

"YOU KNOW, NANETTE,
MAYBE THAT WAS A UNIQUE
AMERICAN ART FORM!"



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ISSUE

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS
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TAILGATE RAMBLINGS is the monthly publication of the Potomac River Jazz Club. The Club stands for the preservation, encouragement, and advancement of traditional jazz. This means jazz from 1900 to 1930 in the New Orleans, Chicago, and Dixieland styles, including their various revivals, as well as blues and ragtime. TAILGATE RAMBLINGS welcomes contributions from its readers.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

We hear these days that all (other than the truly needy) must be prepared to sacrifice if we are to work our way out of the dreadful economic mess we are in. Anyone who objects when his own ox is gored is a damn poor sport, not to say unpatriotic.

What has this to do with the tenth anniversary issue of Tailgate Ramblings? Plenty, as far as the contributors are concerned. When this issue was first planned, it was thought there would be many pictures calculated to send a wave of nostalgia over even the most resistant PRJGer. As will be seen, however, there are no pictures (save for Tom Niemann's sprightly cartoon retrospective in the centerfold). The pictures drowned in the flood of copy that descended upon the head of your luckless editor. And they were not the only casualty. One of Dick Baker's two articles, dealing with PRJC specials, will be held for a later issue, as will the philosophical coda with which he concluded his Tailgate Ramblings history. Fred and Anna Wahler's remembrance of things past had to be greatly shortened. Most of Joe Godfrey's musical notes repose on the cutting room floor. And so it went. I myself had planned to do a piece on the splendid Dixieland Jubilee held in February, with perhaps a nod to the Bix Beiderbecke Birthday Party. I will content myself with saying that I doubt that any other part of the country could have produced a better 12 hours of traditional jazz using as much local talent than did the Jubilee, and that the PRJC deserves much of the credit for the rich variety of jazz we now enjoy here.

Much of what didn't make it this time will find its way into the next issue or two. If something does not, its author has my apology in advance. Nothing personal.

Likewise in an apologetic mood is Dick Baker, who submitted his Tailgate Ramblings article with this lament:

"To tell properly the history of TR, I would have to mention every last contributor, ac-

knowledge every good bit of writing and reporting, credit everyone who helped with typing, graphics, and other chores. It's a story worth telling, but to do it right would take a 100-page book. Clearly, that's impossible. Please print this disclaimer and apology in a prominent place: 'I know I'm going to slight quite a few people. My own personal biases (and as a past editor myself, I've got some strong ones) will cause me to stress some parts of the story and skip over others. I'm sorry for that. What I'd really like to do is write that 100-page book to tell it all. Failing that, I hope this effort will give a rough approximation of TR history to our newer members, and will spark the memories of those who were there for it all.'"

THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

The purpose of this monthly column is to bring the general membership of PRJC up to date on what the Board of Directors is doing, and to give an overall view of club administrative activities. Try as we will, there is a certain degree of dullness implicit in this goal. So we will keep the accounting short.

There are 15 elected members of the Board of Directors. Attendance at the monthly board meetings has been encouraging. Thirteen at the January meeting, 13 at the February meeting, and 13 at the March meeting shows good participation.

Two resignations from the Board were received. Dick Baker, a long-time PRJC stalwart (past president, past editor, current special events director, and much more) resigned. His successor is Pat Plitt, who ran last fall and was a close runner-up in the voting. Joe Godfrey, Events editor of Tailgate and another club stalwart, also resigned. Don Farwell, Tailgate editor and also a candidate for the Board last fall, was elected to fill Joe's place. These two hard workers for traditional jazz will be missed on the Board, but both have assured us they will continue to be helpful in club activities. The Board passed a special resolution commending them for their excellent services.

Financial reports for last year show, after all the ups and downs of the club's activities, a net loss of \$10.00. This is about as close to non-profit as you can get. Last year we purchased a new and fine sound system, at a cost of \$2,300, and it has greatly improved our special events.

We adopted a budget for 1981. The club's income is estimated at \$17,000. Our expenses are expected to be higher than last year, of course, but with any luck we will be close to 1980's results. At present we have a treasury balance of \$4,100, which will drop as our membership renewal period ends and as special events may cost more than admissions bring in. And the printing and mailing costs of Tailgate Ramblings keep moving upward. But in contrast to many other jazz clubs, which are in a state of financial stress most of the time, we are doing well. Our membership is over 1,200 individuals, who give good support to the special events. The picnic in September and the boat ride in June are wonderfully supported by the members.

New plans are for a record sales effort, with a variety of labels on hand at our special events. Dave Robinson and Sonny McGown are doing this for the club. It isn't easy to find our kind of records commercially, and this will be a real service. We also are increasing our other sales efforts, which have consisted of tankards, T shirts, and buttons. There will be other attractive items on sale as well. Evelyn Franklin and Ann Detherage are in charge of this new pattern.

Tenth anniversary news will be found in other parts of this special issue. The club's founders were fun-loving traditional jazz buffs and performers. Their spirit has continued. Traditional jazz lightens the heart, helps balance the befuddled mind, and brings joy. If we have a message, this is it.

Ken Kramer

PRJC TENTH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

Anyone who attended the highly successful Virginia Easter Seal Society Jazzathon in February (or any PRJC picnic) can attest to the musical prowess of our two host bands for the gala PRJC tenth birthday party coming up on Saturday, April 11, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. in the Potomac Room, Twin Bridges Marriott, south end of the 14th St. bridge in Arlington.

Both bands are powerhouses but with totally different styles and repertoires. Both have been around the area for some time, the Bay City 7 having been formed in Baltimore about the time the PRJC was established and Southern Comfort two years later in the D.C. area.

Bay City, initially influenced by the Firehouse 5, has maintained essentially the "West Coast" style. Their book comes from black and white bands of the Twenties, using original recordings as well as contemporary trad band revivals. You'll hear, for instance, tunes recorded by Clarence Williams, Watters/Murphy, and '20s renditions by vocalists Annette Hanshaw and Lee Morse.

Southern Comfort's style has been variously described as "Chicago," "swing dixieland," and "funny hat" (come and decide for yourself). They play with unbridled gusto, emphasizing trad standards and pop tunes spanning three or four decades.

Bay City has played in Central City, Colo., twice and several times for the Delaware Valley Jazz Society, as well as long-running summer concerts in Bel Air and numerous other gigs in the Baltimore area.

Southern Comfort in 1978 played for a week in Charleston, S.C., for the Spoleto USA festival (same bill as Ella Fitzgerald), and in 1975 served as house band on the luxury steamboat Mississippi Queen for two one-week cruises between New Orleans and Vicksburg. Their Friday gig at Shakey's in Rockville is the longest running local

From Bay City you'll hear a rhythm section consisting of Frank Wiedefeld, tuba (original member); Sig Seidenman, piano; Chris Harris, banjo and vocals; and Bob Doster, drums. On the front

line are Bob Harris, cornet; Bill Bramer, clarinet; and John Wessner, trombone.

At the party, Southern Comfort will include two original members--Mike Pengra, bass and vocals, and Al Brogdon, trombone and leader. Other regulars will be Donn Andre, banjo and guitar, and Rdee Lazzaro, piano and vocals. The fine clarinet of Ron Hockett (also saxallo) will replace that of John Skillman, who will be out of the country. For this event the band also will feature the one and only Wild Bill Whelan on cornet and drummer Ossie Barr.

As a special tie-in with our tenth anniversary, we've arranged for the club's handful of founders to be present for a little recognition ceremony at halftime.

ALSO: Hear the world premiere of Tony Hagert's new tune, created especially for the PRJC, entitled "Founders Stomp."

EVERYTHING GOTTA START SOMEWHERE by Al Webber

Ten years ago this April, Colonel Tom Niemann and I peered over the parapet, synchronized our watches, and let fly 500 invitations to join what had been a private joke for several months --the Potomac River Jazz Club.

In its private joke stage, November 1970 through March 1971, the PRJC was all chiefs, no Indians. Niemann was "president" (hard, ruthless, the Idi Amin of his day) and I was "secretary." That was all, just a quoter and a quotee. I wrote the news releases plugging jam sessions at the Springfield, Va., Bratwursthaus and, from January 1971, the familiar Brat in Arlington. I quoted Tom, "president of the newly formed Potomac River Jazz Club."

Then, at Anna Wahler's urging, we opened the floodgates, and a tidy little two-man joke turned into the vast, lumbering behemoth the PRJC is today. We offered potential members cut rates on three record labels, a handsome, suitable-for-hanging-in-the-garage membership certificate designed by Pres Tom in a feverish moment, an annual picnic, and the chance to meet other people who played and/or enjoyed the same sort of jazz.

The PRJC's robust good health at the age of 10 is due to the sweat, initiative, imagination and inspiration of many people. Most club members know who they are because most of them have been actively and visibly giving their all for the PRJC for several years.

Others who contributed one way or another early on may not be as familiar to newer members. I would like to touch on their considerable contributions.

I had wanted to start a jazz club for a long time. Twenty years ago I had a try up in Philadelphia when I organized the Good Time Six. Even sent out one issue of Tailgate Ramblings in 1963 to a few collectors whose names I had gotten from a friend who ran a jazz show out of Wilmington. Edmund "Doc" Souchon's correspondence, the New Orleans Jazz Club, and "The Second Line" were encouragement and inspiration. But Philadelphia in the Sixties was the wrong time and place.

As a "Second Line" subscriber and NOJC member I got to know and like the essays and articles of a gent named George W. Kay, who by the mid-1960s had a Washington, D.C., address. Then, on October 29, 1967, I moved into a furnished room on Columbia Road in D.C., and the following night I phoned George Kay.

Through the great kindness of George and Abbie Kay, I made contact with the New Sunshine Jazz Band a few days later, and cornetist Sid Levy not long afterward. And it was at the Kays' Georgetown flat that I met Johnson "Fat Cat" McRee early in '68. We got drunk, argued politics, got angry as hell and both passed out. The bond was secure. For the next three years I did the publicity for Manassas III, IV, and V.

That Manassas mailing list was crucial to the beginnings of the PRJC. Those names, supplied chiefly by the Kays, Levy, Tony Hagert, Dan Priest, Gary Wilkinson, and Don Rouse, were the ones to whom Niemann and I fired our "greetings" in April 1971.

