

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

May 1978 Vol. 8 No. 5

New Book Due On Bolden

A note from Myles Johnson alerts us to an upcoming new book of unique importance. Donald M. Marquis's "In Search of Buddy Bolden" will be out this spring, published by the LSU Press in Baton Rouge. Ordering price - \$9.95. LSU has been a fine source of material on a wide range of southern personalities from Jeff Davis to Earl K. Long. TR has ordered a copy and we feel sure Jazzbo Brown will want to comment in due course.

Bolden died in a madhouse in 1931 after long years of seclusion. Anyone who knew him as a musician is pretty old, so this may be the last call for personal reminiscence on this quasi-legendary man who must have been of considerable stature in New Orleans.

By now it seems unlikely that those Edison cylinder records reputed to have been made by Bolden will ever turn up, assuming they ever existed in the first place, which they probably didn't. That's probably for the best. Such records could not have done him justice. A book that really captures him as a living breathing man will be an important literary and musical event, and the best we have any right to hope for.

Record Changer Reprints

Once again we've hit paydirt in the columns of The Record Changer. (And don't panic - there's more - much more-to come!) This month it is a fine assessment of the life and work of Tommy Ladnier by English critic, Albert McCarthy, and a prescient note on where jazz was headed in 1944 by Nesuhi Ertugun, now honcho of Atlantic Records, but then the son of the Turkish ambassador to the U.S., and a knowledgeable jazz fan and promoter of jazz events around Washington.

We are also reprinting the first of a number of cartoons by Gene Deitch, starring a marvelous little guy called "The Cat." These are only a few of the reasons why the Record Changer was so highly esteemed by jazz fans of the 40's.

Happy JB Wows Small Crowd

At April PRJC Concert

What if they gave a war and nobody came, asked the protestors a few years ago. Not likely perhaps, but not an altogether unpleasant thought. Change a few words and it comes out, what if they gave a PRJC special and nobody came. Not as cosmic a notion, but one that has definite possibilities - all undesirable.

You may have heard Wringin' and Twistin' before, but my guess is that a new version will be coming out of the Bakery together with editorial outcries about those hardy perennials, apathy and indifference.

This sermonette is by way of intro to the April 2 appearance at the Marriott of the Happy Jazz Band, in town for the first time in several years. About 80 of the area's finest braved the elements to greet Jim Cullum and Co. in the Potomac Room, designed to accommodate 250. The HJB has been in business for 15 years, made 24 LPs, and, unlike a group which passed through here a few weeks ago, is a very practiced band. As a spectator it is comforting to have the feeling that the band members are not likely to surprise each other as they go.

I first heard this band live about a year ago, and they included (as they did last month) a couple of numbers featuring two cornets. This plus a couple of early records, plus probably a lot of wishful thinking, convinced me that the band was likely to play in a Yerba Buena style. This was not to be. They were fairly close on Kansas City Stomp to an air shot recording of the Yerba Buena crew. They toyed again with the idea on Sage Hen Strut but abandoned the notion about midway. This is reported as a perception not as criticism.

Most of the program struck me as having a decidedly "swing" sound which the audience seemed to thoroughly enjoy.

The HJB has its own club, the Landing, in San Antonio. It also travels a lot. Be on the lookout for them - especially those who blew the opportunity at the Marriott.

Go slow.

-- Jay Dee

For jazz - Call 573-TRAD

RENEW YOUR PRJC MEMBERSHIP NOW!

Tailgate Ramblings

May 1978

Vol. 8 No. 5

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

Articles, letters, and ad copy (no charge for classified ads for members) should be mailed to the editor at:

7160 Talisman Lane
Columbia, Md. 21045.

Band Packs Balto. Bar

The Tired Businessmen aren't all that tired.

The TBM play a pleasant mixture of swing and Nicksieland jazz every Tues. evening at a joint on Harford Road in Baltimore, and the place jumps from beginning to end. A spacious room with a large dancefloor, the place was crowded one night recently.

No sooner had the band clambered up onto the stand and commenced playing an up tempo standard than an instant traffic jam occurred on the dancefloor.

The band features a rock solid rhythm section with a firm, no nonsense drummer and a top-notch Fender bassist (who plays cello in a string quartet on

non-jazz evenings). The front line of cornet, clarinet, tenor, and trombone is better thanadequate. But most of all, those people! The Dutch Mill seems to be a rather run-of-the-mine neighborhood establishment, and the crowd gives every sign of being a local neighborhood group. All those who have been worrying about the destinies of jazz in this area should drop in sometime. It would ease their troublin' minds far more painlessly than the 2:19 train.

History Class Jumps

Marv Hupert is a PRJC member and history teacher at Groveton High School - the kind of guy who - when he got sick last December - his students all went to the Manassas Jazz Festival and took careful notes so he would have a full account.

He plays jazz tapes at the beginning of every class to impress on his students the historical importance of jazz. Anyway, he recently arranged for the showing of tapes and slides from the National Museum of Traditional Jazz exhibit for his students. Our kind of history teacher.

Buzzy's Back With Jazz

The latest place to pick up on jazz in the area is an old familiar name. Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse in Annapolis is starting again after a lapse of nearly a year with weekend jazz.

Beginning this month, Peter Henning's Original Crabtowne Stompers will be on Buzzy's bandstand every Firday and Saturday evening from 9 to 1.

Buzzy habitues should be warned, however, not to proceed to the old location near the Naval Academy. The new location is in a shopping center at the corner of West St. and Md. Route 2, west of town, opposite the Parole Shopping Center.

PRJC MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION (Please Print)

NAME _____ SPOUSE'S NAME _____
STREET _____ CITY _____
STATE AND ZIP _____ TELEPHONE NO. (optional) _____
MUSICIAN? _____ WHAT INSTRUMENTS? _____
PRESENTLY MEMBER OF BAND? _____ CARE TO JOIN ONE? _____
DESCRIBE JAZZ INTERESTS BRIEFLY (WHAT STYLES, ARTISTS YOU PREFER. WHY? optional)

PRJC DUES THRU 1978 - \$7.50. Checks payable to Potomac River Jazz Club.

Mail to: Doris B. Baker, Membership Sec'y
7004 Westmoreland Rd.
Falls Church, Va. 22042

Swing's the Thing

What explains the incredible patience manifested for years by the swing-music element in PRJC?

Numerically they are one of our main groups. That I know from having made a detailed examination a few years ago of the statements of musical interest appearing one about a third of the membership applications we have on file.

