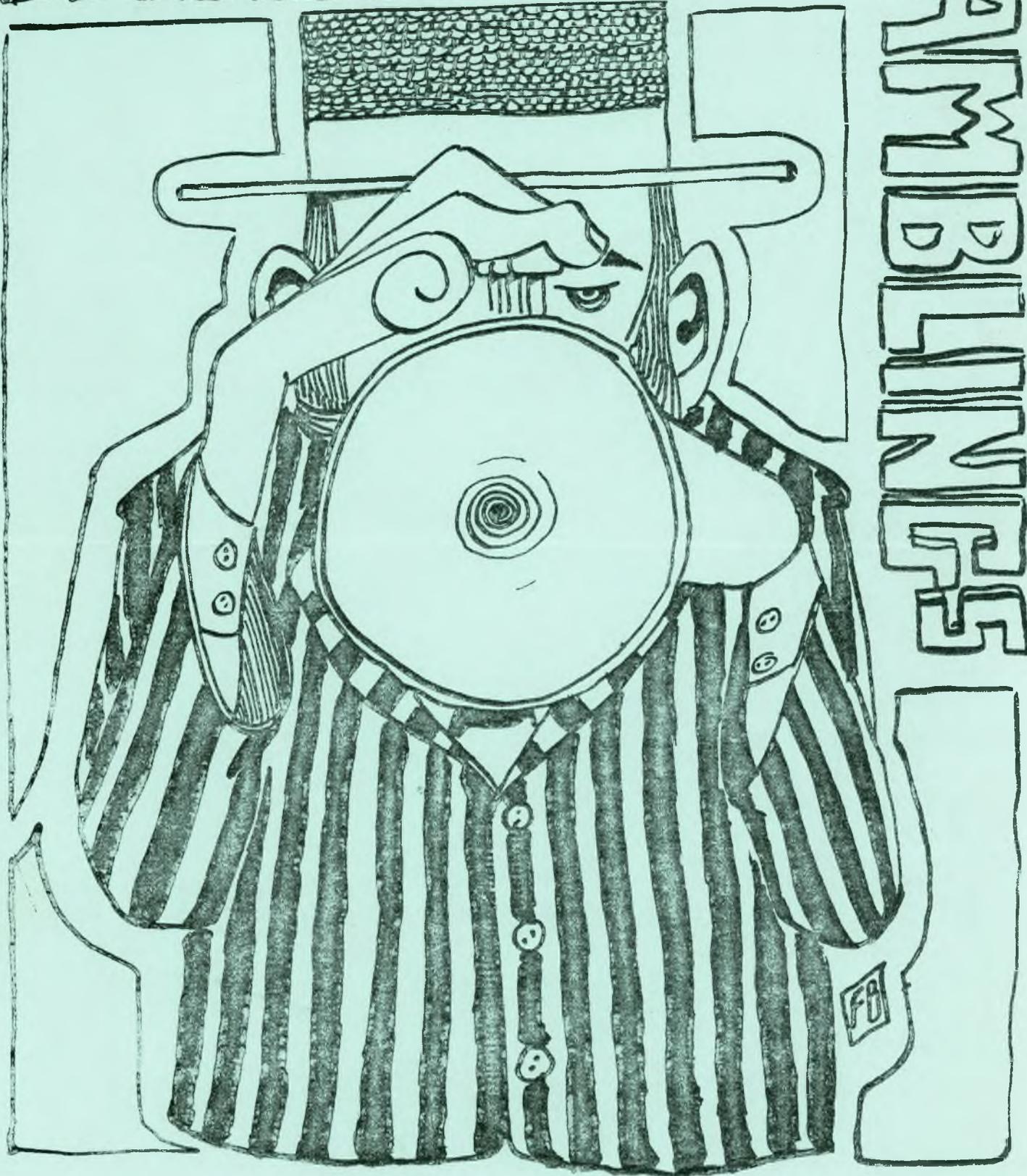


# TAILGATE



# RAMBLINERS



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.

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

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

At the Marriott Twin Bridges

Friday February 3, 1978

**PRJC proudly presents**

**● The Queen City jazzband ●**

**f r o m**

**Denver, Colorado**

The Commonwealth Room

9 pm - 1 am

Members - \$5.00  
Non-members - \$7.00

For details call:  
573-TRAD

# Tailgate Ramblings

January 1978

Vol. 8 No.1

Editor - Ted Chandler

Contributing Editors - Al Webber  
Dick Baker  
Mary H. Doyle

Cover Art - Fraser J. Battey

PRJC President - Dick Baker 698-8017

V.P. - Ray West 370-5605

PRJC Hot Line - 573-TRAD

TR is published monthly for members of the Potomac River Jazz Club, a non-profit group, dedicated to the 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

## Notes From The Bakery

Well, democracy has again raised its head, roared, and returned to the back of its lair to sleep until called upon again next Nov. Since last this journal flew the mails we have had our annual election to the Board of Directors, and the Board in turn has met to elect new officers for '78. After spending 2 years as VP establishing and solidifying a power base I called in my political IOUs at the Dec. board meeting and eked out a victory in a bitterly fought election. Well, actually 2 other nominees declined to run, making me a forced unanimous choice. It could be worse. One year we elected as president the one board member who was late to the meeting.

A quick recap of the elections: At the annual meeting in Nov., Lou Byers, Johnson McRee, and Ray West were returned to the board and Don Angell and Ted Chandler were elected for the first time. Ray West was elected VP at the Dec. board meeting, and his wife Esther agreed to return to her old job as Secretary of the Treasury. Doris Baker will stay on as Membership Sec'y. The only major board appointment still unfilled is that of Recording Sec'y. The last major personnel change at the Dec. meeting was the resignation of long-time member Rod Clarke. Ken Kramer was elected to fill Rod's seat. Ken had missed election in Nov. by one vote.

I intend to use this column in future months to report rather comprehensively on club affairs and board actions. This column is long because so much of importance has occurred recently.

It was suggested at the annual meeting that TR report on the club's financial status. I have always thought that a proper item of interest, so here goes. As of Dec. 14, the treasury stood at about \$1850. This is the lowest balance we've had in some time, caused partially by the much greater than anticipated cost of having our books audited and by high losses on the Oct. (Yankee Rhythm Kings) and Nov. (Salty Dogs) special events. We had reconciled ourselves to losing a certain amount of money on specials in '77, feeling that it was well worth it to bring in quality bands, but we dropped over \$1100 on the two mentioned.

In general, by the way, this is how the board has allocated club funds in the past: Membership dues are calculated to cover the cost of 12 issues of TR, little more. We have counted on profits from the picnic and to a lesser extent the boat ride to cover other operating expenses and losses on the out-of-town bands.

While we may be bent we are certainly not broke, so we are going to continue our practice of bringing the country's best jazzbands to town for monthly specials. We will, however, try to scale ticket prices according to the cost of a given band. Some events will go for last year's price of \$4/5 while for topline bands we'll have to ask more like \$5/7 (member/nonmember). That will likely apply to the first 3 events of '78, which are:

Feb 3 - The Queen City JB

Mar. 11 - Annual Bix Birthday Party with the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial JB.

Apr. 2 - The Happy JB.

The last item of importance in this month's column is of course the fact that we have lost our weekly session at the Windjammer. They turned it into a piano bar. The committee in charge of finding us new quarters is headed by Lou Byers and includes myself and Del Beyer. More buns and rolls next month.

-- Dick Baker ■ ■

We hadn't even been aware he was coming to town, but Dave Robinson tells us that Tony Pringle, leader/cornet of the New Black Eagles Jazzband dropped in at the B'haus Nov. 29 and sat in with the Storyville 7. Dave says Tony took over the band for a couple of tunes, then Dave joined in for a bodacious reading of Cake Walking Babies. It's hard to know when to be where! With my luck I always show up in time to hear Bill Bacin singing. -- TC ■ ■

# But On The Other Hand

An Editorial Outcry

Ever since we first saw the little cat with the prehensile little finger blowing his horn on the cover of the Fall 1973 TR, we've wanted an excuse to rerun him. This is it - the first issue of the new year.

The New Yorker has Eustace Tilley on its cover once a year, why should we do any less by this little guy? And by the way - what's his name?

We'd like to say a word about jazz criticism. There's a suspicion abroad in the land that if you criticize jazz you must hate it. That's rubbish.

