

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

I LOVE...
..... THE
..... PRJC

AUG.
1976

Tailgate Ramblings, July, 1976

AUSTRALIANS TO PLAY HERE AUGUST 7
Bobby Barnard's Australian Jazz Dandies, long one of the top bands in that huge, jazz-crazy country, will play for the PRJC on Saturday, August 7.
Cornetist Barnard and his trombonist, Joe Costelloe, were big hits in this area when they visited us last summer. That trip led to this year's Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Festival; the following weekend they'll come to Washington to play for us.
The Australian Jazz Dandies will play in the Potomac Room of the Marriott Twin Bridges from 9 pm until 1 am. Admission will be \$4 for PRJC members, \$5 for non-members.
Next month's TR have more details on Barnard and Costelloe.



JB

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION, POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

(Please print or type)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE & ZIP _____

PHONE NO. _____ OCCUPATION (Opt.) _____

RECORD COLLECTOR () YES

MUSICIAN? (What instruments?) _____



MEMBER OF ORGANIZED BAND? _____

INTERESTED IN ORGANIZING OR JOINING ONE? _____

INTERESTED IN JAMMING OCCASIONALLY? _____

READ MUSIC? () YES

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

[] Individual membership - \$7.50 per year. Member is eligible for all benefits of the PRJC, including all discounts offered and the right to vote in the general election and to hold office in the club.

[] Family membership - \$10.00 per year. Both husband and wife are eligible for benefits described above. Children under 18 are eligible for all discounts.

(A single person buying a family membership is eligible for all benefits described above; discounts offered will be extended to one guest when that guest accompanies the member.)

I enclose check payable to the Potomac River Jazz Club for the option checked above.

Signature _____

Mail to: Esther C. West, Secretary-Treasurer
4040 Uline Avenue
Alexandria, Virginia 22304

PRJC

The Potomac River Jazz Club Proudly Presents

AUSTRALIAN DIXIELAND

As Performed By The

BOB BARNARD JAZZ BAND

On Saturday, August 7, from 9 pm until 1 am

In the Potomac Room of the Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, Arlington, Virginia

Admission \$4 for PRJC Members, \$5 for Non-members

(See p. 7 for more information on the Bobby Barnard Jazz Band)



Everywhere in the free world, and even behind the Iron Curtain, traditional jazz is recognized as America's unique contribution to music. Hundreds of young people in their 20s and 30s turn out almost nightly to enjoy jazz in other major world capitals. This is not true here.

PRJC has accomplished a lot in five years, but there is still a great need to interest young people in this music so that our mission of preserving traditional jazz can be accomplished. Royal Stokes' gigs at the Pub have fulfilled this need to some extent. It is a real pleasure to see these college students enjoying "our" music.

Our Bicentennial effort, the National Museum of Traditional Jazz, has been another major step in this direction. The museum exhibit at the King Library is now open and operating. This is not a dead museum, full of musty artifacts, but a vibrant and exciting show, where the story of the origins and pioneers of traditional jazz is presented in a manner that will awaken the viewers' interest in learning more.

(Getting this exhibit under way has been a truly backbreaking undertaking. The grant from PRJC has helped greatly in the purchase of needed equipment. The rest has been accomplished through contributions and the dedication and tremendous effort of a very few people, under the leadership of Rod Clarke. This is an exhibition of professional caliber. All of PRJC can be proud of having a part in making it possible.)

I have spent some time at the exhibit since it opened, and the experience has been most satisfying. The audience represents a broad range of ages and ethnic backgrounds--I've talked to all sorts of people, from a bent, white-haired Black who knew Louis as a boy, to a young white who plans a Ph.D. dissertation on jazz. All of these people have one thing in common: if they really listen to the music and watch the slides in the first room, they are "hooked." They either stay and go through all four presentations or, if pressed for time, they come back later to see the rest.

At the exhibit the other day an interesting parallel occurred to me. We all know the coalescing power of this music; the empathy that flows both ways between musicians and audience is almost tangible and creates a unique bond of fellowship. The United States has been working for many years to foster understanding with other nations of the world through sports and the arts. The object of these efforts, of course, is to reduce international tension. This is important. It is also important to promote understanding and ease tensions between races and ethnic groups right here at home. I believe that PRJC, through the museum and in other ways, is helping to accomplish this.

- Eleanor Johnson
President, PRJC

Well, here I sit at 5 o'clock Thursday morning, guzzling my umpteenth cup of coffee for the night. Another issue of TR is typed up and strewn across the floor. The only thing left is this, my editorial farewell--and the words won't come.

I had always hoped that my last issue of TR would contain a brilliant valedictory essay, one which would finally set your minds at rest as to the real nature of traditional jazz, its place in the vast eternal plan. Well, it ain't gonna be.

