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TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

October 1977 Vol. 7 No. 10

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION - POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

(Please print or type)

NAME _____

SPOUSE'S NAME (for 2nd membership card) _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE & ZIP _____

PHONE NO. _____ OCCUPATION (Opt.) _____

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 (Why styles interest you, etc.)

PRJC dues are \$10 per year.

PRJC is in the process of changing its fiscal year from one beginning April 1 to the calendar year. New members should pay according to the following schedule:

<u>If you join</u>	<u>you pay</u>	<u>which pays you up to</u>
Sep 1 - Oct 31	\$6	April 1, 1978
Nov 1 - Dec 31	\$4	April 1, 1978
After 1/1/78	\$10	January 1, 1979

Checks should be made payable to "Potomac River Jazz Club."

Mail to: Doris B. Baker
Membership Secretary
7004 Westmoreland Road
Falls Church, Virginia 22042

PRJC

Tailgate Ramblings

October 1977

Vol. 7 No. 10

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

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

7160 Talisman Lane
Columbia, Md. 21045

Record Crowd at Picnic

Fred Wahler summed it up. In a short, emotional speech responding to a standing ovation at the annual PRJC picnic, Sept. 17, Fred pointed to the record-breaking number of happy listeners and the unprecedentedly high quality of the music and said, "That's what it's all about, isn't it?"

From the first sounds of a somewhat patched up Dixie 5-0 at noon until nearly 11 pm, when the last of the jammers finally succumbed to exhausted chops, the Blob's Park welkin rang continuously.

Ray West, head of the gate committee, was happily brandishing the number 938 at the end of the day - the record-breaking total of the name cards handed out to serve as tickets.

From a musical point of view the picnic was no less a triumph. With a minimum of substitutions the familiar PRJC bands - the Stutz Bearcats, the Federal Jazz Commission, the New Sunshine, Wild Bill Whelan, the Bay City 7, the Storyville 7, Fatcat's Jazzers, Southern Comfort, and the rest paraded in seemingly endless procession.

The fact that most bands were pretty much intact helped greatly in preserving identities and styles. When Southern Comfort was followed by the New Sunshine JB in a triumph of imaginative scheduling, it was possible to hear exactly the tremendous contrasts, stylistic and musical, contained under the rubric of traditional jazz. Southern Comfort with

its powerhouse front line of Kenny Fulcher, John Skillman, and Al Brogdon opened with a blistering reading of Charlie Shavers' Undecided (allowing Fulcher to tear up the higher reaches of his axe's range) and continued through a set which hit crescendo after crescendo. The Sunshines on the other hand quietly played music which even made the Federal Jazz Commission sound a bit modern and gave a half hour of comfort to the ragtimers and the more mouldy of the figs in the audience.

A brand new band played its first public gig at the picnic. Kim Warner, with a shiny new bass sax, brought his Baltimore Night Owls and despite a few rough spots, showed promise of rewards to come.

Also spotlighted was the Buck Creek JB, a slightly amended version of the band which accompanied Lew Green of the Salty Dogs on the Potomac cruise early this summer.

The picnic this year came of age with record breaking attendance, an unprecedented number of bands, and high priority given to excellence. With few exceptions the bands were intact and showed evidence of careful rehearsal. It should be remembered that it was a freebie. No band received payment for participation.

It is hard to figure any way in which the picnic could have been improved. It was a perfect afternoon, a receptive, happy audience, and consistently high quality music. And yes, Fred - that is indeed what it's all about!

(And by the way, whoever it was who lost his car keys at the picnic can pick them up at Fox Chevrolet in Baltimore!) ▲ ▲

The Yankee Rhythm Kings - a Boston-based band with a two-trumpet front line - will be the October guests of the Potomac River Jazz Club at it's monthly Potomac Room special.

With a regular Friday gig in a boite in downtown Boston, the YRK has survived and grown in popularity in jazz-sophisticated Massachusetts since 1974, with a book drawing heavily from Oliver and Morton. Personnel includes: Dave Whitney and Paul Monat - tpts; Bob Connors - tbn; Blair Bettencourt - clt; Don Bennett - po; Cal Owen - bjo; Stu Gunn - tuba; and Ray Smith - drums.