One of the greatest failings of the Feather-Ulanov school of jazz writing in the 40's was their know-nothing attack on the music. The level of the attack on classic jazz was found in the name-calling: Moldy Fig; Uncle Tom music; Musical Fascism were a few of the gentler epithets flying about. In candor, "our" side didn't do much better. In defending traditional jazz, we made some pretty bad misstatements about bop.

None of this was criticism - it was bad-mouthing. The great Bob Benchley once wrote in the New Yorker; "The New Rochelle String Quartet played Bach last night - Bach lost."

A clever putdown telling us what Benchley thought of the evening. But it's not criticism..and neither was the Feather drivel. Criticism is not a putdown.

Which brings us to the main point: Is classic jazz sufficiently an art form to merit and sustain critical analysis? We think the answer is yes - that far from weakening jazz, critical standards and their lively use are major strengthening agents.

Up betimes and to Capitol Hill Roy Rogers where lunched with Dave Littlefield.

If Roy's food leaves excellence to be desired, conversation was pleasant and Dave came up with a good idea. (In fact, he came up with several but for our purposes at the moment, we'll discuss one.)

Dave says he has come only fairly lately upon traditional jazz and has a lot of sympathy for those trying to figure it out. He thinks TR could do more to help, and we agree. After all, not every PRJ Cer saw Pinetop spit blood or subscribed to Buddy Bolden's scandal sheet, The Cricket.

So we're going to begin a new feature in TR which will, we hope, be helpful to newcomers and of interest to the rest of us. We are going to help the newcomer compile a record library.

Any member interested in the project should send us a list of the 5 LP record sets he thinks most important for a novice to own with any brief statements he might care to make in explanation. These need not be the greatest records, but the most important for a newcomer to hear and know about. We'll use all lists, space permitting, starting in the next issue.

And we'll start the ball rolling by listing the records we would recommend.

- 1) Louis Armstrong's Hot 5 - Col. CL851
- 2) Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band "The Great 16" - RCA Black & White 731-061
- 3) Fletcher Henderson's Orch. - Smithsonian
- 4) Bessie Smith "The World's Greatest Blues Singer" - Col. GP33
- 5) Jelly Roll Morton "The Red Hot Peppers 1926-27" RCA B&W 731-059

The Hot 5 because the music is there, easily accessible, not requiring a tutored ear. Muggsy because of the bite of the band, Muggsy's horn, and faultless performances of historic tunes. Henderson because of the great sidemen and swinging big band sound. Bessie because a newcomer should learn about blues from the best. Jelly because jazz is also fun.

Let's have your lists.

We'd been meaning for some time to acknowledge receipt from Carl Johnson, Acting Curator of the Whiteman Collection at Williams College of a highly useful and interesting booklet: "Paul Whiteman: A Chronology."

Right from the git-go, one thing I like about the booklet is it's basic premise: "...The relationship between Whiteman and Jazz was tenuous. The title he richly deserved and never received during his lifetime was 'King of Entertainment Music'. On that level he had no equals."

With that in the Preface to assure a certain basic mood of reality, Johnson has put together a very useful booklet, which illuminates a large portion of the music scene in the '20's. We're grateful for having received it.

We're happy to turn over the front page of this month's issue almost in its entirety to our new President, Dick Baker. It's not that we are overawed by rank - although note if you will the dizzying heights which this former TR editor has reached! Enough to make a current editor think of staging a coup.

## TR Goes to 12th Manassas

(Ed. Note: In the great days of TR - during the editorship of Al Webber - an excellent device was used to review jazz performances. Instead of one reviewer, several were used. This worked so well on one notable occasion that Al had to resign as editor. Seems most of his reviewers panned the Preservation Hall JB. I should be so lucky! In any event, it seemed that 12th Manassas (or 14th if you include a couple of sanguinary bashes north of town a century ago) would be a good subject for the gang-up technique. TC)

### OF MAXINE, PUG, AND GUYS WHO BLOW HORNS

As a newcomer, I approached Fat Cat's Saturday bash at the Hayloft with some fears. A few have charged that this is the way Fat Cat gets to play kazoo with the famous, and not much really happens. WRONG!

This session of 12th Manassas, the only one I could get to, was a triumph, with some unforgettable jazz. Right from the git-go we were in good hands with Clyde Bernhardt's band, which included alto-man George James (he is said to dig Trumbauer - maybe, but he used a Hodges tone at Manassas) and drummer Tommy Benford (A mid-40's article I was reading recently called him ageless. 30 ageless years have passed since then). Franc Williams' Harlem 30's style tpt was fine, and Dill Jones on piano was right at home.

After them, the day's high point. Maxine Sullivan, graying and wispy in a black jumpsuit, sang "Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams", "As Long As I Live," "Just One of Those Things," and more accompanied by a band which included John Eaton, Country Thomas, and - bad choice - Eddie Phye. (Phye's a helluva drummer, but not in back of Maxine. Far too activist.) Country on tenor and pianist Eaton played lovely stuff.

Not to be considered in the same class as Sullivan. another lady performed well. Pug Horton came on stage with Bob Wilber, and perhaps incautiously let him introduce her by inviting a comparison with the great Ivie Anderson. That's bravery!

Pug won't make anyone forget Ivie, but she sang Rocks in my Bed very well while Wilber noodled around on alto. Her next was a Wilber original called Dreaming Butterfly - a fragile lovely tune of a genre often called haunting. Then, Pug did bite off more than she could chew. She tried Bessie Smith's "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." You can't call it a disaster - or at least it was a likeable disaster. Benford, on drums for

the set, sat there with a beatific smile throwing bombs, and the words and pacing were right. But the con brio performance of Bessie's was missing. It just didn't happen. Hell, it couldn't happen. You can't fault a young singer for not equaling Bessie. But it was fun, anyway.

There were other great moments during the afternoon. Larry Ennet played distinguished piano in a pick up band behind Dave Wilborn. Soprano Summit was nothing short of magnificent in a performance of Bechet's Stackolee Blues with first Wilber, then Grosz, and Davern playing fine gutbucket blues solos.

The great disappointment of the day was Billy Butterfield, who just could not get his stuff together. Only on Stardust did a glimpse of the old Butterfield come through, but it was blotted out by bad phrasing and some highly damaging clinkers. Too bad.

All told, though, Saturday at the Hayloft was impressive - a day to be treasured. Fat Cat earned the gratitude of every jazz lover. And Fat Cat, honest - after that, I wouldn't have cared too much if you had played the kazoo once or twice. (Just don't get any ideas!)

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town

### FIRST TIME OUT

Saturday Afternoon...It was going to be a big day for me. Wasn't Billy Butterfield going to be there? Soprano Summit? Maxine Sullivan? Dick Wellstood would play piano and so would my teacher, John Eaton -- John's a gas - a quality jazz player. The trouble at first was that Mamie and I couldn't find it. We drove and drove. It seemed like hell might, in fact, freeze over; or maybe I was just nervous.

When we walked through the double doors of the Hayloft I was instantly mesmerized by the soft plaintive sounds of Kenny Davern and Bobby Wilber playing together - what congruence! My eyes watered instantly. We existed in a different time and place - a place where only music like this can take you.

After Wellstood played the crowd gave him an ovation which he acknowledged, saying "I wasn't so good." The fans thought differently. Eaton got to play Struttin' With Some Barbecue again this year and he probably loved it all over again. Other musicians played on and on. A lot of it sounded good to me.

Finally it was time - 7 pm at the upstairs Elks Lodge. I turned around on the piano bench and looked at the band. There was Bob Thulman on clarinet - good

## Manassas (cont.)

old Bob! The rhythm section in Fat Cat's Manassas Festival Jazzers always makes me feel secure; John Wood - bass, and Gil Brown - drums. Glen Sullivan (tbn) was ready to go. Then Joe Shepherd (tpt) gave me the nod and I hit the first Eb 6th chord -- "I'll Be a Friend With Pleasure." -- John Panama True

### MEMORIES OF MANASSAS

Great jazz, tuneful songs, fun, fellowship, tasty food and ample drinks. Who could ask for more? This is our melange of impressions and memories after 3 days and nights at the 12th Manassas jazzfest. Johnson "Fat Cat" McRee had 4 organized bands, 49 star instrumentalists and 6 famous vocalists from many states to entertain 375 fans in 4 different halls on Dec. 2-4. The festival honored Sidney Bechet and was staged in his memory. Two of the stars were Frenchmen who had been Bechet's pupils after he moved to France. They were Jacques Kerrien, sop. sax, and Gerard Badini, tnr/clt. In addition, Soprano Summit played each PM, consisting of Kenny Davern, sop sax/clt, Bob Wilber, clt/saxes, Marty Grosz, gtr, and rhythm section. These groups played many songs written by or associated with the legendary Bechet. Their tune that brought tears, gasps, and a standing ovation, however, was Song of Songs.