And what do they get out of the club? Barebones listing in TR of the infrequent appearances of one or two of the area's 6 or 8 big bands, and of the local gigs of visiting stars who belong mainly in the swing bag when we hear about them in time. Meanwhile, the club brings in half a dozen visiting classic jazz bands a year and puts on other special events limited to traditional forms.

The reason swing lovers among us have stood aside without being heard is that most also like classic jazz and those who don't are looking for an organizational home for any kind of jazz whatever. We've made no secret of the club's devotion to traditional jazz so advocates of swing see no use in rocking the boat. Would they feel this way if they knew how big a fraction of the membership they add up to?

Our well-advertized traditional position relieves us of moral responsibility to those members who would favor a broadening of the jazz the club embraces. But there is a practical reason for giving the swing fans a break. Traditional jazz pure and unadulterated doesn't make a commercial success in this locality, and we have some evidence that a broader spectrum of jazz does make the grade.

For support of the first half of that statement, I cite Dan Priest's report in the Mar. TR documenting a long history of failures in local clubs. Even when PRJC brings in the best traditional bands in the country - huge successes in their home towns - advertizes them vigorously and fills the hall, we end up how? Sometimes we lose a hundred or so on a full house. When we're extra lucky we make a dollar thirtyfive.

The usual condition of a Washington audience at a classic jazz performance is one of half attention - half or less. Watch, for example, the person who requests a Joplin or Jelly Roll number. When the band complies, the requester is talking with tablemates.

The mixture of traditional and later jazz has enabled a couple of gigs to achieve a fair degree of longevity. And the bands on those gigs draw respectable wages. Long lasting gigs for bands playing pure classical jazz survive by virtue of wages so low the band can't be fired.

One thing a band can do to make a gig survive is to cater to dancing. And what

kind of music induces dancing? A traditional band plays a medley of schmaltzy ballads. Half a dozen couples appear on the floor. Much pleased, the band follows with a traditional number at the same tempo. The dancers return to their tables.

When they're dancing, we've really captured them. I suspect that the average lover of jazz would rather dance with his girl to Music Maestro Please than listen to an authentic performance of King Porter. As for his girl, she never knew there was a question.

If you think Music Maestro Please is an ill-chosen example, allow me to say that it does qualify as swing. The 1938 bands gave it a treatment altogether respectable by jazz standards. With 40-plus years of experience since then, we ought to be able to do likewise.

What can PRJC do about this? My own ideas are too unformed to take up space. Those of my readers who signed their PRJC applications avowing an interest in swing: MAKE YOURSELF HEARD NOW. Write to TR or to Dick Baker, or both.

-- Ed Fishel

(Ed. Note: For a note on the above, see BUT ON THE OTHER HAND. --TC)

Notes from the Bakery

"Good-bye."

That's for those of you who haven't renewed your PRJC membership, since this will be your last issue of Tailgate Ramblings. If you're in that unenviable position, rush to your bank, float a loan, and send \$7.50 to PRJC at 7004 Westmoreland Rd., Falls Church, Va. 22042.

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We had a bit of a thrill in April when the Wilson Boat Line teetered on the edge of bankruptcy, but you can breathe easy again: we have been assured that our boatride on June 24 will go off as usual. The band for the occasion, the Tarnished Six of State College, Pa., will be tuning up for us by playing for jazz clubs in Charleston, W. Va., Indianapolis, Columbus, and Detroit, and 3 days at the St. Louis Ragtime Festival, so they should be in fine form when they get here. Tickets for the boatride are already being sold, and the event usually sells out in advance, so be sure to get your orders in early to Ray West (see notice elsewhere in this issue).

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It looks like the idea of a membership directory is dead for the time being. One third of all those responding to our questionnaire did not want to be listed in such a directory, and the board did not feel it worthwhile to publish a directory that is only two thirds complete.

-- Dick Baker

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND

An Editorial Outcry

Well, whaddaya know? No sooner does Dan Priest write about how jazz gigs are dying than all sorts of interesting - and conflicting - things happen.

Item - The Devil's Fork, the Alexandria Ramada, the Green Dolphin, Shakey in Fairfax, Frank Condon's all start featuring jazz;

Item - The April PRJC special, with a very good band - the Happy JB - takes a spectacular bath, losing almost a grand;

Item - Holley West, writing in the POST, views the parlous state of finances which forced the closing of the Showboat Lounge and reconsideration of other jazz clubs' jazz policies.

Item - WPFW, until recently strictly a jazz station, has obviously trimmed its sails with even some rock n' roll, which used to be verboten.

Item - As reported elsewhere in this issue, a neighborhood lounge in square old Bawlamer rocks every week to the sounds of a dixie outfit.

What does all this mean?

Clearly the financial base for jazz is limited and with inflation becoming more so. As West said, there is no real joy in going to a jazz joint, hearing a soloist run through a lackluster set, and having the waitress hit you for \$30 minimum and cover. And if that doesn't happen to classical jazz fans too often it's mostly because club owners, as reported by Dan Priest, don't think we'd even show up for "our" music. They may be right.

Despite that, there are always optimists, and so we have quite a few new gigs as reported in TR last month and this. As Fats Waller was frequently moved to exclaim, "One never knows, do one?"

And we don't know what to make of the conflicting evidence. It seems certain that if people want jazz there are enough of them to support it. We've had pretty good response in membership renewals. Why then if folks are willing to come up with \$7.50 to join an organization to support jazz will they not support jazz?

TR ain't the National Geographic or the Smithsonian Magazine (though we do have an article by one of the Smithsonian's contributors this month). We can see people joining the Geographic Society or the Smithsonian Associates just to get those journals, but it boggles the mind to imagine anyone laying out \$7.50 just to read TR.

For the life of us we can't explain why we bombed with the Happy JB. Fine band, worth hearing. But we bombed. Maybe we lost some to Milt Jackson who was over in Baltimore at the Famous Ballroom the same evening. We probably ought to

be more sensitive to major conflicting gigs than we have been. But that's no real explanation. We didn't lose that many, we're certain. So what happened? God only knows. But if PRJCers want to hear visiting bands - or any bands - they'd better start dropping in on PRJC events.

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This month we welcome back Mary Doyle, TR's answer to "EAR". She's still in a cast, but her typing finger is in good shape. Our other wayward columnist, Al Webber, wants another month's vacation before getting back to work. Granted.

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We are printing in this issue a piece by our friend Ed Fishel which will have to stand on its own merits. We have no intention of debating Ed's main thesis which is that the world is panting for a rebirth of swing.