Their gig with PRJC will take place as usual at the Twin Bridge Marriott, Saturday, Oct. 15, beginning at 9 p.m. ▲ ▲

Be the first kid on your block to know what's happening. To combat that uninformed feeling call:

630-PRJC

But On The Other Hand

An Editorial Outcry

There has been some criticism of a couple of things in the last issue. Let's look at them:

1) Some felt that Don Coyle's letter should not have been published. But this is in great part an organ for its readers. If a member of PRJC cannot have free speech in his own club's newsletter where can he have it? In that spirit, I am printing a letter in this issue that makes I think an unfair and abusive attack ad hominem on me. But the writer has a right so long as he obeys the laws concerning slander and the demands of common decency, and is germane to the purposes of this club.

2) There was some feeling about the adverse review of the Jazz Minors. We didn't particularly dig their efforts and said so. The Republic will survive. The foundations of traditional jazz will not crumble.

Part of the job of reporting on the lively arts includes making judgements on performances. Informed judgements hopefully - but honest judgements anyway. I have no intention of neglecting that responsibility.

▲ ▲

Boston - 1941. The Savoy was jumping. (The old Savoy on Columbus - a slightly funky, mostly Black music bar which would be closed in the reform drive after the Cocomanut Grove fire. It would later open on Mass. Ave., between Huntingdon and Columbus.) Sabby Lewis's band was wailing this night. Ricky Pratt, 18 and soon to die of TB, was blowing great tenor. Joe Booker was punishing his drums. The crowd was beginning to feel the drinks the overworked waitresses were pushing as hard as they could.

By the door, Mal and Jesse the bouncers, were telling a white MP that his presence was offensive - that they could look after any trouble. The MP left and Mal was back, circulating through the room.

On the stand, Sabby had just finished working over a Basie rocker and was embarking on a Savoy Sultans tune when there was a stir up front, a swelling patter of applause, and the craning of necks. A pretty heavy somebody had walked in. Sabby looked over his shoulder, did a doubletake, and broke into a wide grin. Motioning the band to break off what they were playing, he called Stompin at the Savoy.

A bespectacled young man approached the stand and asked Ricky Pratt if he might borrow his clarinet. Ricky looked worshipful. With that, Benny Goodman

clambered up onto the stand, hefted his borrowed axe, and took off on a wild swinging solo unlike anything he ever put on record. He was not the King of Swing, but a kid from Southside Chittown, exuberant, carefree, playing a clarinet full of Johnny Dodds, Jimmy Noone, Tesch, and Pee Wee. After maybe four choruses, Goodman turned toward the brass section, which had set up a comfortable swinging riff behind him, and hurled a 4-bar phrase at them. Back it came from them, and off they all romped into a battle which still rings in my ears. It finally got broken up by Steve Connally, the owner, who was beginning to notice that everyone was listening to the proceedings and paying no attention to the waitresses.

I never heard Benny before or since play anything approaching that evening at the Savoy. Don't tell me there's no magic in jazz. --TC ▲ ▲

President's Comments

The PRJC picnic at Blob's Park on Sept. 17 under Fred and Anna Wahler's direction was a great success and the best ever. It ran from noon to after 10:30 with 16 bands taking turns followed by 3 lively jam sessions. Attendance was a record - about 950, with \$3,872 taken in.

Members are urged to mark their calendars for the Club's remaining big events of the year: Saturday, Oct. 15, Yankee Rhythm Kings from Boston; Sat., Nov 19, Annual Membership Meeting and election with jazzbands; and Sat. Nov 26, the Original Salty Dogs from Chicago. In addition, please note two more good jazz opportunities: a jazz dance by the Federal Jazz Commission and Washington Channel JB on Oct. 29 at the Twin Bridges Marriott, and the annual Manassas Jazz Festival, Dec. 2-4.

After many years of innumerable services to the Club, Anna and Fred Wahler resigned from the Board of Directors by letter on Sept. 12. Anna had resigned on May 17 but was urged to reconsider. They had announced their intention to resign at the end of November, but for personal reasons, advanced the date about two months. Fred will continue to manage the special events through November. Elected by the Board to succeed them were Mary Doyle, Club Recording Sec'y, and Jim Nielsen, a recording and sound engineer.

And leave New Year's Eve plans open. We'll have news of a Happy New Year bash later on! -- Harold Gray ▲ ▲

Band Throws Party
(Man Bites Dog)

The Tarnished 6 Jazzband of State College, Pa., gave a Sunday afternoon party on Sept. 4 in honor of the band's 10th Anniversary. Held in the 100-year-old Bush House in Bellefonte, Pa., the band had as guests numerous local bar owners, musicians, jazz fans, and relatives, plus "the first 20 PRJC members who telephoned." Don Angell, the Bakers, the Friedman family, the Grays, Eleanor Johnson, and the Wahlers accepted and had a joyful trip.