If Tom Niemann had been up in Philadelphia 20 years ago, the PRJC might have been the Delaware River Jazz Club. But he wasn't, and without his musicianship, promotional zeal, artistic ability, and general enthusiasm the PRJC would have been stillborn. And while I'm name-dropping, let me drop one more: Hal Farmer. We met 19 years ago, when the Good Time Six was playing a gig in Chadd's Ford, Pa. Luckily for me, and for the PRJC, he turned up in D.C. in the late '60s, in time to work countless hours at dull, thankless jobs during the PRJC's first year. Fact is, I can't think of anyone who worked harder for the PRJC for fewer kudos and less general recognition than did the quite Australian tape-and-record zealot.

Ten years is a fair hunk of time. Back in '71, Dave Robinson was running around in short pants. Ed Fishel was so young he couldn't get a drink in the Brat without flashing his ID card. And Scotty Lawrence charmed us all for all time with his vocals on "A Hundred Years From Today" and "Rose of Washington Square."

Thanks, Scotty, Tom, Ken, George, Hal, "Doc," and all the good toilers in the vineyard who have built the club into what it is today. It has done, and continues to do, what we had hoped for 10 years ago: bring together the players and the listeners and generate a little euphoria. Long may it continue to do so.

WE REMEMBER PRJC by Fred and Anna Wahler

(Editor's Note: Fred and Anna Wahler were mainstays of the club in its formative years. Still strong supporters of traditional jazz, they have left an indelible mark on the history of the club, although not now in elective leadership roles.)

Back in 1970 Bill Whelan told us of a Dixieland session to be held at the Press Club with the New Sunshine Jazz Band. Did we want to go? Yes, indeed we did. We didn't know any of the musicians when we arrived, but we left feeling

we had found a lot of new friends that night. Al Webber was there, and Gary Wilkinson. We recognized that these and the other men in the band knew a lot more about jazz than we did. All we knew for sure was that we liked the sound.

A little later Al told us of Alexandria's Rag-time Band playing at the Bratwursthau in Springfield, Va. We rounded up some friends, and we remember how we passed the hat to show our appreciation of the musicians. That band had Tony Newstead, now in Hong Kong, on cornet; Charlie Brown on clarinet; Al Webber, trombone; Tom Niemann, piano; Johnny Roulet, drums; Mike Pengra, bass; and Johnson McRee, kazoo and vocals.

In January 1971 the band moved to the B'haus in Arlington. Local musicians crawled out of the woodwork to participate in the sit-in sessions. Dixieland jazz in Washington was off and running. We pressed Al and Tom to get a jazz club going, get dues-paying members, and spread the word on Dixieland and traditional jazz. We were now both full-fledged Dixieland jazz fans or, as some called us, Dixieland nuts.

With the beginning of the Potomac River Jazz Club our whole life style changes. Jazz and the club became our top priorities. It was great meeting new people through our common musical interests. Al Webber invited us to the first Advisors meeting. Tom Niemann was president, Al was secretary, and Hal Farmer was treasurer. Johnson McRee and Gil Carter were other members. Anna became archivist and kept the membership files. Those early meetings ranged from the hectic to the relaxed and back again but always were in the interest of advancing PRJC goals. The early days were exciting, with high camaraderie in performing the day-to-day tasks of getting out the monthly flyers and Tailgate Ramblings and recruiting new members. The fun of the Sunday afternoon sessions at the Brat can't be exaggerated--always a good crowd and plenty of new musicians for the sit-in set.

The first picnic was a landmark event. Held on September 18, 1971, at Blob's Park--where else?--it was threatened by rain. Tom Gauger on WMAL plugged the event on his show that morning and kept announcing that it would not rain. And it didn't. We thought 100 or so might come to hear the three bands. More than 200 braved the heavy clouds and heard the Original Washington Monumental Jazz Band, the New Sunshine, and the Potomac River Ramblers. Fred ran the picnics from 1973 to 1977 and PRJC luck held--it never rained during that period.

The club incorporated in 1972, with by-laws, officers, insignia, and a rise in membership. The first bumper stickers, the PRJC Hot Line, the parasol logo came into being then, too.

Soon a band of travelers emerged--20 to 30 certified jazz nuts going to jazz festivals in New Orleans, St. Louis, and Davenport, Iowa. Through these traveling enthusiasts the club became known nationally and overseas as well. The idea of a Bix Birthday Bash came from the programs at the Bix Festival in Davenport. The Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Band came here in March of the year following the first festival and has been a highly popular annual event locally ever since.

Come to the Gala PRJC 10th Anniversary Celebration

Featuring TWO powerhouse area bands

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REFRESHMENTS: CASH BAR

PLACE: POTOMAC ROOM
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TIME: SATURDAY, APRIL 11
9 PM—1 AM
NO RESERVATIONS

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THE POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

We'll always remember Chuck Liebau, his cornet, and his band at Shakey's in Annandale--a great fun band, and what a show they put on! We only missed one Tuesday in three years. That's where we first heard John Skillman. We met Don Angell there, too, and invited him to join the PRJC. Ditto Dick Baker.

As the little card said, "Sunday Night Is Jazz Night" at the Twin Bridges Marriott Windjammer, with rotating PRJC bands, starting in February 1972 with Ken Underwood's OWMJB and Al Webber's Good Time Six. The farewell session for Tony Newstead was held there when he returned to his native Australia. Fred handled the band scheduling for the Windjammer weekly sessions, which gave local bands exposure and the PRJC publicity. John Sears rose to dancing fame there--remember when he "dipped" Stella at the end of her dance and her wig fell off? John and I were called the "Old Smoothies." Many new members were recruited at the Windjammer, including the Ray Wests. We remember the Sunday night Slide Harris had a stroke on the bandstand. We took him to the hospital, with Gladys Fishel going along to show us the quickest route.

We can't forget Rod Clarke's birthday party at Blues Alley, complete with a New Orleans parade down Wisconsin Avenue to the little church cemetery. Nor can we forget Rod's dedicated efforts for the PRJC Museum, or his service to the club as budget officer. Mention of Blues Alley calls to mind the time the Traditional Jazz Band of Sao Paulo came to town. Felix Grant asked Fred to bring them to Blues Alley, where Felix would meet us after his radio show. Commented Brazilian leader and clarinetist Tito, after hearing some of the modernish Blues Alley fare: "Dis is notta my bag."

Another of Fred's jobs was arranging those great Dixieland jazz cruises down the Potomac on the Wilson Line. Always a sellout. BYOB, even though beer and soft drinks were available on the boat. One year Fred asked Don Angell to go to the Pier 4 dock and check out the piano the management had promised to have on board. Don set out with a lawyer friend the day before the cruise and found this delapidated piano missing some of its keys. Don't know what Don's friend told the boat people, but another piano, in good condition, was in place by sailing time. Another year the boat bartenders were on strike, so Fred ordered the beer and had PRJC Board members bring the booze. Don and our F.J., Jr., tended bar, sold all drinks for \$1.00 each, and made an extra \$100 profit.

Anna compiled a Jazz Club Listing to start an exchange of newsletters with other jazz clubs. It was picked up by The Mississippi Rag. Anna has kept the list updated and still receives requests for it from bands planning to tour the country.

Another event we'll never forget was Fred's sixtieth birthday party, October 16, 1976, when the Federal Jazz Commission and the Bay City 7 sponsored a Dancing Jazz Concert. Two hundred friends and fans shared our joy, as well as a cake decorated like a PRJC button that was presented to Fred by Dick Stimson and Doris Baker. Not long after that, in 1977, came another event--the formation by Fred of the Buck Creek

Jazz Band. The "Buck Creek Family" have been our salvation--in three short years they have achieved national recognition in the traditional jazz world.

In perusing our own jazz files, we run across so many notes and letters relating to the early days of the PRJC, especially from Al Webber (to us The Founder), we almost wish we could relive the happy PRJC times again. Anyway, that's the way it was from 1970 to 1977, and to PRJC we extend congrats on your tenth anniversary!

JAZZ BAND BALL--APRIL 1981

WPFW - 89.3 FM 6:30-8:00 P.M.

April 5 - Host Sonny McGown
New York Combos of the '30s and '40s
The recorded performances by the smaller musical aggregations of the New York City jazz scene from 1935 through 1947. Featured will be jazz produced by groups that included Wingy Manone, Joe Marsala, Stuff Smith, Bobby Hackett, Red Allen, and others.

April 12 - Host Don Farwell
Ralph Sutton
Sutton is considered by many to be about the finest jazz pianist around. This program traces his recording career from its beginning in 1947 through the seven LPs released last year on the Chaz Jazz label.

April 19 - Host Don Rouse
In Search of D.C. Jazz
We will listen to music by early jazz musicians from Washington, D.C., from the late 19th century through the early 1930s.

April 26 - Host Dave Robinson
The Essence of the Blues
The blues is not so much style or form as feeling. Dave will share instrumental recordings with high emotional content.

MORE JAZZ ON YOUR DIAL . . .

Royal Stokes's "Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say" will feature more of the old Decca jazz being released on the MCA label on the April 12 and 26 programs. The show follows Jazz Band Ball at 8 p.m. Sunday.

"Hot Jazz Saturday Night," with host Rob Bamburger, will feature Eddie Lang/Joe Venuti April 4, Benny Goodman April 11, Joe Sullivan April 18, and Territory Bands April 25. Program airs at 7:30 on WAMU (88.5 FM). Hazen Schumacher follows on WAMU at 8:30.

"The G String," with Tom Cole, Sunday, 6-10 a.m. on WPFW, focuses on such artists as Joe Venuti, Django, and Haggard.

"Meet Me on the River," 7:20 a.m. Sunday, WHFS (102.3 FM), presents a half hour of tapes from the St. Louis Ragtime Festivals, according to Dave Robinson. No one else has yet arisen at this ungodly hour to verify this.

TEN YEARS OF TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

by Dick Baker

Tailgate Ramblings was the baby of one Al Webber, a founding father of the PRJC and himself a professional writer and editor with a long background in newspaper and magazine journalism. The Webber TRs are marked by polished prose and trenchant wit--no one since has matched him for style, although Ted Chandler occasionally came close.

All the Webber issues featured cover art and cartoons by another founding father, Tom Niemann. Tom is the creator of the daffy little group of players that graces your PRJC membership certificate and other PRJC documents. Tom's witty drawings have contributed much to the publication.

Al produced four issues of TR in 1971, three in '72 and two in '73. Of course, by 1972 a shorter, more frequently produced news and current events flyer, "What's the PRJC Doin' Now?" (described later), was taking care of the local listings and special events announcements, so Al could concentrate on longer, meatier articles for TR and not worry so much about specific deadlines.