But we think he has unintentionally bad-rapped TR in the process, and on that, we plead the right of reply. If Ed thinks TR has not paid enough attention to swing, then why does he think it is that we have had our head bitten off for among other things; reviewing a Teddy Wilson gig, printing a 10 part series on life in the swing era, and trying to broaden TR's coverage of the scene? Why has a national publication compared TR unfavorably to Downbeat?

Whatever Ed thinks, we will go on assuming that which we have assumed for more than a year: That PRJC is, as stated in its bylaws, a traditional jazz club; and that in order to exist, traditional jazz must learn to coexist.

Ed's services to jazz, to this club, indeed to this editor have been immense and we are properly grateful. But in this specific case, his enthusiasm for swing has led him to seriously under-rate the amount of space TR has devoted to that particular form of jazz. No harm done, but we think the record ought to be clarified.

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Area bookstores are remaindering Duke Ellington's great biography, Music Is My Mistress. You can commonly find it for less than \$8. Buy it not just for Duke's story told with warmth and wit, but for the evocation of a great era of jazz music.

-- TC



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A Little Travelin' Music

For traditional jazz enthusiasts traveling to various points in the U.S., it is difficult to know where to find "our" music or what to expect in the way of excellence when you do locate a spot. As one of the most dedicated peripatetic jazz seekers around, I offer the following recent experience, and will communicate other findings on an irregular basis.

CHICAGO - The only consistent traditional jazz at the present time is Jim Beebe and the Chicago Jazz at Flaming Sally's in the Blackstone Hotel. Jim is a graduate of Bob Scobey's band and plays very strong trombone with a clear Teagarden influence. Cornet and clarinet complete the front line, and the rhythm section is piano, bass, and drums. The bass man, Duke Groaner, is an alumnus of the big band era but fits well into the Dixieland mold and adds a great deal by his vocals. You won't find them doing "The Chant," or such esoterica, but they present the standards in a tasteful, often exciting way, and the musicianship is excellent. The room is done in red velvet with a small dance floor in front of the bandstand. All in all, a pleasant spot to spend the evening, and one may dine or simply come for drinks and music.

Chicago's jazz hotline (421-6394) offers recorded information on all types of live jazz in the area.

NEW ORLEANS - The city that claims to be birthplace of jazz sadly has been absent much good traditional jazz in recent years. Most places do not feature a full front line, and the only truly traditional spot, Preservation Hall, has seen a decline in musicianship as the older players have died off. Nevertheless there is still some decent jazz to be found. The best I heard in N.O. recently was Conrad Jones' Crescent City JB. They play from 5 to 9 at the Blue Angel on Bourbon St., and George Finola and his fine band play from 9 to 1. Imagine having heard 20 versions (all bad) of the Saints and then walk into the Blue Angel and hear a band play Mabel's Dream, Blue Turning Grey Over You, Buddy Bolden's Blues, and close the set with Winin' Boy! I commend this group to you even if the cocktails do run \$2.50 each.

Another spot with decent jazz is Traditional Hall, on Bourbon St. south of Canal. The night I was there, the Original Tuxedos, now led by drummer Bob French, son of the late Papa French, was on the stand. The band is accomplished and while sometimes the solos may drift into a rather modernish approach, the

tunes are the right ones. My visit was made more pleasurable when Cornbread Thomas dropped in and contributed some great old N.O. vocals. In this hall's favor is the fact that the musicians are young enough so that they don't look as if they need cardiopulmonary resuscitation after each solo. Admission is \$2 per person, seating is on benches, and no drinks are served, so you come strictly for the music. The benches are arranged much better than at Preservation Hall, and the night I was there they didn't chase everyone out after a set.

The Dukes of Dixieland still hold forth at the Monteleone Hotel in a room called Duke's Place. The music has changed since the demise of the Assunto family, and the addition of a singer in the Lou Rawls genre has changed things even more. The singer sang almost every piece including Muskrat Ramble and Bourbon St. Parade. But when the band does get a chance it has a fine crisp sound and the ensembles really move.

If you can find the right music on your travels, you too can be a happy wanderer. I hope this info can help. More reports to come on Denver, Boston, N.Y., and Anaheim.

-- George Ryan

(Ed. Note: The author plays a fine, swinging, unfettered cornet, visits D.C. from time to time. We look forward to hearing more from him. -- TC)

PRJC Boatripe - June 24

featuring the music of

The Tarnished Six

TICKETS NOW ON SALE - CHECKS PAYABLE TO "PRJC"

Members - \$10 Nonmembers \$12

Send check to: Ray West, 4040 Uline Ave
Alexandria, Va. 22304

Club Gets New Cornetist

A note from proud papa Rod Jellema:

A few weeks back at Shakey's in Rockville, Southern Comfort trumpet master Kenny Fulcher got to rest a couple of tunes. His standin was Tilden JHS 7th grader David Jellema. Dave, by choice a Bixian, made his public debut with Jazz Me Blues. Auspicious! The date was Mar. 10, Bix's 75th birthday. As some musician once remarked, "Better hide the little horn, String..here comes that goddam Beiderbecke kid!"

Thanks, Rod - and hope you're back on your feet after your recent illness.

The Jazz Traditions - Part 1

What follows here and in some writings to come is in response to some recent stimuli. To be brief, a number of events have called to our attention the fact that if we are to preserve classical jazz, not to say enjoy it, we must understand what it is we are preserving. We must look at the background - the very complex and not fully understood series of historical events which gave birth to jazz.

The pretty "Birth-of-the-Blues" legend in which happy banjo-strumming cullud folks dreamed up a new music and played it in whorehouses until Capn Billy Streckfuss hired them all for his river boats upon which they sailed up the river to Chicago playing variations on Dixie as they went, is of scant use to an understanding of what happened. Unfortunately that notion is concomitant to the allegation, "Dixieland is such happy music!" Like that idea it deserves being wholly exploded.

Jazz, then, exists in two main streams so interrelated as to make separation impossible. The music that comes to us out of the New Orleans (south-north) and Kansas City (west-east) traditions can all be termed jazz. (Of course we can and do have our favorites within this rubric, but to say that one may prefer, let us say, bop - from the KC tradition - to the white Cicagoan extension of the N.O. tradition neither validates one nor invalidates the other. Both are jazz.)

