

PRJC FEBRUARY SPECIAL  
The Queen City JB  
Direct from Denver, Colo.  
Friday, Feb. 3, 1978  
9-1  
Marriott Twin Bridges  
Members \$5  
Nonmembers \$7



# TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

February 1978

Vol. 8 No. 2



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION - POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

(Please print or type)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

SPOUSE'S NAME (for 2nd membership card) \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE & ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ OCCUPATION (Opt.) \_\_\_\_\_

MUSICIAN? \_\_\_\_\_ What instruments? \_\_\_\_\_

MEMBER OF ORGANIZED BAND? \_\_\_\_\_

INTERESTED IN ORGANIZING OR JOINING ONE? \_\_\_\_\_

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

READ MUSIC? ( ) YES



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

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

PRJC dues are \$10 per year.

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

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

**Exhibit Ends 18-mo. Run**

What started as a 2-month show in July 1976 finally closed in Jan. 1978. The exceptionally long life of PRJC's contribution to the Bicentennial Celebration - "The Story of Traditional Jazz" - is fitting testimony to its worth. Even more impressive to those of us who were disassembling it Sat., Jan. 14, were the visitors who came to see it that day. When told he should make his objections about the closing known to the Martin Luther King Jr. Library management, one man said, "There isn't a truck big enough to carry all the complaints that are going to come in when people find out what's happened." Another said, "I've seen it at least a hundred times." Then he stood in front of the boarded up screens (protecting the glass during storage) and fondly listened to the narratives one more time.

Those of us who put it together and

tended its needs over 18 months were saddened by the task of retiring it, but we knew it had to come to an end. It would have cost about \$1,000 to keep it running at the library for another year and another \$300 or so had we moved it to another location. We just didn't have that much money so we opted for something we could afford; making the audiovisual portion available at the Library to groups that schedule showings in advance. In addition, the Museum Board will make arrangements to take the audiovisuals to groups requesting it. For information call me at 549-8146.

Other Museum programs continue slow progress. In particular our priorities remain focused on establishment of the Gordon Gullickson Memorial Collection of the Museum's archives. We expect that this will be at the King Library and now believe that its dedication will take place before this summer. We will continue to report progress toward this goal as it becomes a fact.

-- Rod Clarke

# Tailgate Ramblings

February 1978

Vol. 8 No. 2

Editor - Ted Chandler

Contributing Editors - Al Webber  
Dick Baker  
Mary H. Doyle

Cover Art - Tom Niemann

PRJC President - Dick Baker 698-8017

V.P. - Ray West 370-5605

PRJC Hot Line - 573-TRAD

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

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

## Notes From The Bakery

Two more club jobs changed hands at the January Board of Directors' meeting: Esther West replaced Bill Hughes as treasurer, and Emily Stimson replaced Mary Doyle as recording secretary. Both are appointed offices.

More news on 1978 specials: The Cake-walkin' Jass Band, famous at Tony Packo's in Toledo for many years, will play here May 20. Leader-clarinetist Ray Heitger has been a PRJC member for some time, as has trumpeter Frank Ward. This year's boatride has been set for June 24; band to be named later. And Bob Bernard's fine band from Australia should be in in August.

Just got the latest edition of the Sacramento Traditional Jazz Society's newsletter, and was struck by the originality and whimsicality to be found in the naming of jazz bands out there. Some examples: The Desolation Jazz Ensemble, the Hot Frogs Jumping Jazz Band, Mess Kit Repair Battalion. The cutest band name that's popped up around here is the Downtown Jass Factory, but even that doesn't measure up to the folks out west. Al Webber keeps threatening to form a group called the Five Undulating Creole Kings; any other suggestions?  
-Dick Baker ■

For Sale: Baby 4'10" Grand Piano.  
Call Jim Neilsen. Home (703) 494-5978; Work (202) 693-5978.

## PRJC Greet's '78 Warmly

One hundred, plus or minus a few, of the faithful gathered on New Years Eve in Falls Church to renew a New Years Resolution. The Bay City 7, also plus or minus a few, provided solid audio and visual reminders of what PRJC is all about. Jim Ritter, Chris Henderson, John Wessner, and John (Ebbie) Goldbern joyfully demonstrated that whether the West Coast style exists or not, it is alive and well in the national capitol area. Bob Harris and Fred Starr added a "roots" sound available locally only from the Federal Jazz Commission. Tex Wyndham, the multi-threat from the Red Lion Jazz-band (Wilmington, Del.) provided flawless ensemble and ragtime piano as well as brief and understandable jazz history footnotes. The inscrutable Frank Wiedefeld with his big brass horn kept the whole thing honest.