Vol. 1, No. 1 reported that PRJC had 50 members and urged those members to recruit others. It noted that there were ten organized bands in the area and promised to profile them in due time--a goal that was pursued regularly through the years. The first issue described the New Sunshine JB, the Original Washington Monumental JB, the Docs of Dixieland (a group of musical medics at Bethesda Naval Hospital), Alexandria's Ragtime Band, the Royal Garden Stompers, the Good Time Six, and the Capital City Jazz Band.

The second issue announced a picnic to be held in September and noted that membership had doubled, to 100. Buzzy's Dixieland Band was described in a most entertaining manner by its leader, Bob English, himself a writer (now playing with the Lazy River Jass Band).

No. 3 had an article by Ken Kramer about how he first heard jazz and learned to love it: "The First Jazz I No Doubt Ever Heard in My Life." There also was a quite thoughtful piece by Al Webber on the various revivals in jazz history, "New Bottles, Old Wine." The article starts with what speech-writers call a "grabber":

"Traditional jazz is like VD. Every time the critics and other humbugs get ready to murmur a few appropriate words

over the grave, ol' jazz 'raises up for another go 'round." After that it gets really thoughtful. Really.

The feature article of Vol. 1, No. 4, by George Kay was entitled "Bill the Baker: Jelly Roll a Specialty." It praised Bill Riddle for founding the Washington Jazz Club in the late '50s and for organizing the famous Charles Hotel sessions in the mid-60s. Also, Dixie Five-0 was profiled.

In Vol. 2, No. 1 (June '72), Al looked back on the first year of TR:

Modestly, I confess to having written most of it. And, as Mr. Churchill once said of Mr. Atlee, I have much to be modest about

What is the purpose of a paper such as this? Very simply, it is intended to be a means of communication for Washington/Baltimore area people who play, collect, or are interested to some degree in a fairly broad segment of American jazz, that slice known generally as traditional, New Orleans or Dixieland jazz.

Our policy, stated again and again, is: to carry profiles of local traditional jazz bands; "wanted" and "for sale" listings (at no cost to the club members); to indicate to the best of our ability where traditional jazz can be heard (in clubs and on the air), and to bring together people who want to play the music, professionally or just for kicks

The question has been raised, believe it or not, as to whether all the copy [in TR] reflects an "official" PRJC viewpoint. The answer, now and so long as I am editor, is:

HELL, NO!

The closest we have come to "official" dogma has been Tom Niemann's "Prez Sez" column. And if under the new regime there is to be any ex cathedra official club policy expounded, it will, as in the past, be clearly labeled as such, carrying the by-line of a PRJC officer.

Meanwhile, our pages remain open to all comers. If you think the late George Lewis was the world's greatest jazz clarinetist and want to make a pitch for this viewpoint in print, let's see the color of your copy. If you think he was the worst, we're also open to that

proposition, if you can back it up meaningfully.

And, finally, if you think Tailgate Ramblings should indulge in no critical commentary, drop me a letter and explain why. If a sizable number of PRJC members feel this sheet should be limited to Pablum and boosterism, we--or rather my successor--should try a new tack. One way or another, let's hear from you occasionally. Even some hate mail would be welcome. If you've got a beef, about the club or about Ramblings, don't mutter into your beer. Let it all hang out.

Readers should make a mark by this passage so they can refer to it later in this history.

This issue had a long, well-researched article by Jerry Kuykendall about the life and music of Lil Hardin Armstrong. The issue also saw the first TR contribution by John "Scotty" Lawrence, one of the most erudite musicians and nicest gentlemen the PRJC has ever had the good fortune to know. Over the years Scotty wrote many musical essays, personal reminiscences, and concert reviews; they invariably stand out for their insight and clarity.

And here's an interesting note: "A word to Arlington, Alexandria, McLean and other Old Dominion PRJCers: We would like to pitch some club jazz brawls over in your neck of the woods. But we need cheap accommodation with bar facilities We took a helluva hosing at the College Park Legion Hall April 1st. If you know a lodge or legion hall with a piano and reasonable rental, please phone our Social Chairman" Evidently the Virginians came through back then; now it's up to the Marylanders to find a good deal on that side of town so we can go back occasionally.

Vol. 2, No. 2, had a fine report on the first Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Festival by Gary Wilkinson. The issue noted that Ed Fishel was leaving his post as contributing editor of TR to be the club's music director; Scotty Lawrence replaced Ed on the TR staff. The Anacostia River Ramblers (now the Riverside Ramblers) and the Bay City 7 were profiled.

Vol. 2, No. 3, saw the first of Scotty Lawrence's series of personal reminiscences, called "Cornet Chop Suey" (sub-titled "Reflections in a Golden Horn" in the early days; this was later dropped). Among other episodes, Scotty described the time in the early '30s in Pittsburgh when, months in advance, he contracted his five-piece band to play a New Year's Eve gig calling for six pieces. Shortly

before the gig he realized he had forgotten to engage the sixth musician for that evening, and it was too late to latch onto a competent player right before New Year's Eve. He explains how he solved the problem:

Now it happened that I always bought my daily newspaper from the same boy, and I suddenly realized that he was just about my size. I asked him if he would like to make an easy five bucks, and he was eager. I outfitted him in my old discarded extra tux, retrieved a beat-up tenor guitar from the basement and strung it with four rubber bands. He quickly learned how to hold the guitar and move his left hand up and down the fingerboard while appearing to stroke the phony strings with his right hand. We stuck him back with the drums and the contractor never knew the difference.

The kid was happy with the five bucks and I was happy to pocket the balance of the pay for the sixth man on the job. The newsboy often asked me for more gigs. Perhaps he plays traditional jazz somewhere today.

Webber, writing under the pseudonym of A. Pismo Clamm, wrote an article entitled "PRJC Picnic Gets Play on Voice of America," which reproduced (in English translation) the script of the first show about local jazz I had written for Voice of America. That was a momentous script for me--it was my first appearance on the air under my own name (previously, I had had just a few brief appearances as a nameless voice) in my then-new job with Voice of America Russian Service.

In Vol. 3, No. 1 (Summer '73), Webber commented on the recent first PRJC jazz boatride, apologizing for the fact that the PA system was inadequate and that the boat ran out of beer within the first hour. He asked for our indulgence, pointing out that the club was still young, it was the first such venture, and vowed it would get better. As those of you who have been on boatrides in recent years know, it did.

Scotty Lawrence's first concert review, "That Teasin', Pleasin' Smithsonian Rag," described the February concert at the Smithsonian by Gunther Schuller and the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble. He wrote an incisive, laudatory review of the group that went on to make musical history. The day after this concert, they recorded the

Angel record "Red Back Book," which went on to sell a zillion copies, bring the Ensemble international recognition, and play a very large role in the rag-time revival of the '70s, since it was Schuller's version of Joplin that was used in "The Sting" (with Hambone Hamlich waving the baton and taking all the credit).

This issue was graced by the first cover drawn by an artist who went on to become the most prolific TR cover artist in its first ten years, drummer Fraser Battey.

Al Webber's editorial column for Vol. 3, No. 2 (Fall '73), was headed, "AT LAST!!! CONTROVERSY!!!" It began, "For most of TR's existence we have bemoaned the absence of controversy in its pages. Personally, we hold views on jazz and jazz musicians so vicious, biased, and bizarre as to be unsuitable for a family publication. We have hoped, therefore, that someone else would take the initiative and stir up the animals."

Al went on to identify as the source of this anticipated controversy an article by Ed Fishel, curtly entitled "A Thought-provoking Discussion of Bread for Weekend Dixielanders and Such Related Topics as Wives, Saloon Keepers and Places to Do Our Thing." Well, give Al high marks for provocativeness, but nil for prescience. This issue of TR raised a tremendous uproar, but lovable ole Ed Fishel had nothing to do with it. What set the walls to shaking was a pair of articles about jazz as played by the denizens of Preservation Hall. A new contributor to TR, a professional trumpet player from New Orleans writing under the pseudonym of Icon O'Clast, expressed himself quite negatively about the subject. This was followed by a review of a recent concert performance by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band at Wolf Trap, entitled "The Preservation Hall Jazz Band: Pristine Purity or Poppy-cock???" Six different writers contributed to the review, three of them praising the performance, three of them critical of it; the longest of the six segments was the one most lyrical in its praise of the band.

In spite of this seemingly evenhanded approach, it turned out that the musicians of Preservation Hall were musical sacred cows of no meager influence. The articles became a great source of debate in local PRJC circles and were even singled out for criticism in other jazz publications. While even the Hall's supporters admitted that the playing at the concert under review was poor at most instruments, the anti-Al arguments seemed mostly to say that

(1) you've got to allow for the age of the musicians, and (2) in general, one dasn't criticize old black musicians from New Orleans.

As a professional magazine man, Webber understood that part and parcel with accepting the editor's paycheck is accepting crap from those who disagree with what's printed in the publication. Al quickly balanced the grief he was getting (bunches) against the payday (zilch) and decided to make good on his first anniversary promise (I told you to mark it, didn't I?). "I quit," he said, in words of one syllable.

"What's the PRJC Doin' Now?" (1972-74)

At this point, let us backtrack a bit to acknowledge a second regular PRJC publication. Early in 1972, with the club growing rapidly and planning more and more events, and with activity on the local saloon scene growing as well, it became obvious that the membership had to be reached more often than quarterly. The first issue of "What's the PRJC Doin' Now?" came out in May 1972 to announce regular PRJC rotating band action at the Bratwursthaus in Arlington and Manassas. (The Manassas end of it didn't last too long, but the club had rotating bands in the B'haus Monday nights until the following February, when we moved to the Windjammer Room on Sunday nights.)

Authorship of the flyer is not entirely clear. Activities Chairman Dan Priest started it, with Harold Bigler handling production. At some point Ed Fishel and Bigler were responsible for it, and Eleanor Johnson seems to have had a hand in it as well. Finally, Polly Wagner took it over in the fall of 1973 and saw it through its last issue early in 1974.

At first, "What's" announced the Bratwursthaus rotation, other local gigs, and all PRJC specials. Later it expanded to include brief concert reviews and other news, occasionally spreading from its usual one sheet to two.

In August, 1972, the flyer announced the beginning of our jazz hot line service, 630-PRJC, with club president Shannon Clark as the "Voice of the PRJC."

