series of columns that appeared in the Record Changer by Gully's good friend, Roy Carew. Both of these features appeared originally in 1944.

Some heartfelt thanks are due to a number of people involved in this project. Among them: Ruth Gullickson, Gully's wife, who gave her permission for use of these historic articles; Orin Keepnews, who bought the Record Changer from Gully and who added his okay to the project; Jeff Bates, who procured clearances and helped select material, and Rod Clarke, who made the material in his files at the National Museum of Traditional Jazz available. Incidentally, Rod is missing some issues of the Record Changer, and asks that people search their attics for copies they might be willing to donate to the Museum.

-- TC ▲▲

NEEDED: Picnic workers for Sat. Sept. 17.  
All kinds of tasks - volunteers needed.  
Call Fred Wahler - 894-6370.

## Buzzy's Gig Ends

One of the longest running gigs in PRJC history, long predating the club's existence, came to an apparent end in mid-July, when the Stutz Bearcat JB got the pink slip from Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse in Annapolis. Citing economics as the reason, management indicated satisfaction with the band, but pointed to lack of parking space and a location off the beaten track as factors militating against large enough crowds to maintain the gig.

Few of what crowds did gather each week were PRJC members.

The Stutz Bearcats, whose personnel had remained remarkably constant over the past year, have developed into a hard-hitting, crisp band with a metronomic rhythm section and a tight, often uproarious front line.

Led by clarinetist Chuck Brown, the band includes Joe Shepherd - tpt; Gerry Nichols - tbn; John True - po; Bill Nelson - bass; and Gil Brown - drums. The band, formed as the Basin St. JB, was originally put together by the late Lou Weinberg from musicians who got together at the PRJC open jam session. It was the latest in a long succession of traditional bands that have occupied Buzzy's bandstand as far back as 1962, by some accounts. The Stutz band had been at the pizza joint for two years.

The folding of the Buzzy's gig leaves traditional jazz in parlous condition in Maryland. About the only Maryland gigs left for PRJC bands are the Southern Comfort engagement at Shakey's in Rockville and the continuing gig of the Bay City 7 at Baltimore's Nobska Restaurant. ▲▲

## TR Goes 3rd Class

With this issue of TR, you will be receiving it by Third Class mail rather than by First Class. This is an experiment to see if, by use of this kind of mail service we can expand our service to you while maintaining some kind of reliable mailing schedules.

This will allow us to expand the size of TR modestly from time to time as occasion may warrant, and include new features.

One thing, however, should be kept in mind. With first class mail, we received undeliverable copies back. Under the new system this is no longer possible, so unless you tell us, we will have no way of knowing whether you have moved or otherwise are not receiving your TR. Also, there may be times when TR is a day or so later than you normally receive it. These drawbacks, however, are minor and the possibility for a bigger, better TR is the main reason for the move. ▲▲

## But On The Other Hand

### An Editorial Outcry

Just about the precise place where you drive onto the on-ramp of the Mass. Turnpike heading west from Boston's Copley Square, I always say the briefest kind of RIP prayer.

At that point, you drive across the place where the bandstand used to be at the Copley Terrace. The Copley (pronounced COP-lee, never ever COPE-lee, for God's sake) Terrace reached its zenith in the mid-40s, and in that brief period housed some of the best jazz in a city which had jumped like mad since the days a decade earlier when Bobby Hackett and Brad Gowans broke things up at the old Theatrical Club (which was even before my time!).

The Terrace bandstand was graced by people like Frankie Newton and Vic Dickenson, Joe Marsala, Ed Hall, Wild Bill Davison, Art Hodes, Freddie Moore, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Ruby Braff, Buzzy Drootin, Bob Wilber, Johnny Windhurst, and Shirley Mhore (a tragic young Black singer who never could lose the notion that we who loved her most were seeking to injure her. John Kirby heard and hired her, but she soon afterward, killed herself).

The Copley Terrace also was the home of a band which was a precursor of the New Black Eagles. The Charlie Vinal Rhythm Kings were a group of semi-pro musicians holding regular jobs off the bandstand. Howie Gadboys, the clarinetist, was a medical student; bassist John Fields and drummer Bill Burch drove hacks. The band was named after a young cat from Quincy, wheelchair-borne - a victim of polio. Charlie had recently died but before he left us he established such a reputation that Benny Goodman used to go down to Quincy to jam with him when he came through town. The clarinet was Charlie's axe.

The CVRK guys had all played with Charlie at one time or another and wanted to ensure that his memory would last.

Anyway, they were the house band for Sunday jazz concerts staged weekly at the Terrace by the Boston Jazz Society - bashes that were among the most musically productive sessions I've ever seen. Nat Hentoff, Chairman of the BJS Board, was usually emcee and traffic cop for the sessions, which would by afternoon's end, usually see the Rhythm Kings, an invited guest star (playing for scale), and 6 or 8 uninvited visiting firemen blowing their heads off before large and appreciative crowds. We'd have front lines like Wild Bill, Bechet, and Dickenson, or Maxie, Ed Hall, and Brunis. Over in a side

booth, there would be 17-year-old Johnny Windhurst keeping up with the band on his cornet mouthpiece. Ruby Braff would usually drop in and we'd groan a little because he still had not learned to control his horn very well and was not one of our favorites at the time.

One time Neil Hefti was there as a spectator and a number of us bullied him into sitting in (a bopper, Hefti was contemptuous of traditional jazz). To our shocked surprise, he not only knew Muskat Ramble, but took a pretty good solo when it came his turn. But he snarled at us when he came off the stand.

I don't know what this is all about. I just got thinking of the Copley Terrace.