The lively band put on a great show with professional know-how by all and witty commentary by Roger Munnell, leader and trombone. He presented an amusing history of the band, telling how it evolved from an earlier dixieland band of the region called the Gilded Seven, in which Al Brogdon of Southern Comfort once played. Former members of the Gilded 7 and other local musicians played a set for the SRO crowd. The Tarnished 6 played high-spirited trad standards with a few rare tunes such as Home in Pasadena and Parakeets. They featured some of the best scat singing heard in a long time. Other members were: Jim Ressler - tpt; John Thomas - straight sax; Bill Heppler - po; John Kovelchick - tuba; Phil Cartwright - bjo; and Dick Green - drums. Munnell, Thomas, and Cartwright handled most of the vocals.

The Tarnished 6 played a special dance for PRJC a few years ago, and Cartwright played on the boatride this year. The band plays every Friday night at the Phyrst in State College and occasionally at the nearby Toftrees Country Club. They are keeping jazz alive and well in North Central Pennsylvania.

(Will some Club member please show this story to Al Brogdon? He might enjoy it.) -- HG ▲ ▲

Jazz Fan Dives into Harbor

In the long and frenzied history of jazz, there have been instances when people have gone overboard for their favorite music. Perhaps, though, this has never happened quite so totally as a couple of weeks ago at the S S Nobska in Baltimore's Inner Harbor. The Bay City 7 was wailing and a guy was happily dancing on the dock. All of a sudden, with a splash, he disappeared. He had linded a bit too close to the edge, and couldn't swim. A second jazz lover, unidentified, plunged in and saved the man, pulling him back to dry land.

Both men hung around to dry off in front of the hot band. ▲ ▲

Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band
"The Great 16"
RCA Black and White 731-061

So what are we doing reviewing a set of records cut in 1939? What could be said new about them? Not such an awful lot, really, except that these are the only testimonial evidence of the greatest white jazzband.

Muggsy Spanier's Ragtimers threw off the influences of the ODJB, the NORK, and Bix despite the fact that they used a number of ODJB tunes and harbored the NORK trombonist. They went for inspiration back to King Oliver and Louis Armstrong. Their tightness and power were and remained unique among white jazzbands (with the exception of the rather self-conscious reconstructions by Lu Watters a few years later) until very recent times. But Muggsy was no tuba-and-banjo recreator of a legend. Here is no attempt to reconstruct the classic N.O. front line. Various, Ray McKinstry, Bernie Billings, and Nick Caiazza were on tenor sax with the Ragtimers.

The reference to Morton and Oliver, then, was almost entirely in spirit, not form. Selections were not very adventurous - Black and Blue (we are spared the vocal), Dinah, At Sundown, Eccentric, Sister Kate, etc. - even by 1939 standards. But the front line was a powerhouse. Muggsy on cornet, Brunis - trombone, and Rod Cless - clarinet plus one of the three above-listed tenors. Little was left to chance. Arrangements were worked out with scrupulous care to allow for successful integration of the sax.

The beauty part was that almost everything seemed to work. The tempo change on Dinah was a bit strained, and Brunis's shouted exhortations to Muggsy on Big Butter and Egg Man were not really needed, but those aside, it is hard to find a weak spot.

The question recurs: Why do we choose now to review a record which has been in so many collections so long? Mostly because after a search of 17 years I found a copy the other day. The last time I heard the whole set was when I had it on 78's back in the 40's. So it was a challenge. Was I engaging in a nostalgic recherche du temps perdidu, or were the records as good as my memory of them? Answer: They were better.

I would not want to compare Muggsy's band to the best Black bands - Oliver, the Hot 5 and 7, the Red Hot Peppers, perhaps Lovie Austin and some Clarence Williams groups. But no white band before or since has come so close.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town

COMMUNICATION

Editor:

We regret having missed the Jazz Minors. We understand from fans who heard them that they're excellent musicians, enthusiastic about playing jazz, and vastly entertaining. As TR reaches other clubs your negative review may have done the band and the clubs a disservice.

Sadly your review does little to encourage and preserve traditional jazz. Nor does "Wilson Swings at Md. Inn", nor promoting Ellis, Kessell, and company. It's a traditional jazz club, Ted!