The same temporal and professional pressures which moved me to give up the job have prevented my composing that brilliant essay. That, and the fact that all my brilliant insights lumped together wouldn't fill the space below Eleanor Johnson's column on the left side of this page (I still don't know what to put there). So instead of a well thought-out (and probably pompous) treatise, I've opted to set down whatever pops into my head in the next thirty minutes or so.

Since most of our current members have joined since I took over the editorship, let me put TR in perspective. It was published quarterly for the first three years of its (and the club's) existence. The founder and editor was good ol' slihorn-playing Al Webber, who currently contributes a monthly column, "A Pride of Prejudices." Al put out 24 pages every three months, and the early TR's were marked by a fine sense of humor which I still envy.

As a quarterly, though, TR had the problem of often being badly out of date with reviews of local events. I discussed that often in late 1973 with then-president Fred Wahler, and we both allowed as how a monthly publication would be desirable.

When Al Webber resigned early in 1974, it only seemed natural that I volunteer to put my ideas into practice. I did, Fred "hired" me, and I put out my first issue on March 1, 1974. This issue is my 30th.

I made several promises to myself as I undertook the job. One was that I would stick it out at least one year. Would you believe two and a half?

Another was that I would not fall into the trap of treating deadlines lightly. The issue for a given month should be in the reader's mailbox on or before the first of that month, at least here in the Washington area. I've only missed that deadline a couple of times in thirty months, and then only by a day or so. I'm proud of that.

Another thing I feel strongly about is that the newsletter should not be a gossip column about local personalities. I've always hoped that TR would make good reading for jazz lovers anywhere in the country; the fact that PRJC continues to attract an amazingly high percentage of out-of-area members makes me think this idea was a valid one.

A lot of people have given me a lot of support in these past thirty months--I wish I could name

them all here. I of course want to thank all those who have contributed articles, or have taken the time to inform me of jazz activities here and in nearby areas. One of the most frequent contributors was our dear friend Scotty Lawrence. Whether regaling us with outlandish anecdotes from his early days as a wandering minstrel, or enlightening us with incisive critiques of jazz performances, Scotty was a delight. We'll all miss him.

The one person who has helped me most is Ed Fishel. Ed has stayed up with me until daybreak on many an occasion, teaching me proper English usage and proofreading copy.

A welcome source of moral support was Al Webber, TR's first editor and a professional managing editor as well. I could always count on Al to insist that "the editor is always right" when I was beset by critics. (I wasn't always right, but I'll defend to the death Al's right to say I was.)

The cover art is a feature which has added color and class to Tailgate. First Tom Niemann, then Fraser Battey and later Harry Roland have contributed brilliant art work; I trust they'll continue to do so for the new editor.

And finally, my gratitude to the people who have allowed me to carry away their expensive IBM Selectric typewriters for days at a time--Polly Wagner, Tony Hagert and Gladys Fishel. I never dropped a one, either.

Well, that's enough about me. (Actually, it's far too much--a good editor would have cut this piece in half.) Now allow me to introduce the new editor, a person who is familiar to readers in Washington as well as around the country: Shannon Clark.

Shannon was the PRJC's second president; for the last two years he has been in charge of booking out-of-town bands for our special events. He travels extensively to jazz festivals and other events around the country and has contacts everywhere, so TR readers can expect to continue to get reports on national jazz activity.

What with vacations and all, contributions to TR have fallen off during the summer. I urge all you writers or would-be writers with ideas in your sun-cooked noggin to greet Shannon with your stories and articles. I was lucky to inherit quite a bit of material from Webber when I took over, but Shannon is getting very little from me. Let me again urge bandleaders to keep the editor informed about the opening of new gigs *and* the closing of old ones.

Shannon's address: 6123 Vista Drive, Falls Church, VA 22041; tel. 931-4162 (res) or 254-4518 (off).

As for me, I'll continue to prepare and record the 630-PRJC message (so bandleaders, keep me up to date, too). Also, I hope to contribute articles to Tailgate Ramblings occasionally.

The most rewarding part of editing this newsletter has been the many wonderful people I've met or corresponded with. I hope you'll all stay in touch. My new address after August 15 will be 7004 Westmoreland Road, Falls Church, VA 22042.

MUSEUM PROGRESS REPORT

Now that the Bicentennial exhibit is open to the public, we can turn our attention to acknowledging the donations of materials that have been made since March, when we described the generous gifts by Ted Watts, Jeff Bates and Bob Rippey. The most extensive of these are the 300 78-rpm records donated Mrs. Lloyd Kaplan from her late husband's collection. Most of these are originals from the twenties and include many blues by Bessie, Clara and Mamie Smith, Lizzie Miles and Ethel Waters. Also included in the gift are a number of records by Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and Sidney Bechet. Kim Warner was instrumental in selecting the records to be given to the Museum and making the delivery. These records will be transferred to tape, as was the case of those from the Rippey collection. Museum members who wish to borrow the tapes can do so by making a donation.

