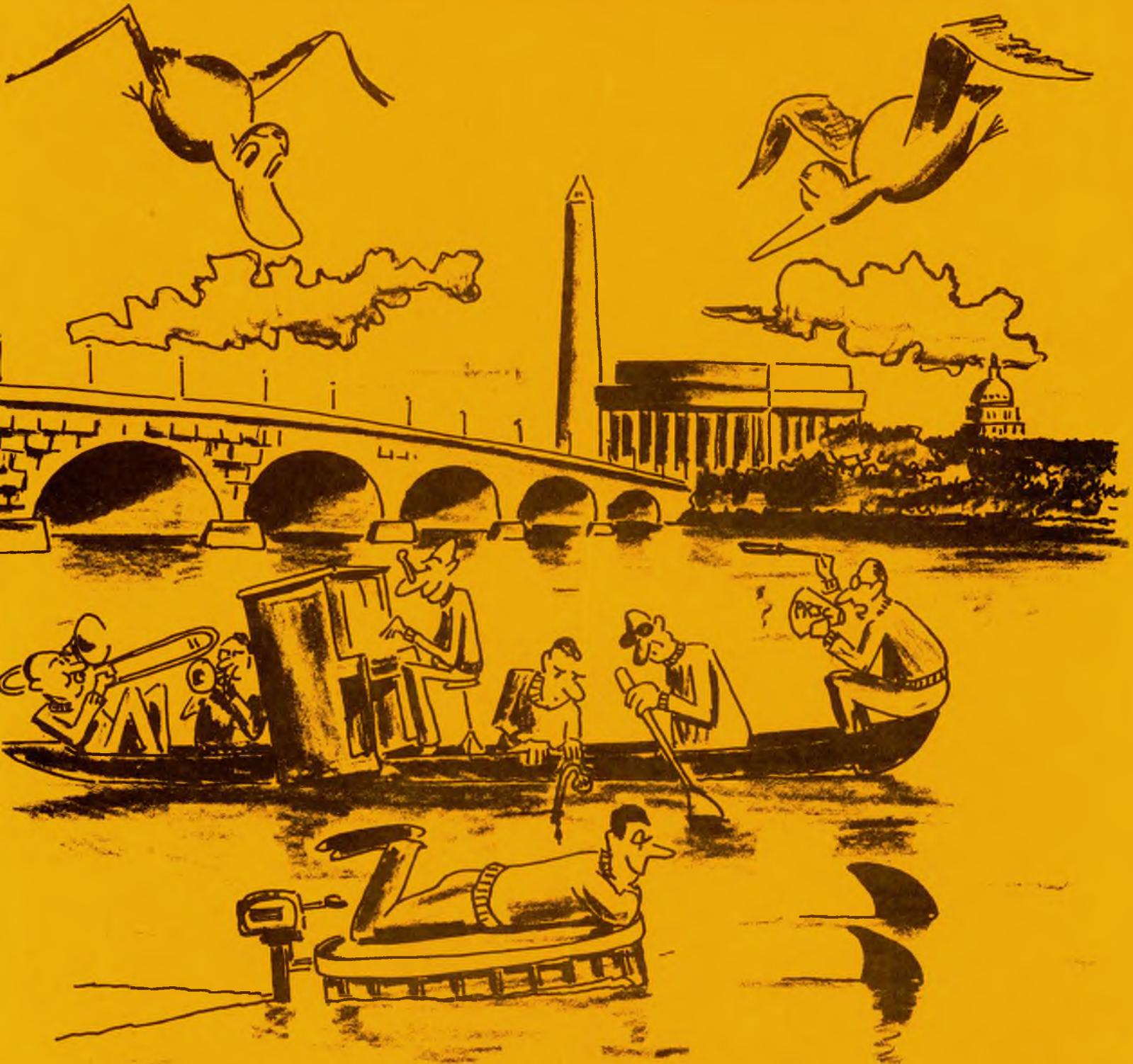


# TAILGATE RAMBLINGS!



Riseman

SEPTEMBER, 1972

EDITOR - Alan C. Webber  
ART DIRECTOR - Thomas E. Niemann  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR - "Scotty" Lawrence  
PRODUCTION EDITOR - Dolores Wilkinson

Tailgate Ramblings is published quarterly for members of the Potomac River Jazz Club, an organization dedicated to the support of traditional jazz interest and activity in the Greater Washington, D. C. and Baltimore areas. Annual subscription and membership, \$5. Initiation fee, \$2. Write to:

Mrs. Eleanor Waite Johnson  
Secretary  
The Potomac River Jazz Club  
10201 Grosvenor Place, #905  
Rockville, Md. 20852

Articles, letters to the editor, and ad copy (for which there is no charge) should be mailed to:

Alan C. Webber  
Editor  
TAILGATE RAMBLINGS  
5818 Walton Road  
Bethesda, Md. 20034

#### I THOUGHT I HEARD. . . .

Jazz shows on the air in the Greater Washington area include these of interest to traditionalists:

Felix Grant, Mon. thru Fri. 8 p. m. to midnight, WMAL-AM, 630

The Harley Show, WBAL-AM, 1100, Mon. thru Fri., 10 p. m. till midnight.

Fat Cat's Jazz, Sun. 6-7 p. m., WPRW-AM 1460

Jazz Anthology; George Mercer, Sat. 3 p. m. WAMU-FM, 88.5

The past five months have been the most active in the brief history of the Potomac River Jazz Club.

Not only has it grown in numbers -- nearly one third of the present membership joined since March -- its activities and services to members have also increased sharply. The Bratwursthaus sessions in Arlington and Manassas have given several PRJC bands a place in the sun, on a rotating basis. And the biweekly PRJC newsletter is performing an invaluable service both to local bands and clubs and to jazz-hungry PRJC listeners.

PRJC stalwarts such as Anna Wahler and Shannon Clark have been working their own variants on the old press gang theme and have been rousingly successful in luring new members into the club. So far as can be determined, neither Shannon nor Anna has resorted to physical force, bribery, or blackmail. Their restraint is commendable.

The Bratwursthaus sessions, which have survived the summer doldrums in miraculous fashion, are due to the joint labors of that pianistic man for all seasons, "Easy Ed" Fishel, and charter PRJCer "Fat Cat" McRee.

Both "hauses" work on a kitty basis. The musicians' bread is dependent on \$1.50 cover charges collected from the audience. Groups which have played the Monday and Thursday sessions have run the stylistic gamut from the "Hawaiian" dixieland of the Dixie Five-O, through the latter-day Chicago sounds of the World's Third Greatest Jazz Band to the fundamentalism of the New Sunshine Jazz Band and the Bay City Seven. At Arlington, the intermission piano bit has been the province of Silver Spring ragtimer Grant Klink.

One of the happiest PRJC innovations of recent months has been the fine newsletter written by our Activities Chairman Dan Priest and produced by PRJC Member Harold Bigler. It provides what the PRJC has long needed and what TAILGATE RAMBLINGS was incapable of: an up-to-date listing of what bands are playing where. Hats off to Brothers Priest and Bigler.

Services to members which are still in the talking stage are possible jazz lectures and gatherings of record collectors in special-

ized fields to play and discuss their particular preferences in jazz.

Several local bands now can claim 100% PRJC membership, and for this we are grateful. Membership in several other groups is spotty to say the least. And I find this somewhat surprising. It seems to me that \$5 annually isn't an excessive nick to support an organization which demonstrably supports you.

Al Webber,  
Editor

\*Alas, since this optimistic editorial was written the sessions at the Manassas Bratwursthaus have ceased. However, those at the Arlington Bratwursthaus continue in high gear. A.C.W.

#### THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

Now that he is a retired civil servant, the PRJC's Ed "Big Max" Fishel is truly coming into his own.