In February, 1973, the bulletin announced the opening of PRJC weekly sessions in the Windjammer Room of the Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel. The Windjammer was a beautiful room

on the top floor of the Marriott, glass on three sides, with a view of the Potomac River and National Airport. We were there on and off (mostly on) for the next four years.

The August, 1973, issue noted that yours truly had taken over 630-PRJC, a chore I did for many, many years.

The Dick Baker Years: March 1974 to August 1976

When Al Webber quit early in 1974, president Fred Wahler offered me the chance to take over TR and make it a monthly, something we had discussed many times. For the first four months, Polly Wagner stayed on to edit the local events page, which kept much the same format as "What's the PRJC Doin' Now?"

My TRs were distinguished mainly for their neat typing and correct spelling. I got off a few gags now and then, but I remain to this day envious of Al Webber's wit and way with words.

The April issue had reports on jazz in France (by Rod Clarke, who had visited there) and in Stuttgart, Germany (by Buzzy's bass player Kyle Miller, who had moved there).

In the May editorial, I called attention to the masthead, which, as fallout from the Preservation Hall flap, had the disclaimer that signed articles in TR represent the views of the author alone and in no way reflect official PRJC policy or opinion. I continued:

There must be some forum for dissenting opinions and criticism. Members with legitimate axes to grind or especially with constructive criticism about how traditional jazz can best be furthered...should have some way to put their ideas into the arena of general consideration, which is classically the way good ideas are separated from poor ones. That is why these pages must continue to be open to material other than that of a purely reportorial nature.... I make this point in hopes that any time some reader should find himself offended by something in these pages, he will not take the club or this editor to task for the offense, real or imagined. And I hope that neither would he take to task the person who wrote the "offensive" piece, for if I'm able to adhere to the above-stated policy, that author will only have been trying, as best he can, to constructively criticize and thus further the music we all hold so dear.

The July 1974 issue contained our first announcement seeking a volunteer to establish a record-sales concession for PRJC. Such requests were repeated regularly thereafter; finally, as reported elsewhere in this issue, Dave Robinson and Sonny McGown have stepped forward to perform this onerous but useful chore. Buy 'em by the dozen!

Thursday, August 1, marked the inauguration of the PRJC monthly open jam session, an activity suggested and developed by Ed Fishel. The jam session has continued from its original home in the basement of the Cinders Steak House in Arlington, to the Bratwursthaus, and finally to Puff's Restaurant in Oakton, with only a few breaks in continuity. It also spawned the "shy" jam sessions in private homes for musicians who want to try their thing without the pressures of standing on a stage and facing a crowd of people hoping to be entertained. Over the years the jam sessions have produced several fine bands.

The September issue announced the first of our three banishments from the Windjammer Room. One time they turned it into a discotheque, another time they just got tired of sweeping up after us, and finally they made it into a piano bar.

PRJC members get around: this issue contained reviews of the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Festival (Shannon Clarke), the Scott Joplin Ragtime Festival in Sedalia, MO. (Ray West), and the IAJRC convention in Pittsburgh (Don Coyle). In a scientifically researched treatise based on musty documents from the Library of Congress, scholarly Ed Fishel proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that it's "Muskrat Ramble," not "Muskat Ramble." Nobody cared.

The October 1974 issue reported that we had never missed a beat in our Sunday evening jazz sessions, opening in the Tower Suite of the Tysons Corner Holiday Inn the week after leaving the Windjammer Room. Things are fluid, however: The November issue reported that we were returning to the Windjammer Room on the 10th.

The December issue saw the first of several suggestions that PRJC get itself a radio show. Newly elected president Ed Fishel was actually calling for the club to acquire and operate its own station, which may have been hoping for a bit much.

January 1975 saw the publication of the "PRJC Practical Fake List," compiled by Ed Fishel and Scotty Lawrence. It consisted of the 200 most commonly played traditional jazz tunes, with the key in which they're usually played. It was used to great advantage at the monthly jam sessions, still drawing big crowds (of musicians and listeners) at the Cinders Steak House.

March was a Bix Beiderbecke memorial issue. Ray West wrote an introduction to Bix's life and music, with selected discography, and of course the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial JB played again that year. A special treat was the cover art---a beautiful portrait of Bix drawn by Harry Roland, cornetist with the Bay City 7 and a commercial artist. For the preceding year Fraser Battey and Tom Niemann had been doing the covers; now Roland began to alternate with Battey for the next year and a half.

This issue also provided the next flap in TR's history, in the form of a letter to the editor by Ted Chandler. Ted challenged a remark I myself had written about "San Francisco style jazz." Ted presumed (not incorrectly) that I had Turk Murphy and his many colleagues in mind. I won't quote him verbatim, for fear of re-outraging the Murphy fans; suffice it to say that Ted was highly critical of Murphy and his kind of music and argued that it is not deserving of being classified as an identifiable school of its own. PRJC members have always been most appreciative of San Francisco style, and Ted's letter was a call to arms. I wrote, "Whew! Turk Murphy fans are invited to come down off the ceiling and respond. As the man of TV says, this station invites opposing points of view from responsible spokesmen."

The next month, the headline "Murphy/S.F. style Fans Strike Back" introduced more than three pages of letters protesting Ted's attack on Murphy. I wrote in introducing them:

[Chandler's] highly heretical stance evoked a storm of rebuttal, much of which is reprinted below. I would, however, like to go on record as being dismayed at the amount of personal vitriol directed at Ted over his letter.... The argument ad hominem is a common human foible--questioning the sanity or birthright of those who disagree with us makes us feel so much better about our own beliefs. [But it is not a valid line of argument.]

I felt when printing his letter--correctly, as it turned out--that the replies to it would be informative and

do a lot to tell us just what is worthwhile about the kind of jazz we call San Francisco style.... As Al Webber said in a companion note to his letter [which disputed Chandler]: "If [he] does nothing else, he clarifies how each of us feels about the music. A searching look now and then never hurt anybody."

The various letters did in fact teach us a lot about the Lu Watters/Turk Murphy jazz revival in San Francisco. The last word was given to Chandler in April, which he prefaced thus: "The various gentlemen who have taken my pants down are estimable types and I love them all. A couple of them raise excellent points and I therefore crave your indulgence to carry on this correspondence just a bit further."

This entire exchange was reprinted in And All That Jazz, the newsletter of the Sacramento Traditional Jazz Society; and a graduate student in San Francisco later requested copies of all the letters to spice up his master's thesis on the history and meaning of San Francisco style jazz.

The June 1975 TR reported:

The amazing magical PRJC radio show; now you hear it, now you don't. Actually, at one point [in May] we were scheduled to go on the air with a two-hour traditional jazz show every Sunday evening [on WHFS, Bethesda], but then our program was turned over to a different Person of Authority at the radio station, one who appeared to feel he could do without our kind of music. He decided we had to sell advertising before going on the air. At first we were inclined to do so, but then those of us on the radio committee (Ed Fishel, Ray West, Beale Riddle, Dick Baker) contracted a severe case of misgivings about going into the business of selling advertising, so the project has again been relegated to the back burner.

At about this time, the Max Collie Rhythm Aces became "the PRJC's band." Earlier in the year, the World Championship of Jazz had been announced, to be held in Indianapolis in early August. The various jazz clubs around the country were invited to "sponsor" their favorite band in the competition; sponsorship consisted merely of recruiting a minimum number of club members to attend the festival. (It was much

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE



"And now, our grand finale, 35 bands playing the 'Saints.'"

JUST FRIENDS



"Hi, I'm Jeannie, Dixieland Jazz, This is Sam, Big Band."

NAME THAT TUNE



"And, Buster, you can play 'I ain't gonna give you no more jelly roll' with real feeling tonight!"

Jazz has always meant a good time and a lot of fun to me. Despite the concerted forces of change, there has always been a source of this happy music. I recall first diggin' jazz way back as a youngster in California. The old Atwater Kent would issue forth strains of Kid Ory, Louis Armstrong, and other greats whose recordings were broadcast each Saturday night from Tijuana, Mexico.

Well, so much for the past. Today it is a real testimonial to the PRJC, its dedicated officers, and its loyal membership that the Washington area maintains an active and enthusiastic arena for all this fun. I know I've certainly had a ball. Maybe I can capture some of the fun I've had these past 10 years in the small pictures. March on, PRJC--long may you live!

Tom Niemann

GLORIOUS FANTASY

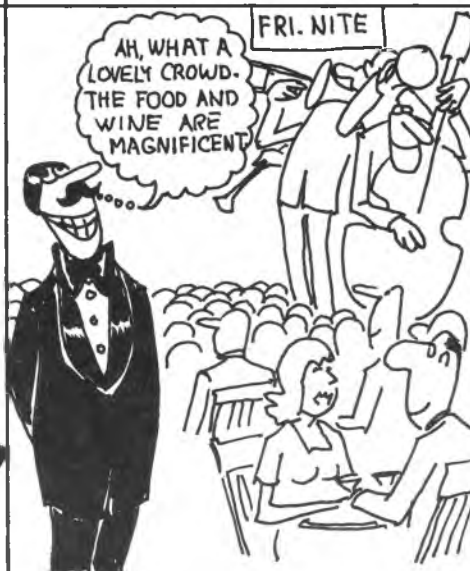


HOME SWEET HOME



"You're just going drinking with the boys as an excuse to play jazz."

ALL IS NOT GOLD.....



"Nobody's here. The music must be louzy. You're fired!"

COME ONE COME ALL

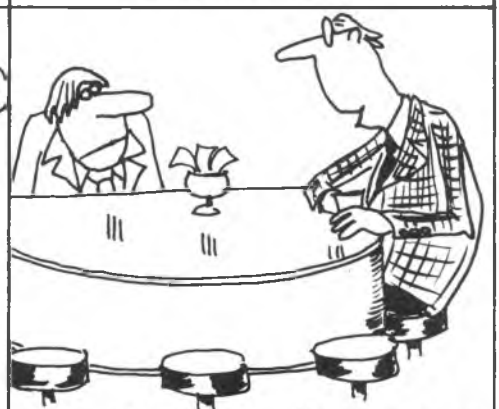


"But, Mon, I know all the tunes"

VISITING COCQUETTE



PIANO BAR CITY



"Just for the maudlin, nostalgic, disgusting hell of it, how about knocking out 'Happy Days Are Here Again.'"

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH



"OK, we do this in the original key."