Others who have made donations are:
Sonny McGown - LP records and pictures for use in the exhibit;
Mac McGown - tape of Bix records;
Polly Wagner - LPs, sheet music and a copy of Eddie Condon's Scrapbook;
Al Webber - Louisiana Five record made in 1919 and one by Cow Cow Davenport;
Ted Chandler - six months of issues of Jazz Information, an early jazz magazine;
Don Coyle - copies of the NY Jazz Museum's publication, Hot Notes.

- Rod Clarke

Rod Clarke and his many associates on the Museum staff have done a fine job in setting up an attractive, informative exhibit in the King Library (9th & G Sts NW; free parking in basement, enter from G Place).

A formal grand opening will be held in the first week of August; a report on the opening and a description of the exhibit in its finished form will appear in the September issue of TR.

Jam Session Jr. A Success, To Repeat

Last month's experimental amateur jam session for the crowd-shy, held at the home of Polly Wagner, was a success, drawing over a dozen hitherto unheard musician members.

To set the scene: it having been ascertained that the bandstand and noisy audience at the Club's regular open jam sessions at the Bratwursthaus were intimidating to less-experienced musicians, the club organized a smaller jam session, in a private home, open to musicians only.

A similar session will be held August 17, beginning at 7:30 pm, at the home of David Littlefield, 6809 5th St NW (Takoma Park area--from Ga Ave east on Butternut St, then right on 5th). It's BYOB, and please let session coordinator Dick Stimson (res. 585-1496, off. 589-0015) know you're coming and what axe you swing.

A PRIDE OF PREJUDICES

By Al Webber

In July, 1975, I spent a pleasant hour or so chatting with Tony Pringle, the English-born cornet player who leads what many feel is one of the finest bands ever to play in the New Orleans idiom, the New Black Eagle Jazz Band.

It was in St. Louis, at the Ragtime Festival, and Tony's musings were supposed to comprise part of the liner notes for a record by the band.

The Eagles were not universally happy about the results of the recording session, and the record may never appear. But some of Tony's thoughts on music may be of interest to Tailgate readers.

On trumpets and trumpet players: "One of the things that attracts me to certain trumpet players is their ability to play blues. Lee Collins makes the hair rise on the back of my neck with some of the blues solos I've heard him play. Ladnier could play blues. Armstrong...beautiful. That stuff with Chippie Hill, beautiful. It appears to me that blues with the white bands, they were not blues, they were just slow tunes..."

"I've never really sat down and copied any particular trumpet player note for note like some people do. I've sort of learned very painfully and listened to a lot of New Orleans trumpet players that I like and sort of absorbed it by osmosis...my style is sort of an amalgam of everything I've listened to...I've been trying for years, and I think I've got it, to get that nice edge that (King) Oliver used to get..."

To Pringle and the New Black Eagles, black is very definitely beautiful and the term "Dixieland" one of derogation. Tony recalled a jam session where "they played *Indiana* and all those bloody things. Every tune they called was in bloody F and they were all the same tempo, all those Dixieland tunes. The only blues they played was *Tin Roof Blues*." As for Bix Beiderbecke: "I will admit that Bix was clever and what he played was interesting and pretty. But he doesn't excite me at all. I can listen to Bix and it's like listening to some nice chamber music. He doesn't send any shivers up my spine like Johnny Dodds does."

I asked Pringle whether he thought there was anything anachronistic about white men in the 1970's emulating the jazz played by black men in the 1920's. Not surprisingly, he did not. "You know," he said, "it's sort of like playing Bach, or string quartets. That was typical of the type of music being generated in Germany or Austria at a certain time...I think New Orleans jazz taken as a form, with the ensemble and breaks and a certain amount of solos and a certain style of harmonies, is a very pure and valid music form. If you get the true polyphony and everything going on, it's not easy...and if it isn't done right, it's just a different kind of music."

When we got onto the subject of the beat and the right way to play lead, I wished the late Scotty Lawrence had been on hand. Though Scotty would have taken issue with most of Tony's views,

he would have been in total agreement with the Englishman on these points.

"I like a rhythm I can lean on," Tony said. "I like to play behind the beat, and I find that all the Lu Watters-type fans around Boston say, 'You're not playing lead. You're playing too far behind the beat.' People come up from the audience and say, 'You're not playing loud enough. You're supposed to be playing lead.' I tell them, 'I am playing lead, I'm leading the band.' I think people confuse playing lead with playing loud."

I think he's right.