As the club's Musical Director, he is band booker, publicist, arranger-of-sit-ins, and flesh-presser on the Bratwursthaus scene.



He also plays piano in several local bands, more than we can list here.

Burdened as he is with PRJC affairs of state, Ed has reluctantly tendered his resignation as Contributing Editor to Tailgate Ramblings. With regret, we accept.

And, drying our eyes, we welcome to the staff the Malcolm Muggeridge of Chicago-style, none other than John "Scotty" Lawrence, as Associate Editor. Scotty promises us at least four thought-and, hopefully, controversy-

provoking articles during the course of the coming year.

In this issue he ponders the merits of two cornets in a traditional jazz band. Next issue he will delve into why different personalities choose different instruments - i.e. tuba players tend to display personality traits distinct from clarinetists. He has also promised to probe the psychic underpinnings of kazoo players.

A.C.W.

#### BIX BEIDERBECKE MEMORIAL

#### JAZZ FESTIVAL

By Gary Wilkinson  
Washington, D.C.

Bix Lives. Any doubts were dispelled Aug. 4 and 5 when thousands gathered in LeClaire Park on the Mississippi River in Davenport, Iowa, for the first official Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Festival, including 16 members of the Potomac River Jazz Club.

The music was good, and of course in the Beiderbecke vein, the so-called Chicago style prevailing. Two things were particularly warming to veteran jazz observers: The crowds did not diminish during the five hours of continuous outdoor jazz twice a day, and hundred of young people very obviously dug the music, many dancing on the concrete "dance floor" in front of the bandstand.

The people who organized the event - members of the new Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Society - did a great job, even without the help of local merchants (the newspapers gave generous coverage, however). It was successful enough financially and marks the start of their program to erect a fitting Bix memorial in LeClaire Park, buy the Beiderbecke home for a museum, and start a musical scholarship for deserving young musicians. The event will be repeated next year.

Outdoor acoustics can make or break such an event. Two enormous speakers, mounted on each side of the permanent stage (much like D.C.'s Watergate stage at the Lincoln Mem-

orial, but on land) produced the most satisfactory outdoor carry these ears have heard. The bands could be heard three blocks away, yet the volume was pleasing to even the closest listeners. The string instruments were clearly audible.

The tunes were pretty much as expected - nearly all of the Wolverines stuff and much of the Bix-Tram material from 1927 and 1928, and numbers done by Bix and His Gang and the Bix Orchestra. The more obscure Bix-associated tunes were played by only a couple of the eight participating bands, to me the most noticeably by Lew Green's Salty Dogs - things like Tia Juana, Suzie and Big Boy. The Salty Dogs, who have more of a Lu Watters West Coast Revival sound than the other bands in Davenport, took occasional side trips into Armstrongland and Mortonland, since Bix admired them both.

Nostalgia was thick. Hoagy Carmichael had an eye infection and couldn't come but he sent a beautiful wire. A wire came from London (so did some people). But Bill Rank was there, and so were Wingy Manone, Chauncey Morehouse and Bill Krenz, and others. Rank still plays the effective way he did on dozens of Beiderbecke records, only his trombone is softer. Morehouse still does his left-handed drumming. Bill Krenz still plays marvelous piano, knocking people out with excursions into Maple Leaf Rag, Little Rock Getaway and a mystic, brilliant version of Bix's piano specialty, In a Mist.

A separate mention of Wingy is in order. His trumpet is still clear, true and delicate, with the easy phrasing of the lifetime pro. He did a good job as MC for the "friends of Bix" sessions (Rank, etc.) and was the subject of a front-page feature article in the Quad-Cities largest newspaper. (Wingy found Bix playing piano in a Davenport church, he said, and after hearing his horn encouraged Bix's gravitation to Chicago.)

One really pleasant surprise was the music of the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Band of New Jersey, led by Bill Barnes, who can emulate Bix as well as anyone, maybe better. These guys have a loping, easy yet powerful way of playing, with Barnes lilting all those lovely phrases. Fat Cat McRee has asked them to play in this year's Manassas Festival.

The two professional bands proved themselves to be just that. Doc Evans, of course, has international fame and has been a Bix fan forever. Beautiful horn, beautiful sidemen. Trumpter Smokey Stover and the Dixieland Firemen aren't as well known as Doc, but they should be. Again, excellent sidemen. Smokey is an incredible technician and a nice guy, too. (Scene: Smokey and Doc trading off on "Singin' the Blues" at 3:30 a. m. in the Blackhawk Hotel's Gold Room.) Smokey's clarinetist, Jerry Fuller, is out of sight. (Scene: Doc Evans playing gorgeous piano at 5:00 a. m.)

Don Gibson's Al Capone Memorial Jazz Band of Chicago probably emulated the Chicago style most effectively, using two saxophones in addition to the traditional front line instruments; one sax was C-melody, a la Frankie Trumbauer. The Samuel Dent Memorial Jazz Band of Lake Forest, Illinois, stuck to standard Dixieland tunes during the Festival but played them well enough to make you glad you



heard them. Three banjos, sitting in a row up front, painted an oldy picture beside the rest of the front line of the Turkey River Jazz Band.

Davenport has its own band, which includes fine musicians. The leader is cornetist Don O'Dette, who happens to be president of the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Society and spark plug of the Festival. Don's style is so Bixian that you could recognize it from any random four bars of his playing.

Things started off Thursday evening, Aug. 3, with a "Friends of Bix" cocktail party in the mammoth Gold Room of the Blackhawk Hotel. I talked with Chauncey Morehouse for half an hour, then with Bill Rank. What a treat! (The Columbia LP, Bix Beiderbecke Story - Bix and Tram Vol. 2 (CL 845), has Miff Mole playing trombone on Bix's immortal "Singin' the Blues." Not so. It was Rank, as most other sources indicate.) Things broke up at 3:00 a. m.

The outdoor concerts ran from noon to 5:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Then things shifted to the Blackhawk. Saturday night Jupiter Pluvius opened his bag just after things started, washing everyone back to the Blackhawk for free simultaneous concerts in three areas of the hotel. Fortunately, the park was nearly filled with paying fans when the rains came, averting a probable financial bath.

Fans could also hear jazz on a sternwheeler especially hired for the Festival, the bands alternating on the two-hour trips.

The staying power of both fans and musicians in the hotel's Gold Room deserves comment. It was well after 4:00 a.m. when things eased Saturday morning. My wife and I went to bed at 6:00 a.m. Sunday morning and things still were happening, including Bill Bacin, publisher of the Jazzologist and backbone of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California. (Scene: Bacin and Fat Cat trading vocal choruses on Tishomingo, with hundreds egging them on.)

A special service was scheduled for 9:00 Sunday morning at Bix's grave at Oakdale Cemetery, but rain dampened the program. Some of the PRJC contingent drove by Bix's house and through the cemetery enroute to the airport Sunday Afternoon.

The PRJC'ers in Davenport included president Shannon Clark, vice president Anna Wahler and her husband Fred, treasurer Gary Wilkinson and his wife Dolores, Johnson and Liz McRee, Ossie Barr, Hal Farmer and George Mercer. PRJC members Charlotte and Ray St. Germaine came up from Natchez, Miss. to round out the representation. Bill and Helen Bacin also are members, as are Herb and Mabel Ellingwood. Herb is president of the New Orleans Jazz Club of New York.

Bix, being shy, might have been overwhelmed by all this. But the sensitive Bix would have appreciated the devotion of his fans and the quality of the musical tribute to his style.



## PRJC MEMBERS REPORT ON ST. LOUIS RAGTIME FESTIVAL

By Shannon Clark  
President, PRJC

What started out eight (8) years ago as a one night, one band, Ragtime Festival, has now developed into a four night Jazz Festival. Although there were certainly enough Ragtimers around to lend authenticity to the name, the program could be more accurately named "The St. Louis Traditional Dixieland Jazz Festival."

