

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS



December 1977 Vol. 7 No. 12



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION - POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

(Please print or type)

NAME _____

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

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE & ZIP _____

PHONE NO. _____ OCCUPATION (Opt.) _____

MUSICIAN? _____ What instruments? _____



MEMBER OF ORGANIZED BAND? _____

INTERESTED IN ORGANIZING OR JOINING ONE? _____

INTERESTED IN JAMMING OCCASIONALLY? _____

READ MUSIC? () YES

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

PRJC dues are \$10 per year.

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

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

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

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

PRJC

Tailgate Ramblings

Dec. 1977

Vol. 7 No. 12

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

Articles, letters to the editor, and ad copy (no charge for members' personal ads) should be mailed to the editor at:
7160 Talisman Lane
Columbia, Md. 21045

The Dogs at the Marriott

One of the Nation's top traditional jazz bands came to Washington this month and wowed a capacity Marriott audience.

Not that the Original Salty Dogs had it all their way. The first set, they were so cold that by the time the set ended, the natives were restless and muttering. Nothing seemed to go right. Even the sound system rebelled and ruined drummer Wayne Jones' vocal on Santa Claus Blues.

But even then there were harbingers of change. Cornetist Lew Green played exquisite blues on Texas Moaner, and Tom Bartlett wailed on trombone with a mean dirty tone you knew you were going to like.

Things improved in the second set with a brisk reading of Heeby Jeebies and a raucous pursuit of Brown Bottom Bess (of whom I had previously not known). The rally sagged with a far-too-fast tempo on Shimmeshawabble, but at the end of the set came Wolverine Blues and suddenly the Salty Dogs hit their stride.

Now the rhythm, which had seemed to flounder along with pianist John Cooper as he struggled for command of the piano provided for his use, suddenly clicked as Cooper found a way to come to terms with the onerous piano. The ensemble passages began to snap and crackle, and as the second set ended, you knew that you were in the presence of a very good

band indeed. The third set opened with Lil Armstrong's My Heart, and found Green in fine fettle, blowing breathtaking breaks cleanly and sharply. Cooper, having subdued the piano, asserted his claim for attention.

He has quite a claim. At one point the band went straight from Rhythm King to N.O. Joys and Cooper was featured on both. On Bix's avant garde, progressive tune, Cooper played the piano solo in a way to underscore Bix's debt to Maurice Ravel. Then, on N.O. Joys, he romped into that Jelly Roll tune complete with a Spanish tinge which had little or nothing to do with Ravel. One had the strong feeling that if the evening's entertainment had encompassed the styles of Tatum, Basie, Albert Ammons, and Thelonious Monk, Cooper would have had no problem at all in responding. To make the point, he climaxed his performance with a magnificent version of Morton's The Pearls.

All in all, quite a concert - quite a jazzband. If you missed it, you missed a good one. Even the near-disastrous first set added a solid note of accomplishment when the band so totally surmounted it.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ▲ ▲

Billy Taylor 1926 - 1977

Billy Taylor Jr., a bass player familiar to Washington area jazz fans since the early fifties died in mid-November at the age of 51.

Taylor, son of Duke Ellington's bassist through much of the middle and late 30's, was active at Minton's in NYC while still a teenager, sitting in at the fabled sessions with Gillespie, Bird, Max Roach, Duke Jordan, and other forefathers of what became known as bop.

When he moved back to Washington - his hometown - besides playing with trios and other small mainstream groups, he threw himself into the jazz life of the city. At a recent benefit in his honor, a proud boast of most of the 100 or more musicians was articulated by various sentences which began: "When I played with Billy..." And many traditionalists were able to start that way.

In fact, Billy Taylor did not ordinarily or from preference play music oft described by PRJCers as "Ours". But whether his was our kind of music or not, he was most certainly our kind of musician. He loved jazz and he played it well.

We're going to miss him. -- TC ▲ ▲

PRJ NEW YEARS EVE

with the BAY CITY 7

But On The Other Hand

An Editorial Outcry

With the coming of the Christmas season, it is clearly impossible for the Editor to send cards to all he would like to favor. Therefore, he craves the indulgence of the club to allow him to use the columns of TR for a personal word. He does have certain gifts which - though he won't get around to giving them - he would like to see given.

To Stuart Anderson, for example, we hope that someone will offer matching boxes of the ideal tenor sax reed and a supply of typewriter ribbons allowing him to blow Hawkish sax and Pepysian autobiography mellowly through the new year.

Dick Baker really ought to be given a radio station which will stay on the air in the same place. Santa, will you please see to that?

Jack Doyle is entirely deserving of a new hat, but it probably couldn't be induced to crumple like the old one, so forget it.

Harry Roland, Frazier Battey, Kevin Mitchell, and Nanette could use a barrel apiece of india ink (well, Nanette couldn't, I suppose - but we wanted to include her) and a gross of sketch pads. Instead, what they'll get from TR is sincere thanks for absolutely splendid art work through the past year.

Harold Gray, who spent his 70th year piloting the club through a remarkable year of growth, artistic success, and some unfortunate contentions, deserves to have Rose of Washington Square drop around in her Jim Jam Gems costume, but since Lida Ruth would not hold still for that, we'll forget it and wish both the Grays a fabulous 1978 with jazz from Jersey to Sacramento.

The SS Nobska, the B'haus, Shakey's in Rockville, the Pierce St. Annex, the Windjammer, Buzzy's, the Crystal City HoJo, and countless other righteous venues deserve to have jazz regularly through 1978, and we think they ought to have it - we hope their owners agree.

For the PRJC bands, we wish an absolute minimum of clams and an absolute maximum of paying gigs in which the club owner: a) pays; b) doesn't think you're playing too loud; c) doesn't think you're playing too fast; d) takes out some advertising; and e) invites you back.

And to every cottonpickin' reader of TR, holiday cheer, and a peaceful, musical, and polyphonic New Year.

-- TC

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"Man, do you know 573-TRAD?"

"Naw, man, but if you'll hum a few bars..."

Is It True What They Say

Bells are ringing for Jay Converse, tuba with the Federal Jazz Commission. On Nov. 26 in Baltimore, Jay will marry Elise of the Nefertiti profile; the FJC will play at the reception. Jay, a student at Charlottesville, has been told to study and get good grades and leave the wedding plans to his women folk (female chauvinism?). Best of luck - Nov 26 is an auspicious day for a wedding; it's been mine for many years; the Wahlers', too.

A Touch of the Poet - Here to write a jazz opera, all the way from Russia, is Andre Voznesensky, a leading Soviet poet. The opera is about Alaska and Russian princesses. Andre has heard jazz on VOA and likes it. He's a fellow at the Kennan Institute...