-- Jim Riley

(Editor's Note: Re the Minors review, see my editorial on P 4. As to Wilson, I hope you of all people, Jim, would not argue that traditional jazz always requires a band of cornet, trombone, clarinet, and rhythm. Teddy Wilson has devoted a distinguished career to jazz, reason enough to pay respectful attention to his art. As to promoting Ellis and Kessell, TR does no such thing. We list their area gigs as we do yours in case some member might like to hear them. "Traditional" when applied to jazz means so much to so many people, I'm not disposed to restrict it very much. In this issue you'll find material on different jazz forms all - including Stu Anderson's marvelous story of his encounter with Herschel Evans - saying something about traditional jazz and the people who play and listen to it. --TC)

Editor:

I wish to express a counter-opinion to T.C.'s "An Editorial Outcry" in the September edition of Tailgate Ramblings.

I was under the impression that this was an information publication, not a public newspaper to be used for personal criticism.

I feel that your review and opinion falls short of being that of an expert's since you made an ass of yourself at the Windjammer a few weeks ago when you made a feeble attempt at playing a kazoo. As bad as the attempt was, I hope that you were aware that no criticism was laid at your feet.

In considering the Jazz Minors, judging by my conversations with many fellow jazz enthusiasts, their music and style is judged to be outstanding.

It is a pity that you cannot appreciate jazz for what it is, one of America's truly artistic forms of self-expression.

Marriott has to date offered the club the best facilities that they have available. If you know of better

facilities, why not make some constructive suggestions?

You certainly owe the Club, the Jazz Minors, and Marriott apologies for your unjust and uncalled-for editorial opinion.

Meredith S. Kirk

(Editor's Note: Gee, was my kazoo that bad? I guess it just proves that you don't have to be able to lay an egg in order to judge an omelet! Incidentally, Meredith, read again. I defended Marriott from attack. It was in a letter I was as bound to print as I am yours. Even though both seemed a tad intemperate.

-- TC)

▲ ▲

Bay City 7 at Bel Air

It looked like a Norman Rockwell painting. The grass a little too green; the evening sun warm but not uncomfortable. Scattered over the huge lawn was a gathering of suburbanites of all ages sitting on blankets; in lawn chairs. Few seemed likely to know much about the attractions of Storyville.

On the bandstand, the Bay City 7, bolstered by Tex Wyndham and Rich Cordrey, over from Wilmington, swung into Mabel's Dream and the crowd tapped its sandals.

The Bay City 7 is not given to compromise, especially not when such a determined antiquarian as Wyndham is the de facto leader. Playing for the people of Bel Air, Md., they saw no need to play Bill Bailey or The Saints. When Tex stomped off Muskat Ramble he did so at such a moderate tempo that you could pick up on the values that Ory wrote into the tune, and the old warhorse sounded fresh and interesting.

It was a well-played gig by a fine band. But to me the real interest was not so much in the music as in the crowd response. It was generous, warm, real. At concert's end many were on their feet applauding - even shouting. Some asked how to hear more of that kind of music. At least one took an application blank for the PRJC.

Earlier this year, TR told of an encounter of a D.C. audience with the Federal Jazz Commission. That crowd was likely as attuned to Stevie Wonder as the Bel Air crowd probably was to Lawrence Welk. Both crowds, though, were indication that jazz is an art form which can bring people together. It is pleasant, direct, quite universal, and people dig it sometimes perhaps in spite of themselves.

I think this says something of importance. If the inner city kid and the Bel Air matron both respond to the surge of

(Cont. p7)

A Pride of Prejudices

Prejudices, indeed! The title of this column is a dastardly misnomer for which I wish to make amends. Reading over a 7-month collection of these vapid offerings the other day, I failed to find one containing so much as a hint of prejudice.

Some of my timidity is probably genetic. I would do anything for a little peace. But most of it stems from a trauma I suffered in 1973 as editor of this journal. I printed an article carrying the divergent opinions of several knowledgeable PRJC members on the musical merits of the Preservation Hall JB in concert at Wolftrap.

The ensuing uproar was quite impressive. Even Paul Affeldt of Jazz Report joined the mob howling for my scalp. Ever since then, when I have mustered sufficient courage to write at all, I have tiptoed cautiously through the journalistic tulips fearful lest I bruise so much as a petal in passage.