Arriving in St. Louis the night before the Festival opened allowed time for a wonderful dinner with old friend Don Franz. (Tuba and banjo with the St. Louis Ragtimers and part owner of the Goldenrod.) I highly recommend "The Port of St. Louis" as the best restaurant in town. Later Don and St. Louis piano player John Gazzoli sat in with the Sammy Garner Trio, and made the first night in St. Louis a memorable one.

The old Goldenrod Showboat started rocking Wednesday night with Dan Havens Mississippi Mud Cats upstairs and The St. Louis Ragtimers downstairs. Dan is a professor of English at Southern Illinois University by day and one of the best Dixieland cornet players in the midwest by night. The rest of front line is Skip Diringer on trombone and Warren Brown clarinet. Both are exceptionally fine musicians and give the band a driving sound.

The St. Louis Ragtimers (The Goldenrod House Band) consist of Trebor Tichenor, piano; Bill Mason, cornet; Don Franz, tuba; Al Trickler, banjo; Greg Meyer, clarinet. This group has been together quite some time and their playing reflects it when the good sounds come rolling out. I'm sure Al Trickler knows almost as many songs as Clancy Hayes and sings them equally as well. Don Franz throbbing tuba sets the pace for this fine group.

Thursday night followed the same format as Wednesday, plus a few ragtime pickers had arrived in town. The acknowledged King of Boogie Woogie, Bob "Spider" Seeley from Detroit, plays so fast you actually find it difficult to follow his fingers. Gary Wilkinson (PRJC Treasurer) was heard to remark

"There are Ragtime and Dixieland piano players, and then there is Bob Seeley." Mike Montgomery, also from Detroit, arrived. Charlie Booty from Nashville, Tenn., and Ben Conroy from Austin, Tex., do one of the greatest piano boogie woogie duets I have ever heard. Grant Klink (PRJC member) represented the Washington area. John Gazzoli, a Navy Lt. JC from St. Louis, is an extremely accomplished musician for his 24 years.

Thursday night action concluded with an impromptu jam session on the Mississippi levee across from the old burned out Levee House. When the Goldenrod closes, about 1 a. m., musicians bring their axes and the fans bring their 6 packs and jazz continues 'till at least 4 a. m. To me, this is one of the most exciting happenings at the festival. It gives all the musicians who are not on the program a chance to swing a little with those who are, and some really great groups have evolved from these jam sessions. It also gives Bill Bacin a background for his Tishomingo Blues.

Friday and Saturday nights, the action really heated up. The Goldenrod Theater had alternate sets between "The Dawn of the Century Ragtime Orchestra from Los Angeles" and the world famous Happy Jazz Band from San Antonio. The St. Louis Ragtimers and numerous piano players held forth in the bar. Upstairs Dan Havens' Mississippi Mud Cats alternated with The Salty Dogs from Chicago. Anna Wahler was heard to remark "I think I'm Gonna Lose my Mind." There were just so many good sounds going on in three different places that you couldn't spread yourself thin enough. Riverside Jam Sessions followed the regular program both Friday and Saturday nights.

Having attended the New Orleans Jazz Festival in April, I would have to say that St. Louis has the more traditional sounds. Perhaps it's because the action all takes place on the Goldenrod, vs. being spread around town in New Orleans. But there just seems to be more good oldtime traditional jazz played in St. Louis than in the town which spawned the stuff. Anyway, I only heard the Saints once in four days.

An extra added attraction was an invite for

all attending PRJC members to Dan Havens Sat. afternoon Jazz picnic at his home in Edwardsville, Ill. A fun afternoon was had by all, as musicians rotated in and out of the band, while enjoying beer and sausage. Our own Bob Harris and Gary Wilkinson were among the guest musicians.

PRJC members at the Festival were Fred and Anna Wahler, Temple Hills, Md; Gary and Dolores Wilkinson, Wash., D.C.; Raymond and Charlotte St. Germaine from Natchez, Miss.; Bob Harris, Alexandria, Va.; Roger Davidson, Dallas, Texas; Bill and Helen Bacin from Orange, Calif. (Pres. of NOJCC and Editor of the Jazzologist); Tony Hagert, Arlington, Va.; Grant Klink, Silver Spring, Md.; and yours truly. It was a really great week of jazz. The last request on Sat. night was "The Alcoholic Blues."

#### Harris Digs The 'Dogs'

By Bob Harris  
Alexandria, Va.

After hearing about it for years from my Midwestern friends, I finally made the St. Louis Ragtime Festival in June this year. For anyone interested in traditional jazz, this is the scene that you shouldn't miss.

The whole organized business takes place on the showboat "Goldenrod" tied to the levee opposite the Arch, downstream from the Eads Bridge (two magnificent pieces of engineering - the only ones in St. Louis). Not-so-organized business takes place other places, mostly on the levee after the boat shuts down about 1 a. m.

There was almost too much going on musically to rationally digest it. Being a band man, I went to hear the bands on Friday and Saturday. What went on other days, others will have to report.

On Friday night, in the theater, the Happy Jazz Band of San Antonio alternated with the Dawn of the Century Ragtime Orchestra from Los Angeles. Upstairs, a Dan Havens group - part of the old Boll Weevil Jazz Band - was holding forth, with various piano players at intermissions. All of the time, on the main deck outside the theater, the St. Louis Ragtimers performed. They apparently are the

"Goldenrod" house band. Saturday night, the same two bands were in the theater while the Salty Dogs of Chicago played upstairs.

Whenever more than one band plays under the same roof there is an air of competition - if only because they are trying to sell their records - and that was the case in St. Louis. It was mostly the Happy Jazz Band vs. the Boll Weevils and the Salty Dogs. The Dawn of the Century group was in a world all its own. Whichever was "best" would depend upon your preferences in style, polish and choice of tunes.

I heard the Boll Weevils play only a couple of tunes, and these with some sit-ins, so I can't judge them except to say that Dan Havens is a fine cornet player and singer, and Frank Powers is a fine clarinetist.

The HJB is a highly polished, commercial organization with identical uniforms and well rehearsed routines. They obviously perform every night and they show it. They have made a lot of records, and most of what they played

were old Dixieland chestnuts we had heard before in much the same way. Jim Cullum, Sr., clarinet, looks and sounds more and more like Benny Goodman and Jim, Jr., cornet, looks and sounds more and more like Hackett. Gene McKinney, trombone, comes through a lot stronger in person than on records. His vocals were very good. The rhythm section still gets that distinctive sound and feeling that comes through so strongly on their recordings. A couple of tunes the HJB played that were really outstanding were "Original Jelly Roll Blues" and "Ostrich Walk."

The Salty Dogs are a more informal group, one result of irregular employment as a band. But that does not detract from their ability to play well, either individually or as a group. I believe the best music these days is played by groups that don't work regularly and, therefore, do not become stereotyped. The Salty Dogs are perhaps the best of this type band going today. The music they play is anything but stereotyped, and it includes sev-

-----  
HEY!!!! You don't have to do anything (except pay your dues) to be a member of the PRJC. BUT...If you want to work up a little body odor in a good cause and have fun doing it, fill out the coupon below and mail it to MRS.ELEANOR JOHNSON, Secretary, PRJC, #905, 10201 Grosvenor Place, Rockville, Md. 20852.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Eleanor:

Sure, I'm a glutton for punishment. I want to do my bit to keep DIXIELAND JAZZ and the PRJC in good shape in the Washington/Baltimore area. I indicate below which PRJC activities I would like to lend a hand in.