Tom Shea of Capt. Saylor's Plantation Orch. - you might have caught them at the picnic - was in town. Not much jazz in Raleigh, N.C.; he and wife may come up for New Year's special. His band flew to Cuba in May, played at the Officers' Club at Gitmo. Steve Welch of the Riverside Ramblers went along - their trombone though he lives in Virginia...

Passing through, this month, was Bob Greene, out of N.Y. with the World of Jelly Roll Morton. Sat in with FJC.

Work, the Curse of the Drinking Class

A quick review of Harold Gray's week, who is now retired. Recently he attended the Delaware Jazz Concert, put on by the Delaware Jazz Fraternity, with his wife Lida, and Ruth and Lou Byers; then on to N.J. and to N.Y. to enjoy jazz. Purely for fun, he says. No Monday AM blues to worry about. More jazz to look forward to in retirement, folks...

Someone in this area knows how to throw a real jazz party - N.O. style. How about Oysters Rockefeller and red beans and rice; jazz, and all the wine you could drink (plus anything else in the liquid department)... Many PRJC types there. Some great sounds from an enviable record collection. Met Ellis Baker there who some say is the Traditional drummer (staying away from superlatives). Also the Fitzgeralds (Glenna ran for PRJC Board last year) just back from Turkey where, alas, they heard no jazz...

On the last PRJC Board meeting night at the B'haus, someone counted 5 drummers all under the same roof. Two, Ken Underwood and Dick Stimson, are on the board. Gil Brown was playing with Fatcat's band; Fraser Battey and Ozzie Barr were there. Axes were sheathed...

See you New Year's Eve, everyone. Step right up and get your ticket from Person-In-Charge-Of-Ticket-Sales, who happens to be me...

-- Mary H Doyle

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COMMUNICATION

Editor:

Why o why, after 4 years of tulip-tip-toeing does the erudite Mr. Webber resume his prejudicial journalism by spewing the ink of his ascerbic pen at that over-maligned specie, the drummer? Has not the poor geek suffered enough? Does no one empathize with the burden of schlepping and setting up the trappings of his foolish trade? And to what end? To surround himself with smug artistic types who scowlingly offer some or all of the following commands during the course of an evening's gig: "quit draggin,'"not so loud,'"pick it up,'"Hold it down,'"stop rushin'"! The foregoing often accompanied by the frantic thrashing of a hornman's right arm slashing the ozone metronomically with the unerring sense of time with which THEY are gifted. If by some quirk of fate - even as monkeys writing Shakespeare, the band cooks for a few bars he gets no recognition but heaven forbid they fall apart he'll get plenty of credit. Should this naive soul in a participatory effort suggest a tune during a lull in the proceedings, the odds are 87-1 it will be ignored. Clams and other horrors are laughed off as venturesome by the clubby lads who blow notes but the luxury of unrequited error is unknown in the domain of the drummer boy. After all, any idiot can pound a skin with a stick. Remember the rhythm bands in kindergarten? Comes the final cymbal crash, the front line runs off to a party with available lovelies they've Svengalied while the noodnik, emotionally drained and feeling as useful as teats on a moose stands alone on a darkened stage repacking the tools of ignorance, dreams of Krupa-like heroics fading in an alcoholic haze. Perhaps, he muses, Turk Murphy was right - could be giving elephant enemas would be a more fulfilling area of show business.

The writer is living breathing proof that the breed is not genial, extroverted, and insensitive to criticism as A.W. suggests. Masochistic, maybe.

The rantings of Webber aside, TR during your editorship has been extra refreshing and sprightly. Must be a lot of work. Hang in. "Illegetimi non Carborundum."

-- Tom Martin

P.S. Four years of durance vile is insufficient. Who pardoned the buggar?

(Ed. Note: Brave to a fault, but no idiot, the Editor will stay firmly on the sidelines as between Mssrs Webber and Martin. When notified of Mr. Martin's letter, Mr Webber said only, "Glad the Ex-Lax worked." -- TC) ▲ ▲

Editor:

I think you and your editorial staff are doing an exemplary job putting out Tailgate Ramblings. Believe me, I know the hazards and joys of sitting in the "editor's easy chair."

I placed a sign over my typewriter during my years as editor of "The Second Line" in New Orleans; the quotation was credited to Herbert Bayard Swope: "I can't give you the formula for success, but I can give you the formula for failure. Try to please everybody."

Editors must maintain and defend the right of free expression. There can be no other way. That is the editor's role in journalism.

I like the flow of activities in your calendar of events. Al Webber's column is a special delight because humor these days is becoming a vanishing commodity.

The Saxophone War series by Stuart Anderson is excellent and I have torn out every page for my reference file. And I love those superb Record Changer articles by the late Roy Carew....

Roy Carew was one of my most unforgettable persons, and I consider myself fortunate to have known him intimately for over 20 years...

I was lucky to spend about an hour at the PRJC jazz museum...I couldn't take in all the excellent audiovisual programs of jazz eras, but what I did catch were interesting, informative, and professional in every way. Rod Clarke, your Director, Dick Baker, program narrator, Hal Farmer, sound engineer, and others are to be applauded for their efforts.

My very best wishes to you and all my good friends of the PRJC.

-- George W. Kay

(Ed. Note: Thank you, George. Coming from you that is much more than we deserve, but we dig it anyway. --TC) ▲ ▲

Traditional jazz will get another airing in the Washington area. Starting Jan 1, Fat Cat McRee will have a two-hour record show devoted to the sounds on WAMU-FM every Sunday evening from 10-midnite.

Station says it's in response to requests from people subscribing to its fund drive last October.

THE JAZZBAND BALL, meanwhile, continues Sundays 6-7:30 on WPFW-FM. Wow: the sounds all evening with a flick of your bic!

Incidentally, WAMU also announces the editing and re-taping of George Mercer's magnificent Jazz Anthology series. The whole 145-tape catalogue will be updated. The station says the original tapes have become brittle through long use. ▲ ▲

A Private in the Great Saxophone War

Chapter 8 of Stuart Anderson's Swing Era Memoir

In Dec. 1974, I had been searching for extra copies of a Tony Pastor album¹ on which I had been the soloist in a fast showy piece called "Flagwaver." I had intended to mail them to my family in time for Christmas. As usual I had put off the business of purchasing gifts. Digging frantically against a mailing deadline I finally found what I thought I was looking for. But it didn't look right. The label on the jacket was different; instead of a picture of the Pastor band there was a photograph of Tony himself; "Flagwaver" was spelled "Flag Waver," and was listed as the seventh track instead of number one on the original record.