▲ ▲

Whatever Joe Shepherd did for the Government before he retired recently, it should have been in the diplomatic service.

The other day, Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town asked Joe to frankly rate his kazoo playing. "well, Jazzbo," Joe said thoughtfully, "I'd rank you about third in the country."

Jazzbo could not contain his happiness at the compliment. "Who are the others?" He asked.

Joe smiled upon him and let him have it: "Johnson McCree is second, and about 10,000 guys are tied for first," he said.

▲ ▲

EVERY KNOCK'S A BOOST OR (CONCEIVABLY) VICE VERSA DEPT. That absolutely utterly marvy jazzmag, Jazzology, published by the devine Bill Bacin said the strangest thing in its April-May-June issue, 'wigs. It asked a question: "Is Tailgate Ramblings now a susidiary (sic) of Down Beat?" TR never reads Down Beat, d'Ears, and hardly ever reads Jazzology. Ears is bewitched, bothered, and bemildred. What could dear Bill have been saying? Scads more next month.

▲ ▲

Fred Wahler's got a problem - a problem most band bookers would dream of. He's got too many bands for the picnic! The Sept. 17 PRJC picnic has 14 half-hour time slots between noon and 7PM, but Fred has 16 bands. Is there a solution short of drowning two traditional bands?

Ah, but yes! Be prepared for a little longer picnic this year. Fred has been empowered to procure some lighting, and the result is that Blob's Park (with a name like that it's gotta be good) will swing for an extra hour. Remember the date -Sept. 17, noon- 8pm. --TC ▲ ▲

## COMMUNICATION

Dear PRJCers:

The "Tarnished 6" has finally made it for one decade of paying dues to the union and the fraternity of Pi Kappa Play the Saints. We changed drummers once 3 years ago, and tuba players 5 years ago but other than that, the "Tarnished 6" has been playing 6 or 8 jobs per month for 10 years.

Aside from occasional trips, which include two performances for PRJC and a guest appearance at the St. Louis Ragtime Festival, the band plays mostly in Centre County, Pa., for the delighted Penn State fans, local bar patrons, jazz buffs, and shoppers in a recent grand opening of a supermarket.

As a gesture to all the bar owners, local musicians, and friends who have over the years bought the band a round, or have just been moral support, the Tarnished 6 is throwing one. We would like to extend an invitation to the first 20 PRJC members who would dare to venture to the hinterlands of Central Pennsylvania to hear the locally recognized reigning Kings of Jazz. Beer and food on the band - and probably all over the floor. Please RSVP Roger Munnell 814-355-9634, 645 E. Howard St., Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

If you plan to be traveling the area - like that long postponed trip to Snow Shoe, Pa., etc. - the band can be heard at the Phyrst, a crowded college bar with peanut shells on the floor, or at the exclusive (I really mean it) Toftrees Country Club on Penn State home football weekends.

Locations of these spots are H-11 on a 3-A map or State College, Pa, which is 90 miles north of Harrisburg. Double-check before making the safari by calling me, or Phil Cartwright 814-238-5788.

Roger Munnell

(Editor's Note - Hey, man, thanks, Roger. That's a generous and unique offer, and I'll bet you'll have some takers. And incidentally, thanks to Phil Cartwright for his part in really breaking things up on this year's PRJC boat ride. His splendid banjo was a real contribution to a great ad hoc band. - TC) ▲ ▲

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MUSICIANS WANTED! Library of Congress Lunch Hour Jazz Concerts - Aug. & Sept. Help boost jazz and PRJC! NOT a paying gig. Can you help? Call Dave Littlefield soonest. Home 723-9527; Office 426-6057.

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## PRJC Gets Some Culture

The PRJC has joined the new Cultural Alliance of Greater Washington so that traditional jazz will be represented among all the other performing arts groups of the region. The Alliance was suggested by Nancy Hanks, promoted by Patrick Hayes of the Washington Performing Arts Society, and organized in May by its Chairman, Delano Lewis of the Capitol Ballet.

Other cultural organizations on its planning committee include the Smithsonian, Arena Stage, Opera Society, National Theater, Wolf Trap, Kennedy Center, Folger Theater Group, Corcoran Gallery, Torpedo Factory Art Center, Arlington Dance Theater, National Symphony, and the Jewish Community Center.

Sam Jack Kaufman of the Musicians' Union attended the meeting and indicated his intention to join as did Sam Laudenslager of the Kingsmen. It is proposed that financing come from dues as well as foundation grants. the proposed first year budget of \$80-\$100,000 would provide for a small staff and such services to members as a clearinghouse calendar of events, a newsletter, central cooperative purchasing, printing for members, seminars and workshops. These activities could lead to more bookings for jazzmen, so the PRJC Board named Harold Gray as its delegate to the Alliance.

In a somewhat related development, Joe Carley, leader of the Prince Georges County Studio Jazz Orchestra, proposes the organization of the National Jazz Foundation as a means of getting public and foundation support for community jazz orchestras in the manner that most communities support symphony orchestras. He urges that a National Jazz Orchestra be supported for the Kennedy Center on the same basis as the National Symphony, and that jazz be supported in schools and colleges. PRJC congratulates Joe on his initiative and will be awaiting further developments. ▲ ▲

## B-haus Lists Changes

A shake-up in the schedule at the Brat (see gig list for details) has resulted in one more night of exposure for PRJC bands, and some other changes. Rumors of more are floating - but at presstime, nothing definite.