PUBLICITY \_\_\_\_\_; PROMOTION \_\_\_\_\_; SOCIAL ACTIVITIES \_\_\_\_\_;

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS \_\_\_\_\_; OTHER \_\_\_\_\_ (please indicate by accompanying letter how you would like to help the Potomac River Jazz Club).

NAME (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS (include zip code) \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

HOME PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

\*\*\*\*\*

eral tunes that probably most people at the Festival had never heard before. Some of these were recent Frank Powers arrangements, which they read from scores of tunes like "Deep Henderson," Fats Waller's "Vipers' Drag," and Scott Joplin's "Original Rags." A lot of what they play is right out of the Lu Watters book, but they also played other obscure but good tunes like "Drop That Sack," "Rhythm King" and a new original called "Chelsea on Down."

Outstanding performers in the Salty Dogs were Lew Green, cornet, Tom Bartlett, trombone (possibly the best "break" player anywhere), and John Cooper, piano, whose playing, both on ensembles and solos, was exceptional. Mike Walbridge, tuba, didn't play as well as I've heard him other times, perhaps because of misuse of a gin bottle on the levee the night before.

The Dawn of the Century Ragtime Orchestra was an interesting group of intrepid, com-



"Hey, look!! It really IS ol' Fat Cat on vocals!!"

petent musicians, some of them from the Ted Shaffer band, who play music from the 1890 to 1915 period. I don't know if all of what they play is jazz, but they have a lot of fun doing it and they are very interesting to listen to. Their repertoire consists of rags, marches, and turn-of-the-century dance and show tunes, some of which are still played by contemporary traditional bands.

The other group there which had a wonderful small band sound was the St. Louis Ragtimers, which consists of only five pieces, piano, banjo, tuba, clarinet and cornet. They play all of the good tunes with an extremely closely-knit, organized quality. The outstanding performers in the band are Bill Mason on cornet and Don Franz on tuba.

If this much activity sounds difficult to cope with, it is. The only way to survive and really get to see and hear what's worthwhile is to associate with experienced PRJC members such as Anna and Fred Wahler and Shannon Clark, who know how to operate in these circumstances. Unfortunately, it appeared that many people aboard the "Goldenrod" spent a lot of their time listening from the fringes trying to get close to the action. The Festival seemed to be getting a little too big for the boat, but any other setting would not be as much fun.

#### THANK YOU, ST. LOUIS

Many thanks from all the PRJC members who attended the St. Louis Ragtime Festival to Jeff Leopold, president of the St. Louis Jazz Club. Jeff is the perfect host to make out-of-town jazz fans feel at home. We were invited to The St. Louis Jazz Club meeting on Monday night following the Festival. The St. Louis Club has their own club house and sponsor a local band once a month. They turn out over 100 people on a Monday night, and they all stay 'till the last note is blown. Sit-ins last 'till after 1 a.m. Another great evening of good old jazz! Thanks too, to Skip Diringer for picking us up and delivering us back to our hotel, while still playing the trombone with one hand.

Shannon Clark

#### THE CASE FOR TWO CORNETS

By Scotty Lawrence  
Alexandria, Va.

The Good Time Six (which sometimes numbers seven - or even eight) is one of the few local jazz bands that has two cornets in the front line, along with clarinet and trombone. Only the Sunshine Band comes to mind as another local group using this instrumentation.

The use of two cornets in the Good Time Six is no accident. The group sees definite advantages in such instrumentation, and this article presents the case for the extra brass.

This is no recent innovation, of course. Famous precedents were the two cornet teams of King Oliver/Louis Armstrong and Lu Watters/Bob Scobey; and more recent examples include the team of Doc Evans/Bob Gruenfelder (Classics of the 20s, Audiophile AP-50) and Hackett sitting in so successfully with the Happy Jazz Band of San Antonio (Goose Pimples, Happy Jazz Records, AP-96).

In considering the advantages of the extra cornet, the first thing that comes to mind is the fuller sound it gives the ensemble, particularly on up-tempo parade-type tunes where the sound of a marching band is conveyed more immediately with the brassier sound of three brass in place of the usual two. (Let's not extrapolate this reasoning to say that it would be even more realistic with 5 trumpets and several trombones and cornets for we are discussing only traditional style jazz bands.) (Jazus, no! Let's not! Ed.)

The ensemble also has a tighter sound when the two cornet men are on the same musical wave length. The surest way to achieve the tight sound is to write the cornet parts in parallel motion and harmony. This is the most practical way of maintaining some order and discipline in the ensemble for not many part-time musicians are likely to develop into King Oliver/Louis Armstrong caliber teams with the uncanny rapport that enabled those two giants to play together so well without written parts. Even with the parts written, competent players quickly learn where liberties may be taken with the score by judicious alterations and improvisations on the written part.

The Good Time Six has had a few complaints from clarinet players that the presence of a second cornet restricts the freedom of the clarinet in ensemble passages. The fact is that if the clarinet is adhering to its proper fill-in role there should be no conflict with the second cornet part. In other words, the second cornet part is generally moving parallel with the first and the spaces for clarinet fills are still open - just as if the second cornet were not present. If each instrument plays in idiomatic fashion, the second cornet is merely reinforcing the lead.

I have designated the two cornets as first and second horns but actually it is more accurate to call them cornets A and B with the lead interchangeable and solos split more or less evenly. In this way, the two horns can be used in a number of different and effective ways. For example:

a. On solos, the cornets may like to trade fours. This is stimulating to the musicians and audience particularly if the two men play in different styles.

b. One muted cornet may play effective obbligatos against soft three part harmony on appropriate tunes. Listen to Hackett's muted comments on the track of Mood Indigo on the Happy Jazz Record mentioned above.

c. On tunes with a number of breaks during ensemble passages, one cornet may wait out these breaks and play them using a plunger as contrast to the open sound of the other three horns playing ensemble.

Perhaps the most important argument in favor of two cornets is the very practical consideration of "chops," i. e., endurance for a four hour gig. Realistically, we must recognize that most of us are weekend musicians unwilling or unable to practice a couple of hours a day to maintain the lip needed to be still on top of the horn near the end of a long job. Few of us can emulate Kenny Fulcher's ability to bang out G above the staff for hours on end. With two cornets, solos and lead parts can be distributed evenly - and not every man in the front line need solo on every tune. Again, the band may wish to play more than one out chorus, and it is very effective to play the first one softly with one cornet in the lead with the second cornet resting so that he can take over the lead on the second out chorus

at higher volume and probably at higher range.

Finally, with two cornet men familiar with the repertoire there is a good chance that one will be available for a short-notice gig. The lead cornet is possibly the spot most difficult to find a substitute for in a jazz band.



## NEW BANDS IN TOWN

(The Anacostia River Ramblers began life as the Pentaf Dixielanders and is the first local band to owe its origins to the PRJC. A character member of the band contributed the following description of the group. Ed.)

The Anacostia River Ramblers were brought together by two separate but related incidents. Following one of the Sunday night sessions (in October, 1971) at the Arlington Bratwursthaus where Tom Niemann's Potomac River Ramblers were playing and where several musicians were clamoring to sit in, an idea (certainly not original) struck Chuck Morelli.

How many individuals whose names were listed in the "interested in jamming occasionally" column of Tailgate Ramblings would respond to a call to do just that?

Well -- after numerous calls a group (well, sort of a group -- 2 trumpets, clarinetist, pianist and drummer) finally got together in Chuck's rec room. Three of the original musicians stuck it out and are still with the band. Del Beyer on piano; "Mac" McGown, clarinet; and Chuck with his Ludwigs.

But the fledgling Dixielanders just couldn't seem to get a "bone," trumpet, and bass lined up for regular full band rehearsals -- other commitments, difficulty in getting five or six musicians together -- all sorts of problems seemed to plague the trio of piano, clarinet and drums, who collectively wracked their brains for a solution.