I took the album home² and put it on the turntable, starting it at the "Flag Waver" track. It didn't sound right: the tempo much too fast; the arrangement short and I, weak, unsure of myself. On the original record my playing had been strong, clean, and had shown good logical development. And yet those notes were surely mine. (Every jazz soloist's style is unique; no matter who he imitates, each note bears his grubby finger-prints.)

I ran through more tracks finding "Night Game in Brooklyn," on which my solo with its headlong beat reminded me of a drunk running to keep from falling down.

But after that came the piece, "March of the Marines," (repulsive title) that has driven me to look back - to write, to philosophize, to hold forth on street corners waving my arms - to that wild time when the only thing that mattered was our music. I jumped out of the loudspeakers like the lead locomotive of the old 20th Century Limited rushing down the eastern shelf of the Rockies. Brash, aggressive, I couldn't be stopped. Those rushing, growling notes seemed to shout: "Come on! Hurry up! Let's push ahead!" Those pounding 32 bars concentrated all of my struggles - practicing, jamming, sitting in, scraping reeds, defying most of the leaders - and crammed them into one projectile, one message to the people. That was exactly the way I wanted to stay.

Once I had started to rummage in the big band collections I had to continue, coming up with a 2-record Pastor album³ containing another rampaging straight-ahead solo on "Jungle Jump" and two hard-swinging bits on "That's All Brother" and "Don't Push Me." But although I had remembered recording the original "Flagwaver" on Bluebird in 1941 I couldn't place those other tracks; then I obtained a discography listing the Pastor band's output of commercial records, airchecks, and transcriptions. Those tunes had been recorded on transcriptions during a

feverish period in 1940-41. There was one 3-week stretch during which we were playing the Lincoln Hotel, the Paramount Theater (5 shows a day), and stampeding over the the transcription studios in the early morning hours.

Meanwhile the Christmas gift program had sunk to its proper place in the hierarchy of my problems.

But why was I going to all that trouble: searching, investigating, listening, analyzing; exulting in solos I liked, deploring those I didn't like? Old music that came arcing over the years and belching out of the loudspeakers? Was it to rebuild an eroded ego? Was it to find out what that dogmatic young fellow had then that he had or didn't have in 1974? Or was it to determine what contribution, if any, I had made to jazz within the creeping shadow of the sanguinary struggle between two contending styles: that of Coleman Hawkins and that of Lester Young? But then I came to see that I must tell the truth - how I had no choice other than to take sides in those hostilities.

I got along with Tony. Although we both played tenor he stressed the ballads while I handled most of the swing tunes. We had no serious conflicts except for an occasional explosion caused by professional jealousy. My main quarrel was with the manager, who tried to run the band along the lines of the Third Reich - so I left.

In the fall of 1941, Tony's brother, Stubby joined the band. He had one qualification; his ability to render Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul" note for note (on the trumpet yet). But his execution was rough and his lip erratic. We said to him: "For crissake, Stubby, get yourself a teacher and study." Tony heard us and was outraged: "Hey, you guys, don't tell him that - you'll ruin his beat!"

Stubby stayed on and eventually played an important role in the Pastor trumpet section.

1) Bandstand Records 7114 - contains "Flagwaver," orig. rec. BB 10/30/41. Available in most large record stores.

2) Big Band Archives LP-1210 "Night Game...", "Flag Waver", "March of the Marines." Should be available, lrg, st.

3) Big Band Archives LP (?) 2 rec. Hard to find unfortunately.

4) TONY PASTOR AND HIS ORCH. Joyce Music Pubs. Big stores should have it or tell you where you can get it.

-- SA

For jazz -- 573-TRAD

PRJC in the Brave New World

The year is 1984. You, a PRJC initiate, having just been cleared and indoctrinated for Dixieland Jazz, can be justly proud. You have come through a week of grueling tests and survived the dreaded club Polygraph. You can talk about the contrast between Bunk Johnson and Miff Mole, and have scored at least a 9 on the Bix Scale. You think of the many comrades who fell in the quest for PRJC membership. The STAD test was the hardest. There are so many groups that sound like they should be classified as Dixieland but of course cannot. Club standards are crucial in an era of moral decay. Society must be protected.

Somewhere deep beneath the Rockville Fault lies the PRJC Command and Control Center (PRJC³). The guard checks each neophyte's club card carefully, scrutinizing the picture, thumbprint, and Sensor Magnetic Uniform Transfer Strip (SMUTS). Several attempts have been made to penetrate PRJC³ by members of the press, other non-Dixieland clubs, the IRS, and the CIA. All have failed.

Your credentials are in order and you are escorted into the hub of all PRJC activities. As your eyes adjust to the indirect lighting, a retired kazoo player wearing the decoration of the Order of the Obese Feline Second Class begins the tour. You are aware of the strains of the theme song of the Black Vulture JB on the Muzak. Your guide proudly extols the Club's large scale, on-line, interactive high speed, distributed data base computer - SYSTEM SNAFU. Its tape drive whining, data is being displayed on Cathode Ray Tube monitors, line printers, and related output devices. You are impressed at the cool professionalism of the club's system analysts, programmers, and console operators. On the facing wall is an enormous geographic plot board. Individual red lights indicate the current location of all Dixieland musicians within the PRJC territory as defined by the Constitution of the International Musicians' Federation for the Love and Appreciation of Trad (IM FLAT). Blue lights show the location of all PRJC member fans. As we watch, a yellow light blinks on, indicating the location of the latest officially approved jazz festival.

The Ex Officio Kazoo Player explains the three programs currently running on SNAFU. One is analyzing data for Blob's Park against a 100-year weather data base through the year 2000. A second is analyzing the note-by-note

performance of Jerry Nichols on the tune Sweet Georgia Brown over the past ten years. Result: a 37% decrease in proficiency. Mr. Nichols will receive a visit from the PRJC Proficiency Committee (PROCT). But the zenith of System SNAFU is the STAD program which took six years of hard work (and considerable resources) to compile. It enables a tape of any band (from major to minor) or even a single musician to be analyzed to determine whether that group is performing Dixieland.