Fall Jazz Specials in Toronto, Boston

Jazz addicts worried about the onset of withdrawal symptoms between the summer's festivals and Fat Cat's Manassas fracas can take heart (or, preferably, an airplane) and travel north for some of the three-day "minifestivals" being put on this fall by the Climax Jazz Band in Toronto and the New Black Eagle Jazz Band in Boston.

The famous Dutch Swing College Band will join the Climax JB September 8-10 for three consecutive nights of joint concerts at D.J.'s Tavern, the home base of the Toronto group. Tickets are \$10 per person per night, but they include a roast beef dinner and wine. Send checks to: Tormax Music, 5 Shady Golfway, Apt. 412, Don Mills, Ontario M3C 3A5. For further info call Bob Erwig, 416-424-2842.

Also in Toronto is the 12th Annual "Bash" of the Ragtime Society, over the weekend of October 22-24. It's near nonstop piano ragtime, a real treat for the hard-core ragtime lover. Contact Dick Baker (521-4597 or 755-4644) for details.

Meanwhile up in Beantown, the Black Eagles have announced a series of three-day, two-band specials, in which they will be joined by:

- September 17-19 - The Silverleaf Jazzmen
(Toronto)
- October 22-24 - The Original Salty Dogs
(Chicago)
- December 3-5 - The Hall Brothers Jazz Band
(Minneapolis)

All three events follow the same format: Friday evening (8:30-1:00) and Sunday afternoon (2:00-6:30) sessions at the Eagles' home base, the Sticky Wicket Pub, and Saturday evening (8:30-1:00) sessions at Sandy's Jazz Revival. Tickets are \$6 for each session and should be ordered directly from:

Sticky Wicket Pub	Sandy's Jazz Revival
West Main Street	54 Cabot Street
Hopkinton, Mass 01748	Beverly, Mass 01915
tel. 617-435-4817	tel. 617-922-7515

These events are expected to sell out well in advance, so order tickets early. Also, the Eagles' regular night at the Sticky Wicket is Thursday, so you might want to go up early for that.

BOB BARNARD JAZZ BAND

ABOUT THE MUSICIANS

JOHN McCARTHY, clarinet. John has been playing clarinet and various saxophones around Sydney town for a lot of years. He is considered by people who 'know' to be Australia's top jazz clarinetist. He has played with all the well known Australian bands including GRAEME BELL And JOHN SANGSTER. You will love what he has to offer.

JOHN COSTELLO'E trombone and vocal. We call him COSSIE. Born in a little town called Cootamundra about 300 miles south of Sydney. Came to Sydney in 1960 and became resident trombonist with the AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMMISSION ORCHESTRA. Has played in the PORT JACKSON JAZZ BAND and the RAY PRICE BAND. Toured the Far East many times including Viet Nam.

CHRIS TAPERELL, piano. A fine piano player who has accompanied CLARK TERRY, WILD BILL DAVISON and BOBY HACKETT on their tours of Australia. Listen to the JITTERBUG WALTZ on this album and you will readily learn why. Played with the JACK LESBERG QUARTET when JACK lived in Australia.

WALLY WICKHAM, bass. Like COSSIE he was a member of the AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMMISSION ORCHESTRA for ten years. A wonderful player with a wonderful feel for keeping time. Has played in most top Australian groups. Is an active studio musician and has also toured the Far East many times.

LAURIE THOMPSON, drums. LAURIE came to Sydney from Melbourne in 1963 to join the GRAEME BELL BAND. Toured Europe, Japan and the Far East with the DON BURROWS QUARTET. Has played in many big bands but Dixieland is his first love.

BOB BARNARD, leader, trumpet, vocal. Left Melbourne in 1957 and joined the RAY PRICE group. After leaving PRICE, free lanced for a couple of years back in Melbourne. Returned to Sydney in 1962 and joined the GRAEME BELL group. Starred in TV Series 'JUST JAZZ'. Was also member of the JACK LESBERG QUARTET. Formed current band over two years ago and it is now considered to be Australia's top jazz band.



AUSTRALIAN DIXIELAND

The trouble with playing Jazz in Australia (and probably most countries of the world) is that it's difficult to find regular work in order to eat. We are lucky in one sense. For the past 2½ years we've worked as a Band playing our own kind of music, three nights a week. This however is not enough to live on alone, so being full time musicians have to make a living in various Clubs around town. Most of which function on Fri., Sat. and Sunday nights. The Club circuit is good from the point of view wages but the kind of music played is another thing again. The house Band in most of these Clubs is required to play straight dance music as well as accompany 'artists' ranging from the guy that tap dances and sings a Jolson medley to Tony Martin or Billy Eckstine. Naturally we've become good music readers in order to survive and can handle almost any situation. By the way, we all play in different Clubs in Bands of varying styles.