PARDON MY PIAHO

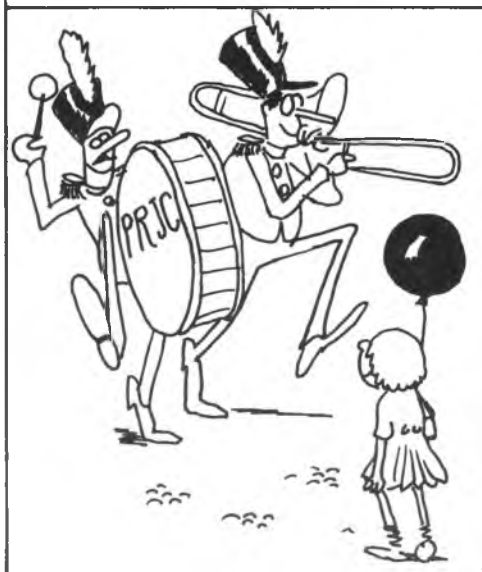


SHOW TIME



"Look, you guys were great at the reception, but REALLY!"

I LOVE A PARADE

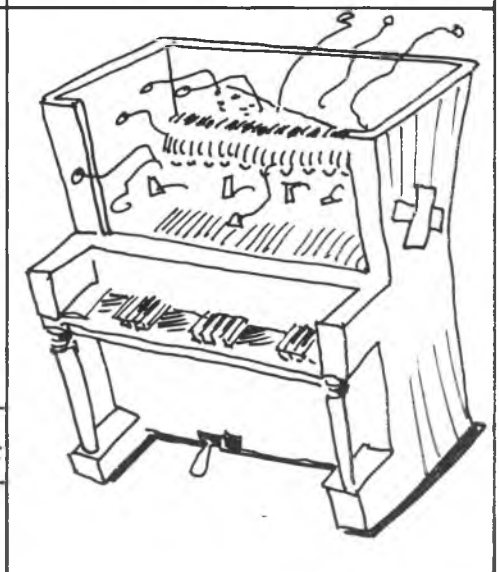


YOUTH SPEAKS UP



"Play something we know."

THE HOUSE PIANO



more a festival than a contest--15 bands appeared, but only five or six had sponsoring groups). More than 50 PRJCers signed up, and we voted to back Collie's band in the competition. The club supporting the winning band was to receive \$3,000, with \$2,000 going to the group backing the second-place band, and \$1,000 for third place. The band themselves got nothing extra for winning.

The festival was an absolute gas, by far the best I'd ever attended (it was reviewed in detail in the September TR). Unfortunately, however, it ended unhappily for many people. The festival lost a pile of money and many of the bands never got paid. The jazz clubs backing the winning bands never got paid (Collie won, so the PRJC was due \$3,000).

A lot of people didn't like the idea of making the festival a competition and even suggested that the voting was rigged, but this was denied authoritatively by Washington-area journalist Hal Willard, one of the six judges, in an article for TR in the September issue.

The July 1975 issue announced plans to found a traditional jazz museum in Washington. The museum project was proposed by board member Rod Clarke as the principal PRJC project in celebration of the American Bicentennial.

Also in that issue was Royal Stokes's story, "On the Road with the Traditional Jazz Band of Sao Paulo, Brazil." Royal had booked a multi-city tour for the band and traveled with them as tour manager. He wrote a fine story combining the highs of playing good jazz and meeting friendly people with the lows of culture shock and homesickness. Elsewhere in the issue, clarinetist Tommy Gwaltney talked about the irrepressible baritone saxophonist Ernie Caceres; Gwaltney toured with Caceres in the Bobby Hackett band in the mid-'50s.

In a series of letters in several issues of TR over the fall months of 1975, several readers renewed the old debate over defining jazz and its various categories. Several months before, in the course of the San Francisco flap, Al Webber had written, "If 'San Francisco style' is not a valid term, then most likely 'Chicago style' and 'New York style' (1940s Nicksieland) are nonsense." In September, Ralph Huss commented on the whole San Francisco exchange:

It seems to me that over-intellectualizing the history and subtle differences in style and presentation of traditional jazz as performed today may be stimulating to some, but may create a self-defeating internecine

warfare, the effect of which could be to inhibit what appears to be a genuine renaissance of traditional jazz....

The next month, local bandleader Al Brogdon (Southern Comfort) agreed with Huss, urging us to figure out what it is that we can agree on, and build around that. He went on:

But, facing the fact that many of the members of the PRJC take rather narrow definitions of what they mean by "jazz," and coincidentally reading the Articles of Incorporation of the club, I now find I have a question to raise. The Articles of Incorporation state that the purpose of the club is to develop and promote "traditional American jazz music."

Hold on there! Southern Comfort doesn't play traditional jazz. The Monumentals don't. The Manassas Festival Jazzers don't. And there are others.... My opinion is that either the club should support only traditional jazz, or the Articles should be changed to reflect what the club is actually doing

In an editorial response, I wrote:

A matter of semantics, Al. Some use "Dixieland" to encompass all the styles--New Orleans, West Coast revival, Chicago, New York--everything in that general category. Others define Dixieland as New York jazz played by white men. Others assign a negative regional or racial connotation to the word and prefer not to use it at all (they say Max Kaminsky can't stand the term).

[Therefore], many of the people I know currently use the term "traditional" as the generic term for all the styles mentioned above. (A few folks, including radio host Royal Stokes, prefer to use the term "classic jazz" as their generic term.) To some others, evidently including you, Al, traditional means New Orleans style, nothing later.

I myself find I prefer more and more to use the term "traditional jazz" as the generic term for all the styles played by our local bands, with the further subdivisions "New Orleans," "Chicago," etc. when they can be applied. By this standard, [the PRJC's] books are in order.

In the next letter, button king Frank Gordon raised another issue:

I am...mystified by the controversy regarding "Dixieland" jazz. What is it? I believe it is in the ears of the beholder....

Perhaps others, besides myself, are getting a little weary of hearing the same old standards. Regardless of which band is performing, the numbers they play are repetitious. Is it heresy to update the repertoires of bands, or is it laziness? After all, the "classics" of today were "modern" tunes a few decades ago.... I yield to no one in my enjoyment of old standards, but...what's wrong with hearing, for instance, "Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'round the Old Oak Tree," "Sweet Gypsy Rose," etc. Kenny Ball of England has recorded many contemporary numbers in Dixieland style and done an admirable job; the Village Stompers did it, the Dukes of Dixieland did it. Why not a PRJC group?...

The editor added:

Frank raises a fundamental question: Is Dixieland a style of playing or a list of tunes?

Waldo's Gutbucket Syncopators have recorded a recent soft rock hit, "The Letter." Is it Dixieland (in that word's generic sense)?

The following story, submitted by Tin Pan Alley leader Ed Fishel, just adds one more factor to the dilemma: If jazz is a list of tunes, who writes the list?

The scene is "Dixieland Night" at a private club. A principal prop is the PRJC's "Practical Fake List"--the 200 tunes most played by Washington area bands.

Well along in the first set our band played "Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?"--and dancers came out on the floor. At this first sign that the customers had noticed we were there, we bethought ourselves to keep them with us, so we fabricated a slow medly on the spot, going next into "Memories of You" and then "Georgia on My Mind."

Whereupon a lovely lady in a red dress came up and said, "I thought this was supposed to be Jazz Night. But you had those people dancing."

I showed her the PRJC tune list and pointed out that the titles we'd just played were all officially approved jazz numbers.

She made two requests from the list-- "Big Butter and Egg Man" and "St. Louis Blues." "Those are jazz," she said.

After we had played them, a lovely lady in a green dress came up and said, "I thought you were supposed to be a jazz band."

It turned out that the green lady's idea of jazz was "Do You Know What It Means," "Memories of You" and "Georgia on My Mind."

The green dress, reading from the tune list, then requested a couple more slow numbers, to which she and her escort danced. That brought the red dress back to the bandstand, saying, "I thought I'd finally got you guys to play some jazz."

So we played a couple more officially approved jazz numbers for the red dress, which were then denounced as nonjazz by the green dress.

Conclusion: If you want to make everybody believe you're a jazz band, work up a medley consisting of "South Rampart Street Parade" and "Misty."

The last word came in November, with Ed Fishel responding to Brogdon's letter about the perceived disparity between the club's charter and the music it supports:

I think you're right, Al, but for the wrong reasons. The problem is not so much that the PRJC's charter says "traditional jazz" while some of the music it supports isn't of the genuine antique New Orleans variety. That is a matter of how one defines "traditional," as Baker pointed out last month. None of the PRJC bands you named--or even my own band, which you didn't name but which strays perhaps farther from Bourbon Street than any other--is to my mind non-traditional. And there are plenty of people whose definition of "traditional" is as broad as mine....

The problem you've uncovered lies not in the club's charter but in its name. "Potomac River Jazz Club" implies that we embrace all kinds of jazz--but we don't.

Are we marching under false colors? At first glance it would appear we are...[but] I have yet to hear of anyone who paid us money, either in dues or in the price of admission to some event, who didn't know what

kind of jazz he was letting himself in for.

But the apparent fact that our colors haven't defrauded anyone doesn't mean that our name is really no problem. If the local devotees of modern jazz should organize a club, they could object that we have usurped a name that embraces their music....

Anyway, Al, a generation or two from now "traditional" will cover not only good old Southern Comfort but also good old Herbie Hancock.

In November, TR published the first list of Traditional Jazz Clubs in America. Fred Wahler had been working on a project for some time to ascertain the existence of and make contact with the other traditional jazz clubs around the country. This issue of TR listed about fifty of them. An auxiliary effort to this one was to learn which of the other clubs have newsletters and to exchange TR with them. This cross-fertilization between newsletter editors continues to this day.

The December 1975 TR had a small note:

Another new jazz gig broke out in November in Arlington. Joe Shepherd has formed a group called Joseph & the Good Shepherds: Joe (tp), Jim Hamilton (cl), Steve Welch (tb), Del Beyer (pno), Dick Dershimer (bass), and Bill Jones (dr). They're playing every Thursday...at Johnny's Grill, 5145 Lee Highway, Arlington. No cover, beer bar only, buffet available.

Now, of course, Johnny's Grill is known as Johnny Lange's Restaurant and has a liquor license and full menu. And it has come back to provide a home for several PRJC bands. Although Lange's was approached in the wake of the fire at the Bratwursthaus, only one of the four bands currently playing there (Picayune Cabaret Band) moved there from the B'haus. Problem is that Johnny Lange's doesn't have a piano, which limits its usefulness to bands that don't use that axe or that have (ugh!) electric pianos.