The initiates are awed at the seriousness, dedication, and application of the Scientific Method to the art of traditional jazz. Their awe increases as they are shown through the next room where Hot Lines connect the PRJC leadership with Headquarters IM FLAT, the Bratwursthaus, WMAL, Buzzy's I and II, the Trad Museum, Shakey's, the Wilson Line, Blob's Park, and a number of TOP SECRET locations. The walls in the Hot Line Central are lined with computer-produced likenesses of some of the great names in PRJC history. But there is one picture, framed in black, of Bad John Turnby, Benedict Arnold of the PRJC. During a no-notice visit to Bad John's home by the Committee on Dedication to Dixieland Entertainment (DECADENT), he was actually found to be listening to, and apparently enjoying country and western! Of course he was required to sign a debriefing oath and forced to resign from the club in disgrace. Under his picture were the simple words: "Would you want your sister to marry this man?"

As the 2-ton vault door closed behind the newly indoctrinated members (PRJC Behind Closed Doors), their eyes were shining. In their hearts a new dedication had been born. Henceforth they would be ever vigilant to keep the Frontiers of Traditional Jazz honored and pure. Each, in his or her own way, uttered a silent prayer that he or she would be equal to the task.

-- Chuck Brown

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The Bob Sauer Big Band has changed venues. For the past several months, Bob's crew has been playing Monday evenings in the Villa Romana in Silver Hill, Md. Starting in November, the band moved across the Potomac River and took up residence in the spacious Rough Rider Room at the Tysons Corner Ramada Inn. It's still Monday evening, and the hours are 9-12:40.

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A Review

The Duke Ellington Carnegie Hall
Concerts - Jan. 1943 (3-record set)
Prestige P-34004.

Orin Keepnews has once again put us all in his debt - this time with a series of record sets detailing the Duke Ellington Band in concert during the 40's.

Let me be frank. I cannot say much about the latter 3 of the sets, not having heard them. This review hymns the glories of the first - chronicling a concert of the band in Jan. 1943. This was the great band which Ellington took into the RCA stable of recording artists in 1940 and which recorded an astounding string of some of Ellington's best music.

Jimmy Blanton had died by '43. His replacement was the estimable (but by contrast pedestrian) Junior Raglin. Cootie Williams and Barney Bigard had gone their own ways and had been replaced by Ray Nance and Chauncey Haughton, the latter, a distinctly weak reed. Otherwise, things were still what they used to be.

It's worth the space to give the lineup: Rex Stewart, Harold Baker, Wallace Jones, Nance -trpts; Joe Nanton, Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown -tbns; Otto Hardwicke, Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, Haughton, Harry Carney -reeds; Ellington, Fred Guy, Raglin, and Sonny Greer -rhythm.

Listening to the splendor and sweet thunder of this concert, it is easy to agree that this was in fact Ellington's greatest band. A major part of the concert was a full presentation of the tone poem, Black, Brown, and Beige, and the emotional surge of the band - especially of Johnny Hodges in the "Come Sunday" portion and of Benny Webster in the Blues following Betty Roche's intense reading of Duke's words was poignant enough to bring the listener to the edge of his chair.

Much of Duke's 1938-1942 output for Columbia and Victor was reprised in this concert. There is Jumpin' Punkins, Portrait of Bert Williams, Ko-Ko, Bojangles, Jack the Bear, and Don't Get Around Much Anymore. Duke's concerti for his soloists are liberally interlarded; Boy Meets Horn (Rex), Rose of Rio Grande (Brown), Day Dream (Hodges) and Cottontail (Webster).

The tender tribute to Florence Mills, Black Beauty gets a lovely restatement, and other Ellington classis - Black and Tan Fantasy, Rockin' in Rhythm, and Mood Indigo are heard.

There are those in the Club who would loudly aver that this is not jazz. They would find one surprising ally in this position. Duke himself preferred to

refer to his music as American Black music. But whatever one calls it, it seems clear that what Ellington did was an absolutely classical style of an indigenous music which many people think of as jazz. He used musicians steeped in the jazz tradition, and if one must pigeon-hole him, one has unfailingly to conclude that his art fell inevitably into a jazz idiom.

Technically this album is a joy - in only a few places does the recording leave us in an echo chamber, and for the most part, the sound comes close to replicating the best studio recording of that period.

I doubt that a better, more useful record set has been issued in 1977. Keepnews and his whole Prestige operation deserve the thanks of all jazz lovers and the records themselves ought to win whatever annual awards are given for highest achievement in the recorded music field.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ▲

The vibrations were unbelievably good at the Shoreham Empire Room Nov. 13, when some 100 musicians staged a benefit performance for ailing Billy Taylor, one of D.C.'s legion of nationally known jazzmen. The bassist died within hours after the last note died away.

Although the sounds heard at the bash were by no means all traditional, Wild Bill Whelan, Glenn Sullivan, Country Thomas, Tommy Gwaltney, John Roulet, and others were on hand to represent the tradition, and played well to an appreciative crowd.

The roster of musicians present read like a virtual Who's Who of D.C. music. Pianists John Eaton, Bob Murphy, Larry Eanet, John Malachi, and Dick Morgan (the latter especially bringing the crowd to the edge of its chairs) were only a few of the guys on hand. Hal Posey played a good deal of boppish trumpet, and bass men like Van Perry, Marshall Hawkins, and Louis Powers tried to fill the gap left by the absent Billy.

All told, a brilliant evening of jazz with many fans from PRJC on hand.▲ ▲

Among the new gigs listed this month: good news from Baltimore, where Gene Franklin's fine Pier 5 JB has picked up a regular Friday evening job at J.J. Gallagher's at 1722 Fleet St. in Charm City. Reservations and other matters of mutual interest can be discussed by calling 342-6444. ▲ ▲

Darnell and the Trio

The winter after World War II in Chicago was cold and hard. Over 200,000 workers were on strike in the packinghouses, in farm equipment factories, and in assorted other plants and industries. I was a CIO staff man and running from strike to strike like an obsessed soul.

One late evening, after a stormy meeting in a Northwest suburb, I was homing toward my flat on the near West Side. I slowed up to find a hash joint open in the Wilson-Broadway area. As I was about to park I saw, coming from the El, a portly man with a clarinet case, followed by an older and darker man and a woman. Musicians! I followed.

Chicago was no booming land of jazz at the time. You looked for the real stuff, and the 3 or 4 places that had any form of jazz music became rare places of retreat and recreation. Here might be a new spot.

The three and their loyal follower, all thoughts of a late supper forgotten, went into a battered bar called the Ball of Fire. Inside was a tackily decorated room with a bar down one side. Decorations, frilly papers left over from an earlier time, hung around the room and on the tiny bandstand was a piano and a set of well-used drums. The setting and place seemed more fitting for the Polka Rascals.

I joined the 5 or 6 other people, had an Edelweiss beer and hoped for the best. The trio came on, the leader stomped off and amazing grace -- out came the tune and sound of great jazz. No pretensions of playing current hits, no warm up for the highly indifferent audience - just straight professional jazz music by three very fine musicians.