That little burst was to give you an idea of what the Sydney music scene is like. Now lets get back to this Band in particular. We have recorded quite a lot with various Recording Companies (I think Swaggie Records is one that is known to some of the American Jazz fraternity). Our most recent L.P. for Swaggie is with Bud Freeman. Bud was here in Australia last December (1975) where he was guest star at the 30th Aust. Jazz Convention. We have played in nearly every town on the East coast as well as all the major cities through out Australia. Also as associate artists with such stars as Oscar Peterson and Helen Reddy.

We try to play a variety of tunes to keep it interesting for our own sake. Some of the old standards have been dropped because we've grown tired of them over the years but most of them have stood the test of time. All of the members of the Band are first rate players and were bitten by the 'bug' very early in life. I think this is the reason that we all think along the same lines musically.

Bob Barnard Sydney May 76



The material on this page, as well as the photo and graphics on p. 3, was taken from the cover of "Australian Dixieland" (JTP 105), available from Jim Taylor Presents, 12311 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Michigan 48205.

JOHNNY MADDOX IN ALEXANDRIA

By Dick Baker

One of the genuine greats in the field of rag-time piano is currently gracing our area: Johnny ("Crazy Otto") Maddox is playing Tuesday through Sunday nights through September 9, 9-1, at Il Porto Ristorante (King & Lee Sts) in Old Alexandria.

Maddox, who will celebrate his 49th birthday August 4, has been a top recording artist and much sought-after club performer for well over twenty years. His recordings helped develop a major recording label and bring ragtime music back into the public ear.

His first record, *Crazy Bone Rag* and *St. Louis Tickle*, made in 1950, was the first release of the fledgling Dot Record Company; it and subsequent Maddox hits put Dot on the map. Over the years Maddox has cut 87 singles and 38 LPs, and produced 4 volumes of piano rolls recorded from his own extensive collection. By 1971 he had sold over 11 million records. In 1954 he was named "America's No. 1 Jukebox Artist" by the Music Operators of America.

Maddox's career as a public performer also began in 1950 with a gig in Dallas. Since then he has traveled countless miles, bringing his music into every state except Hawaii and Oregon. (An interesting sidelight: Maddox books most of his own gigs and travels to them by automobile.)

The nickname "Crazy Otto" has long been a source of confusion and discomfort for Johnny Maddox. It comes from the title of one of his biggest hits, *The Crazy Otto Medley*, which was recorded in 1955 and which sold 2 million copies. The tune was copied from a record brought back from Germany earlier that year. The title didn't translate well into English, so the Cleveland disc jockey who urged Maddox to record the tune named it himself. The tune was such a hit that the name "Crazy Otto" stuck to Maddox himself. The issue was further confused when the German pianist who made the original recording later appeared as "Crazy Otto." The name was a fine gimmick in its day, but Maddox would very much prefer to leave it in the past--something those who publicize his appearances are loath to do.

On a recent Friday evening I went down to Il Porto to see and hear the legend in person--and I came away impressed. Johnny Maddox is a brilliant performer and a gracious gentleman, cheerfully spending his breaks chatting with his many fans in the audience.

On a typical evening Maddox devotes the first set to warming things up: his fingers, the piano and the crowd. He does this by playing a series of medleys of ragtime, jazz and popular tunes from the 1890's through 1939 (the closing date in his "book"). Each tune gets one chorus only, and he moves through an amazing number of them in an hour. I could sense the warming process taking effect: he saved a couple of up-tempo showcase numbers (*Red Wing* and *Ragtime Cowboy Joe*) for last, and you could almost see the smoke rising out of the piano's action by the time he was through.

The pattern for subsequent sets is different: he still constructs 15-minute medleys, but he will play most tunes in full, often prefacing them with brief comments about composers and dates. He also solicits audience requests, blending them in with whatever is on his own mind. On the second set the night I was there he played *St. Louis Tickle* for me and *My Blue Heaven* for another patron.

In another set he got in a bluesy mood and reeled off *Yellow Dog*, *Easy Rider*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Memphis Blues* and *Dallas Blues*. A more upbeat medley contained such tunes as *Too Much Mustard*, *Grizzly Bear*, *Everybody's Doing It*, *Whatta Ya Mean*, *You Lost Your Dog*, *Ballin' the Jack*, and ended on a blistering rendition of *King Chanticleer*.

Johnny Maddox goes through an incredible number of tunes in an evening. Listening is a fascinating exercise for lovers of pre-1940 American music; Maddox should pass out score sheets to see who can identify the most tunes. I was quite proud of myself, having hit every one into the middle of the second set, when he launched into a tune I'd never heard. As if he could read my mind, Maddox turned around and asked: "Ever heard this? It's called *Virginia Blues*--great tune, isn't it?"

Johnny Maddox does not have a piano in his home in Minneapolis. When I asked him how he incorporates new tunes from his vast sheet music collection into his repertoire, he explained that he has the ability to study a score, commit it to memory, and play it the next time he approaches a keyboard.