Then in early January, 1972, a break! Spotting an ad in the Pentagram News (a Pentagon-sponsored paper) for musicians interested

in forming an unofficial Air Force-sponsored Dixieland group, Chuck contacted retired Air Force Colonel George Johnson (working as an AF civilian in the Pentagon) for details. Well, George was forming a band and needed a pianist, drummer and bass and could use another clarinet since his clarinet player was frequently out of town. "If we could find a steady bass," said George, plunking his banjo; "We'd be in business." George had himself on banjo and a trumpet man, Dale Faler, ready to go. But what to do about a bass man and that all important trombone. Until Steve Mangiapane (bass) and Peter Wells (bone) joined the group, weekly rehearsals were characterized by last minute frantic efforts to get a tuba or bass player. On many occasions, Tom Niemann, that man of varied musical talents, took time off from his busy schedule to cover the trombone slot. Tom's "Stay with It, fellows" was the encouragement that the band needed.

First rehearsal -- hell, they just started playing -- took place at the group's permanent home, the Navy's BOQ/Lounge, Anacostia Naval Station, in January. Within six weeks the group was good enough to play at the Pentagon Ticket Service Grand Opening Ceremony on February 22, 1972, arranged, of course, by the group's director, George Johnson. Another gig at the Pentagon in April, followed by several private party shindigs and three nights at the Loehmann Plaza Bratwursthau gave the Anacostia River Ramblers needed public exposure and experience. They were booked into the Arlington Bratwursthau on July 31 and from all reports gave an excellent account of themselves.

In early summer, George Johnson reluctantly withdrew from active participation. His tireless efforts in those early days certainly helped keep the group together and helped it achieve the teamwork needed.

Much of the credit goes to the PRJC for bringing the group together and for many people, too numerous to mention, who proffered words of encouragement. It is the first band formed through the good offices of the PRJC! Incidentally, when Peter Wells moved down to Washington from Darien, Conn., he wondered how he'd go about finding if any Dixieland was played; who, when, where, etc. By chance, his wife. Pat heard Felix Grant mention the

PRJC and automatically jotted down Al Webber's phone number that Felix had mentioned. Al passed Peter's name and phone number to Chuck Morelli, and two days later Peter was on the front line.

This is a hard working, dedicated group playing for kicks week after week. Not much bread but loads of fun. Their musical backgrounds and experience, like their jobs, are quite varied.

Del Beyer, (piano), recently retired Commander, USN, has been playing since high school and college days. Del can be found seven nights a week at various places featuring Dixieland music. Home phone: 256-3399.

Dale Faler, (trumpet), Captain, USN. Dale played with -- believe it or not! -- a group of Navy Flight Instructors in Pensacola who called themselves "The International Unheard of Slo-Roll 7 Plus or Minus 1." Dale has also played with the DOCS of Dixieland



and is, of course, a charter member of the Anacostia River Ramblers. Home phone: 451-8789.

Steve Mangiapane, (bass), an aeronautical engineer with R&D, Federal Aviation Agency, started playing Dixieland at the University of Maryland, and also plays with the DOCS of Dixieland. Home phone: 937-2464.

Chuck Morelli, (drums), Army civilian (DOD Trans. Agency). After many years absence (due to a rather extended overseas tour), Chuck sat in one night at Bratwursthau, got that old feeling and promptly went out and bought a set of Ludwigs. Home phone: 569-1377.

"Mac" McGown, (clarinet), Navy civilian,

learned his Dixieland playing with tapes and records. Home phone: 524-1382.

Peter Wells, (trombone), U.S. Postal Service, has had some fabulous musical experiences. From the Yale Glee Club to sitting in with New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band, World's Greatest Jazz Band, assorted bands in New York's Jimmy Ryan's and Eddie Condon's uptown places. Before coming to Washington, Peter played regularly with the King Street Stompers, a Westchester, N.Y., group. Home phone: 821-2598.

Doug Wilma, (banjo), a Lt. Col. in the Air Force, switched from trumpet and received his "training" playing with various groups in town, including Chuck Liebau's "Shakey's" band. Home phone: 573-1774.

#### THE BAY CITY SEVEN

The formation of a jazz band which embodies the spirit and excitement of traditional West Coast jazz has been, for many years, the dream of several Baltimore musicians. After a few months of experimentation and incubation, their efforts bore fruit in February of this year. The band was named the Bay City 7, in honor of the famous San Francisco band of the 1950's and also because of the proximity of Baltimore to the Chesapeake Bay. The band was installed rather precariously at Duffy's Restaurant and later at the Ridgeway Inn in Baltimore. The enthusiasm of several PRJC members, some of whom traveled considerable distances to hear the band, has helped encourage the Bay City 7's efforts and increased their determination to perpetuate the West Coast jazz approach.

The Bay City 7's personnel consists of co-leaders Harry Roland, cornetist and full-time commercial artist, and Frank Wiedefeld on tuba. Frank and the band's banjoist/vocalist, Jim Riley, also perform regularly in Baltimore's original Straw Hatters Roaring Twenties Banjo Band. The trombone duties are handled by Ray Miller, an accomplished musician with extensive dance band and marching band experience. Charlie Brown recently replaced Dick Weimer on clarinet, when Dick went on an extensive tour of Europe. Both Charlie and Dick are well known to PRJC members. Jim Styres, an advocate of the stride style piano, plays piano and

John Goldburn plays drums with control and good taste.

In the future the band hopes to find a permanent home in the Baltimore area, where they can expand their repertoire of traditional jazz tunes and promote good jazz.

Frank Wiedefeld

OH, TO BE A JAZZ KOOK,

NOW THAT SUMMER'S HERE!

By Ken Underwood, Jr.  
Fairfax, Va.

At some time or another, all of us Dixieland kooks are subjected to playing various forms of "freebies," with fringe benefits ranging from food-booze-lodging, "a ticket to the rest of the show," to just plain recognition. The best one this writer has ever been involved with is the twice-a-summer Lobster/Dixieland weekend at the Point O'Woods Association on Fire Island, N.Y. P O' W is an oldish family-type seashore community, kept apart from the rest of the Fire Island with a chain-link fence, and complete with its own post office, store, ferryboat, and even a narrow-gauge railroad from the dock to the Inn.

By invitation from either resident trombonist Larry Pratt or clarinetist Bob Kingsbury, incoming band members, wives and other members of their families, gather at Bayshore to take the ferry Saturday at 10:30 a.m. After about a half-hour trip across the Great South Bay, you are met by your weekend host and/or hostess, complete with a large Radio Flyer-type wagon for the luggage, since there are no cars allowed. The drums and bass are loaded on the little railcar, to be dropped off at the Tennis Casino, the scene of the night's operations. After getting settled in, comes some lunch, a nap if you like, then some sun at the beach -- or tennis, if you can schedule a game (10 crowded courts, and white costume mandatory for all) -- perhaps clamming in the Bay (I brought home six dozen this August!) -- or just lazing around taking it easy.

The cocktail hour precedes the lobster feast, and there is usually one organized party with all the band. After the glow-process has been

completed, we all troop down to the Yacht Club dock, where they lay on the clam chowder, boiled Maine Lobster (two each), and all the trimmings.

We start playing for the dance about nine p.m. with no scores, no requests, lots of people, and lots of booze. The July band for this year consisted of Pratt (who is well-known in New York Dixieland circles for his now-defunct Friday Prattfalls at the Columbia U. Club), ad-man Kingsbury, stockbroker and great Red Onion cornetist John Bucher, as well as present and former Grove Street Stompers: Dan Smith-tenor guitar, Bill Lynch (IBM) - bass, leader-pianist Bill Dunham (investment banker), and yours truly on drums. The August boil group consisted of all Grove Street Stomper types, substituting Dick Roberts (upstate NY school teacher) on cornet, Nick Sassoone (engineer) on clarinet, and Rick Knittel on trombone. Rick is another engineer with Union Carbide, and his round tone will be remembered by those PRJCers who went to the Bix Festival in Davenport this year.