Another highlight of a different sort was what came to be called "Kazoo Summit". Unknown to Fat Cat, Tom Saunders had bought four kazoos for the entire front line, so when the impresario started his kazoo solo on Clarinet Marmalade, the others challenged him and a hilarious kazoo battle ensued. Fat Cat said he didn't realize how good he was until he heard those kazoo players.

Bands that performed during most of the concerts were the Condon-ish Salt City 6 from Rochester, N.Y., led by Jack Maheu; Clyde Bernhardt's Harlem Blues and Jazz Band; and Fat Cat's local Festival Jazzers. The Harlem band was composed mostly of elderly Black musicians, formerly with many of the great bands. They brought a plaintive and nostalgic aura which strengthened the concerts considerably.

Maxine Sullivan, the queen of song, got standing ovations for her singing of Just One of Those Things and Loch Lomond. And the elegant belter, Natalie Lamb, brought us to our feet with her Cake Walking Babies. Everyone seemed to love Dave Wilborn's vocals, and the humourous style of the vocalist with the Salt City 6, trombonist Will Alger.

National jazz stars who appeared with various groupings included Charlie Borne-mann, tbn; Billy Butterfield, tpt; John Eaton, po; Herman Foretich, clt; Wally Garner, clt; Tommy Gwaltney, clt; John Thomas, tpt; Warren Vaché, tpt; and Dick Wellstood, po. Local musicians who delivered good performances included; Gil Brown, dr; Larry Eanet, po; Steve Novasel, bass; Van Perry, bass; Eddie Phyfe, dr; Bill Reichenbach, dr; Joe Shepherd, tpt; Glen Sullivan, tbn; Country Thomas, reeds; Skip Tomlinson, dr; John True, po; and John Wood, bass. An interesting star was Clive Wilson, tpt, an Englishman who has migrated to New Orleans.

All these musicians gave us four great shows Friday night, 9 sets Saturday afternoon, and 9 sets Saturday evening, ending at 2:40 am. Then, Sunday afternoon, 12 rousing sets ending with four trumpets jamming with a band on C-Jam Blues. Washington jazz fans who did not catch this missed a good one.

-- Harold Gray ■■

Old town Alexandria's Il Porto Ristorante, which gave us Johnny Maddox most of last summer, is bringing in another top keyboard performer, Detroit's Bob Milne. A master player and coposer in ragtime, stride, and boogie woogie styles, Milne has been a featured performer at the annual St. Louis Ragtime Festival for several years, as well as being a big hit at the Ragtime Society's Bash, an annual (Oct.) convention of many of the best pickers in No. America. His virtuosity and range are reminiscent of such as Don Ewell and Ralph Sutton. Milne will play for about two months starting Jan. 3. Il Porto Ristorante is at 121 King St. ■■

### Windjammer Sinks

The Windjammer gig is dead. The Sunday night series was cancelled out in early December by Marriott Twin Bridges officials who decided a piano bar would be more productive on Sunday evenings henceforth.

The gig, which for the better part of four years has served as a showcase for PRJC bands, seems permanently dead, unlike a period two or three years ago when the club and Marriott management reached a temporary parting of the ways.

The Marriott pointed to the limited capacity of the room as a reason for the cancelation, pointing out that - even when filled - it could not pay the freight for a 7 piece band. Too often, the room was considerably less than full.

# A Private in the Great Saxophone War

## Chapter 9 of Stuart Anderson's Swing Era Memoir

Bucklin Moon, in his article "Louis and the Blues" in the Record Changer of Sept., 1953, says: "There is no doubt that there is in (the blues) a strong condemnation of the ruling caste which could never be spoken to a white man's face." Then he goes on to point out that on the surface there was sadness, overlaying militant protest and "hope for a better tomorrow."

Although Moon was here referring to the blues, his metaphor of sadness overlaying protest can be applied with equal validity to jazz in general despite the dialectical transformations which it undergoes from time to time as a result of political and social upheavals, internal explosive stresses, and exigencies of the market place.

But sadness can turn into nostalgia and seep down into and weaken protest, rendering "hope for a better tomorrow" a wistful lament for chances missed. And I think that is what happened to Lester Young's message much too early in his career, whereas with Hawkins the sadness and the protest were united in one strong current - a fresh, turbulent flood flowing into a shining sea.

But although I was aware of these things as one can see in my remarks in Chapter 3 where I speak of the "glorious bloody struggle of the Black people... distilled through Hawkins' genius..." they were not the immediate basis for my rejection of Lester's style. The fact was that I didn't feel it. His beat, based less on accent than on a judicious distribution of notes, was not for me. Nor did I hanker to ape his narrow sound, which some wag characterized as "the tone that came with the horn." Finally, Lester's general way of playing, except on some of the early Basie and Kansas City records, seemed bland, lacking that verve that was almost always characteristic of Hawk's work.

By 1937 Lester's new style had apparently stormed the field. But in 1939, after 5 years in Europe - stretching a 6-month leave of absence from the Henderson band - Coleman Hawkins came back to this country and struck a giant blow for the other way with his record of Body and Soul<sup>1</sup>. The full impact of that masterpiece didn't hit me until I had been with Tony Pastor a few months. After that came The Shiek<sup>1</sup> and later, Rocky Comfort<sup>2</sup> recorded with Hawk's own band in Aug. 1940. It is interesting to compare Hawk's relatively long solo on that record with mine on March of the Marines, recorded

later. Not surprisingly the basic ideas are the same except that I played them my way and squeezed them into that 32 bars I have referred to previously.

While I was with Pastor at the Lincoln Hotel an incident occurred that I will never forget. We were in the middle of an arduous rehearsal when Tony called out the Flagwaver. I was thinking "is he nuts? We know that thing backwards," when he whispered in my ear: "Hawkins and Benny Carter are out there," pointing to a pair of silhouettes at the back of the darkened room. We played the Flagwaver and in spite of my panic I got through my solo pretty well. (I can't remember if I stood up to play it) Tony had a few words with the shadows - after which they disappeared - and came back and told me, "Stu, they liked it a lot." Pastor had trouble with my ego for quite a while after that.

The Pastor band was in the eye of the Hawkins/Young hurricane, possibly because Tony leaned slightly toward Hawk. My big trouble didn't come until later - after I had played with Jan Savitt and Johnny Long. Savitt, a meticulous musician, didn't care. He only wanted you to play your best. Johnny Long, on the other hand, was one of those fellows who didn't know much about music but he knew what he liked. So far as he was concerned Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young could have been proprietors of rival hay and feed stores in Pumpkin Center, So. Dak. (Yes, there is a Pumpkin Center, So. Dak.) Any resemblance between those two violinists - Savitt and Long - was negligible. Savitt came from the Philadelphia Orchestra, while Long (so far as I've been able to ascertain) sprang from a long line of North Carolina country fiddlers. He played the violin left-handed on account of a pig bit his right hand when he was a kid. Remarkable the trouble some of those leaders had with pigs.

1) Body and Soul: A Jazz Autobiography - Coleman Hawkins. Victor LPV-501. This album contains the original track of Body and Soul, as well as the Shiek and One Hour. Mistake: Ben Webster played Early Session Hop - not Hawk. It's great, though. An important album.

2) Coleman Hawkins recordings 1930-1941. Col. 68227. 2 records. Hawk takes a detour on Ol' Pappy that must have driven Goodman loco. ■ ■

## Pianos I Have Known - and Hated

In the early 50's, the Stuyvesant Casino in NY featured very good traditional jazz on Friday nights. Among the piano greats there were James P. Johnson, Elmer Schoebel, Claude Hopkins, Joe Sullivan, and Knocky Parker - the latter a professor of English and a Jelly Roll and Ragtime virtuoso.