Most of the records Maddox cut for Dot are long out of print, although a few have been reissued recently. Unfortunately, the new owners of Dot Records have chosen not to pay Maddox any royalties for these reissues, something he's now fighting in court. Maddox also complains that they're reissuing old material, even though he left Dot with enough new material for several new albums. He fears those tapes may have been lost or destroyed.

The upshot of all this is that he's seeking other outlets to make his recordings available. The first result of these efforts just came into my hands, a truly delightful album containing some ragtime (*Sunflower Slow Drag*, *Sleepy Sidney*, *Yellow Dog Rag*, *Georgia Grind*); some jazz (*That's What Makes a Wildcat Wild*); some blues (*Memphis Blues*, *Dallas Blues*, *Bluin' the Blues*); some ballads (*Meadowlark*, *I Get the Blues When It Rains*); and even a couple of waltzes: *Red Moon* and *Amoureuse*--the title tune of the album. It's on a small Denver label, Redstone, but only a thousand were pressed. They are on sale at a music shop across the street from Il Porto, but Maddox has always steadfastly refused to hawk his records from the stage, even though he could make a fortune doing it.

This question of dignity and propriety can be raised in another aspect of Maddox's performance. Before going down there I had heard spots on local radio that would lead one to believe that Il Porto is a beer-&-pizza joint where "Crazy Otto"

(cont. next pg.)

would play sing-along from the Shakey's hit list. It's not so, and Maddox was quite dismayed to learn that he was being promoted that way. While he never does anything obvious to squelch the invariable whiskey baritone who tries to sing along with a tune he recognizes, Maddox never encourages such activity and will subtly change keys or tempos to discourage yodelers. Il Porto is a classy Italian restaurant, but still capable of buying a hack PR man's idea of how a ragtime pianist should be promoted.

No, sir: John Maddox is a class act. Anyone who appreciates early 20th century American ragtime, jazz, blues and popular music, played with consummate technique, owes it to himself to hear Johnny Maddox.

(Much of the background material for this article was taken from "The Ragtime Missionary," by Dorothy Melinsky, which appeared in the June, 1976 issue of Mississippi Rag.)

BRATWURSTHAUS EXPANDS JAZZ SCHEDULE

Arlington's Bratwursthauus has stepped into the place in the local jazz scene formerly occupied by itself and O'Carroll's, the nearby emporium that featured six-nights-a-week jazz for nearly a year.

The B'haus has lined up a five-nights schedule and is working on the sixth night. The expansion is being accomplished mainly by the formation of new bands--one of them headlining Kenny Fulcher, long a leading trumpeter in the area.

Fulcher, who was *down beat's* choice as "No. 1 Unknown Jazz Trumpeter" not so very many years ago, will lead a four-piece band occupying the Saturday night slot beginning August 14. (He will continue playing with Southern Comfort on Fridays at Shakey's in Rockville.)

Another jazz luminary not often available in public performance, tenor saxophonist Dodi Combs, will bring her trio into the Bratwursthauus on Fridays. Dodi is a veteran of the Las Vegas scene and was with Ish Kabibble's band for a number of years. PRJC members will remember that when she began her solo on *Body and Soul* at last year's picnic, all the musicians on the grounds rushed to the bandstand to give an ear.

The Combs Combo includes Dodi's husband George on drums and jazz harmonica, and Bryan Battey on piano. Their first night at the B'haus will be August 13.

The Band from Tin Pan Alley and the Good Time Six, fixtures at the Bratwursthauus for over two years, will continue to play on Mondays and Thursdays respectively. Dick Weimer's New Orleans Gang, introduced to TR readers in last month's issue, will continue to play Wednesday nights (except the second Wednesday of each month, which is committed to the club's Open Jam Session). A sixth band is being organized to take over the Tuesday night slot.

HOW CHAUNCEY MOREHOUSE GOT INTO DRUMMING

"My father was a fine ragtime piano player," said Chauncey Morehouse, the 75-year-young legendary drummer, who appeared on many a recording with Bix Beiderbecke in the 1920's. "We had other piano players in the family, and I guess they expected me to be one, too.

"But one day when I was a kid my dad had me playing a drum while he played some ragtime. He evidently noticed that I was keeping a steady tempo, and he tried to shake me out of it by deliberately speeding up. Then he slowed down. But I kept the tempo exactly as he had started it in the beginning.

"It was then that he announced that any kid my age who could hold a tempo like that had no business being anything but a drummer."

This enlightening bit of information came in a conversation with the charming Chauncey in a roadhouse in Chester, N.J., between sets of Chuck Slate's fine Dixieland band, where several PRJC'ers had gathered after spending the afternoon in Bill Donahoe's back yard listening to the strains produced by the 12th annual Bix Memorial Stomp just up the road in Long Valley.