The first issue of 1976 contained an announcement from the National Museum of Traditional Jazz that the Martin Luther King Public Library had agreed to let the museum mount a display there. (An earlier attempt to find quarters that the museum could buy or lease faltered because of the great amount of money that would have been required.)

Also in this issue, Al Webber returned to TR on a regular basis with a column entitled "A Pride of Prejudices."

The editorial compared the jazz scene of January 1975 with that of January 1976:

The jazz lover looking for some music in the area last January [1975] could go to three different places on Sunday night (the Windjammer Room, the Lighthouse, and the Pub--not bad), one place on Monday night (the B'haus), and one on Thursday night (the B'haus again). That's it. Nothing on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, or Saturday.

Now look at this issue's listings: four places on Sunday, one on Monday, four on Tuesday, three on Wednesday, five on Thursday, five on Friday, and three on Saturday. A total of 25 "band-nights" of play per week, as opposed to five a year ago--a 500% increase.

This has been a repeating pattern throughout the history of the PRJC. Whenever things go down and we've started worrying in the pages of TR about the sad state of affairs (there have been at least three such cycles), things take a turn for the better.

The February issue noted the death of Gordon Gullickson, editor and publisher during the '40s of THE RECORD CHANGER, a publication with a small circulation and immense influence. A finely crafted, loving remembrance of "Gully" was written by one of his oldest friends, Jeff Bates. Jeff later donated his entire collection of Record Changers to the museum to establish a Gordon Gullickson Collection.

Harry Roland's cover art for the May issue depicted a man playing a trumpet. Across the top were the words "Scotty Lawrence: 1908-1976." His death the previous month dealt Washington jazz a severe blow. Scotty had been the club's vice president and music director, and had been a fountain of sage advice on the Board of Directors. He was a superb musicologist, arranger, bandleader, and teacher: Many will remember being helped by Scotty Lawrence in the first couple of years of PRJC jam sessions. As a writer, Scotty was one of the most useful contributors TR ever had. His series of fascinating personal reminiscences from his days as a professional musician in the Thirties and early Forties were tremendously entertaining. His articles on jazz theory

and execution were educational and enlightening for musician and non-musician alike. And he wrote the best concert reviews ever to grace the pages of TR, combining the best of two worlds: technical musicology and fandom. And finally, there was Scotty Lawrence the vocalist. He could render a pretty ballad or blues song in a way that retold everything meaningful from nearly 50 years of playing the horn and wrestling with life's trials. A few months before his death, Scotty seized a crowd of hundreds, folded them up, put them in his pocket, and took them home from the picnic with an unforgettable rendition of "One Hundred Years from Today."

The May 1976 issue also announced that we were out of the Windjammer Room again.

The July issue announced the first of the "Shy Guy" jam sessions.

The August issue was my 30th and last as editor in chief (in 1979-80 Ken Kramer would call me out of retirement as substitute editor for four issues).

The Shannon Clark Interregnum :
September '76 to February '77

Our next editor was Shannon Clark, the club's second president and special events director since the latter part of 1974.

The September issue described the formal dedication of the National Museum of Traditional Jazz on August 6, at the Martin Luther King Library. The museum exhibit had been open for some weeks before that, but the finishing touches were not applied until the night before the dedication. The centerpiece of the museum exhibit was a four-part slide-lecture-music presentation describing the history of traditional jazz from pre-ragtime rhythms. Dozens of interesting pictures, posters, and sheet music copies decorated the exhibit area. Most important, jazz lovers from all over the country had donated collections of rare records, books, sheet music, sets of early jazz publications, and correspondence of musical interest.

October: PRJC returned to the Windjammer Room after an absence of five months.

The November issue bid a sad farewell to yet another jazz star leaving us in 1976. Trombonist Walter "Slide" Harris died in late September. Slide had suffered a stroke on the bandstand in the Windjammer Room in May 1974 and had never completely recovered.

The written tribute to Slide in this issue began with Hal Willard's respectful obituary from the Washington Post, and continued with an article from the Star describing the New Orleans style jazz funeral that Slide had requested: "Trumpeter Kenny Fulcher...had tears streaming down his face as the mass ended at noon and "Abide with Me" tore from his horn in full, clear tones."

Slide Harris was one of the best and most beloved musicians ever to grace our area. Tears streamed down many faces when he left us.

The December issue announced that "The Jazz Band Ball," PRJC's long-awaited radio show, would begin on Sunday the 26th unless technical difficulties should delay the opening of WPFW. This announcement turned out to be somewhat premature, since technical problems did in fact keep the station off the air for several months more.

The feature article in the January 1977 issue was a retrospective on Tex Wyndham's Red Lion Jazz Band, formed in 1963. Red Lion clarinetist Jim Weaver told how the band had played regularly from 1968 until 1976 at the Surrey Restaurant in Wilmington and how they were about to begin a new engagement in the Green Room of the Hotel DuPont, where they're still employed.

The February issue, Shannon Clark's last, was devoted to printing an updated version of the Traditional Jazz Clubs in America list. By now over 70 clubs were identified within our shores, plus another half dozen abroad.

The Ted Chandler Era: March '77 to
November '78

Subtitle: Highly Literate Heresy. Chandler, of the great San Francisco Flap, took over TR with the March 1977 issue. Ted held a variety of grossly heretical opinions, of which he wasn't the least ashamed: He didn't care much for Turk Murphy; he felt that jazz performances should be judged on their own merit (that the adjective "traditional" was not synonymous with "good"); and he admitted to enjoying some more recent forms of jazz than those played at the Bratwursthaus.

In rereading the TRs of that era, I find that Ted's were consistently the most informative, educational--meaty--issues of the newsletter. He ran a fine series of reminiscences by

a touring professional musician, he induced a nationally recognized jazz historian to write informative pieces about the early influences in New Orleans, and his own editorials and essays into history bespoke a knowledge and appreciation of good traditional jazz. Also, he initiated the Record Changer reprints--some of the best jazz writing ever. He was never forgiven for his earlier heresies, however--the dixieland dinosaurs nipped at his heels the whole time.

The April '77 issue reported that an NBC Today Show crew filmed Senator S. I. Hayakawa when he visited the B'haus in March and sat in (on piano) with the Federal Jazz Commission.

It also reported The Jazz Band Ball finally got on the air on March 3, but since we had had only 24 hours' notice that the show could be done, very few people got the word. I gathered up all the Bix Beiderbecke records I could find and did a salute to Bix. The station was still broadcasting only sporadically; The Jazz Band Ball didn't finally go on the air on a regular basis until late May.

The May issue saw the first installment of "A Private in the Great Saxophone War," a series of personal recollections written by New York-based PRJC member Stuart Anderson, who played tenor sax in a number of big bands in the swing era. Anderson's memoirs take him in ten installments plus a coda from the mid-'20s to the end of the '40s, from periods of unemployed scrounging to touring with the likes of Bunny Berigan, Tony Pastor, and Boyd Raeburn. In the summer of 1950 he put his horn away for good and got a job selling calendars. He called it "going straight."

In June Milt Gabler began a two-part series called "The Commodore Years." A PRJC member since early 1976, Gabler had previously contributed brief reminiscences in response to TR articles about people and places with which he was familiar.

The August issue marked the beginning of a regular series of articles reprinted from Gordon Gullickson's old Record Changer magazine. These articles have continued to grace TR's pages ever since, and quite a few TR covers have used Record Changer art.

Also this month, our friends up in State College, PA, the Tarnished Six, announced that they would be celebrating their tenth anniversary as an organized band by inviting all their friends and fans to a party at which the band would

buy all the food and drinks and play the music. It was a nice gesture, and quite a few of us freeloaders drove up there for the party. [This has nothing to do with the history of TR; it is included in hopes of giving local bands an idea.]

August 6 was the first anniversary of the National Museum of Traditional Jazz exhibit at the Martin Luther King Library. The exhibit was originally scheduled to run two months but popular demand kept it in operation until January 1978. [As of this writing, the entire museum collection and exhibit equipment are in storage, waiting for a permanent home, or even another temporary one. Archives in New Orleans and Edwardsville, Illinois, have contacted Rod Clarke about acquiring the museum's materials. But wouldn't it be a shame if our National Museum of Traditional Jazz had to go elsewhere to find a home? Does anyone have any suggestions?]

In October our famous 630-PRJC telephone number had to change when we moved the line from Oxon Hill to Falls Church. Couldn't get our famous "-PRJC" so we changed to 573-TRAD.

The January 1978 issue had a highly entertaining piece by Gary Wilkinson, "Pianos I have Known--and Hated," describing some of the more outrageous boxes he's encountered in his years of piano picking.

In May and June, 1978, Fred Starr, Commissioner for Reeds of the Federal Jazz Commission, wrote "In Praise of the Saxophone," bemoaning the general scorn for that axe among traditionalists and explaining how it came about:

This hostility, or at least uneasiness toward the sax has a curious and revealing geneology. When the classic jazz records of the 1920s were rediscovered a generation ago, the pioneer revivalist bands avoided the saxophone. There were two reasons. First, the sax was, during the '40s and '50s, 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....

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 King 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 Orchestra (1924), the Sam Morgan JB, Tony Parenti's 1922-23 Symphonic Jazz Orchestra, Dejean's Original Moonlight Serenaders (1921), and Manuel Perez's JB....

The July issue printed Fred and Anna Wahler's list of traditional jazz clubs, as supplemented by Harold Gray--it showed one hundred jazz clubs in America!

In August and September, Fred Starr returned with more research and commentary on jazz's formative years. In "The Diversity of Early Jazz," Fred pointed out the great fluidity in instrumentation found in the early years, which saw the use of saxophones, baritone and tenor horns, violins, etc. For example:

A tailgate slide trombone is today considered a sine qua non of any true traditional jazz band. But prior to WWII..., before the manufacture and issuance of large quantities of slide trombones to military bandsmen, the valve trombone was almost as widespread. Among pioneer groups using a valve trombone were Buddy Bolden's band and the bands of Jimmy Paleo and Stalebread Lacoume. Strange as it may seem today, the French horn was not unknown, figuring in the orchestrations of Fate Marable and even the New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

The next month, Starr assessed "Recording's Effect on Early Jazz."

November 1978 was Ted Chandler's last issue of TR. He had retired from his job at HEW that month and wanted to engage in some well-earned loafing without the pressures of a monthly deadline and the harrying nips of the dinosaurs.