The only trouble was the pianos were absolutely terrible. Old, cheap uprights - \$10 jobs. One Friday near the end of a session, Knocky reached inside one of those insolent boxes, tore out several handfuls of hammers, hurled them to the floor, and announced: "No one will ever have to play this sonofabitch again."

This came close to happening again one night at a military radar installation near Warrenton, Va., several years ago when I was playing with a band before a small crowd of very bored non-coms. The upright was atrocious. It was sort of in tune, that is, if I hit only the octave notes, they sounded reasonably in pitch. But chords produced sounds so eerie that I had to look to see if I was playing the right notes.

Some of the black keys were level with the white ones - broken off. Some notes didn't work. Others wouldn't stop when I was through playing them. Later on, the ivory started coming off some of the keys eventually giving me a splinter.

What was worse, Don Ewell was there. He had been staying with a member of the band while playing at Blues Alley and had come along after his last night for lack of anything better to do. Don gingerly approached the fiendish contraption after my first set, struck a few chords, gave the wicked thing a long and threatening look, but finally retreated, muttering various unprintables.

Once I played with a band at Glen Echo Park in the old Dodgem pavilion, rain pouring down outside. Another diabolical upright. It was not only not in tune, some of the keys stuck. (It's never an obscure key that sticks or won't play. It always seems to be an F or a C or a B-flat right in the middle octaves.)

What really hurt was that the piano player with the alternating band was producing relatively pleasant and coherent sounds on that same lousy piano. I quickly noted why. He was playing extended runs, especially on solos, thus the notes that stuck weren't missed so much. This calls for excellent technique. I must play fewer notes - only ones I can manage. If the piano rejects one or two, I am devastated. I need a good piano.

I played with a band that owned a Wurlitzer field piano - a real piano,

heavy as hell. We know, because we had to move it occasionally. The lowest note on this kind of piano is an F, 8 notes higher than the usual bottom note. The first time I played it on a gig, I got excited and tried, with great force, to hit a note below that F. It wasn't there. I sprained my left little finger on the wood, and Pavlov was right. I never tried it again.

I once played an old player piano with very narrow keys. It was a fine piano - in tune, good action, everything. But at one point I half-hit a B-flat and the third finger of my right hand slipped between the B-flat and the A-flat. When I moved the rest of the hand, the finger remained wedged. I don't know about the glory of victory, but I sure experienced the agony of defeat.

There have been a few times when the piano was so awful that it couldn't be played. (It's equally distressing when there is no piano at all. I have learned to be a pest about making sure one is available.) I remember one time on the Wilson Line's big George Washington boat when the piano was barely tolerable to start with, and then deteriorated. A rod fell out of the bottom, rendering the sustaining pedal useless, and I couldn't fix it. One by one, various notes fell silent. Others started sticking. I finally had to quit playing. I wanted to cut out, but it was too far to swim.

I will never forget the PRJC annual meeting of some years ago when several long faces greeted me as I came in. "Can you transpose?" I was asked. Horrified, I asked "From what to what?" It seems the piano was two tones flat. That means that any tune in C has to be played in D natural - an ungodly key. F tunes go to G. G tunes go to a frightening A natural. We did all right by avoiding at least C and G tunes, but it was a sweat!

Spinets are small introverted pianos. They are fine for playing alone or with a small group like a trio. But put six other exuberant musicians next to one and you can barely be heard. One time at a private party in someone's home the host (who owned a spinet) asked me why I wasn't taking any solos. I had taken several. I told him, to be polite, that the rhythm section was being featured that night as a unit and I recall that he fixed me a drink for being unselfish.

Sometimes I wish I had as much gumption as Knocky Parker!

-- Gary Wilkinson

Hey gang, let's all call the President and ask for a bag of peanuts! It's easy.  
573-TRAD

## A Review

The Harlem Hamfats; Ace of Hearts AH77

I'm not putting you on. The subject today, kiddies, is a remarkable and little known LP available for some years by an extraordinary band called - that's right - The Harlem Hamfats.

Despite the name, the Hamfats were a lot closer to Lovey Austin's Blues Serenaders than to, let's say, Al Cooper's Savoy Sultans. They merit close attention for their interesting book, ranging from blues and stomps to 1930's jive - and for a number of fine musicians. N.O. veteran Herb Morand was leader and trumpet player and his down home horn is easily on a par with such others of his generation as Lee Collins, Natty Dominique, and Punch Miller. He played dirty, gutsy, and lowdown.

The clarinet was something else again. Odell Rand swung like mad but had a tone that weakened strong men. At Manassas I was talking with Clive Wilson, the English N.O. horn man who despite his youth is a valuable compendium of N.O. history. He tells me that Rand was a very small man - about 4 feet tall on tiptoes and sensitive. He played a little E-flat clarinet not so much because he dug the tone but because he didn't want to play a clarinet almost as tall as himself. He made the tiny piccolo-like instrument sound as orthodox as possible, but it sometimes sounded more like a kazoo than a clarinet. It swung though.

Horace Malcolm was the pianist. The liner notes by Brian Rust point to one selection - Root Hog or Die - in which Malcolm comes off almost like Jelly Roll. To me, he more often sounds like such impeccable blues men as Josh Altheimer, Memphis Slim, or Sammy Price. Which is fitting because basically the Hamfats were a blues band. "Lets Get Drunk and Truck" - an invitation, perhaps, to the dance - "What You Gonna Do?", "Southern Blues," and "Black Gal You'd Better Use Your Head" are flat out South Side blues.

But the Hamfats were versatile. The Garbage Man is a very creditable version of Luis Russell's Call of the Freaks. Jam Jamboree, elsewhere known as Gate-mouth and Do What Ory Say, swings like a street parade. And on Growling Dog, Morand uses his horn to portray the hippest canine this side of the Bogalusa dog pound.

This isn't very serious music. It is for fun. If you're lucky enough to run across a copy, pick it up. You'll find it good jazz and fine entertainment.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town

■ ■

## Is It True What They Say

Many events this month for jazz lovers. A quick look at fashions at the Salty Dogs saw many long skirts and a couple of people breaking out in 20's style shawls - Amber Middleman, looking ever so chic in her white turban. Amber, a true fan from Baltimore, reports that she made special trips to stores to get her turbans (she has not one but two) only to find them sold when she got there. Finally got one at Tyson's Corners, so don't think you'll pick one up at any old tacky shop, ladies! Plus most of us (sigh!) won't have that foxy lady look that Amber gets so effortlessly.

Drinks for the House. How many times has one wanted to utter those deathless words...or at least have it said when you were thirsty. Tem Bamforth did just that the other night at the Bratwursthaus. He's an engineer, long time member of the club, transferred to Louisville, but living in Crystal City and here on temporary duty. He wants to keep jazz alive in the area.

Coincidence of coincidences: his wife went on a tour of Italy a month or so ago, and who do they see as she stood in line with the tour but Charlie La Barbera, PRJC Board member and his wife Angie, for the same tour. Guess they used the same travel agent. Charlie and his wife had visited Rome and Naples. Charlie's Italian is so good a Sicilian asked him why he was with those tourists.

Moving Renata Monroe moved to Va. Beach to nurse at the Naval Hospital there; she was often at B'haus and PRJC events. Will miss Mary and Bill Bason of Drexel Hill, Pa. who attended most events -- they've moved to Santa Rosa, California.

Manassas Jazz Festival. Sat by Natalie Lamb for a few minutes at the festival; she was great, as were many others. Some very clean-living types sat across from us. How long since you brought apples and oranges plus a far of bubbles to blow at exciting times? Some really nice kids from Groveton HS who took notes and titles of all the songs and got many autographs from the artists. They were there because their history teacher, Mr. Hupart, was sick and couldn't be there (the notes were for him) -- he plays jazz as they come to class. Their favorite band is the New Sunshine but they love all the music.

Nostalgia Dept. Attended the Fed Jazz Commission night at the Marriott. Sad to think there won't be a jazzband there every Sunday. The band was recording, so hope the record turns out - going to miss that popcorn and the lights of the planes flying over the Potomac. -- Mary Doyle ■

## The TR Overseas Desk

Jazz by the Zuider Zee

(Ed. Note: Herewith the second of two reports by Sid Levy on the state of traditional jazz abroad - this one on Holland.)