Chauncey had been there, too, and to my everlasting joy I had played half a set with him. He swung like hell. After a few tunes I saw an excited face peer around the piano. It was Bob Greene, and obviously he wanted to play with Chauncey, too. So the second half of the set treated us all to the music that Jelly Roll and Chauncey might have made together in earlier days.

- Gary Wilkinson



TR ADVERTISING RATES

Tailgate Ramblings accepts qualified commercial advertising. Rates are (discount for PRJC members):

full page - \$50 (20%)

1/2 page - \$25 (10%)

1/4 page - \$13 (no discount)

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS reaches approximately 1000 jazz fans each month.

RECORD REVIEW

By Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town

The Complete Fletcher Henderson - 1927-1936
(Bluebird AXM2-5507)

This is by no means the "complete" Fletcher Henderson, not even for the years cited; Smack recorded for several labels in those days. It is nonetheless useful to have this compilation as another of the Bluebird reissue sets which offer retrospectives of much RCA talent from the twenties and thirties.

Earl Hines, Sidney Bechet, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller are among those spotlighted to date, and there are numbers of excellent jazz performances still in the can and, one hopes, to come. This set deals with the most important band of the twenties after Ellington, and offers a fairly good representation of the strengths and weaknesses of the Henderson band.

The strengths are easy to summarize: Joe Smith, Tommy Ladnier, Rex Stewart, Red Allen, Roy Eldridge, Buster Bailey, Russ Procope, Jimmy Harrison, Claude Jones, Benny Morton, Coleman Hawkins and Chu Berry can certainly be considered strengths in any man's band. The leader's arrangements can be cited as strengths because of the innovations he brought to them. Never as distinctive and inventive as Ellington, Smack nevertheless brought important ideas into big-band jazz. The clarinet trio was a virtually omnipresent trademark; the use of brass figures to set off solo statements was later to launch Benny Goodman on his road to fame and fortune--a fortune which eluded Henderson.

Henderson's band served multiple purposes. First, it was an incubator. Tremendous talents from Louis Armstrong through Roy Eldridge developed their skills as sidemen to Henderson. One cut here illuminates that facet well. The band plays Bill Challis' arrangement of *Singin' the Blues*--note for note the way Frankie Trumbauer recorded it. Rex Stewart played the cornet chorus and Russ Procope the sax. (It should come as no surprise that Procope could cut Trumbauer six ways to Sunday, and on this record proved it. It's slightly more surprising, though, to hear Rex reading Bix some basic lessons on how to be pretty and hot at the same time.) By the time Stewart had learned his trade with Henderson, of course, he was ready to go on and play a historic role in the Ellington band.

Another purpose of the big band which Henderson's admirably fulfilled was shelter. Most musicians of merit would have starved, merit or not, if they had not had big bands traveling around to employ them. Tommy Ladnier was one who found a home with Henderson, as did Benny Morton, Coleman Hawkins and Buster Bailey--all accomplished small-group musicians, but dependent for a regular check on Fletcher Henderson.

Thirdly, such bands offered continuity. The *Sugarfoot Stomp* included here is much closer to the spirit of King Oliver than to Benny Goodman. Rex was in top form, playing the traditional muted chorus, and both Claude Jones and Benny Morton

played lovely traditional choruses. Then, toward the end, Coleman Hawkins came flying in with a solo which has us looking to the future. Hawk, of course, always transcended easy typecasting, and in this particular solo he showed us where jazz was going to be in the next two decades--an astonishing performance saved for us by the fact that he was with the Henderson band at just the right historical moment.

With all this, it must not be imagined that the Henderson band was always at a high pitch of excellence. It was not, and this set points up some of its palpable weaknesses. The arrangements were too frequently 1927 peppy (*St. Louis Shuffle*, *Variety Stomp*, *Malinda's Wedding Day*, *My Sweet Tooth Says I Wanna*, and others), and often pretentious (*Roll On, Mississippi*, *Roll On* and *Phantom Fantasie* among them). Almost without exception the vocals were dreadful, and sometimes, as in *Malinda* and *Shoe Shine Boy*, they displayed a sociological orientation redolent of Stepin Fetchit and Butterfly McQueen.

But there are those soloists! Almost every cut has a Ladnier, an Eldridge, a Bailey, or a Hawk chorus that will lift you out of your seat. And sometimes, as on *Jimtown Blues*, *You Can Depend on Me*, *Hocus Pocus* and *Riffin'*, the band swings irresistibly--predicting the years to come when the Henderson ideas would fuel the whole kingdom of swing.