Dancers were many and styles various, ranging from modified Arthur Murray to pure Big Bear Stomp. It was a BYOB affair so as in the line from St. James Infirmary, "drinks were being served as usual," only more so. Midnight brought a jazz version of Auld Lang Syne, popping champagne corks, and a little friendly smooching. More music until about 1 am. The buffet, advertized as "sumptuous" was indeed.

Falls Church fire regulations limit the number of persons in the hall to 150. Fifty PRJCers missed a great time.

The rumor about next year's party is not true. What rumor? That because a smaller hall will be hired, and a smaller band (like a kazoo trio, maybe), all available tickets are already sold.

-- Jay Dee ■

Denver's Queen City JB, one of the most popular groups in the country, will kick off PRJC's '78 series of special events Fri., Feb 3 at the Marriott.

The first QCJB was formed almost 20 years ago by trombonist-humorist Alan Frederickson. He is the only member of the original group still with the band, although Lee Peters -clt. - has been on the front line since the early 60's. The current edition of the band came to national attention in '75 with a 4th place finish at the World championship of jazz in Indianapolis, and has since played Sacramento, Davenport, and St. Louis festivals, and will fly from here to Decatur for its second appearance at that city's festival. ■

## But On The Other Hand

An Editorial Outcry

Elsewhere in this issue is a note from Joe Godfrey with a good idea. As a result starting with this issue, we are printing with the gig list the hot line of the Folklore Society of Greater Washington. We think this will be a service to our readers, and we hope that the Folklore folk will find perhaps some profit in running 573-TRAD.

Incidentally, we would welcome such a trade-off with the Ellington Club people in Washington and with Baltimore's Left Bank Jazz Society. If they are interested, let's make it as ecumenical as possible!

There has been a change in musicians in TR! We were talking some months ago with the creator of our favorite cartoon characters, co-founder and ex-Pres. Tom Neimann, and he thought it might be time to update them.

We agreed, and were delighted to get them in the mail this month along with a couple of suggested covers. One of them is on our cover-page this month. Hope you like the new gang. I confess they took some getting used to, but now, after a couple of days of gazing at them, we like them better than the old bunch!

We got a letter this month taking us to task for memorializing in these sacrosanct pages the life and work of Rahsaan Roland Kirk. We aren't using it because nothing would be served in stirring up the same old controversy which seeks to pit the narrowest possible concept of traditional jazz against the more all-embracing view that "our" jazz is but part of a mainstream of hot musical expression. We noted the passing of Bing Crosby - no traditional jazzman, but a friend of jazz, and we for the same reason noted the passing of Rahsaan Roland Kirk. We've said it once we'll say it again. Narrow insularity will kill any chance classical jazz styles have of being properly heard and judged. If we and "our" music insist on drawing the wagons into a circle and fighting off all comers, what hope is there for us?

Oh, by the way, we are sending this issue out First Class to make sure all get the message about the Queen City JB, coming Friday Feb. 3. That's why we're a bit slimmer this time. Next month, back to full size and bulk mail.

-- TC. ■

SINGLES ACTIVITIES in PRJC -  
Interested? So is Jim Neilsen!  
Call him for details: Home - (703)  
494-5978; Work (202) 693-5978.

## A Pride of Prejudices

It was a spring evening in 1943 and I was sitting at a front table in Nick's in Greenwich Village. Which is to say I was in Heaven.

Brad Gowans' band had just wrapped up a heart-warming version of Baby Won't You Please Come Home when I put the question to my date.

"Isn't it great?"

A comely nymphet of modest intelligence and scant wit, that ingrate spake words which chill me still, 35 years on.

"It all sounds the same to me," said she, staring fixedly at Eddie Condon's right foot. She then returned to the brooding silence in which she had managed to weather the first couple of sets.

She was nuts, of course. Or worse. How could the likes of Brad, Eddie, Peewee, Danny Alvin, Dick Cary, & Co. fail to produce deathless jazz?

And yet she wasn't 100% off base. Because an awful sameness can settle over a bandstand some nights.

Four or five tunes taken at the same tempo in the same key, one after another, is enough to tranquilize St. Vitus. Same thing with volume. One of the things that leaves me cold about a lot of recorded Preservation Hall stuff is the total lack of dynamic variety. Certainly it's one of the most obvious flaws in the Federal Jazz Commission.

How many times do you hear a band run through two or three sets without the horn men ever using a mute? For some of us the only way we can get away from the tone that came with the horn is to shove a mute in it, or hang a hat over the bell. Someone should remind us.

"Dixieland is a happy music." The granddaddy of jazz cliches. Sure, it can be happy. But it wouldn't still be attracting followers 60 years after those ODJB records if that were the sole mood it could project.

"Arrangement" is a suspect word to many jazz purists, probably because it conjures up the lockstep section work of the big swing bands. But arrangements, the use of a bit of imagination on the bandstand, the sea search for variety in mood, tempo, key, dynamics, are a justifiable hedge against that dread accusation: It... all... sounds... the... same...