There can be little argument that jazz is a product of certain musical, racial, moral, cultural, and sociological factors in the South - and indeed in the Nation - at the turn of the century. Buddy Bolden certainly had precursors all the way back to slavery. By the turn of the century all the influences had gathered. To examine the New Orleans tradition first (as it was in fact chronologically), we find ragtime being heard from the pianos of the Storyville bagnios, marching bands striding down the uptown streets, and country blues taking on an urban sound in the uptown honkytonks and jooks.

Out of this disparate mass came the beginnings of the N.O. jazz tradition. It was a tradition which was to spread out of the south, following the diaspora of the southern Blacks who sought freedom and economic opportunity in the great cities of the North.

The closing of Storyville had little or nothing to do with this. Few jazzbands played in Storyville - none in the famed houses "down the line." But over the space of a decade following WW 1, most of the musicians who could leave N.O. did so. Most headed for

Chicago, but Kid Ory went to the coast, a number popped up in Dallas, St. Louis, New York, and elsewhere. But Chicago was the magic city, and soon tunes like Stockyard Strut replaced Milenburg Joys.

It was this historic hegira, part of a long, consequential process which saw Blacks voting with their feet for freedom and an end to repression, which gave the New Orleans tradition its meaning and resulted in the long process of change that continues to this day. Next month, we'll trace some of those changes. --- Ted Chandler

(Ed. Note: With this we begin a series tracing the origins of the jazz tradition. We hope that it will be more than a monologue - that dialogue will develop as we go along. But we also hope that the discussion will generate light - not heat. For that reason, reflections on the editor's ancestry, intelligence, or love of jazz will not be entertained, nor any other ad hominem attacks not relevant to the subject at hand. - TC)

Jazzbo Loves Leigh

The B'haus swung one night in mid-April as it has rarely swung before, when Carol Leigh dropped in and sang. A pick-up band on the stand rose to the occasion and wailed behind her.

The regular singer with the Salty Dogs, Leigh was in Annapolis for a gig with the Salt City 6, and took a postmans holiday. The result; an event of smouldering beauty and heartstopping virtuosity - a performance by all hands of power and distinction.

Off mike, her urgently muttered encouragement had the band rocking; on mike, she sang several tunes including a St. Louis Blues without the tango silliness, and got down to basics. Most of all she sang Pallet on the Floor, beginning in the Mama Yancey bag, yearning, hurting, oldtimey. Then she swung into an outright sexual demand with a rocking orgasmic beat in the style of Aretha Franklin or Esther Phillips. "Down," as the brothers say.

Leigh stands well above the rest of the current crop of revivalist blues singers, and is one of those rarities, a white singer who, doing her own thing, can stand comparison to the great Black blues and soul singers.

The key phrase is "doing her own thing. Leigh returned to the B'haus a week later and was much less impressive doing some Bessie Smith blues.

This is a panegyric? Yeah, that's just what it is. And I'm back to being a starry-eyed 57-year-old sophomore instead of jaded old

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town

In Praise of the Saxophone

Part 1

(The author is Commissioner for Reeds of the Federal Jazz Commission.)

Besides the electric guitar no instrument has been more systematically scorned by today's partisans of early jazz than the saxophone. Except for groups consciously striving to emulate the early swing orchestras of the 1930's, practically no traditional ensembles use this French invention today. The very sight of an alto or tenor saxophone case throws self-proclaimed purists into a cold sweat; the suggestion that a legitimate ensemble properly loyal to the Great Tradition might actually include a sax is greeted with the kind of hauteur that Martin Luther's confessor reserved for that wayward monk.

This hostility, or at least uneasiness toward the sax has a curious and revealing genealogy. When the classic records of the 1920's were rediscovered a generation ago, the pioneer revivalist bands avoided the saxophone. There were two reasons. First, the sax was, during the 1940's and 50's the instrument of swing, cool jazz, and bop. Its rise to prominence coincided with development of precisely those forms of jazz that the revivalists conceived as the enemy standing between them and the Lost Heritage. Second, to the extent that it was used in groups playing other than swing or bop, the sax was the monopoly of Chicago and New York-type bands that the revivalists found scarcely less objectionable than bop. Because of these factors the revivalists all but banned the sax, thinking that by doing so they were striking at the very heart of those schools to which they stood opposed.

It is now clear that the revivalists, in their zeal to establish a new canon of purity, committed a serious distortion of the legacy they sought to revive. They forgot that Jelly Roll Morton and Oliver welcomed the saxophone when in the hands of competent players, and that saxes were considered normal elements of such diverse groups as the Original Tuxedo Orch. (1924), the Sam Morgan JB, Tony Parenti's 1922-3 Symphonic Jazz Orch., Dejean's Original Moonlight Serenaders (1921), and Manuel Perez's JB. Nor was the sax merely a latecomer to classic jazz: a 1919 photo of a King Oliver ensemble playing for a Chicago Liberty Bond rally shows a sax section. The revivalists forget too that absolutely no firm stylistic line separates groups that employed a sax from those which did not, and that the now standardized front line of two brass instruments and a clarinet was actually somewhat of a rarity among N.O. ensembles of the 1920's. -- Fred Starr

Is It True What They Say . . .

One does see why reporters (of the lower order) are sometimes called legmen (legpersons?)...one needs to get about and make the scene in order to report on it. Thanks, then, to those who have done some leg-work for me.

MAN OF THE YEAR, NEXT. How about PRJC member Karl Scheele's picture in a recent Time magazine accepting memorabilia from Norman Lear as All In the Family left the tube, in his capacity as a curator for the Smithsonian. Maybe next, something in the jazz line!?

THE SUN NEVER SETS. From Hawaii comes word that Shannon Clark, former Board member and TR editor, is assisting in the formation of the Honolulu Hot Jazz Society.

A JAZZ LOVER'S FANCY. One can't help getting excited about the spring jazz festivals. Strides of March just held in N.J. attended by locals the Grays, Byers, and Al Webber. Some are planning for the Big One in Sacramento over Memorial day - probably 50 bands. The Bay City 7 from Baltimore will play in Colorado in August; the Southern Comfort at Spoleto in Charleston, S.C. first week in June. Then there is St. Louis in early June - where Turk Murphy will be. Tex Wyndham, who really packed the crowds in at Il Porto when he was there in late March, will have a solo ragtime piano act at the same fest. Tex also is headed for London this month where he will play a ragtime gig with some British ragpickers.

PASSING THROUGH (not to be confused with the Passing Out Ceremony) at the B'haus on a Fat Cat Festival Jazz night were the President of the Northern Calif. Jazz Club and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Walker, and friend Phil Elwood.