Well, b----r the tulips! Four years of penance is enough! If Ted Chandler can push his October deadline up a full week, violating the most cherished decencies of this noble craft in doing so, I can divest myself of a few prejudices that have long been festering.

Drummers are a good place to start spilling bile because most of them are genial, extroverted gentlemen well able to bear up under criticism. Some, alas, grow lazy in the practice of their calling and transform a respectable 2/4 parade beat into a sort of businessman's bounce a la Dixie, which has about as much muscle as Woody Allen after a long seige of mononucleosis. And jazus, does every tune have to be played in "2-beat?" Sure, some tunes are built that way - At A Georgia Camp Meeting and Come Back Sweet Papa don't lend themselves to 4/4 treatment. But a mix of tunes played in 2/4 and others in 4/4 during a set makes for a pleasant change of pace. On the other hand, the dullest jazz drumming on record must be that of poor old Bill Dart with the Yerba Buena JB of the early 1940's; a mechanical, unwavering 2-beat.

And is it too much to ask of drummers - all drummers - that they learn the melodies which they play, accents, breaks, and all? So that they can contribute emphasis, shading, and variety to a tune the way Zutty Singleton did. Or the way PRJC member Ellis Baker does on the all-too-infrequent occasions when

he brings his drum kit to a friendly basement. To listen to Ellis backing a piano is to be reminded that in some hands a drum set becomes a melody instrument in its own right. In the matter of 2/4 and 4/4, Brother Baker points out the desirability of switching from 2-beat to four in outgoing choruses to generate a little added steam under the horns.

Clarinet players are such sensitive souls that I shall tread very lightly here, as among the aforementioned tulips. So with apologies to all, I will put it forth as a purely personal and possibly groundless opinion that in traditional jazzbands of the present day the clarinetist is often the weakest link in the ensemble. Many can produce pleasant enough solos. But in ensemble they contribute little more than a pallid echo of the lead, clinging close to the cornet like honeysuckle or morning glory around a sprig of privet.

One of the best ensemble clarinetists I ever heard was Bill Reinhardt, who ran a great club in Chicago for a couple of decades - Jazz, Ltd. - and was a pal of Scotty Lawrence way back when. Like the N.O. Creoles, Bill was never submerged under the brass because he played his notes so well, contrasting instead of clashing with the cornet. Probably my fondness for Reinhardt reveals a significant flaw in my jazz tastes. Because apart from Scotty, I know nobody who is particularly impressed by his work. If there are any PRJC members who share my admiration for Bill, I would be interested, though astounded, to hear from them. -- Al Webber ▲ ▲

(Cont. from p 6)

traditional jazz, we may have something in hand much more vital than raggedy music to eat pizza by. It may be living evidence of a shared cultural awareness speaking across barriers of racism, economic deprivation, and suspicion.

No, classic jazz won't putty over all the rips in our social fabric. But this music does tell us that we do have something important in common. It may have the capacity to bring people together. Bel Air and Gallery Place lead me to believe this is not just a foolish pipedream.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ▲

Plagued by the itching torment of not knowing what's happening? For prompt temporary relief in many cases, apply Preparation 630-PRJC.

You may wish to Xerox this
notice for your bulletin board
at the office.

PRJC

PRESENTS

THE

YANKEE RHYTHM KINGS

at the

MARRIOTT TWIN BRIDGES

October 15, 1977 9pm - 1am

MUSIC A LA KING OLIVER

Members — \$4 Nonmembers — \$5

A Private in the Great Saxophone War

Chapter 6 of Stuart Anderson's Swing Era Memoir

Before proceeding with this segment of my memoirs I would like to correct some impressions I may have given in the preceding chapter. Hallett's decline and fall certainly were not isolated happenings: they were part of the phasing out of the P.T. Barnum syndrome that had infected many of the "big bands" of the period following World War I. (This is not to imply that all traces of that early malaise have disappeared; I have in mind a certain durable maestro who used to disrupt the mating patterns of the hogs around Yankton, S.D., with his accordion playing.)

And while it is true that individual soloists like Mick McMickle on trumpet, Les Burness on piano, Doc Spears on trombone, and me were sharpening our styles, and striving to move ahead, the band as an ensemble could hold its own with other swing bands in spite of Hallett's carryings-on. In the summer of 1936 the Hallett band battled Benny Goodman at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, and while we didn't exactly swamp the Goodman band, neither did they flatten us. Approximately a year later, the Hallett organization gave the fresh new Count Basie group a tussle in Scranton, Pa.