-- Al Webber ■

Don't let them take away your gusto.  
Call 573-TRAD and learn to live!

## Old Sounds Echo on Cape Cod

The Victor New Orthophonic Victrola stood rock-steady as its owner vigorously turned the hand crank. He switched on the turntable, lowered the tone arm onto the shellac record, closed the lid, and the sounds of Earl Fuller's Famous Jazzband (Ted Lewis - clt) filled the room. For a second it sounded like stereo. The reproduction was clear, and the ricky-tick white-boy ersatz jazz from 1918 sounded new and authentic.

The record ended and Ben Thacher slipped an Okeh - Bessie's Empty Bed Blues - on the turntable. Again the stereo effect with Bessie's voice clearly standing out from the sound of Big Green's trombone.

Gene Krupa's 1939 flagwaver, Prelude to a Stomp, made for electronic playback, sounded splendid on the old machine, Vido Musso's tenor riding on top of the band; again the stereo illusion.

New, the Victrola - the top of Victor's 1926 line - sold for \$300. I didn't bother to ask how much you'd have to multiply that by in order to buy it from Thacher, who has it on display at his East Dennis, Mass., museum called Old Sound.

Thacher bills his museum as a reliquary of antique phonographs and recordings and has a marvelous collection of old cylinder players in working order, Edison hill-and-dale record players, and scores of others dating back to 1877. He has bins full of records - mostly 78's - and is a knowledgeable member of the Cape Cod Jazz Society's Board of Directors.

Any PRJCers traveling to Cape Cod will find Ben's museum a fascinating experience. It is on Rt 134 in East Dennis between the Mid-Cape Highway and Rt. 6-A. Hours - 11:30-5:50, Tuesday through Saturday. ■

Editor:

So jazz afficionados got a new phone number to dial! (573-TRAD) Let's spread the new number. There's some overlap interest with the Folklore Society of Greater Washington. How about offering to print the FSGW hot line (281-2228). This could be done on a reciprocal basis - i.e. the FSGW monthly newsletter would carry an announcement of the new PRJC hot line.

-- Joe Godfrey

(Ed. Note: Joe, I like the idea so much that we are starting with this issue. There's no good reason why we should not cooperate in this and every other way possible. -- TC)

## Them Mean Ol' Senate Blues

PRJC's most politically powerful member struck a couple of blows for jazz in the U.S. Senate before it adjourned in December.

Sen. S.I. Hayakawa (R.-Cal.) introduced two Resolutions, both adopted, recognizing Memphis, Tenn. as the Home of the Blues, and a famed Memphis-born pianist and singer, Memphis Slim, as "Ambassador at Large of Goodwill." Hayakawa was joined in sponsoring the resolution by Tennessee's two Senators, Howard Baker and James Sasser.

Sen. Moynahan (D.-N.Y.) was in the chair during debate and commented on what seemed to him the contradiction of citing a blues singer "for spreading good cheer."

(The above is the extent of TR's political commentary for the entire new year. But we felt we had an obligation.) ■

## NEW BAND GETS GIGS

The Sheiks of Dixie have been reconstituted since their Oct. debut in College Park. As currently manned, the new band consists of: Dave Littlefield - leader, po, bjo, washboard, suitcase, etc; Barry Askew - tpt and traffic director; Jim Barentine - clt and dir. of hokum; George Gales - tbn, spiritual guide, and fount of musical wisdom; Gerry Fain - bjo; John Rogerson - gtr; Hayes Kavanagh - bass; and Art McKinney - drums. Bruce Weaver regularly substitutes for the much-traveled Askew.

As the personnel descriptions might suggest, SOD is basically a fun band, and plays besides the usual Dixie classics, more modern tunes played Dixie-style and a touch of swing. We must be doing something right because at our present group's debut, a freebie, we were hired on the spot for a pay gig and several other people said they would ask their organizations to hire us.

Response to us indicates much enjoyment of Dixieland if the right circles can be tapped into through aggressive, intelligent marketing by each PRJC band. Whether any money can be made on a regular basis remains to be seen, but my feeling is that the right merchandising approach could yield pecuniary benefits. -- Dave Littlefield

(Ed. Note: Right on, Dave. Let us know the continuing results of your efforts. And other band leaders- let us have the benefit of your experience in the marketing field. TC) ■



# LOUIS IN LONDON

(Condensed from "Jazz Notes", magazine of the Cape Cod Jazz Society.)

This was not altogether Pops' happiest time - 1933 to 1935. The period peaked with an engagement in London at the Palladium. From then on it was mostly downhill. He remained in town for reasons few could fathom, with occasional breaks to the hinterlands and the Continent. And he ran out of audience.

A hard core of aficionados followed him from one dingy neighborhood cinema to another but it became an increasingly painful experience. The audiences were unknowing and cruel. Pops was just an added attraction to the feature movie.