Joseph Lam has his own jazz band and his own nightclub in Amsterdam, and he doesn't even exist. Dick Spieker, leader of the Lam band and a left-handed trumpeter who plays much in the Hackett mode, explained it all one evening in the Bamboo Bar on Leitsepleine, where his group works when it's not at its own club. "It's a sort of nickname," said he; "Joseph Lam is a mythical character, a sort of town drunk.. a comical figure." Good ol' Joe Blow, you might say.

That's not the way the band comes on. It swings. Spieker has molded his group (the usual banjo-tuba 7-piece lineup, with a clarinet man doubling on alto and soprano) into a hard-driving band that cleaves to the middle of the traditional road. We heard them do Someday Sweetheart, Louisiana, Runnin' Wild, New Baby, and others of similar vintage in a style that would do the old Condon mob credit. Maybe not so polished, but full of the same high spirits.

High spirits. One of them is "young Genever," Dutch dry gin which is traditionally consumed, boiler-maker style, with a beer on the side. That's the main bill-of-fare at the Joseph Lam Jazz Club, a refurbished old warehouse on the edge of the port district not far from downtown Amsterdam. It's open for a 3-day weekend each week and features visiting bands as well as Spieker's group -- some from abroad. Wall posters name some of them: The Dixie Machine; Victoria JB; Anno 1929; Jazzband Ball Ork; Revival JB; Sidewalk Hot Jazz; The Charleston 7; The Peat Town JB; and several others.

Holland has perhaps 15 or so good trad bands, and Amsterdam has its own jazz club which publishes a regular bulletin on who's playing where. It's president is Paul Habraken, tuba player with the J. Lam bunch. a government-employed social worker, he says American-style jazz came over long before the Marshall Plan and has made many a convert. Our own observation is that Dutch musicians learned their jazz, come to think of it, the way the rest of us did - by listening.

American jazz records are available in most record shops and collectors in Holland (and many other European countries) have libraries that would turn many of us green with envy. American jazz musicians are respected if not revered; a surprising number live in Holland and other Continental cities. There's jazz on the radio - admittedly

occupying a minority position vs. rock and pop. But that's true of the U.S.

We thought we detected in the bands we heard a kind of, well, innocence that added charm and enthusiasm where polish may have been lacking. Not that these aren't competent players; most would be welcome in any PRJC band. But where some of us occasionally may react jadedly to the warhorses in our repertoire, the Dutch musicians belted them out as though they had just discovered them. It's an infectious kind of joy and it helps freshen many a jaded jazz flower.

Amsterdam is a bit like New York in more than one way. Not only is it huge, cosmopolitan, a port town with action at all hours, but you can also find any kind of jazz you want. We thought to escape this bigtown feeling with an expedition to the tiny fishing port of Enkhuizen on the Zuider Zee. And what did the poster in the railroad station say? "Coming next week, Pape Bue and his Viking Jazzband, with the Freetime Old Dixie Jazzband of Enkhuizen." -- Sid Levy ■ ■

Riffs to a Grecian Urn

I recently spent 3 weeks in a small town (Kifisia) just outside Athens, Greece. My business there allowed me time to scout the music scene. Was there jazz in Greece - maybe even traditional jazz? After all, it has permeated everywhere in the world, I had heard. I combed Athens - I spoke to American Embassy people - I followed leads from taxi drivers. After all this I am prepared to write a short article on jazz in Greece:

There ain't none.

Amazing! Maybe PRJC could start a mission. Fatcat as a jazz missionary? Possible, but perhaps my mind was going.

There is jazz to be heard in Greece, over both VOA and BBC broadcasts, and it has had some effect on local musicians. I heard an alto man in Athens run some changes on Autumn Leaves that were jazz-like and coherent.

Each morning I walked the 5 miles to a neighboring village to practice on the closest piano I could find. So, from 9 to 10:30 each morning in Kefalari, Greece you could hear the strains of Sweet Substitute and Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave to Me issuing forth from the game room of the Pentilikon Hotel. I drew nothing but flies - but then, maybe that urn in the room will store the experience - I know I will never forget it.

-- John "Panama" True ■ ■

# PRJC on WPFW

"The Jazz Band Ball", PRJC's radio show, continues on WPFW (89.3 fm), and January programs include several of particular interest to serious jazz scholars as well as to more casual listeners. The lineup:

Jan 1 - Evolution of the Buddy Bolden Theme - Don Rouse.

Clarinetist Rouse traces the use of a strain of music identified with Bolden - "Don't Go Away Nobody" - through the subsequent history of U.S. popular music.

Jan 8 - The Pop Tune in Jazz, Hot Dance, and Hokum - Carl Scheele

The performers run the gamut from Fletcher Henderson to the Hoosier Hot Shots by way of Fats, Goodman, and Venuti.

Jan 15 - Irving Fazola and Benny Goodman - Mac McGown

McGown takes a close look at two of his own particular heroes.

Jan 22 - Two-beat jazz to turn you on - Roy Hostetter

A grab bag of sounds from Bunk Johnson to Bud Freeman.

Jan 29 - Bill Handy and his Friends - Jim Lyons.

The life and times of William Christopher Handy - a tribute to a man who enriched our musical heritage. ■ ■

# Queen City JB Here Feb 3

With announcement of the Queen City JB set for the Marriott on Friday, Feb. 3, the 1978 PRJC calendar of special events will get off to a rousing start.

The Queen City band, playing it's second gig here in as many years, is a crowd-pleasing group with a forthright front line including the incredible Alan Frederickson on trombone. With Frederickson, the audience gets two for the price of one - an excellent trombonist and a truly funny master of ceremonies.

The Queen City Jazzband, a regular for the past several years on the summer festival circuit is at home in Larimer Square in Denver.

The Feb. 3 concert will take place at the Commonwealth Room in the Marriott Twin Bridges, and will run from 9 pm to 1 am. Creatures of habit are warned to take notice that Feb. 3 is a Friday - not the Saturday which has become the familiar time for PRJC specials.

Other specials set for the months ahead include:

March 11 - the annual Bix Birthday Party with the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial JB.

April 2 - The Happy Jazz Band from San Antonio, Texas. ■ ■

## NEW JERSEY JAZZ SOCIETY

PROUDLY ANNOUNCES

### STRIDES II

OUR SECOND ANNUAL JAZZ WEEKEND

March 31 - April 1-2, 1978

ONCE AGAIN WE HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH PLAYBOY RESORT & COUNTRY CLUB IN MCAFEE, N.J., TO ASSEMBLE THE VERY BEST OF TODAY'S JAZZMEN FOR YOUR PLEASURE. HERE ARE THE MUSICIANS YOU WILL HEAR:

Trumpet:	Reeds:	Trombone:	Piano:	Drums:	Bass:	Guitar:	Vocals:
Peewee Erwin	Kenny Davern	George Masso	Dave McKenna	Cliff Leeman	Slam Stewart	Bucky Pizzarelli	Helen Humes
Ruby Braff	Bob Wilber	Eddie Hubbie	John Bunch	Bobby Rosengarden	George Duvivier	Marty Grosz	
Warren Vache	Zoot Sims	Carl Fontana	Dick Hyman	Connie Kay	Michael Moore		
	Flip Phillips						

The package includes two nights' lodging, four meals of your choice (dinner on Friday - brunch and dinner on Saturday - Brunch on Sunday) and 3 huge sessions of music:

Friday Night: 9:00 P.M. - 2:00 A.M.  
 Saturday Afternoon: 1:00 P.M. - 5:30 P.M.  
 Saturday Night: 9:30 P.M. - 2:00 A.M.

Despite rising costs everywhere, we have managed to hold the line at last year's prices:  
 \$260 Double                      \$164 Single

Included are all taxes and gratuities plus use of all facilities (golf, indoor tennis, swimming, etc.) Some at extra cost.

For Out-of-Staters, there is shuttle service from Newark Airport at noon, 4:00 PM and 8:00 PM - \$10.00 ONE WAY

You can assure yourself a place at STRIDES II by filling out the form below. A \$50 non-refundable deposit is required and we also can accept BankAmericard/Visa or American Express credit cards.

We can not guarantee reservations at Playboy Resort after March 1.

THIS IS A ONE TIME AD  
 RESERVATIONS LIMITED  
 SEND RESERVATION EARLY

NJJS c/o J.W. Nelson  
 176 Canoe Brook Parkway  
 Summit, N.J. 07901

SOUNDS GREAT! Count me in. Here's my check for \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Double \$260     Single \$164     Deposit (\$50) Non-refundable

BankAmericard/Visa No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 American Express No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone \_\_\_\_\_

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: "NJJS - STRIDES II"

## A Pride of Prejudices

When I took a job in Philadelphia in 1957 friends were shocked. "Don't go," they said. "It's a bad scene. They don't bury their dead in Philly; they let them walk the streets. Nobody knows the difference."