Largest change brings two newcomers to the Brat lineup - Fatcat's Manassas Festival Jazzers on Wednesdays, and Ed Fishel's Band From Tin Pan Alley alternating Fridays with Bruce Weaver's NO Gang. The Open Jam remains the second Wednesday of each month. ▲ ▲

## President's Message

Reporting further on what your jazz club does for its members, recent decisions of the Board of Directors show steps being taken to increase your enjoyment through our promotion of jazz. The 15 Directors you elected meet the third Wednesday of each month in their various homes to handle the operational details of PRJC.

Recent actions include the purchase of an additional mike, a mixer, and adaptors to improve the sound system at Club events. Fred Wahler has reported that most recent special events, which have attracted near-capacity crowds, have broken financially even or made a little money. Only one of the dance-concerts lost money this year, indicating that more members are attending and bringing additional jazz fans with them.

A policy was adopted by the Board that those wishing to record music at Club events for commercial purposes must secure Board approval and meet its requirements, but that noncommercial recordists may continue to tape so long as they do not disturb performances.

In other actions, Johnson McCree's CPA firm was assigned the job of putting the Club's books in order and setting up guidelines for future treasurers.

To assure that most of our members renewed their memberships, two reminders were mailed and telephone calls were made to our overdue friends. As of the July 20 Board meeting, our total membership was 948.

Organizations wanting jazzbands for their dances and festivities often call the Club, and every effort is made to find a band that is interested. Two fun projects which died aborning for lack of support were charter trips to out-of-town jazz festivals and a weekend jazz cruise to nowhere, perhaps out of Baltimore.

These and other projects of your Club require much volunteer work on the part of your officers and committeemen. Here at the midpoint of this term, it is appropriate to list again the officers and leading workers for PRJC. Home phones are included. Call them if you have ideas or want to help.

Pres. Harold Gray 966-5037  
V.P. Dick Baker 698-8017 (radio  
contacts and 630-PRJC hotline.)  
Rec. Secy Mary Doyle 280-2373  
Membership Secy Doris Baker 698-8017  
Treas. Bill Hughes 978-4928  
TR Editor Ted Chandler (301) 730-6252  
Publicity Ken Underwood 591-9210

Special events Fred Wahler 894-6370  
(band contacts, liaison to other  
clubs)

History and records Anna Wahler 894-6370

Open jam John Doner 536-7674

Shay jam (3rd Fri) Dave Littlefield  
723-9527

Va. shy jam (1st Fri.) Frank McPherson  
938-4461

Musician Directory Dave Littlefield

Museum Rod Clarke 524-6780

Sound systems Dick Baker

Jim Neilsen (703)494-5978

Ray West 370-5605

-- Harold Gray

## Exhibit Year Old

We're celebrating an anniversary this month. One year ago on Aug. 5, we dedicated PRJC's bicentennial project, "The Story of Traditional Jazz," a 4-part audiovisual history of this music we love. At the opening ceremony in the Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Library, the National Museum of Traditional Jazz was awarded recognition by ARBA - the Federal Bicentennial Administration.

The exhibit was originally scheduled to run for 2 months, but acceptance by the local community and visitors from elsewhere in the United States and abroad prompted the library to extend it indefinitely.

A 1-year run for any exhibition is a remarkable achievement. For an exhibit of this kind to be such a success, both high quality and constant maintenance are essential. For the quality we can thank Rod Clarke, who conceived the idea and brought the exhibit to life. For the maintenance, the laurel wreathes go to PRJC's John Morrissey, to Violet Lowens, Coordinator for the Arts for the Library, and her assistant, Valerie Taylor.

I visit the museum almost every time I go into Washington. Parking is no problem. South on 10th St. past H, turn left on G Place, down the ramp, and under the library. Free. Metro makes it easy if you're on foot. It's near the Red Line's Gallery Place station.

To retain the advantageous tax status the Museum now holds, we need a broad base of public support - contributions from a large number of people. And obviously, to mount other exhibits, we need money. Your contribution is tax-deductible. Small checks gratefully received!

Send money! Send it to:

Frank Higdon, Treas.

National Museum of Traditional Jazz  
815 King St.

Alexandria, Va. 22314

-- Eleanor Johnson

# A Private in the Great Saxophone War

## Chapter 4 of Stuart Anderson's Swing Era Memoir

The Alvin Hotel was an ideal site for those early sessions. The clientele consisted mainly of actors, waitresses, vaudeville performers, card sharps, prostitutes, and musicians. The decor, unlike that of the Waldorf-Astoria further east, was plain. The walls were a dull grayish brown, allowing the fly-blown lithograph of the black horse, the white horse, and the lightning to furnish dramatic contrast. Later, the walls were painted a poisonous green, apparently to give the cockroaches a nervous breakdown (a stratagem that didn't work), since those hardy little denizens continued to scamper about, the clicking of their busy feet aggravating the hangovers.

The room was large - a suite in fact - and contained a piano. (I never did learn the reason for that piano. Had it belonged to an early proprietor's daughter, and had she studied with Nadia Boulanger, and had she filled those faintly echoing spaces with Debussy's delicate tracteries?) And what about the size of that room and my being 3 weeks behind in the rent in those depression days? The other musicians said to me; "What entitles a schmuck like you to a pad like this?"

So we would set up. Bob Forrest, my friend the drummer whom we had picked up on our erratic journey from 46th and Broadway, would wrestle a suitcase out of the cluttered closet, dump the dirty shirts, undershirts, and socks, pluck a pair of "fly swatters" out of his pocket, open them up, and we would start.