There was excitement in the big barn-like hall that night. I could feel the tension mounting as the bands unpacked and set up their instruments and the crowd started to gather. The Basie band started the evening off with One O'Clock Jump. Basie, hunched over his piano, with his back to the crowd, a half smile on his face, played a simple 8-bar introduction and then launched into two driving choruses, building up the beat. This led into a chorus by Herschel Evans, a slender, handsome, bespectacled tenor man. Sitting next to Herschel, I watched his fingers and his embouchure as the big broad tones rolled out in that Hawkins-based solo immortalized on record two months later. Smooth, simple, above the basic cry of the Blues, his story rose up in the echoing hall, leading to George Hunt who sounded like one of God's Trombones.

We felt the beat of Basie's band -- not the pounding rhythms of the older bands: Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb, Lucky Millinder -- and Mal Hallett -- but a new feeling, a long relentless rolling wave off the western prairie. Before I knew it I was hearing the high thin tones of Lester Young, a haunting, floating, prophetic statement - a warning (although I didn't know it then) of an

impending further drastic change in my musical life.

Then it was our turn. In spite of himself, Hallett made a good choice: an original fast swing tune by Frank Rye-son, the first trumpet player. The band came on with a good beat abetted by Ernie Lenk, the drummer who had taken Krupa's place. Les, Mick, and Doc all played good swinging solos. In my solo I started with simple open phrases building up to a hard beat, growling, pushing, slurring a few thousand notes. Hallett was jumping around and yapping: "Atta boy Andy! Hey hey get hot! Take another!" I took another...and another...I was having one of my good nights (it is too late to wish I had had more of them).

Later I was talking with Herschel: "Man, you're too much. I love your style, that big tone."

He smiled, quiet: "Thanks, you're pretty good yourself; you were really swinging there."

As I've intimated, big changes were in the offing: for Herschel whose horn would fall forever silent a year and a half later - and for me in other ways.

(NB: Basie fans can hear One O'Clock Jump on the following Decca albums: COUNT BASIE and his ORCHESTRA - DL 8049; and THE BEST OF COUNT BASIE (2 records) - DXSB-7170. They will also hear Lester in his pristine years. -- SA) ▲ ▲

The Jazz Band Ball on WPFW-FM during the next several weeks will feature a variety of jazz styles.

- Oct. 2 - Maury Cagle - host. Music of Omer Simeon
 - Oct. 9 - Dave Robinson - Evolution of Traditional Jazz (pt.2)
 - Oct. 16- Johnson McRee - Jack Teagarden
 - Oct. 23- Ted Chandler - Blues Revisited
 - Oct. 30- (preempted)
 - Nov. 6 - Hal Farmer - Australian jazz
 - Nov. 13- Sonny McGown - Matty Matlock
- ▲ ▲

It is with great sadness that TR reports the death of Marvin Preis of Potomac, Md. Marvin, a successful attorney when he was not indulging another great love of his life, playing jazz piano, won respect from all who heard him for his musicianship as a member of the Washington Channel JB from February until August this year. He died Sept. 5 of a brain tumor. TR joins all Marvin's friends, his wife Barbara, and their 3 young sons in mourning his passing. ▲ ▲

2nd ANNUAL

JAZZ DANCE

TWIN BRIDGES MARRIOTT
POTOMAC ROOM OCT. 29th



CONTINUOUS
DANCING -
9pm - 1am
**TWO
GREAT
BANDS** ★
ADMISSION: \$3.50
PER PERSON



★
FEDERAL JAZZ COMMISSION - NEW ORLEANS TRADITIONAL
WASH. CHANNEL JAZZ BAND - CHICAGO STYLE JAZZ

- PRJC's 7TH ANNUAL PICNIC -
"THANK YOU"

The main event of the PRJC has been held and we were definite winners. The 7th Annual Picnic was our biggest and best yet. Blessed by our usual good weather, it was our most successful picnic financially, which is secondary to the comraderie of the membership. Musically, all 16 Bands were (to quote another former Board Member) - "OUTSTANDING".