At that time there was little clamor for my modest talents, so I went anyway. And I can testify on the basis of a 10-year sentence served there that every gag you ever heard about Philadelphia is true.

But I was lucky. Even in Philadelphia, jazz helped me beat the rap. As always it was the key to good friends, good times.

Some of my best times in the City of Brotherly Love were spent in an antique and second hand store on Market St., listening to its owner, Luther Haynes, talk about jazz piano playing and the keyboard greats he had heard and idolized as a youngster in Philadelphia just after the First World War.

If you refer to Lu as a pianist (which he is, and a good one), he is apt to gently correct you as he did me over the phone not long ago.

"I was a piano plunker," he chuckled. "There's a difference between a pianist and a plunker. I was a honkytonk plunker, a party man, you know."

To Lu, the greatest of them all was James P. Johnson. "We knew about Jelly," he says. "Jelly was a writer. But everybody veered toward Jimmy Johnson. Everybody."

Looking back 50-plus years to his youth as a self-taught rent party pianist in South Philadelphia, Lu sees Johnson's early composition "Carolina Shout" as a sort of watershed in the East Coast jazz world. "You have to remember," he says, "that when Jimmy wrote 'Carolina Shout' (1921) all the popular music before that was ragtime. Everyplace you went here in Philadelphia or in New York, if it was the summertime and the windows were up, you would hear 'Carolina Shout.' It got so if you were a piano player and you played for a party, you had to play 'Carolina Shout' or you wouldn't get another job."

If James P. was his mentor, Fats Waller was Lu's buddy. They met one day in 1923, when Lu and Charlie Stewart, another Philadelphia plunker, were walking down 16th St. and heard the sound of piano playing coming from the then-new Royal Theater. It was James P. Johnson's ablest protege warming up for the evening show. Lu and Fats were both born in 1904 and saw a lot of each other

that year while Fats was taking a Philadelphia sabbatical from marital difficulties in New York.

Not long ago, I taped some piano stuff for Lu - solos by Fats from the 20's and Joe Sullivan from a few years later. The music brought back memories which he put into a letter.

"It (the tape) took me back many years," he wrote. "I could hear feet shuffling over bare floors over which cornmeal had been sprinkled. Fridays and Saturday nights were great times in the 20's. The party was the highlight of the week. I used to get off from work at 1 a.m., walk downtown, have some seafood, then stop in some of the spots where the boys were playing. Luckey Roberts at Green's, Fats wherever I caught up with him. I could stand outside and listen to the piano and know who was playing.

"In '23 and '24 the piano players of the day were Jimmy, Fats, Lucky Roberts, Jelly Roll Morton, and Clarence Williams who played for Bessie and Mamie Smith and Ethel Waters.

"Nobody had much of the world's goods but people were different in those days. You could walk the streets at 2 or 3 a.m. with no thought of danger. On hot nights people left the front doors and windows wide open."

Not everything was wine and roses back in those days, Lu is quick to point out. Piano plunking in honky-tonks left much to be desired. "Most of those places you didn't get your money, and if you didn't look out, you'd get a fight too!" Fishel, Beyer, Wilkinson, count your blessings.

-- Al Webber ■ ■

Rahsaan Roland Kirk is dead at the age of 41. Kirk, a blind reed-man who made a high jazz art of playing 3 reeds at once had a serious stroke a year ago and had never fully recovered.

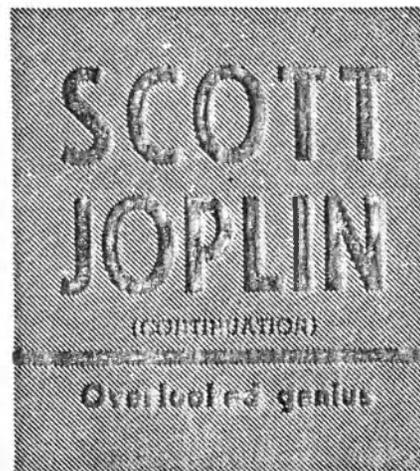
Much of Kirk's output was in the jazz idiom of Shepp, Mingus, and the Coltranes. But he could evoke the roots of the tradition and did so without the condescension of some moderns. He worshipped at the Ellington shrine and his interpretation of Creole Love Call was a lovely fragile thing.

The jazz world doesn't have enough sensitive, gentle, talented people like Rahsaan Roland Kirk. His contribution was a major one, serving as a reminder to modernists of the roots from which they came, and to traditionalists of the fact that jazz is a broad stream with lots of interesting cross-currents. Kirk sailed them all with skill, understanding, and distinction. ■ ■

It is interesting to note that the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, which runs through Temple, Texas, is one of the railroads which run into Sedalia, Missouri, and it is in Sedalia that we continue the story of Joplin's progress from last month's *Record Changer*. Sedalia, in the west central part of the state, is something of a rail center, the somewhat diminished counterpart of a seaport. Although not as cosmopolitan as a seaport, a rail center had its transient population with time and money to spend, and likewise had its amusement spots where musicians, particularly pianists, could find ready employment. In those early days, before the automatic piano and the much later juke box, a player of ability would always be welcome wherever music was in demand, and Joplin had plenty of ability. It is related that he had the gift of absolute pitch; if a chord were struck on a piano in the next room, Joplin could walk into the room and duplicate the chord instantly and correctly.

While playing in a Sedalia tavern about 1897, his command of the keyboard and his individualistic style of playing attracted the attention of the owner of the place, who persuaded him that lessons at a local music studio would be of benefit. What benefit Joplin derived from the lessons does not seem to be a matter of record, but by that time the musical revolution of the 1890's was well under way, with ragtime coming into popularity, and with his racial background, his training and experience, Joplin was peculiarly fitted to take advantage of the trend of the times, and to become one of the greatest pioneers in the new musical idiom. We can be sure that he was playing ragtime in its earliest years, because just as soon as it began to be written and published, he was prepared with his contributions.

In 1897 or 1898 he went to Kansas City, Missouri, and sold his first rag, *Original Rags*, to Carl Hoffman. Although it was his initial rag composition, *Original Rags* was no feeble first effort; it was a finished piece of ragtime, which can be classed with his best. *Original Rags* has the unique distinction of being the only Joplin composition to be arranged by someone else; the title page bears the inscription "Picked by Scott Joplin, Arranged by Chas. N. Daniels." Mr. Daniels, probably better known to the music world as Neil Moret, was then associated with Carl Hoffman, and was also a pioneer in American popular music around the turn of the century, so the arrangement of *Original Rags* was in capable hands. Mr. Daniels himself composed many popular numbers during over forty years of musical activity, his first his probably being *Hiawatha*, an Indian Intermezzo,



which swept the country about 1900, and started a vogue for that type of music. Music lovers were sorry to hear of Mr. Daniels' death in California two or three years ago.

(Incidentally, it was *Original Rags* that Jelly Roll Morton chose to transform into Jelly's very distinctive brand of New Orleans music for the New Orleans Memories album issued by General Records.)

In 1899 Joplin took the step that was to have a far-reaching effect on his career, as well as on the destiny of a music publisher, for it was in that year that he contacted John Stark and Son, of Sedalia, who were then preparing to move to St. Louis. He carried with him his manuscripts of *Maple Leaf Rag*, *Sunflower Slow Drag* (written with Scott Hayden), and possibly others, which he displayed to the Starks, and . . . but let them say a few words:

"SCOTT JOPLIN . . . left his mark on American music. When he first came into our office, some years ago, with the manuscripts of *Maple Leaf Rag* and *Sunflower Slow Drag* he had tried other publishers, but had failed to sell them. We quickly discerned their quality, bought them and made a five-year contract with Joplin to write only for our firm. . . . When we published the *Maple Leaf* it took us one year to sell 400 copies, simply because people examined it hastily, and didn't find it."