I'm trying to remember the tunes we played - Dinah, Honeysuckle Rose, and the Blues - but does that matter? My mind goes back to Bill King (a different Gary Cooper from a parallel universe, caught in our world?) slapping the bass - stump, stump, stump, stump; Bob Forrest, a malicious smirk on his gangster face, stirring the boiling rhythm; Bill Long, humped over the keys, his left hand grinding out a bass ostinato, his right hand flicking back and forth; Johnny Cunniffe, his County Cork pickle face squeezed to a point as he tried to force those frantic notes through a tightly crammed mute; and me, stomping my right heel into a dirty old pillow - playing a thousand notes, tonguing some, slurring others (echoing Hawkins's contemporary oscillations)\* --while the smoke (not stemming entirely from tobacco) swirled around and bottles crashed in the courtyard.

In the late summer of 1932, after a confused period of stints in Chinese-

American restaurants (3 sessions a day at \$25 a week) separated by prolonged hiatuses during which little or no money changed hands, I landed a job at The Farm, a night club near White Plains, N.Y., at \$40 a week.

I can honestly cite that engagement as one of the early turning points in my artistic life. It was one long jam session, except for the times when we had to play The Darktown Strutters' Ball for a local drunken friendly butcher who furnished meat to the proprietor on easy credit.

George Hnida, an excellent musician, was on bass; there was a good pianist whose name I can't remember. Johnny Cunniffe was on trumpet; Rusty Jones played good swing trombone. Sal Pace played alto and excellent jazz clarinet. Buddy Schultz was the drummer, and also the band leader. He didn't bother us - sitting back with a delighted, astounded smile on his face during the hectic goings-on, hardly touching the drums. An excellent leader.

Each of us had his idols: George liked Pops Foster; the pianist was a Tatum fan. Johnny listened to Louis Armstrong, of course, as well as Wingy Mannone and others - a broad spectrum. Rusty Jones divided his allegiance between J.C. Higginbotham and Claude Jones; Sal liked Buster Bailey. And so it went. I listened to many tenor men - Babe Russin, Happy Caldwell, and several others - but Hawk had what I really wanted. He was bigger than all the others put together.

Musicians drove up from New York to sit in. Happy Lawson (also a Hawkins man) and I fought gigantic battles.

But then the job folded up on New Years Day.

-----  
\* Those readers lucky enough to own the Columbia 4-record album, A STUDY IN FRUSTRATION, The Fletcher Henderson Story, can check my remarks by listening to the following tracks: Raisin' the Roof (April 1929) in which Hawkins's treatment is largely legato; Blazin' (recorded about the same time) where he reverts to heavy tonguing; and My Gal Sal (1931) where he again slurs. It seems obvious that in the course of those "fluctuations," Hawk was shaping the style that carried him through the 1940s. (More about this later.)▲▲

TROMBONE, bass (or tuba), drums (wash-board) wanted for new working band. Dixie, swing, old songs, bluegrass. Call Dave Littlefield, 723-9527 after 4 pm.

## Wyndham Band at Marriott

Tex Wyndham has something of a reputation as a hard musical task-master with an eye (and ear) for perfection. This writer has no idea of the facts of the matter - for all we know he keeps his bullwhip in the piano bench.

It should be noted however that:

- His band is remarkably well-rehearsed and sharp;
- The band members seem to dig what they are doing and take pride in it;
- You don't have the breath-taking repertoire the Wyndham band has without a lot of woodshedding.

Of all the bands who have played this year for PRJC specials only the New Black Eagles clearly outclass the Red Lion JB. And at least in repertoire, one wonders whether even the Eagles range across as much material.

(While one may legitimately wonder whether Little Orphan Annie is really a jazz immortal, it was awfully good to hear such wholly neglected tunes as The World's Jazz Crazy; Titanic Man Blues; and Perdido St. Blues.)

Wyndham's cornet playing has bite and authority. His singing, despite a slight tendency toward archness, is most often clear and to the point and an aid to the overall performance.

As to the rest of the band, Mike Mills on trombone, Rick Cordrey on piano, and Al Back on tuba are towers of strength, and imperturbable Bud Ahearn on banjo lays down a steady rhythmic pattern. Jim Weaver on clarinet - and on the rarely heard bass clarinet - is an interesting if not particularly forceful musician. Jon Williams is carried as a washboard player and there is no drummer - a fact which makes the rest of the rhythm section work very hard indeed.

Make no mistake. This is a very good band, one that grows on one. The crowd at the Potomac Room was smaller than some of the gatherings thus far this year, but it was an enthusiastic one, and for a beautiful change, the room was comfortable, the drinks - overpriced - were readily available, and the general ambience favorable to good jazz.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ▲▲

## PRJC-FM Off & Swinging

The PRJC radio show, "The Jazz Band Ball," is now completely in our hands and running more or less smoothly every Sunday evening (6:00-7:30 pm, WPFW-FM, 89.3 MHz). In addition to my chores as program coordinator, I have now taken over the engineer's console for the show, so you'll all know who to blame the next time one tune is announced and another played. As

of this writing the show is booked up through November with many interesting programs.

The August schedule:

Aug. 7 - Sonny McGown - "Ed Hall"

Drummer/record collector McGown presents a program featuring the clarinet artistry of Ed Hall in company with such jazz greats as Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Wild Bill Davison, Claude Hopkins, Ralph Sutton and many others. More prominent records will be featured along with some rare but exciting performances.

Aug. 14 - Don Farwell - "Emerson Parker Memorial"

Parker was Washington's leading traditional jazz authority from WWII til his death in 1957. He had a weekly radio show and was president of the DC Hot Jazz Society. Records from among Parker's favorites, including those of his special musical love, Duke Ellington, will be featured.

Aug 21 - Hal Farmer - "Traditional Jazzbands of Australia"

Trombonist/recording engineer Farmer plays top jazzbands of his native country. Featured are: Graeme Bell, Roger Bell, Ade Monsborough, and others.