At the end, I applauded wildly. Shocked surprise from my fellow listeners and some handclaps. A pleased smile from the leader. By this time I had him placed - Darnell Howard, a veteran of the early Chicago bands, a fluent and eloquent clarinetist with a blend of N.O. and Chicago styles and a man who could swing all night long.

Trio jazz never made it big. The early Jelly Roll sides, the early Goodman trio, 10 or 12 other sides by people like Boyd Senter and the Senterpedes scattered in discographies are about all that remains of '20s and '30s clarinet, piano, and drums playing together. Chicago seemed to have more than other places. And here in this unlikely spot on this Chicago night was great traditional trio jazz.

When the set finished I talked with members of the trio. The drummer was one of Jelly Roll's drummers, "Snags" Jones. The piano player was a lady whose name

I cannot recall, a Mrs. Something, who was introduced as a school teacher by Darnell. She played solid piano and whatever her teaching skills they were matched by her accompaniment to the trio. She played in the style of Lil Armstrong in her mid-20's period - no small achievement.

The Ball of Fire became my late night haunt from then on. I brought jazz fans with me, all properly appreciative of the quality of the music. We knew we were hearing something rare and soon to vanish. The Ball of Fire would just never make it as a spot for jazz. The neighborhood crowd eyeing the outsiders over their beer accepted us and our cheers well enough but never quite got with the band. The Twenty Six girl, named Tiger, did a little better business when the band wasn't playing. But for the weeks the gig lasted the spot was all the '20s and '30s joints rolled into one - no cover, no minimum, no waiters, just good jazz all night long in a long smoky room in a big smoky city.

It was over too soon. Darnell, who was a photographer with a Southside studio by day, went back to his cameras. Snags dropped out of sight musically from then on. The lady pianist went on with her teaching.

I heard Darnell often after that - in NY and most memorably at the Hangover Club in San Francisco when he played with Hines, Pops Foster, Jimmy Archey, and Muggsy in a great band. But never in such pristine form as in a trio with the reliable Snags and the solid piano back of him. And Tiger of the Ball of Fire, wherever you are, I hope you remember you heard the righteous music too during that faraway winter. -- Ken Kramer ▲▲

The Ted Efantis American Jazz Quartet seems settled in for an extended gig at Capt. White's in Silver Spring, with especially good business reported on Saturday evenings.

Of little strictly traditional jazz interest, the quartet plays fine mainstream to modern jazz, and features a remarkably good pianist named Bob Murphy. Sightless, Murphy was playing a refractory electric piano one recent Sunday evening and making that highly suspect instrument sound great (He confirmed our opinion of him at the Billy Taylor benefit by playing an acoustic piano very very well indeed).

The leader, Efantis, plays most reeds, but heavy on tenor on the occasion TR dropped in. He played extremely well - better on ballads and moderate tempo tunes than on up tempos. Skip Tomlinson's drumming credentials are well known to PRJCers, and bassist Keith Hodgkins laid down a pleasant rhythm background.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ▲

A Pride of Prejudices

While giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a beached whale the other day, just north of Chain Bridge, I fell into a reflective mood. Eventually I climbed out of it, only slightly bruised and missing my "Impeach Buddy Bolden" pin. But while in the aforesaid mood, I thought how cruelly and unfairly jazz historians have passed over New England's contribution to the art form.

Maybe jazz didn't originate in Ansonia and move up the Naugatuck River to Waterbury. Maybe sidewheel steamers never did ply that fetid stream. But in my hometown of Waterbury (Conn., notVt.), we had jazz, by gum. Down on West Main St. there was Patsy Brown's, a crummy Irish taproom by any standards even crummy Irish taproom standards. But when I strolled in there one March day in '46, freshly liberated from three years in Uncle Sam's warm embrace, it wasn't the plucking of harps and the trilling of the wee people and the fairies I heard. No, begorrah, it was stompin' Dixieland by the likes of "Red" Kydell, crt, clarinetist Bill Leukhardt, pianist Eddie Boyce, and their pals. I well remember that night. It got a wee bit rowdy, what with the lads being home from the wars and all, and it got hard to hear the band. This was upsetting to my friend Dick Field, who was a head taller than me and weighed in somewhere around the 250 pound mark. He did obtain a moment of near-total silence, however, by bellowing to the owner, "All right, Patsy. Gimme a PROTESTANT beer!"

Field's bulk saved the day, but I was happy when the local Dixielanders moved their weekend operations up to Phil Becker's on Bishop St. Nothing is there now, thanks to urban renewal; it's even hard to tell where Bishop runs into N. Main. Nevertheless, from '46 into the early 50's, Becker's was the Connecticut jazz spot west of Hartford. Like Patsy Brown's, Phil's was a dump - small, cramped, and grubby. No matter. It was the only game in town and a good one. One night a week the local boys would be reinforced by a "name" from the Condon stable in Manhattan. Phil had a soft spot for trombonists, and by far the most frequent gueats were "Big Chief" Russell Moore, Miff Mole, Brad Gowans, and Georg Brunis.

Connecticut's only serious rival to Becker's as a traditional jazz haven in those days was the Matarese Circle on the western fringe of West Hartford. On Sundays jam sessions were the order of the day, and when Wild Bill Davison took over the cornet chair, the sparks really flew. When he was at Wesleyan, Dick Stim-

son used to audit the course at the Matarese, and so far as I know, the place is still going strong.

Ayer, Mass., just outside Fort Devens of blessed memory is a drab little whistle stop. But in the mid-40's, in a bar whose name I forget, you could hear one of the finest pre-Bob Greene interpreters of Jelly Roll Morton, a genial red-headed Scots-American named Douglas MacKenzie. Naturally he was nicknamed "Red" and just as naturally he had to explain to erudite jazz scholars that he was at least 20 years too young to have played comb with the Mound City Blue Blowers. Red went to Mass State while I was at Amherst, and in '48 we both played in a band which included Red Onion JB cornetist John Bucher - the Delta Five.

Out on Cape Cod, the Orleans Inn is an architectural nightmare which, when I last saw it, sported a purple mansard roof. Over the years, however, it has periodically given house room to some worthy traditionalists. One night some years ago, I walked in to find a small lady seated at the piano and talking to a patron. Expecting nothing more than a thoughtful tea dance reading of "Green Eyes" I was staggered when this bird-like little gal swung into "Carolina Shout" with all the muscle of a Ralsh Sutton or a Dick Wellstood. When I stopped kissing her feet I learned that she was Marie Marcus, a one-time student of "Fats" Waller's and probably the finest distaff stride pianist alive.