The *Maple Leaf Rag* was published while the Starks were still in Sedalia, as was *Swipsey Cake Walk*, which was written in collaboration with Arthur Marshall, also a negro. The black and white title page of the original edition of the *Maple Leaf Rag* is a very interesting piece of work. The words "Maple Leaf Rag" are across the top of the page, slightly arched and ornamented with a

minimum of engraved flourishes. The illustration consists of two negro couples, dressed in the fashion of the day, one couple following the other in what probably was intended to represent a cake walk. Immediately below the picture is the following:

SEDALIA, MO.

Published by  
JOHN STARK & SON

Permission to use the above picture kindly granted by the American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers of OLD VIRGINIA CHEROOTS, by whom it is copyrighted.

By ROY CAREW  
and  
PVT. DON E. FOWLER

Little need be said of the *Maple Leaf*. It is the rag classic, and any popular musician who isn't familiar with it has neglected the best of all. Published forty-five years ago, it has lost none of its freshness, and although the best of the players have dressed it up in different styles, they have never improved upon it. The first part of *Maple Leaf Rag* is unique in structure; no other composer ever imitated the form Joplin used for that part, although he himself followed it in three other rags—*The Cascades*, *Gladiolus*, and *Sugar Cane*.

Shortly after publishing *Maple Leaf Rag* and *Swipsey*, John Stark and Son moved to St. Louis, where they established themselves and began to publish those superior rags which were to bring to them the designation of "The Classic Rag House." Soon after the Starks moved Joplin followed them to St. Louis, where for several years he continued to compose inspirational rags which formed the backbone of the Stark rag catalog. They came in a steady stream—*Peach-erine Easy Winners*, *Breeze From Alabama*, *The Strenuous Life*, *The Entertainer*, *The Ragtime Dance Song*, *The Chrysanthemum*, *The Cascades*—all good and all up to the Joplin standard. From the very first Joplin seems to have won top place as the ragtime composer, and his preeminence in the field seems to have been recognized and acknowledged, for as early as 1901 he assumed the title "King of the Ragtime Writers," which title seemingly never was challenged. The unique and characteristic quality of his ragtime compositions put them in a class by themselves, and the name "Joplin" on a rag carried the same assurance as "Sterling" did on silver. His style was copied, and rags of that style were called "Joplin-rags"; efforts to imitate were many, with varying success—at the height of their vogue one of the better imitations was Percy Wenrich's "The

Smiler—Joplin Rag."

Although ragtime was accepted promptly by liberal and progressive musical spirits in the United States, there always existed a more or less snobbish antagonism to it by the highbrows and musical four-flushers, whom the Stark firm ridiculed with advertising dodgers such as the following:

A FIERCE TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

SCENE: A Fashionable Theatre. Enter Mrs. Van Clausenberg and party—late, of course.

MRS. VAN C: "What is the orchestra playing? It is the grandest thing I have ever heard. It is positively inspiring."

YOUNG AMERICA (in the seat behind): "Why that is the *Cascades* by Joplin."

MRS. VAN C: "Well, that is one on me. I thought I had heard all of the great music, but that is the most thrilling piece I have ever heard. I suppose Joplin is a Pole who was educated in Paris."

YOUNG AM.: "Not so you could notice it. He's a young Negro from Texarkana, and the piece they are playing is a rag."

Sensation—Perturbation—Trepidation—and Seven Other Kinds of Emotion.

MRS. VAN C: "\*\*\*\*\* The idea. The very word ragtime rasps my finer sensibilities. (Rising) I'm going home and I'll never come to this theatre again. I just can't stand trashy music."

*The Cascades*, published in 1904, is a very fine number, and it stood high in the estimation of both the publishers and the composer. The title page of the first edition of *The Cascades* did not carry the usual inscription "King of the Ragtime Writers," but it did carry a photograph of Joplin in an oval frame drawn in the center of the page and surmounted by a crown. Joplin evidently liked this photograph, as it again appears, somewhat touched up, on the cover of *Euphonic Sounds*, published by Seminary Music Company five years later.

The little advertising dodgers that the Stark firm sent out to announce their new numbers and to boost their catalog were pearls of advertising, as will be seen from the following excerpt from one of them:

\* \* \* \* \* Mark this—the besetting sin is in trying to play these classics too fast—there is nothing in common with these inventions and the flood of Rags, Drags and Jags on the market. We want to speak here especially of *The Sunflower Slow Drag*; this piece came to light during the high temperature of Scott Joplin's courtship, and while he was touching the ground only in the highest places, his geese were all swans, and Mississippi water tasted like honey-dew; his exuberance made Monroe Rosenfeld's most effervescent moods appear but 'gloomy weather' \* \* \* \* \* If ever there was a song

without words this is that article; hold your ear to the ground while someone plays it, and you can hear Scott Joplin's heart beat.\* \* \*

The prejudice against ragtime, and the refusal or inability of some people to play it, the Starks lampooned with a caricature of a "long hair" musician kneeling on top of a piano stool, trying to play the *Maple Leaf*, with this little poem underneath:

Och Himmel the carpets wave up and wave down

Und der light she go 'round mit a schwing \*

\* (Probably the first reference to "swing").

Dot hot razzle dazzle—I can't find der notes

Und der time he gone crazy by jing

'Raus mit der new fangled stuff of today  
I blays der same biece dot my grand vatter blay.

In tracing the musical progress of Scott Joplin, as recorded in the multitudinous files of the Library of Congress, there was found in the records for 1903 the following:

Class Cxx 42461, Feb. 18, 1903. A GUEST OF HONOR, a ragtime opera, written and composed by Scott Joplin, published by John Stark and Son.

It can well be imagined that the discovery of such an unexpected nature aroused keen interest, and a check of the stacks was requested at once. A search revealed that several numbers were missing at number 42461. Again the records were checked, and there was found another entry, dated two years later, stating that no copies of *A Guest of Honor* had ever been received. An inquiry addressed to Mr. William P. Stark in St. Louis brought the information that while *A Guest of Honor* had some pretty good music, the story and lyrics were weak, and it was never published. Apparently this ragtime opera is lost, which is too bad, since it would be very interesting to compare the early effort with *Tree-monisha*, the ragtime opera which Joplin himself published in 1911.

While Joplin was turning over to John Stark and Son one good rag after another, he was able to place several very good rags with other publishers: *Palm Leaf* with Victor Kremer, *The Sycamore and Eugenia* with Will Rossiter, *Weeping Willow* and *Something Doing* with Val A. Reis Music Company, and the *Favorite* with A. W. Perry Sons Music Company. He composed the music to several songs, and wrote a couple of waltzes. One of the songs, *Little Black Baby*, is interesting in that it seems to be the only composition by Joplin in which he drew on another tune for material; the words to *Little Black Baby* were by Louise Armstrong Bristol, and the melody is strongly

reminiscent of Joplin's Ragtime Dance (song). There is another interesting feature about *Little Black Baby*—it is the only published number composed by Joplin that does not carry his name on the title page.

The well merited success that came to John Stark and Son in St. Louis pointed the way to greater fields—New York beckoned. In spite of great efforts at imitating, Tin Pan Alley had produced nothing in ragtime composition to compare with the Stark numbers, so it appeared that an opportunity was in the East. In 1904 Mr. John Stark went to New York and opened an office at 127 East 23rd Street, and once again Scott Joplin soon followed his publisher. We do not know how much success, measured in dollars and cents, came to John Stark and Son in New York, but some good Joplin rags were published—*Heliotrope Bouquet*, written with Louis Chauvin, *The Nonpareil*, *Fig Leaf* and others.

## The Record Changer January 1945



by Bill Riddle

KID ORY'S CREOLE JAZZ BAND.  
Mutt Carey (trumpet), Kid Ory (trombone), Omer Simeon (clarinet), Buster Wilson (piano), Bud Scott (guitar), Ed Garland (bass), Alton Redd (drums).

CRESCENT 1

*Creole Song/South*

CRESCENT 2

*Get Out of Here/Blues for Jimmy*

For those who are interested in New Orleans jazz as it was played in the old days these records are the answer to a prayer. The personnel consists entirely of men who play in this style and the group is led by a musician who has become the symbol of New Orleans jazz, Kid Ory. These are the true jazz artists and they have gone too long unrecorded. This is the kind of jazz you hear on the now famous recordings by King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and Jelly-Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers.