In his desperate effort to please, Pops found these people responded to high notes. So he played to the gallery with upper register stuff; repeated pistol shots, clean and true. He began to clown it up. Vocals were delivered with eye-rolling grimaces and chop-shaking growls. This is where the commercial Louis began. This is where he learned that run-of-the-mill ticket buyers loved flash and comic foolishness, a lesson he was never to forget to the chagrin of the faithful. Ultimately it made him a lot of money.

I met Louis the very night of my arrival in London as a graduate student. Before embarkation, Ellington and his gang, just back from a European tour, urged me to check in at Alec Ward's basement club in Soho, a highly informal headquarters for American Black musicians where southern cooking was beautiful as prepared by a Black refuge from a touring American circus.

Alec reacted cordially to Duke's card of introduction and within minutes he had me in Pops' dressing room at the Palladium. Louis greeted me as if I were a brother. He was eager for news from the homefront. After the show we - Louis, the quiet, loyal Alpha (Louis' third wife) and I - went to Alec's for soul food and on to Pops' place for records, talk, smokes, and drinks, a procedure to be repeated night after night. I grew to love this man as a special human being. Proud and conscious of his place in the world of jazz, Pops never spoke slightly about another musician, never lived or aspired to live in any fashion other than moderate comfort, drank most stintingly, and in fact, kept good care of himself.

In those days Louis was a highly physical performer. As the stage band opened with Sleepy Time, Pops would emerge racing full tilt onto the stage and brake himself into a slide to the

opposite wing, then double back to the mike, peel off a handkerchief from the stack close at hand, and with a grin, greet his audience: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen; we're going to swing a few for you this evening, lightly and politely. First, a good ol' good one."

One after another the hankies would diminish as he mopped brow and chops, always holding a fresh one in hand as he blew - 2 to 3 dozen a show. Meanwhile, Alpha back in the dressingroom was washing and hanging and ironing.

One unforgettable night the audience really jollied themselves. Louis' lips were hurting badly from overuse. Any astute manager would have rested him. But he had no manager and went on stage to appeal to the audience for understanding and indulgence. He could not play but he could sing. So what happened?

The audience gave him the business but good. They overwhelmed his vocals catcalling and screeching. Whereupon Pops picked up his horn and blasted - blasted defiantly until blood ran from his lip, dripped from his chin, and dyed his shirt crimson.

I left England - and Pops - in 1935. He wrote regularly then and after he returned to the U.S. There was serious talk of my managing him but I had had enough of the music business by this time.

Louis' letters which were lost in the course of many a residential move were a delight and a treasure. He wrote as he talked, full of the New Orleans vernacular and heavily salted with his own style of humor. I recall one from Chicago in which he described a big affair for which "Alpha and me fell out tuxedoed down to the bricks." He signed off with his usual "Beans and ricely yours."

-- Allan Perry ■

From North Carolina, Tom Martin advises that there will be a big do at the Whispering Pines Country Club Feb 4, with music starting about 7:30 pm.

Along with Tom's Sand Hill Stompers, guests will be Maxine Sullivan, Chicago pianist Art Hodes, and Spencer Clark on bass sax.

For \$10 ticket buyers will get all that and a dinner too. Whispering Pines is 70 miles south of Raleigh, and near the famed golf oasis of Southern Pines. Reservations are suggested and can be made by calling (919) 949-3777. ■

# A Private in the Great Saxophone War

The Conclusion of Stuart Anderson's Swing Era Memoir

My experience in Boyd Raeburn's band at the Rose Room of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco in the summer of 1945 can be likened to the winking out of the shrinking pinpoint of light left on the screen of your TV after you've turned it off. For years as albums of Raeburn's music turned up in the record stacks I had been hoping that just maybe I might run across one of the very few solos I had gotten to play on those 15-minute CBS radio shots. Could what happened a couple of weeks ago support the concept of history repeating itself in narrowing spirals? I brought home a Boyd Raeburn album\* and played it. I heard those pioneering arrangements flavored with Debussy, Ravel, and Ellington; David Allen's eloquent baritone vocals, Frankie Socolow's sinuous weavings on the other tenor. Track 5, Boyd Meets Girl, opened on a medium swing tempo. First there were those ominous repetitious trombone riffs followed by triumphant trumpet section rooster-crows. Then I heard them once again! Those clusters of rough, aggressive notes; that dogmatic beat! Mine! There couldn't be any mistake.

But what happened later that summer? I called Frankie the other day to retrace those old happening. He said; "Why, didn't you know? McKusick (the first alto man who took Johnny Bothwell's place) didn't like anybody who didn't play like Lester Young." So that was why, before I left that starving, brilliant band to go back east - again with Savitt at the end of 1945 - Raeburn took away my last solo. Poor debonaire, handsome, confused, courageous Boyd (telling those scions of old gold fortunes that if they didn't like the music they could go home) - subservient to side men with wills stronger than his own.