Collegiate traditional bands have flourished east of the Hudson River since the end of WW II. Dick Stimson organized the High St. Five at Wesleyan about the same time my gang at Amherst was disbanding. A decade later Fred Starr was leading the Tin Rainbow Jazz Band at Yale. Many members of the famed New Black Eagle JB of Boston also did their apprenticeships in college bands.

The Boston scene is, of course, a story in itself. But it is one which our local Brahmin, Ted Chandler, relates so well from personal experience that at this point I will fold my tent and creep into the night. One last thought: rumors that Tom Martin can't chew gum and play drums at the same time are untrue! Merry Christmas...to you, too, Tom.

-- Al Webber

▲ ▲

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Do your friends ridicule you for not knowing what's happening? Get quick relief. First shoot your friends, then call 573-TRAD. ■ ■

The President's Whatever

This will be my last column as your President. The Club's bylaws provide that the President shall not serve consecutive terms. The new Board of Directors elected by the members at the annual meeting on Nov. 26 will convene on Dec. 14 in the Brauwursthaus to select the next President, as required by the bylaws.

Because of the generous help of dozens of members and officers, this has been a year of much growth, many changes, and a lot more jazz in our area. It has been an honor to have served as "referee" during this crucial year, and Lida Ruth and I cherish the good friends we have made, the good times we have had, and the accomplishments that all of us have made together.

During the year our membership has grown to over 1,000 persons. For the first time in many years, there is live paid traditional jazz every night of the week somewhere in the area. The Club held a big special event each month of the year, with the additional weekly dances every Sunday at the Marriott. There are now 20 traditional jazz bands associated with the club. We are getting more classic jazz on the air with our own radio show. TR has become one of the leading jazz club journals in the nation (Ed. Note: Oh, wow! Harold - not yet; but baby, maybe, someday! - TC). And the Club is inspiring more attention to jazz in the media.

All of us are indebted to the many jazz fans and musicians who worked so long to create this progress. Among the greatest of workers throughout the years of course have been Fred and Anna Wahler. Their decision to step down from their many services to the club leaves a void that is hard to fill, but others have agreed to take over those jobs so that PRJC will continue to promote the cause of jazz.

With continued cooperation and support by all jazz lovers, next year and the next decade should see even more opportunities for more jazzmen to play to more happy audiences. PRJC is now exactly 7 years old, according to Al Webber and other charter members. In the future, may the jazz flow hot and the good times roll! -- Harold Gray

(Ed. Note: This is inevitably Harold's last column as President. I hope that it is far from his last column, however. Harold has an open invitation to continue a monthly column for TR so long as he has something to say. And Harold does have things to say! -- TC)▲ ▲

Digging Fun City

Devotees of traditional styles of jazz who want to pursue that genre in New York City should plan their trips from Friday noon through Monday midnight or later. After checking listings in Mississippi Rag, the New Yorker, and the Sunday Times, a traditional jazz fan recently did a personal reconnaissance (pub crawl) in the Big Apple during those four days and can report thusly:

Friday PM and into the evening is the time for extemporaneous impromptu sit-in jazz at Eddie Condon's, noon - 3; N.Y. Jazz Museum, all afternoon; and two hours of jive at five at Shepherds in the Drake Hotel. While at Condon's "Jazz at Noon" weekly session, this fan met Pee Wee Erwin and Ernie Hackett from the band; and Wilma Dobie of the Overseas Press Club Jazz Club, June Peikon from Jersey Jazz magazine, and Warren Vache Jr., in the audience. Dinner that evening was to the music of Frankie Dash's Dixieland Sextet at Joe's Pier 52. Then to the upper East Side to hear the Fridays only gig of John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies at the Red Blazer Too with a girl tuba player named Barbara Dreiwitz. Several PRJCers will remember this band from the Indianapolis festival.

Saturday and Sunday can be devoted to catching the regular jazz shows at Jimmy Ryan's, Crowdaddy's, Condon's, the Third Phase, Marion McPartland at the Carlyle Hotel, and Dardanelle's nostalgic songs at Bar None. The Jazz Museum often has jazz workshops Saturdays and Sundays.

Monday night in Fun City is the bonanza night for the traditionalist, as many of the joynts have substitute bands, such as: Max Kaminsky at Ryan's; Warren Vache, Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, and other stars at Condon's; the Speakeasy band with Woody Allen at Michael's Pub; and several notables playing our style in various Greenwich Village spots. But the old Nick's is now called Gable's and the help there was totally unaware of the jazz history that was made in those quarters. A conducted tour, anyone?

-- H G ▲ ▲

SIGNS OF GROWTH: For the first time in the history of TR, this edition will have a press run of 1,000 copies. That will cover the subscription list, copies for callers on 573-TRAD requesting them, and for other miscellaneous uses. PRJC is alive and well! ▲ ▲

PRJC Pres. Harold Gray has announced the appointment of Del Beyers to pick up the duties of Fred Wahler, resigned, in scheduling attractions for the Sunday evening Windjammer sessions. Any bands with interest in those sessions should contact Del from now on. ▲ ▲

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A Fragment of an Autobiography

By JELLY-ROLL MORTON

My relations were natives of France they were somewhat rich, settled in N.O. shortly after the Louisiana purchase, more than 125 years ago according to information gathered from family statistics.

I scarcely can remember my Great Grandfather, who was considered the largest jewel in the entire south. His name was Emile

was Emile Pache (Pay-shay). Remember my Great-grandmother very well; she lived until I was grown and had travelled quite extensively. She died around 100 years old. She made one trip around the world when I was still young, and came back as I began approaching my teens. Her name, Mimi Pache. The Paches bore five children, as far as my memory serves me, one son, Emile, Jr., and four daughters, Laura, Lena, Hortense, Orealia. There were none of the aforementioned who could speak English or American, only French and a little Spanish. Laura married a French settler by the name of Henri Monette, also a native of France; they bore four sons, Henri, Jr., Gus, Neville, Nelusco; three daughters, Louise, Viola, Marguerite. Monette, Sr., was a wholesaler of fine liquors and cordials. Louise was married to F. P. Lamenthe, also native of France and early settler. Louise bore one son, Ferdinand, two daughters, Amide, Mimi. Lamenthe was considered one of the outstanding building contractors and demolishers in the entire South. Most of the aforementioned lived on their estate for many years, at the corner of Frenchman and North Robertson Streets in New Orleans. The Robertson Street block, from Frenchman to Elysian Fields Avenue, was considered the longest block in New Orleans. The entire estate was adjoining the Bartholomew's estate which faced Elysian Fields. I happened to be Ferdinand, abbreviated Ferd, and that is the exact location where I was born and reared.