MAMA MIA. If you can't make it to a festival or the B'haus, why not fall out for the Shakey's Pizza Parlors featuring jazz on both sides of the river. The Md. side, I hear, is great with Southern Comfort. Great pizza and sandwiches on the Va. side where we heard the Stutz Bearcats, headed by Chuck Brown, a couple of times. Saw Bill Hughes, the Friedmans and Bakers. The whole place was electrified when John Wood wore a mask and fright wig for Ugly Chile. Also heard the Shieks of Dixie at the Green Dolphin in Fairfax headed by Dave Littlefield. Sounded good for a very new band. INDISPENSIBLE MEN. Missed Joe Shepherd at Shakey's - he was having some tests at a hospital - he's well at this writing. And a good thing. A lot of bands would be out of commission without Joe. Also on the ailing list at presstime, Bob Harris - a strep infection that got stubborn.

-- Mary H Doyle

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Potomac Room

Saturday, May 20

Marriott Twin Bridges

9 p.m. — 1 a.m.

So. end of 14th Street Bridge

No Reservations

Admission \$5 — PRJC Members

\$7 — Non-Members

For more information on this and other area jazz activity call 573-TRAD

The Story of

Tommy Ladnier

life of a musician

BY ALBERT J. McCARTHY

I first listened to Tommy Ladnier on records in the early thirties, as a result of reading Hugues Panassié's *Le Jazz Hot*. In this book Panassié had advanced the opinion that Ladnier was second only to Armstrong as a jazz trumpeter. A decade later, he said, in the *Real Jazz*:

"But of all the jazz trumpets, Tommy is the closest to equalling Louis Armstrong both in power and his ability to swing. The boiling ardour of his solo, his sensitive and effective vibrato indicate a fiery temperament. His sombre tones, both ample and massive, are the most beautiful one can hear."

Today, I would maintain that Ladnier was one of the four greatest trumpeters ever to record jazz. Bunk Johnson and Papa Mutt Carey are at last receiving some of the attention which their work merits, and Armstrong has become internationally famous. Ladnier is still neglected by collectors, and I am hoping that this very inadequate piece may result in some interest being displayed in his records. To obtain the release of some of the magnificent records on which he plays is a job worthy of the most purist jazz fan.

I have raided every conceivable magazine and article for the information on Ladnier. Particular reference must be made to various reviews and articles by Hugues Panassié in *Jazz Hot*, to Frédéric Ramsey's *Chicago Documentary* and to George Avakian's article in *Tempo*. Liberal quotations are made from Hugues Panassié's *Histoire des Disques Swing* and *Douze Années de Jazz*. I would like to thank Hugues Panassié for allowing me to quote from his books, particularly the latter which is as yet unpublished, and for his additional help with general information. My thanks are also due to Gene Sedic for his invaluable assistance on the early section of the article; to Harrison Smith for the story of the Jelly Roll Morton episode when the Sissle band returned to the States and to my wife for the translation of so many passages which are incorporated.—A.M.

Tommy Ladnier was born on May 28, 1900, in Mandeville, Louisiana. This is a small town just outside New Orleans. His parents were extremely poor, and Tommy was brought face to face with the evils of poverty at an early age. There is little doubt that the experience of this poverty played its part in shaping the character of the young boy, and odd events in later life are an interesting indication of the manner in which childhood experience can linger in the mind of the adult.

No exact date is available as to when Tommy commenced to play the trumpet, but at the age of fourteen he was getting tuition from Bunk Johnson. Bunk related the story on one of the talking records he made for *Jazzmen* in 1942:

"Then in 1914 I was teachin' a band at Mandeville, Louisiana—Tommy Ladnier, I taught Tommy. First piece I learned Tommy Ladnier to play was *Big Chief Battle Axe*, and then Tommy turned out to be real good."

How much direct influence Bunk had on Tommy's playing is a matter for conjecture, but Tommy himself once said that "when you hear me playing, it's not me really, it's King Oliver." The first professional job of which we have record was in 1918. In that year Tommy was playing in St. Louis with Charlie Creath, and in this band he made the acquaintance of Zutty Singleton and Pops Foster. Two years later he moved to Chicago, and appears to have remained there for several years. In 1921 Muggsy Spanier met him, and in the magazine *Down Beat* of July, 1939, he detailed his recollections:

"I first met Tommy in 1921, when I was playing in back rooms along North Clark Street in Chicago. Tommy was playing in some hole-in-the-wall out on 39th and State. Whenever I wasn't working a night I always was out listening to Tommy, and on his nights off, I generally managed to get him to come to 'what-ever joint I was playing at. I was in seventh heaven when he sat down to play beside me."

A year later the *Chicago Defender* carried an advertisement for "M. Vassar's Orchestra with sensational cornetist Tommy Ladnier, and the comical master of ceremonies, King Jones." In 1923 Ladnier joined a band led by the pianist Lovie Austin, and the *Chicago Defender* for December 1st carried an advertisement for Ida Cox's *Blues For Rampart Street Chattanooga Blues* on Paramount, accompanied by a Lovie Austin group featuring Ladnier.

The following year gave Tommy his first big chance, for King Oliver, seeking to replace Louis Armstrong who had gone to New York to join Fletcher Henderson, asked him to become a member of his group. He did so, and was with the Oliver band for several months. At this time he was struggling to overcome the handicaps of an insufficient education, and Gene Sedic, tenor sax star with the late "Fats" Waller, and other groups, tells me that he studied harmony and completed a full course in music. Aside from these purely musical subjects he studied photography and took a correspondence course in general education. It shows a singularly determined

character to be willing to overcome early lack of education at the age of twenty-four for the dead weight of poverty in childhood is usually carried throughout the individual's lifetime. In early 1925 he left the Oliver band in circumstances best told by a quotation from one of Gene Sedic's letters:

"Tommy was recommended to Sam Wooding, and he joined the band to make the European tour. We landed in Germany and played every important country and city in Europe. Tommy continued studying during the whole tour through correspondence courses.

"He left the band in 1926 because he didn't get a chance to play enough, and joined Louie Douglas' review in Poland as first trumpet and arranger. That is where he met Sidney Bechet who was playing with Douglas."