The Ken Kramer Years: 1979-80

When Ken Kramer took over as TR editor with the December 1978 issue, he retained the staff that Ted Chandler had been using, and he added two nationally known and widely respected jazz authorities to the masthead as contributing editors. George Kay was once a resident of this area; he has been listening to and writing about jazz since the '30s. He was once the editor of Second Line, the highly regarded publication of the New Orleans Jazz Club. Floyd Levin is a hard-working

jazz organizer and promoter in Southern California. He was the guiding force behind the project to erect a statue of Louis Armstrong in New Orleans in 1976.

The January 1979 issue reported that we were out of the Windjammer Room again.

Beginning in February 1979, Ken began another series of articles describing the local bands, beginning with the Storyville Seven.

The May issue announced that Jack Doyle had taken over for yours truly as the "Voice of the PRJC" on 573-TRAD.

The June issue (which I produced for Kramer, who was at the Sacramento Jazz Festival, the lucky dog) contained a story by Al Brogdon entitled, UP THE RIVER AFTER FATE MARABLE, OR "Say, Cap'n, can we get to the Chesapeake Bay on this river?" Al described Southern Comfort's two-week stint as the house band aboard the steamboat Mississippi Queen in May.

The August 1979 issue brought sad news of the death in July of one of the founding fathers of the PRJC, George Mercer. Mercer was known to everybody within reach of WAMU's transmitter as "the man from Basin Street" on his program, "The Real Jazz." George was the producer and host of the show, which ran from 1963 until 1969 and which was repeated regularly on the station until recently.

January 1980 was the last month for "Is It True What They Say..." Mary Doyle's column devoted to local events and personalities. Mary had been writing this column since November 1977.

In February Harold Gray took over the local interest column, calling his version "Of People, Places and Pleasures." Later, recognizing the salaciousness of this lurid appellation, he changed "Pleasures" to "Performances." Can't be too careful in a family mag.

In March, Ken Kramer left town and gave me the honor of editing the first issue of TR set in neat type with justified margins. It was the work of Pete Petrakis, a PRJC member and professional writer who has a word-processing computer and printer. Pete has done most of the issues since, although travel and professional pressures kept him away from a

few of them. We're hoping he'll be able to give us this touch of class as often as possible.

This issue contained an article by Fred Starr on gospel singing in New Orleans and its similarities to traditional jazz. Fred is now the Vice President for Academic Affairs at Tulane University in New Orleans. Among his responsibilities is overseeing the William Ransom Hogan Jazz Archive at Tulane, undoubtedly the most valuable early jazz archive in the country. He wrote a fine article about that archive for the Smithsonian magazine last November. Also, Fred has founded the Louisiana Jazz Repertory Ensemble, which we hope to bring to Washington as soon as possible.

In May, TR reported the visit to this area the previous month of one of the legends of jazz piano, Burt Bales. After spending most of his life playing in the San Francisco area, Bales jumped on a Greyhound with an open-ended senior citizen's pass and began a leisurely tour of the nonfoggy part of the USA. While he was here we threw a room-rent type party for him to help finance his trip, and he spent an evening playing with the Federal Jazz Commission in Ellicott City.

June: In an article entitled "Notes on a Damp Napkin," editor Kramer related how a bunch of the boys (and girls) were whooping it up down at the Bratwursthau one night, when "some of the jazzola sports present got into a semi-contest of naming tunes with an animal reference in their titles." About 50 modest examples were listed, from the obvious "Muskrat Ramble" and "Tiger Rag," to the less well known "Piggly Wiggly" and "Lion Tamer Rag," right down to "Social Polecat" and "Milk Cow Blues." Kramer foolishly challenged readers to add to the list.

In July, he announced that some ne'er-do-wells had sent lists of all the tunes recorded by Bunny Berigan and Willie "The Lion" Smith, but that these were disqualified. Likewise such tunes as "East St. Louis Poodle-oo," "Coal Carp Blues," "The Pooche," and "Salmon Enchanted Evening."

In August, Ken declared Sam and Sybil Morgan of Baltimore the winners of the Damp Napkin Contest. Among their animalistic titles were "Boogie Woogie Pig" and "Cleopatra's Asp." Among the also-rans was Jack Bradley of the Cape Cod Jazz Society, who came up with "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas." Then there was Tex Wyndham with "Would You Rather Be a

Colonel with an Eagle on Your Arm than a Private with a Chicken on his Knee," "There's a Trick in Pickin' a Chick-Chick Chicken," and more. Ted Chandler, arguing for a special reptilian category, entered "I'm Tired of Fattening Frogs for Snakes."

In August the PRJC's telephone number changed again, to 532-TRAD, as Bill Rowe took over as the new "Voice of the PRJC."

In September and October editor Kramer was away on an extended business trip, so yours truly got the call again. Harold Gray's column in September contained the following item:

Senator S. I. Hayakawa (R.-Calif.), the Hill's staunchest jazz fan and scholar, made another visit to the B'haus while the Bucky Buckingham Quartet was playing and Louise Curran was singing "All of Me." The Senator then sang "Sleepy Time Gal," and asked Louise to join him in a rousing rendition of "Bill Bailey" and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." The caper ended with them dancing together

TR is saddened to report that Louise died of cancer early in March.

The October TR reprinted Sid Levy's beautifully written story, "Remembering Roy Carew," about the last, best friend of Jelly Roll Morton, and a superb pianist in his own right. The story was originally written for the Washington Star in 1965 after Levy had tracked down, met, and played with Carew.

The October TR also announced the formation of the PRJC Marching Band, organized and led by drummer Bill Riddle. The band got its act together for one public performance--marching in the Vienna Halloween Parade--before winter weather curtailed outdoor jazz until spring.

The November issue contained a full-page ad describing the initial five releases of a new record label, Stomp Off. Stomp Off is the labor of love of Bob Erdos of York, PA., a long-time PRJC member who often attends our specials.

The January 1981 issue was Ken Kramer's last one as sole editor of TR, after more than two years on the job. Don Farwell put out the Feb. issue and the two of them have worked on this tenth anniversary issue.

OF PEOPLE, PLACES AND PERFORMANCES

by Harold Gray

MARVELOUS MUSICALS. Jazz lovers were blessed this winter with several big musical shows at downtown theatres featuring songs from the jazz age. Outstanding was the revue "Sophisticated Ladies," which presented over 30 tunes composed by Duke Ellington and a few by his sidekick, Billy Strayhorn. The show called "Eubie!" contained about 20 songs written by the 98-year-old Blake and his early partner, Noble Sissle. "One Mo' Time" was a re-creation of typical black vaudeville entertainment of New Orleans in the 1920s. Each show was loaded with dancing, and had an orchestra in full view of the stage.

JUBILEE JOYS. The 12-hour Dixieland Jubilee on February 7 raised \$3,500 for the Easter Seal Society and gave the overflow crowd a great day of jazz, thanks to eight local bands that donated their services and to Harvey Jacobson, pianist. Included were the joyous new SUNSHINE SKIFFLE BAND and the exciting new BOURBON STREET RAMBLERS of Baltimore. Also the popular RIVERSIDE RAMBLERS and BUCK CREEK JB. This indoor picnic, reminiscent of the Mid-Winter Warm-ups put on in Sacramento, was held in the Old Town Ramada Inn beside the icy-brown Potomac overlooking the beautiful Blue Plains Sewage Treatment Plant across the river. The event attracted several out-of-town PRJcers, including Amber Middleman, late of Florida but now re-ensconced in Baltimore. From the far reaches of Virginia came Renata Monroe Balf, of Virginia Beach, the Walter Rohleders, of Richmond, and the Bill Northerns, of Warsaw. Also Arthur Clark of Wilmington, DE, Helen Quackenbush, of Harrisburg, and the John Lewises and friends, of Reading, PA. The day's attendance topped 500.

JAZZWOMEN OF NOTE. It was good to see three women performers at the Dixieland Jubilee. Chris Henderson Harris sat in with STORYVILLE SEVEN and also handled her usual banjo playing and singing for the BAY CITY SEVEN. Rdee Lazzaro tickled the 88 for SOUTHERN COMFORT. Newly discovered Stevi Banks sang several songs with FEDERAL JAZZ COMMISSION in the style of Bessie Smith. The crowd loved her repertoire of "innuendo songs," such as "You Gotta Give Me Some" and "Empty Bed Blues." Stevi also sings romantic ballads and appears frequently with the SHEIKS OF DIXIE and SULTANS OF SWING.

JAZZMEN OF NOTE. Dave Kassler is taking a sabbatical from his bass playing while he works on a movie sound track with a friend. In recent years he has played with several local bands, has performed at the Manassas Festival, and was a regular in the Club's jam sessions. He will be missed.

Mike Stein, the new hot fiddler with the NEW SUNSHINE JB, adds a welcome new dimension to the local jazz scene. He comes from the folk, country, and western swing styles, but he also plays excellent jazz. His models in jazz violin are Joe Venuti and Stephane Grappelly.

He plays regularly in Country Current, a Navy Band bluegrass unit. Jule Styne, composer of several Broadway musical shows, is a relative.

GOOD GIGS. The RIVERSIDE RAMBLERS JB recently played for a basketball game at George Mason University. There was a near accident when an errant athlete collided with Gil Brown's drums. This band has another gig with the Alexandria Recreation Department.

Banjoist Jerry Addicott doubles as president of the Hawaii State Society. With no help from Daddy, daughter Laura Addicott was elected Cherry Blossom Princess for the Island State. Music for her coronation party on Capitol Hill March 28 was supplied by the BUCK CREEK JB. The Buck Creekers' problem was to slow the tempo long enough to play "Sweet Leilani" and "Song of the Islands."

The BAND FROM TIN PAN ALLEY played again at the annual fund raiser for the Men's Home of Alexandria, an alcoholic rehabilitation center with which the late Scotty Lawrence was associated. The band members, diplomats all, made do with hearty draughts of coffee, coke, and assorted soft libations. They report that their music didn't suffer at all.

The NEW SUNSHINE JB played for the ultimate block party recently. When Fritz and Joan Mondale moved back to Lowell Street in Cleveland Park, the band and hundreds of their neighbors were there to greet them.

The LAZY RIVER JB played for a party at the New Republic with several celebrities in attendance, including Governor Brown of California. Also present were Henry the K, Maxine Cheshire, of The Post, and Andy Warhol, who took a picture of the band. Ralph Burr's band also played a dance at the prestigious Metropolitan Club, which was that club's only event at which women were welcomed.