As one might imagine, the night consists mostly of old chestnuts, and by the time the 1 a.m. closing rolls around, the lads start to sound like a band. So far, none of the PO'W people have complained about the quality, and they seem to have a ball. If you are a hardy soul, and want some later action than this, there is always Flynn's Dock, right outside the compound, which stays open until three or more. However, this means borrowing a key to the gate, a bicycle, and a flashlight (\$10 fine for cycling without one). Sunday morning is usually recovery-time, sleep, beach, although on a couple of occasions, the front-line has performed a couple of choruses of "Closer Walk" at the 10 a.m. church services (there is a church and resident minister on hand all summer).

At high noon, we regroup in the cocktail lounge of the Inn on the ocean, and play until about one-thirty, aided and abetted by copious amounts of Bloody Marys and the like. When we quit, we have to hurry to the other side of the Inn to get in line for the fabulous buffet, which shuts off at two. There's just enough time left after lunch to pack the drums, et al, on the train, say our goodbyes to the host, pick up the luggage, clams, etc., and make the

4 p.m. boat back to Bayshore. If there is a full front line going back, we break out a snare and cymbal, and have a session on the upper deck all the way to the mainland.

Even fighting the traffic around New York and driving about six hours back to D.C., I look forward to this as the kookiest and most delightful of all weekends.



IN WHICH BIG MAX FISHEL INTRODUCES  
CONTROVERSY INTO THESE BLAND  
C O L U M N S

By Ed Fishel  
Arlington, Va.

(Listening to Dixieland more and enjoying it less? Perhaps you will agree with Big Max's thesis that more imaginative **repertoires** are in order. Perhaps, on the other hand, he will make you hopping mad, mad enough to toss us a journalistic counter thrust we can run in the next issue. The Editor.)

An evergreen is an old jazz tune that I still like.

An old jazz tune that somebody else likes is known as a chestnut.

I learned these things when I sent Tailgate Ramblings a list entitled "The 60 Worst Chestnuts in All Jazz."

Wanting my wife to see how I had contributed my wisdom to the advancement of the national culture, I showed her my copy of the list.

"Those are tunes I like," she announced.

Thus enlightened, I sent word to the editor to stop the press. (Which is not too hard for him to do. Getting it started is something else.)

The fact that one man's chestnuts are an-

other man's (or woman's) evergreens may not be news, but it represents a problem. The old, overworked tune that's sure to please some members of an audience is sure to displease others.

And what is a headache to listeners is a bigger headache to musicians. Most musicians are bored with most of the overworked tunes, and few of us, let's face it, are professional enough to give out with everything we have when we're bored stiff. Jazz has got to be fun or else it ain't jazz -- so maintaineth Prof. Lawrence in the June Ramblings.

Although the problem doesn't exactly threaten to split the PRJC, it's worth solving. If we solve it, we gain two things. One, we please more of the people more of the time. Two, we look better to outsiders (prospective members) -- and especially to professional critics. We aren't likely to win any rave notices from the disc jockeys and the jazz writers with somebody's stellar 22-chorus performance of Bill Bailey or Tin Roof or Muskrat. And it's part of our purpose to win adherents for this music.

The conclusion I reach in all this prayerful thought is that the "chestnuts problem" is unnecessary. It should never have happened.

The chestnuts have become chestnuts by being so familiar. BUT -- there are 200 or 300 other tunes that are about as familiar, and that make good jazz. By playing those tunes, we can please everybody and at the same time give the music a freshness it hasn't had in the last 30 or 40 years.

I don't expect this thesis to be accepted without challenge. What tune, you ask, is as familiar as The Saints?

Well, how about Tiger Rag?

Forty years ago that was the number you had to play before the customers would consent to go home, just as The Saints is now. Today, Tiger Rag is known to every moppet who has ever memorized the TV commercial. Yet only a couple of local bands play it.

Just such a substitute can be found for every one of the overworked tunes. If you'll take my word for that for a moment, we'll go into detail about it later. First, some more pressing business.

The job of PRJC music director, recently invented and assigned to me, turned out to con-

sist of two things -- booking the bands into our club soirees, and enlisting musicians for the sit-in sessions. Not much of a job for so fancy a title.

Being too experienced a bureaucrat not to know how to make a new job look more impressive, I've identified the "chestnuts problem" as something that will build up this job.

Step One is to identify the chestnuts. The music director's job is a beaut when it comes to this. He makes all the club's scenes and he auditions a large number of beefs, from listeners and musicians alike. I have rescued from discard, with permission of Women's Lib, the list of "The 60 Worst Chestnuts" and will provide it on request to any PRJC musician -- or listener.

Step Two is to list the "other tunes that are about as familiar and that make good jazz." Here I need help from more experienced jazzmen, but ere this reaches print we will have got up a committee and I will have squeezed such a list out of it. This list will have at least 200 titles and, one hopes, 300. It, too, will be available to any PRJC member.

Of course a Step Three, in the form of written music, is needed to make the idea work. It availeth nothing if we persuade the PRJC musician to widen his repertoire but leave him without the means of learning the tunes. So the music director's services will be available to help him, by knowing what tunes are in print and where they can be bought (not nearly so many oldies are out of print as we tend to think) or, failing that, knowing where to locate records or tapes from which to learn by listening. This is about as much help as can be given without risk of running afoul of the copyright law.

One string is attached to this offer. The club can't put itself in a position of helping one band learn another band's stuff. Here I'm referring to those tunes which, though they may be part of "standard" jazz literature, have become identified with some particular local band, or perhaps two bands, and no others. PRJC band leaders are therefore requested to furnish a list of tunes on which they believe they have a local "monopoly" (or partial monopoly) that they would like to preserve. If we have a collision -- that is, if some band stakes out a claim on a tune that someone else

considers too "standard" to merit such protection -- we'll cross that bridge when we have to. (We'll cross it, presumably, by appointing a committee.)

But let's not be put off by this problem of "proprietary" tunes; it's a narrow problem. We can make the Potomac area one place in the country where the jazz that gets played is jazz that players and listeners all like.

Back there, about 5000 words ago, I promised to return to the subject of musical substitutes.

If the thesis that we should turn to 200 or 300 underplayed standards has a weakness, it is that 200 or 300 tunes are a dismaying number of tunes. Once you decide to abandon the chestnuts, where do you begin?

One way to begin is to pick a single tune to serve as a substitute for each chestnut.

Tiger Rag becomes a substitute for The Saints merely on historical grounds. You can find better grounds than that for many another substitution; namely, melodic similarities, harmonic similarities, thematic similarities, even similarities of spirit. To illustrate:

- Five Foot Two is surely a chestnut. Can you think of Five Foot Two without also thinking of Nobody's Sweetheart Now or Ain't She Sweet or Yes Sir That's My Baby? Those are examples of tunes with a similar spirit.

- Careless Love and Red River Valley and Comin' Round the Mountain are harmonically (and to some degree even melodically) similar to The Saints.

- Smiles and Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella are thematically similar to -- virtually identical with -- When You're Smiling.

- Bill Bailey, being an exemplar of hair-on-the-chest jazz, does not figure to have many spiritual cousins. But harmonically it is an overlay of Bourbon Street Parade, Washington and Lee Swing, Just Because, and the final strain of Tiger Rag (and, except for one two-bar stretch, Milenburg Joys is another from the same mold).