I could dramatize that passage on Track 5 of the Raeburn album as one last salvo fired off by that intrepid Stu Anderson standing on the barricades with the bloody bandage round his head, the notes whistling all about - a fading, obsolescent scene from that misty saxophone war that nobody won.

For artistic battles never really end. They are subverted, submerged, diluted, compromised, aggravated - and sometimes they can be diverted into channels that can't be clearly foreseen even if their time has come. Which is another way of saying that along came Charlie Parker with his acrid tone, his complex chord structures and melody lines (yet never losing the blues). I went home

and studied all those new things and incorporated them in my playing, just as Hawkins had done with the earlier innovations of Mingus, Monk, et al. I feel that I succeeded in that project although my frantic rummaging in the record stores - like a fox terrier full of amphetamines - may not reveal the needed evidence.

In the summer and fall of 1949 I was working with a small entertainment group touring the Veterans' Hospitals. The tour ended in San Francisco and I was unemployed for about the 50th time, reminding me of the depression days when MCA in its infinite wisdom would deliberately strand its "excess" bands on the road. But this was a different time. The road bands with the possible exceptions of Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Woody Herman, and Duke Ellington, were finished. Dance halls were closing; juke boxes, radio, and records were taking over, aggravating a situation that had always existed for jazz musicians - unemployment. Out of work musicians were flocking to LA and New York. It was a bad time. I couldn't see waiting in Los Angeles for a union card, then hanging around the movie studios for a chance to play five minutes of background music for John Wayne while he defended Mom and Apple Pie from those obstreperous redskins.

So, along with a few thousand other fools, I rushed back - like a lemming to its doom, the moth to the flame, etc. to New York, the Apple. For what? To take up my erstwhile post in front of the Brill Bldg. - with the additional bags under my eyes like tree rings marking the compulsive interim years - waiting for Sinatra to open at the Paramount so I could again play the bass clarinet a quarter-tone flat for five shows a day for three weeks while Sinatra's small beady eye darted around in the side of his head trying to locate the origin of the bad notes while his adam's apple jerked like a simmering sinner on the gates of hell?

In the summer of 1950 I put my horn away, telling my friends that I was gonna go straight. Instead I got a job selling calendars. That was one of the greatest things that ever happened to me, for from there I could go in only one direction - up. ■

\* Boyd Raeburn & His Orch. "Rhythms by Raeburn" Aircheck 20, Aircheck Records.

*The Potomac River Jazz Club Proudly Presents*



# **the Queen City Jazz Band**

**Denver Colorado**

Led by trombonist-humorist Alan Frederickson, "the single most entertaining musician of the whole [Indianapolis World Championship of Jazz] festival" — Tailgate Ramblings, Sep 75

**Commonwealth Room  
Marriott Twin Bridges  
So. end of 14th Street Bridge**

**Friday, February 3  
9 pm - 1 am  
No reservations**

**Admission    \$5 — PRJC members  
                     \$7 — Non-members**



# SCOTT JOPLIN

We do not know with what feelings or emotions Scott Joplin arrived in New York, but certainly he must have gone there with confidence. He was supreme in his field, the acknowledged "King of the Ragtime Writers," and already established in the big city as the Stark firm, the "Classic Rag House," with which he had achieved his early successes. He did not arrive in the East as a stranger who had to fight for recognition; his music had won that for him long before he considered going to the metropolis. The man who wrote the Maple Leaf Rag needed no sponsor or patron; musically, it would seem, Scott Joplin could feel that a place was prepared for him, and in so far as composing was concerned, all he had to do was to resume in New York just where he left off in St. Louis.

Reference to Joplin's published compositions reveals that the flow of good rags from his pen was not interrupted. His first rags published in the East appeared in 1907, and in that year there were issued *Heliotrope Bouquet* (written with Louis Chauvin), *The Nonpareil*, *Gladiolus*, *Search-Light Rag*, *Rose Leaf Rag* and *Lily Queen* (written with Arthur Marshall). Every one of these numbers is a fine rag, worthy of the composer, and each has that typical Joplin quality,—substance. We do not believe that Joplin ever composed what might be termed a light or "frothy" number, evidently preferring to put a little weight into his music. It might be a little difficult to choose the best one of these rags, but in our estimation *Gladiolus* should come first, followed closely by *Rose Leaf Rag* and *Heliotrope Bouquet*. *Gladiolus*, modelled somewhat after the *Maple Leaf*, yet in no way an imitation of it, is a rag classic if there ever was one; each part is excellent, and the listener's interest is held until the last note is struck. The same can be said of the *Rose Leaf Rag*, which is of a different type, but fine throughout, with a final part that must have been an inspiration for jazz pioneers. Jelly Roll Morton, who was familiar with the important Joplin rags, considered *Rose Leaf* a very high class number. *Heliotrope Bouquet*, characterized by the Starks as "the audible poetry of motion," is a difficult number, a heavy rag with solid bass, some of which is syncopated in the first part. *Lily Queen* is not so difficult, but is a lusty rag in the best ragtime tradition, with a strong honky tonk reminiscence about it; perhaps that was supplied by Arthur Marshall. It would be interesting to know just how much Scott Hayden, Arthur Marshall and Louis Chauvin contributed to the rags on which they collaborated with Joplin. Certain it is that they are all good rags, and without knowing any more about the collabo-