After touring Europe for a few months more he returned to the States. While in New York he joined Fletcher Henderson. It was during his stay with Henderson that most of the easily available records which feature Ladnier were made, and a number of them are at present still procurable in this country. He was now earning good money, and as a prominent soloist in the Henderson band his reputation inevitably grew. However, Sam Wooding engaged upon a second European tour, persuaded Ladnier to accompany him once again as a featured member of the orchestra, and they left the U.S.A. in late 1928 or early 1929. Upon their arrival in Europe, Ladnier left the band after a few months, and played innumerable jobs in France and Germany, including one with Noble Sissie. Panassié heard him rehearsing with a small band which was auditioning for a job at the *Embassy*, to follow Sam Wooding's Orchestra, which was about to leave for Switzerland. He relates his impressions in *Douze années de Jazz*:

"I saw a small, bony-headed, earnest-looking man enter. He sat down and the band proceeded to play *Diga Diga Doo*. Tommy Ladnier, head held back, trumpet pointed towards the ceiling, improvised a succession of terrific choruses. His power was impressive, very superior to that of the other trumpeters I had had the opportunity of hearing until then. I was amazed. In the twinkling of an eye the atmosphere had become extremely tense: one held one's breath, it was almost unbearable. I still remember very distinctly those choruses of Tommy Ladnier on *Diga Diga Doo* and I think that they will never be effaced from my memory.

"Tommy Ladnier left the *Embassy* a few days later to rejoin Noble Sissie's orchestra, which a few months later was to play at the *Ambassador*."

Panassié frequented the vicinity of the *Ambassador* also, but recoiling before the high tariff charges, he contented himself with prowling around the club at teatime. Dances were held at this hour of the day, and on account of the heat the windows were left open, affording one the opportu-

nity of hearing the band without payment. Passing taxis caused Panassié considerable annoyance, as they were noisy enough to temporarily drown the music. He sought Ladnier during an intermission and persuaded him to come along to the *Music Box* one night with other members of the band.

The session was memorable, particular interest being centered on a musical battle between the two coloured trombonists Albert Wynn and Herb Fleming and the French star Leon Vauchant. Ladnier played wonderfully, and took solos throughout. Shortly after this, the Sissle group left Europe.

Returning to the States with Sissle, Ladnier continued to play with him for about a year. At the dance at which they played upon their return, an amusing incident took place, although the public were not aware of it. Harrison Smith detailed it to me in a letter as follows:

"Upon Sissle's return (first date) at the Rockland Palace, Upper Harlem place—I had arranged with the manager, Andrew Clarke, to have a girl, Naomi Price, audition with the orchestra. She was spotted in the middle of the programme. I was at the entrance of the hall and who do you suppose walked in? None other than Professor Ferd (Jelly Roll) Morton with his consort Fussy Mabel, 'Queen of the Dips' (Pickpockets). Though I greeted them most cordially they resented my presence. Jelly's prime purpose in coming to the hall was to raid Sissle of Bechet and Ladnier. Assuming that I was connected with the affair Jelly got angry and came back with two detectives, who stated that he had pressed charges against me and they would have to escort me to court. We all piled into Jelly's Lincoln car which I had helped to get and rolled on to the Magistrates Court. We woke up 'His Honour' at 2 o'clock in the morning and he was plenty sore and cussed us all out for waking him up. Jelly and Mabel accused me of everything possible even to poisoning Jelly's grandpappy's mule. Jelly apologized to the detectives and offered to drive them back to the hall, but they came back with me."

Morton was not successful in persuading Ladnier to leave Sissle, and in 1932 he formed an eight-piece band with Bechet and opened at the Saratoga Club in Harlem. The job only lasted a few weeks, and then they played odd gigs around Jersey City, and others in White Plains with Lil Armstrong, Morris Moreland and King Edwards (bass). In the fall of 1932 they opened at the Savoy with the New Orleans Feetwarmers. This superb group was disbanded in 1933, and with the depression at its worst

Bechet opened a tailor shop at 128th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. Ladnier shined shoes, and thus we have the ignoble spectacle of one of the greatest folk creators in the world being reduced to penury, while the imitators who had copied and debased his art were riding to fame on the

swing craze. Truly this affords a sad commentary on American culture.

For the next few years Ladnier lived outside New York. He told Panassié that he was disgusted with the commercialism of the big bands, and tired of the exhausting and completely mechanical life of New York. It had become intolerable to him, and he had left for the country and had lived there since. He made money by teaching music and playing odd jobs with small groups. There seems little doubt that his economic position was very unstable at this time.

In 1938 Hugues Panassié arrived in New York, and commenced a search for Ladnier. John Hammond had told him that Tommy was confined to an asylum, and this was supported by Helen Oakley. Against this was the fact that Kaiser Marshall had said in June 1937 that Ladnier had seen him off at New York docks. The falsity of the rumour was finally proved when Zutty Singleton told Panassié that he had seen him in New York a week previously.

Several weeks passed, and Panassié began to despair of ever finding Ladnier. One night he was strolling through Harlem with Mezz Mezzrow, and the latter, recalling that Ladnier was fond of playing billiards, entered a pool-room, and shouted: "Does anyone here know Tommy Ladnier?" The Negro people present stared at the two white men with hostility, but when they had withdrawn, and were continuing their walk, one of the billiard-players chased after them and told them that he had a letter in his pocket for Ladnier and was in touch with him. Panassié scribbled a few words to the letter, and on November 10th Ladnier presented himself at the door of Mezzrow's apartment. When Panassié told him how worried he had been by the rumours about him, he laughed, and said: "I may be mad, but am not yet shut up."

Panassié, anxious to record Ladnier before he returned to France, inquired about the possibility of making records at once. Ladnier's union membership had not been valid for several years, and the first step was to try to persuade the union officials to waive the standing regulation that new union members should have a waiting period of one month before acceptance. Mezzrow had great difficulty in persuading them to allow Ladnier to play on a session within a few days, but they finally agreed to make Ladnier's membership valid immediately.

The first session was arranged, and Sidney de Paris was chosen as the second trumpet player. In view of the fact that there was no trombonist available who could play in the traditional manner, it was decided to dispense with one. A rehearsal was held on a Sunday afternoon, and Panassié's fears that Ladnier might not be in sufficient

practice to be capable of leading such a group were at once dispelled. The actual recording session took place the following day.

As an attempt at a New Orleans revival, the session was not wholly successful. The lack of a trombone, and the presence of such men as Teddy Bunn and Zutty Singleton in the rhythm section, was enough to ensure that certain concessions to non-traditional jazz be inevitable, but in spite of all this the records made are very fine indeed, and are far superior to the bulk of those issued during the past decade. *Revolutionary Blues* and a double-sided *Comin' On With the Come On* were released from this date. A fourth side, *Loveless Love*, was made without Ladnier and James P. Johnson, who were overly fascinated by the bottle that Panassié had provided, but this was never issued.