Aug. 28 - Bob Sauer & Sam Laudenslager - "The Big Bands are Back"

Leaders of two area big bands play and discuss the music of their bands and others in this area.

In addition to our show and its other jazz programming, WPFW is scheduling special programs to honor jazz stars on their birthdays (How many of you caught the marvelous 22 hours of Louis on July 4?) August specials include: Count Basie (8/21, 8-mid.); Les Young 8/27 (time to be announced); Charlie Parker (8/29, all 24 hours). Traditionalists, cheer up. There's a Jelly Roll special coming up in September! -Dick Baker ▲▲

## Jazz Minors Here 6th

The Jazz Minors (unlike Big Spider Beck - see TR, Nov. '75 - they are minors not minors) are a group of Oregon teenagers who dig the sounds of traditional jazz and have played them in places like the White House.

They'll play for PRJC on Sat. Aug 6 at the Potomac Room of the Marriott Twin Bridges. The group is set for the Maryland Inn in Annapolis for the week preceding their PRJC appearance, and last spring garnered lots of publicity for themselves by playing on the White House lawn. They have been on the jazz fest circuit this summer, getting ovations at Sacramento and elsewhere. ▲▲

Got those mean old I don't know where the action is blues? Call 630-PRJC

Why not place this ad on a bulletin board to remind your friends or co-workers of this great attraction!

prjc

p r e s e n t s

THE  
JAZZ MINORS



AUGUST 6th

9 - 1

POTOMAC ROOM  
TWIN BRIDGES MARRIOTT

MEMBERS \$4.00  
NON-MEMBERS \$5.00

# A Pride of Prejudices

Scratch any occupational group hard enough and you can probably turn up a few eccentrics. Some groups you don't need to scratch as hard as others. The English clergy, for instance. Or musicians.

A notorious oddball in the annals of early jazz was Leon Ropollo, clarinetist with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. He startled night club audiences in the early 20's by wearing white socks with his tuxedo. He also reputedly practiced by putting his ear to telephone poles, then playing along with the humming of the wires.

From Ropollo on, clarinetists have always been a little...well, different. I remember one who played with the Good Time 6 a few years ago. A fine musician, he just didn't know a lot of our tunes. When I offered to lend him records so he could learn them, he was aghast. "I couldn't do that," he said. "It spoils my playing when I listen to jazz."

One of the greatest characters I ever played with was a cornetist up in Philadelphia named Andy Mitchell. Andy had gotten his education the hard way, from the mines and mills of the Middle West. He could charm birds out of the trees, and with any formal education would have made a damn fine ambassador. But he could be stubborn. And just a bit forgetful.

We were playing a cellar club in Drexel Hill, Pa. in '65 called the Club Storyville, and for some weeks Andy had been fighting his horn. His tone was strained, and his face looked like a piece of moustachioed sirloin when he blew.

Every weekend we would suggest as tactfully as possible that the horn needed cleaning. And every weekend Andy would retort with considerable heat, "Goddamn it, I tell ya I cleaned it!"

Then one spring Friday Andy was blowing like his old self again. Good tone and execution. And his complexion had returned to normal.

Praise for his performance was greeted with disdain. "Course I'm blowing better," he growled. "Only reason I was having trouble was there was a cleaning rag stuck in the horn."

To give the music the full measure of devotion the goddess deserves, one must pay a high price. Sometimes this means that innocent bystanders also pay a high price. In my teens, for instance, I used to determine a date's true worth by seeing whether she could survive 5 hours at a front table at Nick's or Jimmy Ryan's

and not look pained by 2 a.m. The turnover was considerable among my female acquaintances in those days.

A strain of music mania ran in the family. My Uncle Sid loved music in this extravagant fashion. Though not an exceptionally religious man, he couldn't pass a church of any denomination without going in. Not to pray. Just to look at the organ.

This was his thing; organs and church music. At 15, he quit Hartford High School to work in an organ factory, and from 17 on, he earned his living as a professional organist.

When Uncle Sid eventually mixed music with matrimony, the outcome was tragic. He died on his honeymoon in Bermuda at the age of 40. I was 7 when Uncle Sid died. Nine years later, when I threatened to become as obsessed by "hot jazz" as he had been by organ music, he returned to our household in spirit. At the time, I only owned 2 jazz records, and my favorite by far was The Jazz Me Blues by Bob Crosby's Bob Cats. Sometimes, when I had played it over and over again for half an hour or so, to memorize a break by Irving Fazola, my father would become mindful of a dangerous heritage.

"Remember your Uncle Sid," he would shout, banging on my bedroom door. I knew what he meant, and I guess he was right.

I was lucky. I survived a honeymoon, and 40 is but a distant memory (was I ever so young???). It's just that these tunes keep going round and round in my head. Round and round. Round and...

-- Al Webber ▲ ▲

Participants in the shy jams held currently in two locations in Va. and DC will recall that last month we printed part of a play list of tunes to be used. We promised to continue the list in this issue. True to our invariable habit of often keeping our promises, TR herewith continues the listing: Honeysuckle Rose (F); I'm Confessin' (Ab,F); Indiana (F); Jazz Me Blues (Eb); Keepin' Out of Mischief Now (C); Lazy River (F); Muskat Ramble (Bb); Melancholy Baby (Eb); Sunny Side of the St. (C); Original Dixieland One-Step (Bb-Eb-Ab); Rockin' Chair (Eb); Royal Garden Blues (Bb); St. James Infirmary (Ab-Fm); Some-day You'll Be Sorry (Eb); Sweet Ga. Brown (Ab); That's A-Plenty (F-Bb); Who's Sorry Now? (Bb); and Yellow Dog Blues (Bb).