I was christened by Paul and Eulalie Echo, who were also early settlers from France. When I was a baby, there seemed

to be some exalted idea about me becoming a great man, so I was named after King Ferdinand, but took the wrong step early in life. My godmother, Eulalie, would always take me around, passing me off for her child (I was supposed to be a pretty baby) and one day she loaned me to one of her friends to also make believe. Somehow the woman was arrested and refused to relinquish "her child", so we both went to jail. It was in jail that my inspiration for music was first noticed. Some of the inmates were singing and I was supposed to have shown great interest, and would smile along with the singing and weep when they would quit, (so) they sang until I fell to sleep in the cell.

We always had musicians in the family, but they played for their own pleasure and would not accept it seriously, and always considered a musician (with the exception of those who would appear at the French Opera House, which was always supported with their patronage) a scalawag, lazy, and trying to duck work. There were always several instruments in the house, including zither, guitar, piano, etc. We always had access to practice at given periods to get our lessons. My first tutoring was on the guitar, my godmother was solely responsible for that, by a Spanish teacher. I don't remember my tutor's name, (but) at the age of seven I was considered among the best guitarists around, on equality with the greatest seniors. I also took piano, but the guitar was my favorite. I later studied music under Prof. Nickersen, Mrs. Moment, at St. Joseph Catholic College. My denomination is Catholic. As a boy I was always obedient to relatives and respected older

people, and was bashful and shy.

In my early youth I thought New Orleans was the whole world, in spite of school teaching. (I) had been to Shell Beach, Lake Ponchartrain, Spanish Fort, Milneberg, Algiers, Gretna, all considered New Orleans suburbs. I was convinced this was the whole world, (and that) the names on the map such as New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Hong Kong, etc., were just there to fill the map out, until my great Grandmother took a trip around the world and brought back toys for every one of the kids but me. She told me in French "Never mind, when I go again I'll bring you something real nice." I could speak only French at that time. She never did go again, my heart was broken, (and) it was then that I decided that I wanted to work for money, and get the things I wanted, and would not have to ask anyone for anything,—after school I could work. My first job was dishwasher after school, with permission from mother; just to please me she agreed. Salary 75c a week payable monthly \$3.00. At the end of the month my boss would not pay me and said I ate enough for my pay. That broke my heart. I know mother gave me the money and said she had collected. I wanted to work at the same job, (but) mother objected. Later I could understand. I was about eleven years of age then. My godmother lived in the uptown section of New Orleans which was known as the Garden District. She would spoil me and would give me little freedom. When school closed she permitted me to go to pick berries at the strawberry farm. I thought I could eat up the whole strawberry farm and ate enough to get sick and returned back home. (It was) about a 45 mile trip, and that was the first time I began to believe that the world was a little larger than New Orleans.

Mother died when I was about fourteen and left my uncle as guardian. I liked him very well, he was my favorite. He was in the barber business, and he gave me a job at a fabulous salary of 25c a week and a suit for New Years. This did not interfere with my music. My assignments were chambermaid, apprentice, shoeshiner, and note messenger to his different girls, plus excuses to his wife. He was punctual with my salary, and (that) with the few pennies I made on shines helped me to help my sisters, for whom I had a fatherly feeling, since I was the oldest. When New Years came I waited for my new suit. Uncle's wife

was very good at sewing, and I believe it was agreed between both uncle and wife to cut down one of uncle's suits. This was done, and the suit was presented to me, very much to my disapproval. The suit was tried but did not fit; the seat of the pants was much too large and they did not fit me anywhere. Uncle was a fat man weighing about 210 pounds. All the kids had new holiday clothes but me. I was so peeved at my uncle and his wife that I tried to kill their cat, Bricktop.

(Editor's Note: It appears that when Jelly Roll was about fourteen or fifteen the family fortunes began to worsen. Also, the old folks began to die off, as can be gathered from the following, which follows the experience with Jelly Roll's barber uncle.)

The older generations were passing away and friends were vanishing. The estate was being mortgaged, and Grandfather was losing his liquor business. My favorite horse died (TOM) during a very drastic September electric storm, and things were generally going bad. I had heard of boys lining barrels after school closed, and thought "I may try to take a shot at that," since none of the boys were known to make less than \$2.00 a week, and that was more than I had ever made working. School closed, I went to the Brooklyn Cooperage Company to get a job, (and) was hired. Positively green to the job, I made three dollars the first week, (and) my heart was jumping with joy and I could then see success by my own hands. (Lining is the small strip that's nailed around the head of a sugar barrel to make the head secure; two strips to each head; 5 nails to each strip.) I finally got to be one of the best in the shop, and was promoted higher departments to learn the trade of cooper (making barrels).

By this time I was considered among the best of all junior pianists in the whole city, and everywhere I went I was accepted as a king. I was always dressed well by my folks, "but" I myself wanted to dress myself. My Godmother had her country home in Biloxi, Miss., and in the summer time I would go over on the Sunday excursion to see her. . . . Some boys enticed me to go to the tenderloin district. I finally accepted the invitation. That was on a Saturday night. I had leave then till 11 P. M. on Saturday and Sundays. I

liked the freedom of standing at a saloon bar, passing along the streets crowded with men of all nationalities and descriptions. There were women standing in their cribs with their chippies on. (A crib is one room about 7 feet wide.) (A chippie is a dress that women wore, knee length, very easy to disrobe.) One Saturday night whilst on one of the wild jaunts, we heard that one of the houses was stuck for a professor (pianist). My friends encouraged me to go for the job, but my fear was so great the only way I would go was if my friends would go with me. They only wanted me, however, so that was impossible. They finally agreed to take the other upstairs along and put them in a rear room, so their guests could not see them. (I felt sure that it was a plot to kidnap me, since I had a narrow escape when I was younger on Melpomene and Willow Streets.) So they agreed to let them stay where I could see them. I was so frightened that when I first touched the piano the girls decided to let me go immediately. One of my friends spoke up, "Go ahead and show these people you can play". That encouraged me greatly, and I pulled myself together, and started playing with the confidence of being in my own circle. (Remarks of the inmates and guests) "That boy is marvelous." The money was plentiful, and they tipped me about \$20, but I did not want to accept, because I was not taught that way.