As Director of the picnic, I want to extend my appreciation to all of you 980-plus Dixieland Jazz Fans who attended. A special thanks to those who came early, stayed late and made themselves available for any assistance I might need - signs and banners; moving the piano, tables and equipment; tableclothing the picnic tables with breezes and bees. On behalf of my Committee, Ray West (Gate), Dick Baker, Jim Nielsen and Kim Warner (PRJC Sound System), and Doris Baker (Information Table), our thanks to those volunteers who responded to our call for help - also, the M.C.'s who kept the program on schedule (Dick Baker, Charlie Brown, Mort Middleman, Mike Pengra, John Skillman, Ken Underwood and Del Beyer who directed the Sit-in Session). At the risk of omitting someone, I would like the efforts and labors of these members and non-members recognized:

The first 3 volunteer arrivals who were there before 9:30 a.m. - Bob Thulman, John True and "Mary" -

Don Angell
Dick & Doris Baker
Mary & "Willie" Bason
Maxine Burdwise
Ted Chandler
Betty Cox
Mary & Jack Doyle
Pat Dudley
Louise Everett
Harry & Shirley Friedman
Harold & Lida Gray
Drue Green
Bill Hughes
Mort & Amber Middleman
Lorna & Walter Rohleder
Joyce Webber
Jack Welch
Bob Westgate
Dick Williams

and last, but not least, Fred Wahler, Jr. and my "partner", Anna.

Again this year, my thanks and appreciation to the Musicians for their cooperation with my Band scheduling - with only a half-hour set, they hardly had time to "warm up their chops".

As I have stated for the last 6 years, this cooperation by the musicians, the general membership, and "Gabriel" upstairs who holds off the rain, our PRJC picnics get bigger and better every year. Another factor for our success is the friendly cooperation of the Blob's Park Family and the publicity by our local media - a special thanks to WMAL's John Lyon, WJLA-TV's Sam Allred and WGTB's Royal Stokes, who not only "plugged" us, but personally attended.

I am especially pleased that this picnic, the last that I will be privileged to direct, ended on such a high note.....

- Fred Wahler

LOSE & FOUND AT THE PICNIC -

Found: Sunglasses, tinted, gold frames (appear to be prescription); regular glasses, gray-black frames.

Lost: Ladies sweater; several lawn chairs. Contact Fred Wahler, (301) 894-6370.

* * * * *

ATTENTION PRJC MEMBERS - REMINDER!

For your information, PRJC still has the Ticket Package Deal whereby a member may purchase 6 tickets for the price of 5 - (\$20.00) for admission to the two (2) remaining PRJC Specials for 1977 -

OCTOBER 15 - YANKEE RHYTHM KINGS
NOVEMBER 26 - ORIGINAL SALTY DOGS,
with CAROL LEIGH

Potomac Room, Twin Bridges Marriott
(south end 14th St. Bridge, Arlington, Va.)

9 - 1 o'clock --- Cash Bar
Members \$4.00 --- Non-members \$5.00

These blocks of tickets and PRJC's "For Sale" items (1974&1976 Picnic Tapes, \$4.00 ea.; PRJC Buttons, Bumper Stickers, Decals, 50¢ ea. or any 3 for \$1.00; Patches \$2.00 ea.) may be purchased at the door.

Fred Wahler
Chairman, Special Events

The Sounds on Radio

You are unable to sleep - one of those nights. So about 3:30 am you drift downstairs, warm up some water for a cup of tea, and flip the radio on before settling into an arm chair to read the night away.

But you don't do much reading, because on the radio you hear the unmistakable sounds of Charlie Christian and the Goodman Sextet playing Blues in B. That segues in due course to Seven Come Eleven, and on to Gone With "What" Wind? You are tuned to WPFW-FM, perhaps the best thing to happen to jazz in Washington since Felix Grant joined WMAL.

A few years back, we were talking about an all-jazz radio station for Washington, with the thought that maybe PRJC could make one go. Well, we now have the next best thing - a station which schedules probably 85-90 percent of its music programming around various kinds of jazz - including generous dollops of traditional and classical forms.

WPFW is in a mess of trouble. Their staff faces payless paydays and the station management faces impatient creditors and the money is not rolling in despite constant appeals to the listeners to support the station. Perhaps the reason is political. WPFW is avowedly political, and obviously on ideological grounds is bound to annoy some people who might otherwise unbuckle a few badly needed dollars. That could certainly have some effect. But left-wing, right-wing, or dead center, there is all that music in amounts and quality Washington jazz fans are simply not used to.