The second session was recorded a week or so later. Sidney Bechet was brought in on clarinet and soprano sax, and there were changes in the rhythm section. Only one trumpet was used. This session was probably the most successful of the three supervised by Panassié, and despite a number of unfortunate interruptions by Eli Oberstein, then Victor recording manager, and a union official who demanded to know why Mezzrow had not submitted certain papers to the union (a mistake he had also made during the first session), the four sides were all very good.

The last session was almost cancelled as a result of violent dissension between Oberstein and Panassié. When the trouble was finally settled as a result of Panassié interviewing a high official of the Victor company, it was decided to record five sides with a quintet. The session was memorable for the clashes between the musicians, and at one point Panassié feared that Mezzrow was about to strike Teddy Bunn over the head with his clarinet. Bunn was unable to understand the harmonic peculiarities of the old style, and one side, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*, was abandoned after several unsuccessful attempts. Ladnier commented that: "Really, he ought to know these things."

Panassié left for Europe on February 23rd, 1939. Mezzrow, Ladnier and Benny Carter saw him off at New York docks. Panassié had suggested that Ladnier return with him to France, as he was sure that he could get him work there. The latter was adamant, though, and said that he thought it was the wrong time to leave the States, as the records might bring him a lot of publicity which would enable him to secure regular employment once again. A scheme was suggested whereby he would record with Count Basie's band, but this amazingly incongruous idea did not come to fruition.

Ladnier now lived in the same apartment as Mezzrow, and they were planning a mixed band. A number of bookings were in the offing, and it would appear that Ladnier's fortunes were about to take a turn for the better. On his thirty-ninth birthday he got slightly drunk at home, and when Mezzrow mildly remonstrated with him, replied that he was only young once! One night Mezzrow went down to hear Benny Carter playing at the Savoy Ballroom, and when he came back to his apartment he found Ladnier lying on the living-room couch by an open window. He at once called a doctor, who opined that Ladnier had felt a choking sensation in his

chest, and as he had got up to get a little air his heart had stopped. Ladnier had once told Mezz that he had been warned years before not to play trumpet, but added: "I'm still blowing, and I'm still here."

Thus, at the age of thirty-nine, one of the most talented creators in the whole of jazz history died. It is to be hoped that collectors will press the companies to issue a few of the many remarkable records which feature him adequately—the lack of interest in his work should be rectified at the earliest possible moment.

A Style and a Memory



Everybody agrees that the outlook for jazz is gloomy. That is, everybody except the swing boys. To prove their point, these people use a strange argument. Progress they say, is inevitable, and jazz as played today is necessarily and fatally superior to the jazz of the early twenties. Such stupid reasoning can be dismissed without further comment. But the unalterable fact remains that jazz music has gone through a series of radical evolutions. On one expected it to remain static: but its evolution could have taken very different forms from the ones it took. What those forms could have been is a nice subject to dream about. And dreaming is a dangerous kind of waste of time these days. Which brings me to my point: The fraternity of jazz lovers is composed mainly of sentimental dreamers whose imagination confines itself to the narrow paths of their ivory towers.

They are more or less unanimous in their ambition to reform jazz. Their platform has one essential basis: Only by returning to New Orleans music can jazz again become a living artform. This beautiful ideal has often been expressed. One of the very best among jazz writers, Gene Williams, said it in these terms: "...the real jazz is the stuff which came out of New Orleans, flavored with ragtime and rooted in the blues;...this music is as valid today as it ever was, and...the best hope for jazz is to rediscover those roots." (Jazz Information Vol. II, No. 16). No one with sincere interest in jazz can fail to share this hope. I also, in one of those sentimental moods, have written to the same effect. But nobody so far has been able to show how these roots could be rediscovered. I suspect nobody ever will. For a very simple reason: In tackling this problem, many extra-musical factors must be taken into consideration. As soon as they are, the hopelessness and the futility of the whole enterprise become sadly evident.

No art can survive without an audience. New Orleans music has lost its audience. In more obscure and hermetic arts, the importance of an audience is perhaps less great. But it must always be remembered that jazz is popular music. When one form of jazz loses its appeal to the people, it dies out. That is precisely what happened to New Orleans music.

In New Orleans until the 1920's jazz was the popular music of the day. It struck the fancy of the crowds. It played its part in the life of the city. It had definite social functions. Jazz musicians made a good living. But certain events, social and political, familiar to everyone, separated the New Orleans musicians from their audience, and the musicians began their endless migrations all around the country. Slowly New Orleans lost its importance as a city of jazz, and in the last decade not one significant musician has come from there. (Whether any significant musician at all has emerged in the last decade is another question.) Of course New Orleans music remained,—a style and a memory. It was, and is, still played; only by old-timers. But only the very great and the most uncompromising have been able to keep their identity and to stick to the roots. Even Louis gave up, a long time ago. Furthermore, those who, in spite of everything, have clung to the old style, who have refused to compromise with the newer trends, live or have lived in a permanent state of half-starvation (Johnny and Baby Dodds, Ladnier, Bechet, etc.). Which is tragic, but revealing. Few will deny that this evolution of popular music in America has been unfortunate, and that the popular music of today is infinitely less interesting and less vital, than the popular music of New Orleans. But the all-important problem, now, is to inquire whether there is any possibility for a return to New Orleans music, after such an evolution has taken place, completely transforming in its course the taste of the public and the mentality of the musician.

It is easy to enumerate the forces that have destroyed good jazz: Commercialism, Tin Pan Alley, and so on. In other words, money. It is more difficult to point out the exact time when the break with New Orleans music was made. Much more decisive than Ted Lewis and Paul Whiteman's symphonic jazz in the

new orientation of jazz were certain great jazz musicians who decided there should be some changes made. Perhaps the death-blow to New Orleans music took place when Louis and Hines got together and started jiving. Jive was a contagious and malignant microbe; swing was here.

New Orleans music means nothing to the young musician of today, whether negro or white. If he is forced to listen to it, he finds it archaic or corny or comical. The very notion that he should ever play in that style seems utterly preposterous to him. When jazz first began to drift away from the New Orleans style, the problem was very different. Then, most of the musicians realized that New Orleans music was the real jazz, even if they played commercialized swing in order to make more money. Now, the obstacles between New Orleans music and the jazz musician are much greater; in fact, they are so great it is impossible to imagine how those obstacles could be destroyed. It is no more a purely economic question, but one of musical expression. The changes in the style of interpretation have been so deep and so categorical that there is absolutely nothing in common between the values of New Orleans music and the values in which today's young musician believes. That music is totally alien to him.