Mutt Carey, who has not recorded since 1921, plays the perfect New Orleans horn, a little like Ladnier, a little like

Bunk. His lead is economical and driving at fast tempo, and his tone in the blues becomes warm and soft. Ory is still the world's greatest jazz trombonist. No words of praise can be too high for this veritable giant of jazz. Simeon, famous for his work with the Red Hot Peppers, is still a great jazz clarinetist though his ensemble style is expressed in rather abrupt phrases in contrast to the flowing passages of his earlier days. Buster Wilson establishes himself as a first-rate ensemble pianist, a rare thing today. He played on the West Coast many times with his close friend, Jelly-Roll Morton, and Morton's influence upon him is apparent. Garland plays a magnificently full and heavy bass, reminiscent of John Lindsey's early work. Alton Redd, a New Orleans jazzman who has not recorded before, is a pleasant surprise in these days of drummers whose sole aim is apparently to play so loudly and with such a display of "fireworks" as to make concentration upon the other performers impossible. He plays very simply and with a solid regular beat; his devices of accentuation: the cow-bell, the wood block, and the little abrupt press rolls, are typical of the best New Orleans drummers.

Unfortunately Scott's guitar did not record very well but we can feel his pushing banjo style rhythm if we can't hear it too clearly. I do not mean to create the impression that the sides are poorly recorded. The best jazz records made in recent years, those cut in New Orleans, did suffer from poor recording. These do not. Scott may have been placed a little too far from the microphone, but otherwise this is a first-rate job of recording.

The four sides are begun without introductions and are played with a minimum of solos. *Creole Song*, which is subtitled *C'est L'autre Cancan*, is probably the best side. The verse and first chorus are played ensemble with Carey playing fine lead. The melody is typical of those New Orleans tunes which have been brought to light lately, and Carey and the rest are right in their natural environment. After the introductory ensemble Ory sings the verse and chorus backed by clarinet and rhythm playing very softly. Following this there is one chorus clarinet solo with Simeon playing much as he did in the old Morton days, and then Ory sings the vocal again. Carey leads the boys into a superb ensemble ride-out to the end of the side. Ory plays that same wonderful tail-gate background that he did on the Armstrong Hot Fives and the Red Hot Peppers of 1926. The ensemble spirit on this side is comparable with any which has ever been recorded.

This is the first time, to my knowledge, the old Bennie Moten number, *South*, has

been done by such a group and the tune lends itself readily to the style. The first chorus is taken ensemble with Carey again playing that beautiful lead, then breaks are taken first by Simeon then by Ory. Ory's breaks defy description. If you know the breaks he plays on the Armstrong and Morton records, you'll know what I mean. After the breaks there is another chorus ensemble, then another with Ory playing an old New Orleans device which has never been done before on records; he plays a counter-melody above the ensemble throughout the chorus. Breaks again, this time by Redd and Garland, and the final chorus is played again with Ory's melodious obligato.

*Get Out of Here and Go On Home*, another heretofore unrecorded New Orleans tune, is a stomp played fast and

hard—ensemble for the first two choruses, then one chorus solo by clarinet. Simeon's sense of phrasing is beautiful and this is a fine solo. Wilson and Redd behind him are at their best and the former plays amazingly like Jelly-Roll. Mutt, with a terrific sense of timing, takes them into the ensemble again to the end of the side. Ory slides around as only he can. Redd and Garland play wonderful driving rhythm.

*Blues for Jimmy*, so named for the late Jimmy Noone, is traditional twelve bar blues. The first and last choruses are played ensemble and the balance of the side consists of solos by Carey, Ory and Simeon. Simeon sounds more as he did on the Paul Mares Okehs of 1935, sensitive and delicate patterns, full of feeling. Ory's solo possesses a warm mellow tone and is played with a characteristically simple melodic line. Carey plays two choruses, one using his hand over the bell of the horn for some beautiful effects, the other with a mute playing phrases "answered" by Simeon on clarinet.

It is clearly demonstrated on these two records that the old school New Orleans musicians, who made the best records in the golden period of jazz recording, can still play more jazz than anyone else in the world. Mr. Nesuhi Ertegun and Miss Marili Morden are to be congratulated for their courage and clear vision in picking the men they did for this session and for choosing as "leader" of the little group such a man as Kid Ory, whose understanding of the music is certainly profound. Let us hope that Mr. Ertegun and Miss Morden will find it possible to give us many more records like these in the future.



# ...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 -

## HOTLINE FOR JAZZ - 573-TRAD

Jazz at the Captain's Quarters, Crystal City Howard Johnson's - Fri.  
8:30-12:30. Alternating each week: The Federal Jazz Commission and  
The Washington Channel JB.

## Regular Gigs

### Mondays

Federal Jazz Commission 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau, Arlington, Va.

### Tuesdays

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

### Wednesdays

Fat Cat's Manassas Festival Jazzers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau  
(N.B. Wed. Jan 11 PRJC Open Jam at the B'haus -  
musicians needed - especially reeds and rhythm.)

### Thursdays

Riverside Ramblers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau

### Fridays

Southern Comfort 8:30-12 Shakey's, Rockville Pike, Rockville, Md  
Jim Riley, Jay Wachter - bjos; Wayne Mules - po. 9-12 Buzzy's, Annapolis

### Saturdays

Bay City 7 9-1 "S.S. Nobska" Inner Harbor, Baltimore, Md.

### Sundays

Hot Mustard Ragtime Band 7-11 Pierce St. Annex 19th & Eye NW, Washington, DC

## Other gigs of note

Fri. Jan 6, Fri Feb 3 - Tex Wyndham's Red Lion JB Green Room, Hotel DuPont,  
Wilmington, Del. (Res. strongly advised)

Fri. Jan. 6 - Va. Shy jam, home of Frank McPherson, 2619 E. Meredith Dr.  
Vienna, Va. (938-4461)

Fri. Jan. 20- D.C.-Md. Shy jam, home of Dave Littlefield, 6809 5th St NW  
Washington, D.C. ((723-9527)

Now thru Jan 15 Max Morath "The Ragtime Years" Fords Theatre,  
Washington, D.C. For details, box office - 347-4833.

FRI. FEB 3 - PRJC MONTHLY SPECIAL - THE QUEEN CITY JAZZBAND - 9-1: MARRIOTT  
TWIN BRIDGES MOTEL.

(And remember - "The Jazzband Ball" - PRJC on the air - WPFW-FM 89.3 MHz  
Sundays 6-7:30 pm)

# Welcome, New Members!

Geraldine & Thomas Jackson  
Sterling, Va.

John Burney  
Greenbelt, Md.

Nancy & John Haran  
Pasadena, Md.

Jerry Allen  
Falls Church, Va.

W.K. Hollinger  
Arlington, Va.

Karen R. Toombs  
Annapolis, Md.

Myrtle & Lynn Mattocks  
Jacksonville, N.C.

Ruth T. Braley  
Washington, D.C.

Ray J. Gilligan  
Laurel, Md.

Nadia Granzotti (& son)  
Manassas, Va.

Wilma Jean & Kenneth Carr  
Laurel, Md.

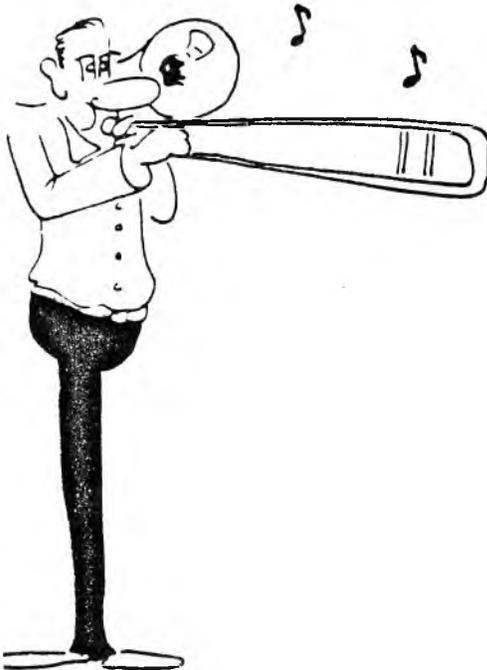
Ginnie Garwig  
Arlington, Va.

Joseph Seigle  
Philadelphia, Pa.

COMING!! **The QUEEN CITY JB - FRI. FEB. 3**

Marriott Twin Bridges 9-1  
Members \$5.00 Nonmembers \$7.00

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



BULK RATE  
U. S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
Permit No. 216  
Washington, D.C.

# Support Traditional JAZZ!