I was immediately given the job as regular professor, but I could not see the idea. I was making about \$15 legitimately, and furthermore if my folks were to ever find out that I had ever passed through the tenderloin I would be dealt with drastically. I asked, what salary would they pay? "\$1 a night is the regular salary," was the landlady's answer. I flatly refused, and my attention was called (to the fact) that I made about \$20 in maybe 1 hour's playing, that was more than my weekly salary by my own admittance. "You see the \$1 is to guarantee that in case there happens to be a bad night you are sure of some kind of change. It is the tips to look forward to, and there's no telling how much you can make," she exclaimed. "But I can guarantee you \$5 a night—if you don't make \$5 in tips I'll pay you \$5

or make up the rest if short." There was no salary attached. My friends coaxed me. I thought of all the incidents that might happen, maybe in the thousands. I could tell the folks I was changed to the night watch since the cooperages ran 24 hours a day. And I could notify the job that I had taken ill, they never had time to investigate, and this plan would possibly make things safe all around. I then accepted the job, but would not stay that night. I reported the next night promptly at the given time, 9 P. M.

The streets were crowded with men walking in both directions; police were always in sight, never less than two abreast, this always guaranteed the safety of all concerned. Lights of all colors were glittering and glaring, music was pouring into the streets from every house. Women were standing in the doorways, singing or chanting some kind of blues, some very happy, some very sad, some with desire to end it all by poison, some planning a big outing, a dance or some other kind of enjoyment. Some were real ladies in spite of their downfall, and some were habitual drunkards, and some were (dope) fiends as follows: opium, crown, heroin, cocaine, laudinum, morphine, etc. All these drugs could be had, sometimes at the nearest pharmacy; without disappointment at any hour of the year, Chinatown would be waiting. I was personally sent to Chinatown many times with a sealed note and a small amount of money, and would bring back several cards of hop (opium). At that time it sold for 15c a card. (1 playing card out of a deck.) Chinatown was located exactly one block from the Parish Prison, but there was no slipping and dodging; all you had to do was walk in and be served. Very often I would bring back Chop Suey, Yacca-mee (Chinese noodles), or some other Chinese dish on my errand. Around 4 A. M. the boy friends of the girls would show up to escort their girls home.

Paradoxical New Orleans

By JOHN McLINN ROSS

New Orleans, the Crescent City, Queen of the South and Hub of the Americas, is one of the greatest paradoxes in the United States. Heralded as the most historical city in the country, it is at the same time modern and Old World.

I speak of it as a Negro, a New England Negro of three generations. I respect its traditions of historical interest, delight in its legends and folklore, yet abhor its paradoxical prejudices.

The city of New Orleans is divided by Canal Street. On one side is downtown; on the other, uptown. The original city, now known as the Vieux Carré, bounded by Canal, Rampart, Esplanade and the Mississippi River, is downtown. Uptown is the portion of the city started by the American influx in the early 19th century. Some of the people who live downtown have never crossed Canal Street. To them uptown is figuratively foreign soil.

Though downtown has in recent years gone far beyond the original bounds of the Vieux Carré, it still retains its identification. And downtown is the land of the Creole.

The Negro Creole is just as proud of his heritage and background as the white. The same blood runs through his veins; the same heritage is common to both. The Creole speech, while Americanized to a great extent, still keeps the pattern of bygone days. Older Creoles

still use a patois which is predominately French, and the younger ones, though educated by American standards, still retain the old intonation. Indeed it is only in recent years that the downtown Creole has maintained any social relation with the uptown Negro. His creed is expressed well by the phrase—"Je suis Creole, moi!"

While the modern joint and beer parlor has invaded the Creole section, one hears the jazz of Count Basie and Duke Ellington in the joint, and the Creole lullaby in the house next door. The almost unintelligible cries of the street vendors still fill the streets of the Creole section and the bargaining of housewives, in Creole patois, may be heard any morning at the market.

Creoles are mainly Catholic and religiously attend their church. The deplorable feature of that is, to me, the fact that there are no Negro priests in the city.

Whites and Negroes live side by side, yet are separated on street cars, busses and in the theatres. Some theatres admit no Negroes at all. This however does not bar the Creoles and Negroes of lighter skin from "passing" if they wish.

Truly New Orleans is a paradox, a city full of prejudices—the white prejudice toward the Negro, the Creole toward the American, and the native Orleansian toward the rest of the population.

N.B. The Jelly Roll Morton autobiographical notes were combined from two serial portions, which appeared in the Record Changer in March and April, 1944.



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- The Merchant of Venice -

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Fatcat's Manassas Festival Jazzers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau
(N.B. Wed., Dec 14 PRJC Open Jam at the B'haus - musicians
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Thursdays

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Jim Riley, Jay Wachter - bjos; Wayne Mules - po. 9-12 Buzzy's, Annapolis

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

Welcome, New Members!

Word from the New Jersey Jazz Society firms up a list of musicians set for the second annual Stride of March to be held Mar 31- Apr 2, 1978 at McAfee, N.J. Among the cats set for the 3-day gig are Peewee Irwin, Ruby Braff, Bob Wilber, Zoot Simms, Dave McKenna, Slam Stewart, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Cliff Leeman. There are many others, including singer Helen Humes.

NJJS is making a heavy pitch to TJFs from PRJC-land and elsewhere to visit the jazz weekend. A double at the Playboy Resort where the sessions will be held goes for \$260, including all the music and all hotel facilities. ▲ ▲

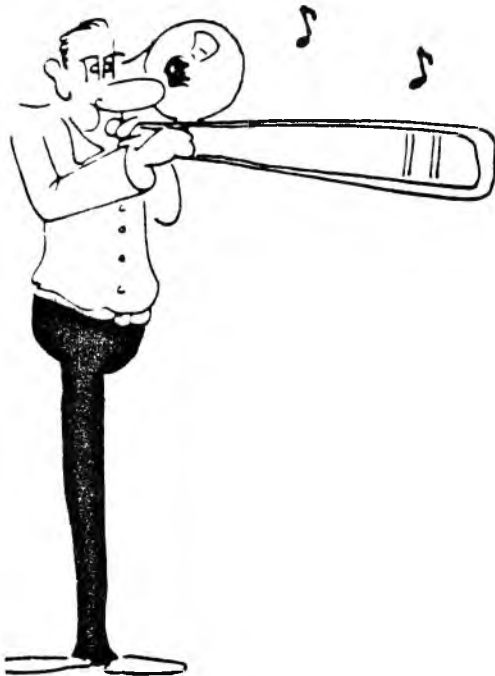
Coming next month in TR: Big New Year edition.

"Pianos I have Known ... and Hated" by Gary Wilkinson

"Jazz in Amsterdam" a travelogue by Sid Levy

Plus challenging articles and columns by TR regulars Stuart Anderson, Al Webber, Jazzbo Brown, and others.

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