The only important exception to this is the Lu Watters band, which consciously tried to recapture the spirit of New Orleans, and succeeded to an amazing degree. One is almost tempted to say that this exception proves the rule, because it is difficult to imagine a more unusual group than the admirable musicians who played in the Watters band. They are all collectors who played not to make a living but for their own pleasure. Their music has been incomprehensible if not funny to the swing fan and the swing musician. The Watters band had its followers, composed obviously of collectors who liked New Orleans music. But the

Goodman fan or the Eldridge fan looks down with scorn on such music. It goes without saying that attempts similar to that of Watters are highly to be encouraged and helped. However, one can

safely predict that such attempts will become more and more rare. A certain instrumental technique is necessary for the performance of New Orleans music, and that technique is being forgotten and being replaced by other techniques. For instance, certain strict methods had to be learned for the playing of a New Orleans trombone or a New Orleans clarinet. They are unknown to the musician of today. How can anyone expect of him to rediscover the roots of New Orleans music, when his musical sensitivity is different from that music and his style is opposed to it?

It would be wise for those among jazz critics and jazz lovers who are wishful thinkers to meditate upon the relations between music or any other art and the society in which it flourishes. New Orleans in 1910 was a different world from Harlem in 1943. To hope that it could be possible to impose upon the Harlem of today the music of the New Orleans of 1910 is to ignore history. Duke Ellington is popular in Harlem because the young negro of today recognizes certain aspects of himself in Ellington's music, just as the music of Bunk Johnson or King Oliver meant something very definite to the young negro of New Orleans in 1910.

It does not follow that the real jazz is dead. Swing is just one phase in the evolution of popular American music. It is possible that in the future that music will adopt certain forms which will be as rich and as satisfying as New Orleans music. But there will be no rediscovery of New Orleans music. It is impossible to resurrect it. Musically speaking, history does not repeat itself.

Nezuki Erlyan



"Dear, couldn't you turn it down, just a little?"



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

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Regular Gigs

Mondays

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

Tuesdays

Storyville 7 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau
The Tired Businessmen 9:30 on. Dutch Mill Supper Club 6615 Harford Rd. Balto.
Jimmy Hamilton's Night Blooming Jazzmen 9:15-12:45 Frank Condon's Rest.
N. Washington St., Rockville, Md.

Wednesdays

Fat Cat's Festival Jazzers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau
(May 10 - PRJC Open Jam at the B'haus.)

Thursdays

Riverside Ramblers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthau

Fridays

Washington Channel JB 8:30-12:30 Crystal City Howard Johnson's
Southern Comfort 8:30-12 Shakev's. Rockville Pike, Rockville, Md.
Stutz Bearcat JB 8-12pm Shakev's in Fairfax Lee Highway w of Fairfax Circle
Dick Wolters' Trio 7-11 pm Devil's Fork Rest. 1616 R.I. Ave NW, Wash. D.C.
Orig. Crabtowne Stompers 9-1 pm Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse, West St. Annapolis

Saturdays

Shieks of Dixie Ramada Inn, Old Town Alexandria, Va.
Orig. Crabtowne Stompers Buzzy's in Annapolis

Sundays

The John Skillman Trio - Jazz Brunch Buffet 11 am- 3:30 pm Devil's Fork
Southern Comfort 7-11 pm Devil's Fork Rest.

Nightly

Ragtime at Il Porto Ristorante, Alexandria, Va
Ron Cope Mon.-Sat. Terry Hartzel - Sundays

Other gigs of note

- May 2-14 Ruby Braff - tpt. King of France Tavern, Annapolis.
May 4 Eubie Blake - po w/ Gunther Schuller cond. Peabody Ragtime Ensemble
Peabody Conservatory Auditorium, Baltimore, Md. 8 pm.
May 5 Tex Wyndham's Red Lion JB, Green Rm, Hotel Dupont, Wilmington, Del.
May 5 Va. shy jam home of Frank McPherson, 2619 E. Meredith, Vienna (938-4461)
May 14 Fallstaff Five Plus Two - EST Hunger Project - Renaissance, 8414
Park Heights Ave. Ext. Baltimore, Md. 3-4 pm
May 19 Md., D.C. Shy jam home of Dave Littlefield, 6809 5th St, NW (723-9527)
May 20 THE CAKEWALKIN' JASS BAND - MONTH'S PRJC SPECIAL - 9-1 Twin Bridge
Marriott - \$5 and \$7 no reservations
Folklore Society Hotline - 281-2228 Left Bank Jazz Soc. Hotline - 945-2266

Ohio Band to Play Here

Toledo's Cakewalkin' Jass Band will play at the PRJC May special event on Sat. the 20th.

In July, the CJB will celebrate its 10th anniversary at Tony Packo's cafe, for many years a very popular Toledo eatery. The CJB plays there to SRO crowds every Friday and Saturday.

The Cakewalkin' JB was one of the 15 bands invited to play for the World Championship of Jazz in Indianapolis, and leader/clarinetist Ray Heitger was named one of the 6 best musicians in that festival. The band has played for jazz clubs all over the Midwest and was asked to play at this year's Bix Beiderbecke Festival in Davenport, Iowa.

In addition to Heitger, the CJB consists of Frank Ward (crt), Russ Damschroder (tbn), Hank Harvey (tuba), Ken McCormick (drums) and Jim Parks (bj). (The picture elsewhere in this issue shows a second trombone who has since left the band and two banjoists, neither of whom is Parks.)

Jazz on the Air

May on the Jazz Band Ball (WPFW-89.3 kHz) Sundays at 6:30 will offer some unusual recorded treats for the collector. Bill Riddle will be discussing the great Creole clarinetists; Jim Lyons will trace jazz influences in South American music; Lou Byers and Tom Bethel will trace the followers of clarinetist George Lewis, and Carl Scheele will illustrate early recording techniques with some of the earliest examples of recorded sound.

Note: Space was at such a premium this month that the New Members list had to go. Sorry about that. We'll bring you up to date next month. -- Editor

FOR SALE Epworth upright po. Very gd cond \$500. Antique adjustable stool w/back \$85 Dick Baker 698-8017.

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