# Notes on Tom Delaney

By THURMAN AND MARY GROVE

Mr. Tom led the way up three creaky flights of stairs, finally swinging open a door into a spacious room. The scene was above Pierce's "Three Star" Restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue in Baltimore where Tom spends his idle moments. In one corner was a rosy chunk-stove fire. Two old-fashioned windows, extending from floor to ceiling, allowed a flood of sunlight to fill the room. There was also a small table, a low cot covered with an Army blanket, and a battered upright piano. The man who stood before us was Tom Delaney. He said he was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in September, 1889; now at the age of 55 he seems a picture of glowing health. He is a man of average stature, trim, eyes aglow with a youthful sparkle.



Tom Delaney

Tom Delaney is best remembered as composer of words and music of *Jazz Me Blues*, *Down Home Blues*, *Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning*, *Absentminded Blues*, *Walk That Broad*, and scores of other hits. At the tender age of 12 Tom first appeared in amateur productions held in his home town. Then took to the road, barnstorming, playing theaters, dance halls, amusement parks, and cabarets, with his song and dance act, later to become manager for a number of years of Ethel Waters, touring with the Henderson Band, doing a bit of recording himself, continually writing countless other blues numbers, being thrown in contact with just about all of the Jazz Greats, and being a part of and first-hand witness to the beginning and growth of Jazz to the present day.

Tom Delaney was pleased at the prospect of talking blues, and just kept moving about motioning with his cap as he talked, sitting a bit on the table top then jumping up to explain some new idea. Sometimes he sang some lyrics from a tune under discussion; his voice was full and steady and very plaintive.

He was eager to discuss his famous and

ever recorded *Jazz Me Blues*. It was written right in New Orleans—1920. He was sitting on a bench in the warm sunlight just outside his dressing room at the Lyric Theater, and *Jazz Me Blues* was his description of that city and its atmosphere. It was published by Edward B. Marks, and was Tom's first break. And he told us—"Be sure to say that Edward B. Marks gave me my first breaks—still does after over twenty years through him, and he has come to my rescue in all my troubles. Be sure to say that."

"Well, Tom, did you ever want to be a first-rate pianist?"

"Oh, no! Not like Fletcher (Henderson). I only made one mistake in life, and that worked to my advantage. I didn't study music, and was better for it, 'cause if I'd gotten all over the keyboard, I'd have started gopping and stealing a little from you, a little from all the others, and I would've lost my own touch. It just comes natural with me—writing music and lyrics too. Never write any over or any under, and see the way some fellows do, work their lyrics time after time till it stops 'em, and they can't make it go, with me looking over their shoulder and I know just what lyric they want but don't tell 'em. I wrote all my own way, and that kept the singers close to me. But sometimes they didn't feel it like I had, like my *Southbound Blues* that Ma Rainey did (Para 12227). She just ruined it for me. Same way with *Log Cabin Blues* with Trixie Smith on the Black Swan. (Tom didn't seem to recall the Clarence Williams' instrumental version on OK 8572—which of course was a best seller of its day.) Writing blues is a deep-thinking feeling, and when you wake up in the morning like in *Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning*, do you have that one?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer went on. "I had ordered Woodward the pianist to

put in notes like a rooster crowing—'cause the rooster is happier than you is. But the way they do today just makes me laugh—they steal from all over and everybody pats their hands like wild. But take me, I could get my derby—no blackenin' or nuthin' and do my song and dance act, and stop the show over there." (Tom pointed out a window toward the marquee of the Royal Theatre

across the busy Pennsylvania Avenue.) His eyes sparkled on speaking of his act—Song, Dance, and Comedy, and how he changed it completely each swing around the circuit, so that he could play the same house maybe three times a year.

It was later when Jesse Means, a local collector, brought Tom to our place for a session, that he told us his career began with a group from Jenkins Orphanage in Charleston known as the Springfield Minstrels. It was then at the age of twelve that he composed his first song, *I Don't Know What's Wrong Between Me and My Baby*, which he sang at many shows and bazaars around Charleston. Upon leaving the Orphanage a few years later Tom didn't lose time entering show business. He and a chum from Charleston, named Henderson Mitchell, formed a vaudeville partnership known as Mitchell & Delaney, working together until World War I. Barnstorming was tough—cold hours aboard trains from one city to another all over New England, down the Middle Atlantic States—around and around, traveling not only the Keith and Orpheum circuits but smaller ones, and, when billing was slack, one nighters at dance halls or amusement parks. Although they kept moving, times were tough and money was sometimes scarce, causing Tom to comment, "We were thrown out of so many boarding houses, we began to feel like baseball players." Mitchell split the team when he decided to set out for Chicago while Tom preferred the East. With sundry other partners Tom gradually began a rise to prominence. Things came easier and it was heaven indeed to spend seven years playing for John J. Quigley at the Glass Pavilion at Steeplechase Park on Coney Island.

Back on tour, Tom wrote *Jazz Me Blues* in New Orleans, using it in his shows on the way north. A week before his arrival in New York, Lucile Hegomin recorded *Jazz Me*, and Tom planned using her in his next tour, but before he could get to New York she signed with another management and slipped out of his grasp. Instead Tom secured Ethel Waters, who stayed with him for five years. Her first tour, which Tom managed and directed, used Fletcher Henderson's Band of six pieces, and covered

from New York as far west as Pittsburgh, into the South, ending some place in Texas. *Jazz Me Blues* caught on in royal fashion and created the fad for "Jazz Shoes," "Jazz Ties" and "Jazz Hose," which shopkeepers displayed in their windows on Broadway.