## Overlooked genius

rators, it is believed that they must be classed with the pioneers in genuine American music. Louis Chauvin is reputed to have been an exceptionally fine piano player. Arthur Marshall composed other rags which Stark published, but we do not know of any published rags entirely composed by Chauvin or Hayden.

During 1908 three new numbers appeared,—*Fig Leaf*, *Pine Apple Rag* and *Sugar Cane*, as well as *School of Ragtime* (sheet music). There was published also a number of Joseph F. Lamb of New York, *Sensation*, which was arranged by Joplin. In this group *Fig Leaf* stands alone, being another of those piano numbers in a class by itself. When the ordinary player goes over a number like *Fig Leaf*, he may wonder at the admonition "Do not play this piece fast," since it would be impossible for the ordinary person to play it fast correctly. Certainly a great deal is lost if Joplin's compositions are hurried over carelessly. *Pine Apple* and *Sugar Cane* are good rags, but probably should not be rated with Joplin's best; they measure up in most ways, but lack just a little of the lustre that marks the top notch numbers. *Sugar Cane* is the fourth and last rag to which Joplin gave a first part similar in structure to the first part of the *Maple Leaf*. *Pine Apple* was published later (1910) as a song with ingenious words by Joe Snyder. The *School of Ragtime* consists of six exercises in ragtime by means of which Joplin endeavors to set before the ragtime novice the principal forms of syncopation. He also gives his advice on the method of playing "Joplin ragtime" so as to produce the proper effect and to get the benefit of his harmonizing, as well as to give the rags the "weird and intoxicating effect" intended by the composer. First published by Joplin himself, these exercises were later published by Stark Music Publishing and Printing Company. Joseph F. Lamb, composer of *Sensation*, has several high class rags to his credit, all published by the Stark firm. He lived in New York, and this number was the first to appear in the Stark catalog. Incidentally, Lamb's *Sensation* is not to be confused with *Sensa-*

*tion* by Edwards, recorded by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings and other groups, which number originated around New Orleans in the old days.

The year 1909 was another prolific year for Joplin, six ragtime numbers being published in that year by the Seminary Music Company, the New York firm



ROY CAREW

and

PVT. DON E. FOWLER

which published most of his compositions in the East. The 1909 compositions are *Paragon Rag*, *Wall Street Rag*, *Country Club*, *Pleasant Moments*, *Solace* and *Euphonic Sounds*, all good numbers and extremely varied in style. *Paragon* is a very good rag which, while not in any way an imitation, is reminiscent of two of Joplin's earlier rags; with the exception of a measure or two, the bass of the first part of *Paragon* can be switched with that of *Weeping Willow*, a 1903 rag published by Val A. Reis Music Company, while in the second part of *Paragon* Joplin uses a figure which appears in a slightly different form in his *Palm Leaf Rag* published in Chicago in 1903. *Wall Street Rag* was inspired by the financial center of the country, and each part of the piece is labelled with a descriptive title, depicting a financial cycle from a melancholy opening with brokers depressed due to a panic, through improving times into good times, with the brokers finally forgetting their troubles while listening to the strains of "genuine negro ragtime." And indeed, the last part should make anyone forget his cares, since it is a real jazz part. *Country Club*, a ragtime two step, cannot be classed with Joplin's best, being more simple with no outstanding features. *Pleasant Moments*, a ragtime waltz, was Joplin's second composition in that style, the first being *Bethena*, *A Concert Waltz*, published in 1905 in St. Louis. Ragtime waltzes didn't seem to "catch on," and we do not recall any such numbers that ever got popular, although there were some good ragtime waltzes written. *Solace*, *A Mexican Serenade*, is a very fine number with a Mexican bass movement and syncopated treble; each part of the composition is excellent, and it demonstrates that Joplin was also master of the Mexican or Spanish movement. However, this fact would lend no weight to the old theory that ragtime was derived from Spanish beginnings, for *Solace* was preceded by about fifty other compositions by Joplin that had no such move-

ment. *Euphonic Sounds*, *A Syncopated Novelty*, is indeed just that. It is a little on the difficult side, and the ordinary player would need some time to get it properly; the Starks would probably have described it as "Joplinesque throughout," and we suspect that Joplin himself thought considerable of it, for it carries his photograph on the title page.