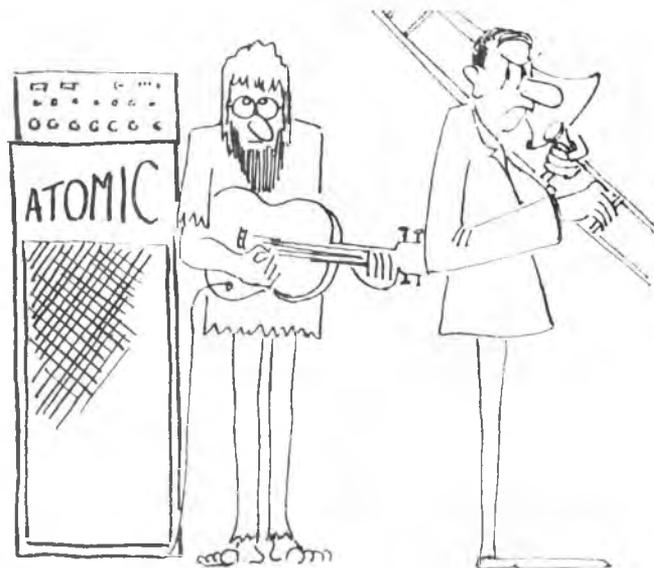
- Basin Street Blues, a number so closely associated with Jack Teagarden that it is considered irreverent not to try to imitate his version of it, can be replaced by Ol' Rockin' Chair, another Big Tea classic.

- An argument is sometimes made that one hymn in the jazz repertoire is one too many;

but if hymns are going to be jazzed, there is no need to limit ourselves to that one -- Just a Closer Walk With Thee, Many another hymn will swing; somewhere down in your mother's piano bench is a hymn book with a dozen good possibilities. (If your mother is a Methodist or a Baptist, you have the edge on the rest of us for swingin' hymns.)

Another approach is simply to look around for an underworked tune that reminds you of some overworked one. Ev'rybody Loves My Baby reminds me of I've Found a New Baby; Sleepy Time Down South is my choice of a substitute for Georgia on My Mind; Lonesome Road for St. James Infirmary; And They Called It Dixieland for Birth of the Blues; You've Gotta See Mama Ev'ry Night for How Come You Do Me Like You Do; Can't We Be Friends for If I Had You; Just You, Just Me for 'S Wonderful; Come Back, Sweet Papa for None o' This Jelly Roll. But let's not have anyone agreeing with me about any of these pairings. THE MORE DISAGREEMENT, THE BETTER. If every band should replace each chestnut with the same substitute adopted by every other band, we'd just be exchanging one bag of chestnuts for another.

One demurrer to my thesis: Let's not cancel out those chestnuts forever. The reason they're chestnuts is that they're great tunes. The cats who've been saying they're through with enjoying Muskrat and Bill Bailey will change their minds if they have to play those tunes only once in a while instead of every time they go out on a gig. And the customers will enjoy a big of rediscovery, too.



## WAX IN MY EARS

Mouldy figs who have worn out, sat on, or otherwise abused their old 78's sporting Freddie Keppard's down home cornet may be interested in the new PRJC discount offering.

Packed into one 12-inch LP -- Herwin 101 -- are 17 tracks by Freddie and various 1920's Chicago recording groups. And instead of the \$5.95 you would pay retail - if you could find it - you can be the proud possessor of this platter for a crumby \$4.60.

Here are the bands with which Freddie plays (actually this informal mode of address is slightly spurious; it was always "Mr. Keppard" and "Mr. Webber" - Ed.):

Cookie's Gingersnaps: Messin' Around; Love Found You For Me; High Fever; Here Comes the Hot Tamale Man.

Frankie "Half Pint" Jaxon: Hit Ta Ditty Low Down; Down At Jasper's Bar-B-Que.

Richard M. Jones' Jazz Wizards: Late Last Night Blues.

Erskine Tate's Vendome Orch.: Cutie Blues; Chinaman Blues.

Jimmy Blythe and His Ragamuffins: Messin' Around (Take one); Messin' Around (Take two); Adams Apple.

Freddie Keppard's Jazz Cardinals: Stock Yard Strut; Salty Dog (Take one); Salty Dog (Take two).

Jasper Taylor and His State Street Boys: Stomp Time Blues; It Must Be The Blues.

We are also well nigh overjoyed to add to our growing list of record labels on which PRJC members can get a break the output of the Merry Makers Record Company.

Merry Makers records retail for the usual exorbitant \$5.95. But to PRJC mouldies in good standing the price is but \$4.60.

Pick of the Merry Makers crop in my humble but viciously biased opinion are two releases by the Turk Murphy band, the first LPs Turk has made in a decade. Turk and his lads are in fine fettle, the recorded sound is exceptionally good, and the tunes are designed to tug at the heart strings of worshippers at the King Oliver/Jelly Roll Morton shrine. On MMRC-105 and MMRC-106 appear such goodies as "Alligator Hop," "Buddy's Habits," "Workingman Blues," "Tijuana," and "Fickle Fay Creep."

The remainder of the Merry Makers line features capable West Coast revivalists:  
MMRC-101 Ted Shafer's Jelly Roll Jazz Band, Volume One.  
MMRC-102 Ted Shafer's Jelly Roll Jazz Band, Volume Two.  
MMRC-103 The Chicago Ramblers; Jazz of The Twenties.  
MMRC-104 Ted Shafer's Jelly Roll Jazz Band, Volume Three.

We are happy to announce discount prices for PRJC Members on two new labels - BLACKBIRD AND CHIAROSCURO. Price per LP to members is \$4.20 postpaid.

### BLACKBIRD:

12001: Eddie Davis and His Dixie Jazzmen (tunes include: Kansas City Torch, Louisiana, Jazz Me Blues, etc.)

12002: The Chicago Footwarmers (tunes include Nagasaki; Angry; Sunday; Love Me or Leave Me; Some of These Days, etc.)

12003: The Original Salty Dogs (Tunes include Daddy Do; Irish Black Bottom; New Orleans Shuffle; Mississippi Rag, etc.)

12006: Gene Mayl's Dixieland Rhythm Kings (Tunes include Doctor Jazz; Doin the New Lowdown; Oh, Baby; Friendless Blues, etc.)

12007: Wally Rose - piano solos (the famed West Coast ragtimer plays Peace & Plenty Rag; Cannonball Rag; Pickles & Peppers; St. Louis Tickle and many other fine rags)

12009: Ted Waldo's Gutbucket Syncopaters (considered by some to be the finest revivalist band now playing, the Waldo gang rip into Sidewalk Blues; Cakewalkin' Babies; At the Jazz Band Ball, etc.)

Presently available on CHIAROSCURO are the following:

C-101: The Quintessential Earl Hines (these fine piano solos got a 5-star rating in Down Beat)

C-102: Bobby Henderson (Harlem stride piano solos)

C-103: Mary Lou Williams (Piano solos by veteran distaff keyboard wizard)

C-104: Willie "The Lion" Smith (piano solos, recorded live at Blues Alley in D.C.)

C-105: Bobby Hackett and Vic Dickinson (live at the Roosevelt Grill; 5-star rating in Down Beat)

C-106: Don Ewell (piano solos by the man

many consider the number one traditional jazz pianist)

C-107: Maxine Sullivan with Earl Hines (recorded live at New York's Overseas Press Club)

C-108: Eddie Condon Town Hall Concerts, 1944 (if you were fighting the wars and missed these concerts, here's your chance)

Regardless of what record prices were mentioned in the catalogs and flyers you received when you joined the PRJC, these prices apply to records ordered through the club until further notice. So if you collect, or plan to, clip this column and file it for future reference:

AUDIOPHILE - \$4.60; HAPPY JAZZ - \$4.60; G. H. B. - \$4.00; JAZZOLOGY - \$4.00; FAT CAT RECORDS - \$4.60; DEE BESS RECORDS - \$4.00; SOLO RECORDS - \$4.00; BLACKBIRD - \$4.20; CHIAROSCURO - \$4.20.