Later on came our favorite *Down Home Blues* written on the top floor of 589 Oxford Street here in Baltimore. He was in a lonesome mood, just sitting there with neck-bones simmering on the stove, and down to his last "thirty-five." All at once it came to him. He snatched the empty neck-bone bag and set it down. Then went to his piano, chorded it, and called his wife saying, "Baby, I think I got a hit," and hummed it over. She said, "Daddy, just let's get it to New York," which he did for another success. Tom reveled in again hearing Ethel Waters *Down Home* (Col. 14093). He said she was under contract to him then and for some years later but *Down Home* was the high point of her career.

In early Spring of 1925 Tom tried his hand at recording, cutting four of his own numbers for Columbia. He was accompanied at the piano by Fred Longshaw and all four are nearly entirely vocal, although Longshaw plays a beautiful solo on the *Bow-legged Mama* side. These were released as *You Ain't Living Right*, *Parson Jones*, *Bow-legged Mama* (Columbia 14122) and *Georgia Stockade Blues*, *I'm Leavin' Just to Ease My Worried Mind* on Columbia 14082. One of Tom's seemingly proudest possessions is a gift from his son, a fine pianist, of the Columbia 14122 recently located in the scrap collection.

Tom continued in show business for some ten years more, all the while keeping up, as he does today, his flow of new blues material, and maintaining contact with jazz history in the making.

Talk drifted to old musicians; one of his warmest memories is of the help and inspiration he received throughout his career from another fine blues composer, Chris Smith, who ever urged Tom to improve his lyrics and to make his songs worthwhile. He seemed fascinated in the tale of the finding of Louis' teacher Bunk, and laughed in jolly fashion at the mention of Joe Smith whom he called the "stealing trumpet player." He recalled that to his mind Jelly Roll was a sort of "Lucky Boy" and was a poor mixer—stayed lots to himself. This seems odd since Jelly as a collector hears him is nearly always distinguished by unbounded geniality on his various band sides. On hearing *Dr. Jazz* and other brisk Jelly Roll's Tom seemed most taken by the tempos which he referred to as "tough." He recalled early Henderson days and how, when Coleman Hawkins joined the

band, the first appearance of his cheap battered sax was greeted with shrieks of laughter. Tom said, "You don't mean that that boy is going to play that thing?" to which Fletcher just smiled and said, "Wait—he's good."

Tom amazed all at his memory of recording dates, various labels and personnel. His memory of these matters is clear and vivid, and he could quote not only labels but the manner in which accompanying bands were listed, even on such obscure labels as Arto and Black Swan. However, Tom didn't fully seem to realize the vast number of times *Jazz Me* has been recorded. His reactions to the sundry versions played were interesting. At the offset, however, it should be noted that Tom still looks upon *Jazz Me* as a vocal blues rather than an instrumental one. He was not aware his tune has been taken almost as a trademark of Chicago style jazz. The lyrics have seldom been used since the pioneer Lucile Hegomin's version on Arto. Likewise, it is interesting to note that of all existing versions of the tune, it has been recorded at least ten times by white artists (usually Chicagoan in nature) to each single version by colored groups. At any rate Tom moaned aloud on hearing the Berigan Victor. The Memphis Five on Columbia aroused no particular interest. The pace and tempo of the fast driving versions by Krupa (Decca), New Orleans Rhythm Kings on Decca, the Decca MacPartland, the Teschmaker UHCA, Charlie Pierce Paramount, all seemed to hit the spot. The Original Dixieland version held a warm spot in his heart since it was the one that was the big seller. Wingie's vocal on his Bluebird sort of went over also since it's one of the few versions with lyrics.

Much has been written regarding Bix's two conceptions of *Jazz Me*—one with the Wolverines—the other three years after with his studio outfit. The Wolverine version—Bix stuff and all—left the composer rather cold, but we were amazed when Tom went literally wild over the Bix Gang side, praising the Bill Rank trombone solo and marveling in particular at the smoother solo by Bixie. Out of them all, Mr. Tom much preferred this latter, and said it was entirely his idea of exactly how he would want to do it if making the record himself.

Of another of his big hits, *Georgia Stockade Blues*, here is the story of its composition:

"It was at a railroad station at a southern town. They had two colored fellows with a rope tied on them and they were taking them somewhere in Georgia, and I said to myself, 'This is awful.' So we got on the train and the

guard and the two sat opposite me and asked me for a cigarette. 'No, I haven't a cigarette, pal.' My wife said to ask the guard, 'Is it all right to give them one?'

The guard said okay and when the candy butcher came through, I bought four packs. I was drawn to the fellow who was taking care of them. 'What did they do?' 'Playin' craps and fightin'.' 'What time did they get?' 'Mister, there ain't no time, they'll keep them there as long as they can.' I went up in the front of the car and sat there with a cigar and couldn't get it off my mind. I was going to Jacksonville for a hundred and seventy-five dollar job, and they didn't know where they were going. I leaned my head over against the seat in front of me and began to hum, and the words just seemed to come:

"Days are dreary, nights seem long  
Down in Georgia on a Stockade farm  
Doin' time for a crime, they found me  
guilty  
Without one dime, guards all around  
me with a gun  
Shoot me down like a rabbit if I start  
to run.

#### CHORUS

"Five long years in a State stockade  
Workin' from sun to sun.  
Evenin' goes, mornin' comes,  
My daily task was never done  
Chippin' boxes, Lawd,  
Down on a turpentine farm.  
At night can't raise my arm,  
Both legs shackled to a ball and chain  
Pleadin' for mercy, but it's all in vain.  
Ankles all swollen, can't wear no shors,  
I got the meanest kind of Georgia  
Stockade Blues."