In 1910 were published the *Pine Apple Rag* song, and *Stoptime Rag*, a very characteristic number well described by the name. *Stoptime* is a worthy successor to the stoptime parts of *The Ragtime Dance*, published some years earlier by John Stark & Son. However, *Stoptime Rag* is entirely instrumental, with only one part in stoptime. It is probable that these stoptime numbers were inspired originally by the old buck and wing dances that were so popular on the stage about half a century ago. In 1911 only one rag was published, *Felicity Rag*, written in collaboration with Scott Hayden, and about all that need be said about it is that it is a good rag, but not up to the *Sunflower Slow Rag* by the same writers.

It was in 1911 that *Treemonisha*, a ragtime opera in three acts, was published. *Treemonisha* was Joplin's most ambitious undertaking, and was really a pretentious effort. We do not know if he tried to get any of the large companies to publish the opera, but if so, it is apparent that he didn't succeed, since he went to the expense of publishing it himself. It also appears that he could not persuade any producer to stage the opera, and we understand that the only performance of *Treemonisha* ever given was at his residence, with the composer himself playing the piano. It is to be regretted that no public performance was ever given, as it was apparently Joplin's greatest effort, and no doubt contains considerable worth while music.

By this time Joplin was about through, only a few numbers appearing after 1911. —Scott Joplin's *New Rag* in 1912, *Kismet* (with Scott Hayden) in 1913, *Magnetic Rag* in 1914, and *Reflections* in 1917, the last number being published by the Stark firm. It is fitting, perhaps, that the Stark company, which gave Joplin his early start, should publish his final composition.

Scott Joplin died in New York in 1917, at the age of 49. To say that he left his mark on American music is the utmost in understatement. Joplin and his music were a vital force in American music for twenty years while he was alive, and the influence continues strong today, although he is seldom, if ever, given credit for it.

## Is It True What They Say

Champagne Bubbles and Helium Balloons  
The PRJC New Year's Eve party was great; the B-haus, giving a party too, loaned us the helium machine for our balloons; champagne flowed at midnight. Spouse and I left (accidentally) a bottle of champagne on the fridge; I can only suppose that a cheery group cleaned up the morning after.

WHO Was There? The Gilmartin group came out - writing for additional tickets frequently, including for their own offspring who had flown in from Italy for the event - others from Berkeley, man. Monica looked great in her beautiful black dress. Gil wrote for so many additional tickets we are thinking of saving the correspondence to sell later when one of us is famous or the PRJC bash becomes a genuine historical event. Great support for PRJC. Max and Hap Lowe there - Max wearing all her turquoise jewelry - very effective on her black dress. Lots of stones for such a small lady. Mrs. Tex Wyndham also in black. (Was black in - and me in brown?)

Call Us Madame - or is it Mesdames?  
Someone gave Jean Best and me (as we took tickets at the door) the dubious compliment of the evening - saying we looked like "shady ladies" (he put it a bit differently). At first one wanted to be insulted, but decided instead to be gracious. He said it was our pretty dresses, but I think it was our Mona Lisa smiles as we raked in the money and tickets.

Award Time The Good Sports of the Evening Award goes to Warren G. and his lovely date. To Polly W. goes the Good Citizen medal. Helper Par Excellence to Ray West who went after the food for the 3rd year in a row. Best Dancer is harder, but Mike Rizik certainly a contender, hoofing with gusto.

Fred Stork, sick with flu and kind enough to relinquish his tickets, mentioned that his Bicentennial Rag, written in '76 and dedicated to PRJC, has been given to Max Morath. He has some copies for those who are interested.

Don't hibernate when the Queen City JB comes Feb.3. Even groundhogs get out about then. See you there!

-- Mary Doyle ■

FOR SALE: 60 LPs weeded from my collection. None played more than 2 or 3 times. Will trade for Queen City, Salty Dogs, etc. Inc. mod jazz, piano, jug, washboard bands, Manassas fest, swing oldies. Dave Littlefield, 723-9527 after 4 or on weekends.

## TR Finds Cape Swinging

A New Year visit to the Cape found jazz alive and well among the lobster pots. Bob Wilber and Pug Horton wound up a stay at Yarmouth's The Columns on New Year's Eve, but the \$35-a-head cover kept this writer at home with Victor Lombardo and the descending ball.