NEW BAND IN TOWN. George Gales' new band, the DIXIE KNIGHTS, has been playing for private parties lately. George is on bass and trombone. With him are Bob Sanford, trumpet; John Perhanis, sax; Jay Young, clarinet and piano; John Rogerson, guitar; Ray Snider, banjo; and Bill Rowe, drums.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM THE EVENTS EDITOR

ROYAL STOKES will present a survey of jazz from its beginnings to the 1980s on eight successive Monday evenings at Glen Echo Park under the auspices of the National Park Service. The series will start on April 13 at 8 p.m. Royal will use recordings, taped interviews with major jazz personalities, and slides, and there will be optional field trips to live performances. For registration information call 476-4107 or 492-6282.

U. S. Navy's jazz ensemble, THE COMMODORES, continues its early spring Friday noon concert series at Carmichael Auditorium in the Museum of American History, 12th St. at Constitution Ave., N.W. April dates are the 3rd and 10th.

A NEW ORLEANS HADJ

by Ted Chandler

Biblical scholars will recall that Moses, when receiving his marching orders from the Burning Bush, was enjoined, "Put off your shoes; you are standing on holy ground."

It's hard to be a jazz buff visiting New Orleans and still keep your shoes on your feet. Wherever one turns in that remarkable city there is holy ground. The Federal Jazz Commission spent a February weekend in the Crescent City--a weekend full of jamming, sightseeing, and Creole cookery. In town to play for the annual convention of the Wood Heat Alliance, the Feds were entertained royally by ex-Clarinet Commissioner Fred Starr, now Dean of Academic Affairs at Tulane. Fred, himself hip-deep in the N.O. music scene, arranged for an evening of jamming at Bonaparte's Retreat, a cafe on Rue Decatur in the French Market district. Sitting in with the Commission were veteran jazz guitarist Danny Barker; pianists Bob Greene, Steve Pastorius, and John Royen; clarinetists Starr and Mike White; and drummer John Joyce. In the audience was Barker's wife, Blue Lu, a great blues singer in her own right. The music, audible for blocks up and down the street, attracted a large crowd and the jamming continued far into the night.

When not playing or jamming, the Commissioners toured the city on their own or in the custody of Fred Starr or John Royen. Fred's guided tour covered Jelly Roll Merton's birthplace; Buddy Bolden's white frame shotgun house on Third St.; King Oliver's old neighborhood; the Irish Channel; and the only two structures left over from Storyville. (Lulu White's bar is now Speedy's Superette--an anticlimactic comedown for an illustrious honky tonk!)

With no reference to the abysmal noise that passes for jazz in French Quarter tourist traps, there is lots of jazz in N.O., and much of it is high caliber. Cornetists Wes Mix, Greg Stafford, and Clive Wilson, to name three familiar to at least some PRJCers, are blowing regularly, as are clarinetists Starr and White. As noted, Bob Greene is living and working in town; Steve Pastorius, a fine player, is a regular in the jazz revue "One Mo' Time," which is running nightly in the Quarter. John Royen plays regularly, as does Mix, with the Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble, Fred Starr's group, with a weekly gig at a marvelously decrepit old bar, The Maple Leaf, far out Oak St.

Royen also plays solo piano ranging from stride to Monk. A Bethesdan by birth, Royen seems now totally immersed in New Orleans living, maintaining an apartment in a picturesque old slave quarters building deep in the Vieux Carre. On a lovely warm February afternoon, Royen had a gig at the Gazebo, a sidewalk cafe sandwiched between the Mississippi River levee and Rue Decatur. As a small group of people sipped coffee in the early afternoon sun, Royen rippled through "Jitterbug Waltz" and was working on a Willie the Lion Smith tune when Fred Starr drove by. Shortly, Fred showed up with his soprano sax and a duet got under way. People started gathering in earnest.

Soon, a guy carrying a snare drum plopped down beside the piano. Now a front line materialized

--the trumpeter, we later heard, had studied under Louis. Within minutes, an elderly black man lugging a bass drum with cymbal attached showed up. Then another cat carrying a string bass ambled down the sidewalk.

"Is there room for me?" he asked me.

"I should think so," I answered. "They don't have a bass."

From a quiet piano in the sun, in less than a half hour, a roaring jam session had developed.

Later in the afternoon, some members of the Commission taxied out to the Maple Leaf to catch the rehearsal of the Reliance Brass Band. We got there just in time to hear them close with a rousing concert version of "Bugle Call" and then adjourned to Wes Mix's nearby apartment to talk music and listen to tapes of the Jazz Ensemble, before heading back downtown on the St. Charles St. trolley, certainly one of the slowest public conveyances yet devised by man.

That evening we played the convention gig, and a late Monday flight home allowed us one more day in Mecca. We made good use of it.

Al Webber took off in one direction, looking for his old friend Joe Mares; others went shopping and sightseeing in the Vieux Carre; and Bill Riddle and I took advantage of an earlier invitation and traveled out to meet Curtis Jerde, director of the William Ransom Hogan Jazz Archives at Tulane. The Archives are rapidly becoming a national treasure trove of jazz scholarship, and are open for scholarly research. Repository for a rich lode of unpublished manuscripts, photographs, and sheet music, the Archives include a record collection which comprises a collector's dream of jazz performances. Reissues are planned, Jerde told us.

Later in the afternoon, as weary Commissioners, stuffed with red beans and rice, fried oyster poor boys, gumbo, and other Creole goodies, assembled at the airport, there was broad agreement that New Orleans has not stopped swinging--and when it was announced that our Eastern flight was overbooked and they needed seven volunteers to stay in New Orleans, the temptation was almost too much.

Sadly, however, we took our leave of the Crescent City and flew off into the chilly drizzle at Baltimore-Washington International Airport.

CLASSIFIED ADS

A TEENAGE TRADITIONAL JB is looking for a trombone player (under 20) and a bass sax or string bass player of the same age. We will play Chicago/New York styles and some New Orleans jazz. We have a job in April and hope to find a gig somewhere. Please contact David Jellema at 229-7612 after 6 p.m.

CORNETS FOR SALE--Old style classic short models: F. Besson, Getzen Eterna LB, Benge, and Yamaha plus King Master Model. Also many collectors item mouthpieces. Bill Barnes, Box 927, Windermere, FL 32786; tel. 305-876-2628.

WANTED--Is there a member who will allow me access to his old-style open-reel tape deck with pressure pads? I need to dub some rare old tapes that have gone all curly on me. Dick Baker, 698-8017.

SPECIAL EVENTS

TENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION: BAY CITY 7 and SOUTHERN COMFORT. April 11, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Potomac Room, Marriott Twin Bridges, Arlington. (See story elsewhere in this issue.)

DUKE ELLINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. Records and films featuring the Duke. April 29, from 11:30 a.m. Martin Luther King/D.C. Public Library, G St., N.W., between 9th and 10th Sts.

WEEKLY GIGS

Sunday through Wednesday: RAY & BRUCE (banjo and trombone). Fish Market (Upstairs), 105 King St., Alexandria.

Wednesday: PICAYUNE CABARET JB. Johnny Lange's, 5141 Lee Highway, Arlington.

Thursday: SHEIKS OF DIXIE & STEVI BANKS. Johnny Lange's, 5141 Lee Highway, Arlington.

Thursday: FALSTAFF FIVE PLUS TWO JB. Cross Keys Inn, 5100 Falls Road, Baltimore.

Friday: NEW SUNSHINE JB. Johnny Lange's, 5141 Lee Highway, Arlington.

Friday: SOUTHERN COMFORT. Shakey's Pizza Parlor, 1471 Rockville Pike, Rockville.

Friday: JAZZ LTD. Puff's Restaurant, 2916 Chain Bridge Road, Oakton.

Saturday: THE NOTEABLES. Puff's Restaurant, 2916 Chain Bridge Road, Oakton.

Sunday: FEDERAL JAZZ COMMISSION. 3-6 p.m. Johnny Lange's, 5141 Lee Highway, Arlington.

TWICE A MONTH

Sunday, April 12 & 26: BUCK CREEK JB. Springfield Hilton, Loisdale Road, Springfield. 8 p.m.

MAN HERE PLAYS FINE PIANO

Il Porto Ristorante, 121 King St., Alexandria. Monday through Saturday, JOHNNY MADDOX. Sunday, TERRY HARTZELL.

Fish Market, 105 King St., Alexandria. Backroom, Monday through Saturday, DARYL OTT. Upstairs, Thursday through Saturday, Robby Bowman.

Northern Virginia Ragtime Society, Jordan Kitt's Studio, 2748 Gallows Road, Vienna. Sunday, April 26, 2-5 p.m., ROBBY BOWMAN. Sunday, May 10, 2-5 p.m., RICHARD ZIMMERMAN.

DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE

Friday & Saturday, April 17 & 18: BRANDYWINE REVIVAL JB, Ground Round, 1101 Philly Pike, Wilmington, DE.

Friday, April 17: TARNISHED SIX JB, Hiway Pub, State College, PA.

JAM SESSIONS

SHY: Webb Ivy (390-8944); George Gales (345-3133).

OPEN: Wednesday, 8 p.m., Peabody Book and Beer Stube, 913 North Charles St., Baltimore; Sunday, April 26, 7 p.m., Puff's Restaurant, 2916 Chain Bridge Road, Oakton (call Ben Whaley, 265-2102).

NOTE: For information about (1) the Duke Ellington birthday celebration April 29, (2) the Coon-Sanders Nighthawks Reunion in Huntington, WVa, mid-May, or (3) program dates, spring quarter, for the NPR Jazz Alive show (the Manassas '81 Festival program will be aired June 7), send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to: Joe Godfrey, Events Editor, P.O. Box 11417, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20044.

Don Farwell, Editor
Tailgate Ramblings
3220 Connecticut Ave., NW #511
Washington, DC 20008



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PRJC MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION (please print)

NAME _____ SPOUSE'S NAME _____

STREET _____ CITY _____

STATE & ZIP _____ TELEPHONE (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 are \$10 per year, prorated as follows:

Those joining	Jan-Mar	pay	\$10.00	through	end	of	year
"	"	Apr-Jun	7.50	"	"	"	"
"	"	Jul-Sep	5.00	"	"	"	"
"	"	Oct-Dec	10.00	"	"	"	following year

Send application and check payable to PRJC to:

Doris Baker, Membership Secretary
7004 Westmoreland Road
Falls Church, VA 22042