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Some months ago, a great female race singer appeared at the Royal. Did he go to see her? "No," he said. "She doesn't know me any more, and I'm a funny guy. When they're on top, I don't like to seem to have my hand out, but I lets them come to me if they want. You see, I believe in the Supreme Being, and I know He'll watch out for me—and I think I'll set out for New York some time soon—I've got a hundred and fifty numbers—all new material, and I want to go barnstorming—just one more tour and shake the hands of all my friends, and maybe I'll get the breaks again."

## New Orleans Recollections



by R. J. Carow

From 1908 to 1912 I was cashier at the New Orleans branch of the Remington Typewriter Company. In September 1912 I went on the road for the company, traveling in Mississippi and Louisiana. During the first year or two as cashier, one of the star city salesmen was Ashton Carroll, who made such a fine sales record that the company promoted him to be manager of the Cincinnati branch. Carroll did well in Cincinnati, but the saying is, that after a person has imbibed the Mississippi River water at New Orleans, the Crescent City germ gets into the system, and after that one is never content to stay away from town. Be that as it may, Mr. Carroll returned to New Orleans about 1911, after a year or so in Cincinnati. One Saturday afternoon I was working in the office, and Carroll and a friend from Cincinnati were there also. Suddenly from the street came the sound of a New Orleans band; a typical parade was marching on Baronne Street. When Carroll heard the music, he immediately hurried to the front door.

Ernest Boehringer, who at the time was manager of the Triangle Theatre. Another of Leclerc's compositions, of which there were several, was *Sweet Cooke*, a song which was recorded by Marion Harris on Columbia A3457 (79961). (Not recorded in very hot style, by the way.) Another couple of entertainers were the Kingstons Mrs. Kingston playing high class piano for her husband to sing to; later they were joined by their daughter, Margaret, a very pleasant girl with teeth and smile such as are often seen in dentifrice advertisements. The first time I ever heard *Troll of the Longosa Pine* was one evening when a singer brought the number to Mrs. Kingston to try over. It was brand new, and the first time Mrs. Kingston had seen it. She started to play it as written, but it was not in the singer's key, so Mrs. Kingston transposed it and played it without a flaw the first time over.

Although New Orleans was the fountain head of hot rag and jazz piano playing, the common folks there were just as susceptible to musical hokum as they were elsewhere in the country. Merit always has a hard time to win out over sentimentalism, affected or genuine. I remember a ragtime playing contest that was held in the Dauphine Theatre, I believe about 1916. It was between white piano players, among whom were Irwin Leclerc, mentioned above, and Kid Ross, another well known New Orleans player. There were other good players, and a considerable amount of good rag-time and jazz was dashed off the piano. Kid Ross gave out with some very characteristic genuine Basin Street honky tonk music, and Leclerc slanted off some of his stuff that would compare favorably with the best of today's output. But neither one was the winner, the award going by audience acclaim to a mediocre player who pounded out *Yankee Doodle* with one hand while thumping out *Dixie* with the other.

Jelly Roll Morton could mention having taken part in many piano playing contests, generally admitting(?) with his usual modesty that he came out winner. His admiration for Tony Jackson was unbounded, but he told me with considerable pride that he had beaten Tony once in a contest. Jelly Roll said that, as the other contestants were seated on the stage while Tony was playing, he (Jelly) was seated near enough to the piano to keep telling Tony, softly once, 'You can't sing now... You can't sing now.' I don't know if that affected Tony's playing any, but Jelly Roll won the contest.

It would have been strange if Tony Jackson could have been bothered by Jelly Roll's reverse coaching while he was playing the piano. I remember that at the last place I heard him in New Orleans, Frank Farly's cafe, I believe, the piano was in poor repair; among other defects, there was a key in the bass that would stay down every time it was hit, but that never seemed to bother Tony. He would keep going just as smoothly as a well oiled machine, and when the key would go down, Tony would pull it up without the slightest interruption in his playing and singing. To me he was always remarkable. One night I sat there listening to the man who 'knew a thousand songs' putting out his usual high class presentation of good rags and late songs, when a stranger stepped over to the piano and requested Tony to sing *Everybody's Doin' It*, which in my estimation is about the poorest effort Berlin ever put forth, even if it did get very popular. 'I don't know that one,' replied Tony, and the stranger walked away and out of the cafe. I looked at Tony in surprise, and said 'You certainly ought to know that song, popular as it is.' Tony grinned at me and replied 'Oh I know it all right...but I hate the damn thing!'



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of music creep in our ears....."  
- The Merchant of Venice -

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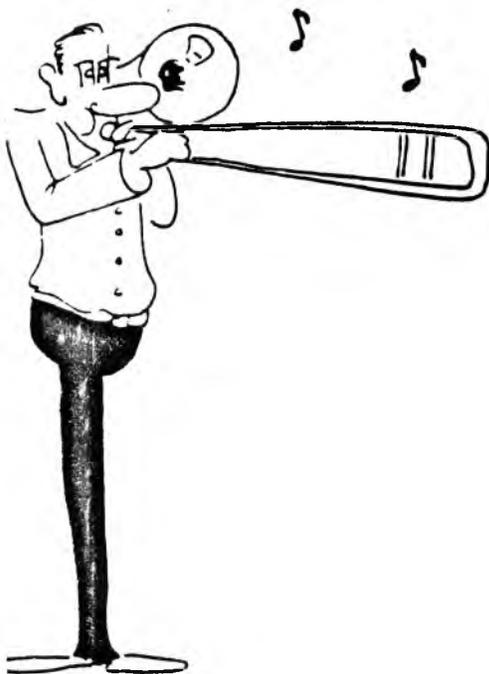
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