The Dunphy Hyannis Inn has just begun a nightly jazz policy. Weekends, Chuck Libeau's Bourbon St. Paraders are in residence, while through the week the Lee Childs Trio holds down the bandstand. The trio is a group from the Paraders, featuring Childs - a firstrate clarinetist and tenorman (less thrilling on soprano) - and the dependable Buzzy Drootin, long N.E.'s top drummer. Jack Bumer plays nice Wilsonish piano to round out the trio. The Paraders add to those three, Libeau on cornet, Ed Stoddard on trombone, and others. Stoddard was described as the guy I had to hear. I didn't get the chance, but I can vouch for the trio. Their material ran from traditional N.O. through Ellington to a rousing evocation of the B.G. trio. They even, in response to a request from a starry-eyed couple, played a soupy Moon River, proving that you can't be righteous all the time.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town ■

### I FOUND A NEW CORNET

George Ryan is PRJC member 1509 and lives in Memphis, Tenn.

George is also a hell-for-leather cornetist who visited a nearly empty B-haus the other night, sat in with the Federal Jazz Commission, and gave those few attending a dazzling lesson in N.O. horn - unfettered playing division.

There is nothing subtle about George, who is notably not a member of the why-play-three-notes-when-one-will-do school. On the contrary, George's horn bubbles with sounds, like grapes tumbling from a cornucopia and squirting all over the landscape.

Those liking a certain spareness, a reticence about their trumpet players should probably avoid George - but those who see virtue in letting it all hang out should hear him as soon as possible.

Born in the deep South, George went to Boston in 1951 to study medicine, and became part of the lively Hub scene (playing at the Sirloin and Saddle with the Drootin brothers at one point). Now living in Memphis, he says he will be making frequent trips here. It can't be soon enough. He's an original, an exciting musician.

-- TC ■



# ...NOISES, SOUNDS, AND SWEET AIRS THAT BRING DELIGHT...

"Here we will sit, and let the sounds  
of music creep in our ears....."  
- The Merchant of Venice -

PRJC HOTLINE - 573-TRAD

Folklore Society hotline - 281-2228

## REGULAR GIGS

### Mondays

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

### Tuesdays

Storyville 7 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthaus  
John "Panama" True - piano 8-11 Le Papillion, Ellicott City, Md.

### Wednesdays

Fat Cat's Manassas Fest Jazzers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthaus

### Thursdays

Riverside Ramblers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthaus

### Fridays

Washington Channel JB 8:30-12:30 Crystal City Howard Johnsons  
Southern Comfort 8:30-12 Shakey's, Rockville Pike, Rockville, Md.  
Jim Riley, Jay Wachter -bjos; Wayne Mules - po. 9-12 Buzzy's, Annapolis

### Saturdays

Riley, Wachter, and Pines - Buzzy's, Annapolis.

### Nightly

John Eaton - po. Billy Martin's Carriage House, Wisc. Ave., Georgetown.

### Other gigs of note:

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

Sat. Feb. 4 - Tom Martin's Sand Hill Stompers, guests Maxine Sullivan,  
Art Hodes, Spencer Clark. Whispering Pines N.C. Country Club.  
(Res. advised - call (919) 949-3777)

FRI. FEB 3 - MONTHLY PRJC SPECIAL - THE QUEEN CITY JB. SEE STORY AND AD.

Jan 31-Feb. 5 Ray Bryant - po. Maryland Inn, Annapolis (263-2641 - res.)

Feb. 6-11 - Joe Venuti - violin Blues Alley, Washington (337-4141 - Res.)

Jan 31 - Feb. 5 Soprano Summit Showboat Lounge, Silver Spring, Md.  
(588-6226 - res.)

Continuing into February - Bob Milne - po. Il Porto Ristorante, Old Town  
Alexandria, Va.



# Welcome, New Members!

"The Jazzband Ball" keeps swinging along on WPFW-FM (89.3). Sundays at 6-7:30 pm, PRJC members spin their favorite records. The February list:

Feb. 5 - Duke Ellington plays other folk's music - and vice versa! Ted Chandler. Duke will play, among others, Yellow Dog Blues and Tishomingo, and the New Black Eagles will play The Mooch.

Feb. 12 - The Creole Clarinets Bill Riddle. From Lorenzo Tio on - including Bigard, Bechet, Nicholas, and Noone.

Feb. 19 - Kid Ory. Don Farwell. Tracing the career of the great trombonist from the 20s through the 60s.

Feb. 26 - Fats Waller. Maury Cagle. Life and music of one of the greatest jazz pianists, composers and entertainers.

Lucinda S. Hall  
Beltsville, Md.  
Dr. George M. Ryan, Jr.  
Memphis, Tenn.  
Sylvia and Philip S. Smith  
Bethesda, Md.  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Denny  
Brandywine, Md.  
Phyllis and Lawrence Harding  
Falls Church, Va.  
Kathryn and Norman G. Penwell  
Dowell, Md.  
Joan and Donald McDougall  
Alexandria, Va.  
Sounds Reasonable, Inc.  
Washington, D.C.  
Pauline Thompson  
Fairfax, Va.  
Steve Cox  
Columbia, Md.

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

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

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



FIRST CLASS MAIL



# Support Traditional JAZZ!