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THE SCENE

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- Sunday JAZZ AT THE PUB, in the basement of the Healy Bldg, Georgetown Univ, 37th & O Sts NW.
8/8 - Original Washington Monumental JB (end of summer season).
CLASSIC JAZZ DISCOTHEQUE, Windjammer Room, Marriott Twin Bridges. Hosted by Royal.
- Monday THE BAND FROM TIN PAN ALLEY, Bratwursthaus, 708 N. Randolph St, Arlington; tel. 524-7431.
8:30-11:30.*
- Tuesday Peter Henning's ORIGINAL CRABTOWNE STOMPERS, O & F Club, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis.
5:30-8:30.
THE TIRED BUSINESSMEN, Dutch Mill Lounge, 6615 Harford Rd, NE Balto; tel. 426-9299.
- Wednesday Dick Weimer's NEW ORLEANS GANG, Bratwursthaus. 8:30-11:30.* (Except Aug. 11)
GATSBY, featuring Joe Ashworth & Dick Cramer, Post & Paddock, Kirkwood Hwy betw. Neward
& Wilmington, Del; tel. 302-366-9730. 9-12.
PRJC OPEN JAM SESSION, 2nd Wednesday of each month, Bratwursthaus. 8:30-?
- Thursday GOOD TIME SIX, Bratwursthaus, Arlington. 8:30-11:30.*
"Dixieland Night" at the Flying Machine, 6000 W. Broad St, Richmond; tel. 804-282-3123.
- Friday CHARLIE LABARBERA (banjo) & BILL OSBORNE (piano), Shakey's Pizza Parlor, 7131 Little River
Turnpike, Annandale; tel. 256-8500. 6:30-11:30.
SOUTHERN COMFORT, Shakey's, 1471 Rockville Pike, Rockville; tel. 881-6090. 8:30-12.
THE COMBS COMBO, Bratwursthaus, Arlington (beginning 8/13--see p. 9). 8:30-12:30.*
Tex Wyndham's RED LION JAZZ BAND, Mencotti's Restaurant, 1101 Philadelphia Pike, Wilming-
ton, Del. First Friday of each month only, 8:30-12:30. Reservations 302-792-2818.*
- Fri-Sat BASIN STREET JAZZ BAND, Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse, 231 Hanover St, Annapolis; tel. 301-
268-1925. 9-12.
- Saturday KENNY FULCHER & CO., Bratwursthaus, Arlington (beginning 8/14--see p. 9). 8:30-12:30.*

COMING EVENTS

- Thru Sept. 9 JOHNNY MADDOX, Il Porto Ristorante, King & Lee Sts, Alexandria; tel. 836-8833.
Tuesday-Sunday, 9-1. See story p. 8.
- Aug. 3-15 CHARLIE BYRD TRIO, King of France Tavern, Annapolis. 261-2206 for reservations.
- Wed, Aug. 4 THE TOMMY DORSEY BAND (directed by Murray McEachern), Duke of Gloucester Room,
Maryland Inn, Annapolis. 261-2206 for reservations.*
- Sat, Aug. 7 BOBBY BARNARD'S AUSTRALIAN JAZZ DANDIES, Potomac Room, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor
Hotel, 9-1. See p. 3 for details.
- Thu, Aug. 12 "THE KINGSMEN," Herndon Town Hall, 7:30.
- Sat, Aug. 14 "THE KINGSMEN," Fair City Mall, Fairfax, 3 pm.
- Tue, Aug. 17 PRJC "Jam Session, Jr"--musicians only. See article p. 5.
- Aug. 17-22 SWEETS EDISON, with Tee Carson Trio, King of France Tavern, Annapolis; tel. 261-2206.
- Thu, Aug. 19 "THE KINGSMEN," Fairfax City Hall, 8 pm.
- Fri, Aug. 20 TONY MACK'S ORIGINAL STRAWHATTERS BANJO BAND, Frederick Co. Fairgrounds, 7-11.
- Aug. 24-29 MONTY ALEXANDER, King of France Tavern, Annapolis. 261-2206 for reservations.
- Sun, Aug. 29 "THE KINGSMEN," Vienna (Va) Mini-Park, 7 pm.
- Sat, Sept. 18 6TH ANNUAL PRJC JAZZ PICNIC, Blob's Park, Md. Details next month.

**Dancing area available.*

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS, Vol. 6, No. 8

WELCOME, NEW MEMBERS!

August 1976

Editor - Dick Baker

This Month's Cover - Fraser Battey

PRJC President - Eleanor Johnson

10201 Grosvenor Pl, #905
Rockville, MD 20852

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS is published monthly for members of the Potomac River Jazz Club, a nonprofit organization dedicated to the preservation and encouragement of traditional jazz in the Greater Washington and Baltimore areas. Signed articles appearing in TR represent the view of the author alone and do not necessarily reflect official club policy or opinion.

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Falls Church, VA 22041

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Dick Baker, Editor
TAILGATE RAMBLINGS
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