Among the programs frequently featuring jazz most PRJCers would find congenial are, of course, our own JAZZ BAND BALL - Sundays - 6-7:30; Jazz from the Hill, later Sunday evenings, and featuring members and staffers of the Congressional Black Caucus; and, on Saturday afternoons, Bill Harris's Hootie Blues, which - while not regularly scheduled - has appeared on several recent Saturdays and has offered a fine selection of blues shouters in between Harris's pitch for subscriptions.

Scattered throughout the schedule also are various "Jazz Calendar" shows, profiling all kinds and schools of jazzmen. Even on shows which seem on their face to be of little interest to traditional fans, WPFW will often slip in a Billie or a Louis record to gladden your heart.

Yale Lewis on WETA-FM continues with his fine Saturday evening Jazz Plus

program, and if you won't very often catch him playing the New Black Eagles or the Salty Dogs, Yale is worth listening to for his frequently acute insights into the music, his excellent taste, and quite frequent infusions of Basie and Ellington.

Otherwise, there are not many changes in the radio jazz picture in Washington. WAMU's The Big Sound on Sunday evenings is notable because of the frequency with which some of the better big bands are heard and because of the fine plugs given PRJC events on that show. The indefatigable Royal Stokes continues his Saturday am program, I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say.., and on Wednesday evenings, applies his formidable knowledge to progressive jazz on Since Minton's.

And of course, George Mercer's fine tapes, still relegated to the early morning ghetto on WAMU, are still to be heard bringing us George's great insights into what he calls "the real jazz."

A Not-too Comprehensive Listing of Congenial Radio Sounds in DC

Strictly for Figs

- WPFW-FM (89.3) The Jazzband Ball, Sundays 6-7:30 pm
- WGTV-FM (90.1) I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say.. Sat. 9-noon.
- WAMU-FM (88.5) Jazz Anthology Mon-Fri, 5:30-6:30 AM, weekends a half-hour later.
- WAMU-FM Jazz Revisited Sun. 5:30-6 pm

For those curious about what has happened since the death of King Oliver

- WPFW-FM Jazz Calendar - weekdays, 7:30. Also scheduled at other times.
 - WETA-FM (90.9) Jazz Plus Sat. 8pm-3am.
 - WPFW-FM Jazz from the Hill Sun. 8 pm.
 - WAMU-FM The Big Sound Sun. 10 pm.
- Come fly with me - only for the adventurous
- WAMU- FM Spirits Known and Unknown 2 pm Saturdays
 - WAMU-FM Sound Color and Movement 9 pm Saturdays
 - WAMU-FM New Thing Root Music 2:30 pm Sundays

HAVE CLARINET - will play. Smooth Dixie clarinetist would like to become affiliated with a jazzband. Call COLEMAN HANKIN, 942-7942 after Oct. 15.

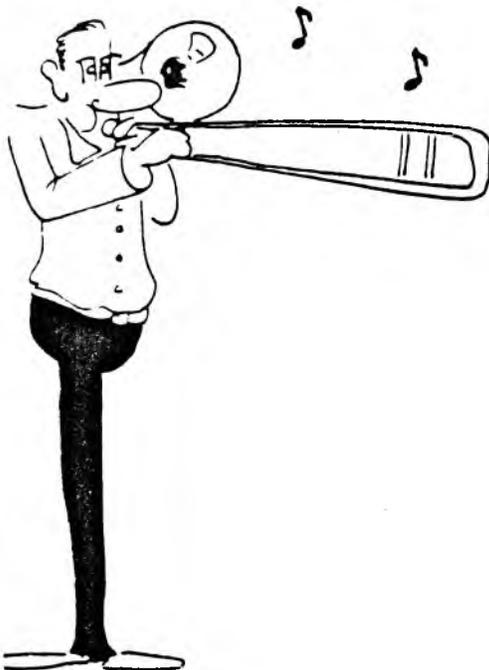
WELCOME NEW MEMBERS !!!



Dorothy and John Trower
Shirley and Joseph Carley, Jr.
Isabel Burlingame
Priscilla and Thomas Murphy
Lois and Clifford Panning
Margot Machol and David Mowery
William Katzenstein
Lee Bullitt
Mary and William Edwards
Pat and Charles Enlind
I.P.M. Cargill
Anne-Marie and Curt Carnemack
Bidly and Bob Esher
Shirley Eig
Joan and Don Heneberry
Warren May
Gerry and Moe Morgan
Joan and Charles Spenser
Evelyn and Bob Walters
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