If you have lost, or did not receive, GHB, JAZZOLOGY AND FAT CAT catalogs, send a card (for GHB and JAZZOLOGY) to: George H. Buck, 2001 Suttle Ave., Charlotte, N.C. 28208.

For a FAT CAT catalog, write: Johnson McRee, P.O. Box 458, Manassas, Va. 22110.

To order any of the labels mentioned, make check payable to Alan C. Webber and mail to me at 5818 Walton Road, Bethesda, Md. 20034. You will receive your order postpaid from the record companies. Allow two weeks for delivery.

Al Webber

#### FOR PETE FOUNTAIN FANCIERS

This letter from PRJC Member Gregory Harrison reached me just too late for the June issue.

"I just returned from New Orleans and while there I visited with Pete Fountain. I purchased all his older LPs and, to the best of his knowledge, no more are available or will be. This includes limited copies of 20 different LPs. These LPs retail for \$4.98, but I will sell them for \$3.98 each.

"I also picked up some copies of a good, hard-to-get LP titled "Old New Orleans Dixie-

land." Personnel is "Frog" Joseph, trombone; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; Jack Willis, trumpet; Placide Adams, bass; Jeanette Kimball, piano; and Louis Barbarin, drums. I am selling these for \$3.98.

"Orders should be sent to me with enclosed check or money order. My address is: 6217 Springhill Court, #4, Greenbelt, Md. 20770."

Okay, Gregory, hope the orders pour in.

ACW

#### UP FOR GRABS

MANAGING EDITOR, million circulation magazine, 47, over 20 years experience newspapers, wire service, magazines. Top references. Currently employed. Any leads in Washington/Baltimore area appreciated. Write Editor, Tailgate Ramblings, 5818 Walton Rd., Bethesda, Md. 20034.

#### THE GREENING OF

#### TOM BETHEL

Tom Bethel has been around jazz long enough to be permitted a few less-than-loving jabs at the righteous music occasionally.

And in the June issue of Britain's leading jazz publication, "Jazz Journal," Tom let a little bile drip on last spring's New Orleans Jazz Festival.

Of Danny Barker's banjo playing (Danny has appeared at Manassas on several occasions), Tom observed that Danny "creates an authoritative air as he strokes his banjo with important little circular motions of his right hand -- a flick here, an adjustment there -- but the sound which emerges from the instrument is almost entirely toneless..."

Tom wasn't much kinder to trumpeter Wallace Davenport, who made quite a hit at the '71 Manassas Festival. "Wallace Davenport," quoth Tom, "said to be something of an emerging jazz great, plays what I regard as show-off music. However, he wore a nice white suit and red buttons, a red tie and red shoes. This set him off neatly from the rest

of his band, who wore sober brown suits..."

But before you dismiss Tom as a crotchety so-and-so unfit to associate with True Believers, hark to his kind words for a gentleman well known to D.C.-area PRJC Members.

Of the Jung Hotel concert the night after he found Barker and Davenport wanting, Tom writes:

"...my headache was coming back when a delicious interlude was provided by Bob Greene, a pianist from Washington who played four Jelly Roll Morton tunes strictly in the Morton idiom. It was a pleasure and a relief to hear someone evidence a genuine love for music. He was given a warm ovation by the audience, and he responded, 'I thank you for myself, and as most of those notes were Jelly's, I think he'd be pleased, too.' Bob Greene, who is more dedicated to Morton's music than he is to himself, is something of a rarity in the musical world these days...."



So you see ol' Tom hasn't got both fingers in his ears. And readers baffled by bop and post-bop developments in jazz may find themselves in sympathy with Tom's assessment of Dizzy Gillespie's performance in New Orleans.

"...there's no denying the exceptional technical command he demonstrates in his stratospheric passages, executed with great rapidity. But if the sequence of notes he played had any musical meaning, that meaning eluded me.

"His playing seems to lack entirely the normal musical virtues of tonal beauty, melodic beauty and articulacy of phrasing. There is only a rapid-fire sequence of notes.

"It then occurred to me that this was precisely what one was meant to admire: the cleverness of the execution. An analogy presents itself: this is like watching an extremely proficient typist at work, pounding away at umpteen words to the minute. The sheer improbability of the achievement is intended to impress.... It is an alarming sign of the critical times that this extraordinary debased role of music (a vehicle for technical display) is actually regarded as progress in some circles...."

Bravo, Bethel !

A.C.W.

**FLASH!!!**

At press time we learn from treasurer Gary Wilkinson that as of Sept. 2, 1972, PRJC membership stood at 300....

**FLASH!!!**

Bearded banjoist Fred Stork of the New Sunshine Jazz Band spelunks as well as plunks...won first prize in a contest for the best song written about a cave, sponsored by National Speleological Society...Fred's song is called "Jim White's Cave", tells the story of the cowboy who discovered and explored Carlsbad Caverns. Fred has MA in music, is ASCAP member, has written many songs, one of which is not the cave song which starts, "A dirty old hermit named Dave...."

## TWO BAR BREAKS

The PRJC newsletter relieves Tailgate Ramblings of a function it was never in a position to carry out effectively: informing the membership of up-to-the-minute local jazz activity. Smiling through our tears we have, therefore, put a bullet through the head of the feature we called "Take Me To The Land of Jazz."

Jerry Kuykendall put us on to a fine jazz show over WAMU FM (88.5), "Jazz Revisited, 1917-1947," Wednesday evenings at 7. Good commentary and good big and small band jazz and swing. Jerry also relates hearing replays of George Mercer tapes at 6 a.m. daily, also over WAMU.

Two gentlemen with whom bargain-minded PRJC record collectors will want to make contact are Bill Barry and George Hornig. Each does brisk mail order business in traditional records. And each comes up with first-rate values. To get on their respective mailing lists, send postcards to Barry at 215 Lindenwood Drive, Danville, Ill. 61832; to Hornig at 94 - 85th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11209.



POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

(Please type or print)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ DATE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
(Street) (City) (State & ZIP)

RECORD COLLECTOR? \_\_\_\_\_ MUSICIAN? \_\_\_\_\_

IF MUSICIAN: WHAT INSTRUMENT(S)? \_\_\_\_\_

DO YOU READ MUSIC? \_\_\_\_\_

NOW A MEMBER OF A REGULARLY ORGANIZED BAND? \_\_\_\_\_

INTERESTED IN JOINING OR FORMING A BAND? \_\_\_\_\_

INTERESTED IN JAMMING OCCASIONALLY? \_\_\_\_\_

DESCRIBE YOUR JAZZ INTERESTS BRIEFLY (What styles interest you etc.)

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

DO YOU HAVE OTHER COMMENTS OR SUGGESTIONS WITH REGARD TO FUTURE P.R.J.C. ACTIVITIES?

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN CONTRIBUTING ARTICLES TO THE CLUB PUBLICATION "TAILGATE RAMBLINGS"?  
REGULARLY \_\_\_\_\_ OCCASIONALLY \_\_\_\_\_

- I enclose check for \$7.00 initiation fee (\$2.00) and first year membership dues (\$5.00)
- I enclose check for \$5.00 membership renewal

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

**Make checks payable to Potomac River Jazz Club and mail to:**

**Mrs. Eleanor Johnson  
Secretary, Potomac River Jazz Club  
10201 Grosvenor Place, #905  
Rockville, Md. 20852**

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS  
5818 Walton Rd  
Bethesda Md 20034



**HOORAY FOR DIXIELAND JAZZ**