

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS



SEPTEMBER '75

VOLVERINE BLUES • MILENBERG JOYS • JELLY ROLL BLUES • SWEET SUBSTITUTE • THE PEARLS

5th Annual PRJC Jazz Picnic - Saturday, September 20 - Blob's Park - See p. 3

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION, POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

(Please print or type)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE & ZIP _____

PHONE NO. _____

OCCUPATION _____

RECORD COLLECTOR?

YES ()

NO ()

MUSICIAN? (What Instruments?) _____

MEMBER OF ORGANIZED BAND? _____

INTERESTED IN ORGANIZING OR JOINING ONE? _____

INTERESTED IN JAMMING OCCASIONALLY? _____

READ MUSIC?

YES ()

NO ()

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

ANY OTHER COMMENTS, REMARKS OR SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO FUTURE P.R.J.C. ACTIVITIES?

WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN CONTRIBUTING SHORT ESSAYS OR ARTICLES TO THE P.R.J.C. QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER? YES ()
PLEASE DESCRIBE _____

I enclose check for \$7.00 initiation fee and first year membership dues:

Signature _____

Mail to: Esther West, Secretary-Treasurer
4040 Uline Avenue
Alexandria, VA 22304

5TH ANNUAL PRJC JAZZ PICNIC--SEPT. 20

This year's picnic, to be held on Saturday, September 20, promises to be the biggest and best one yet. As before, it will be held at Blob's Park, Jessup, Maryland. The music will start at noon and go until dark, with all the PRJC bands participating. There will also be an opportunity for visiting musicians to join in a jam session in mid-afternoon and again at the end of the day. The band line-up is:

12 noon	<i>Dixieland Jazz Bows</i>
12:30	<i>Dixie Five-0</i>
1:00	<i>Anacostia River Ramblers</i>
1:30	<i>Band from Tin Pan Alley</i>
2:00	<i>Good Time Six</i>
2:30	<i>Orig. Washington Monumental JB</i>
3:00	<i>Bay City Seven</i>
3:30	<i>Southern Comfort</i>
4:00	<i>New Sunshine Jazz Band</i>
4:30	<i>Out-of-town musicians jam</i>
5:00	<i>Manassas Festival Jazzers</i>
5:30	<i>Free State Jazz Band</i>
6:00	<i>Basin Street Jazz Band</i>
6:30	<i>Fallstaff Five Plus 2</i>
7:00	<i>Sit-in Jamboree</i>

The above schedule is provisional and may --probably will--have to be altered as the day wears on. At this writing, for example, the PRJC-sponsored teenage jazz band (now one year closer to becoming ex-teenagers) is struggling to get together and appear a second time.

This year's picnic is dedicated to the memory of Jelly Roll Morton--September 20 will be the 90th anniversary of his birth. Because of the occasion most of our bands will be playing a little more Jelly Roll music than usual, with the Band from Tin Pan Alley, Good Time Six and New Sunshine JB promising special attention to Morton's music.

Admission to the picnic is \$5 for PRJC members, \$6 for non-members; children under 16 accompanied by their parents get in free. *Musicians scheduled to play* and their families get in free. The admission includes all the beer and/or soda pop you can drink. Blob's Restaurant will have a variety of wursts and other German-style food on sale, or you can bring your own. There are picnic tables and benches there, but you are urged to bring portable lawn furniture if you have it.

DIRECTIONS: Baltimore-Washington Parkway to Md 175; east on Md 175 and almost immediately on your right you enter the road to Blob's Park (which winds for about half a mile). Look for the PRJC signs.

BIG P.S.: If it rains, we can move into Blob's Restaurant, a huge German-style beer-hall large enough to hold us all.

Picnic committee chairman Fred Wahler is looking for volunteers to man sales and reception tables, set up and decorate the picnic area, and other chores. Those willing to work should call him at 894-6370.

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BASIN STREET JAZZ BAND TO BUZZY'S

Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse in Annapolis, for many years a flourishing weekend jazz spot, but recently quiet, will resume presenting live jazz every Friday and Saturday, 9-midnight, probably beginning Sept. 19 (check 630-PRJC for exact date). Lou Weinberg's Basin Street Jazz Band, which polished its skills in a recent stint at the Corsican, in D.C., will be the featured band at Buzzy's.

Another PRJC'er has made the cover of the *Mississippi Rag*. Ben Conroy, a terrific boogie-woogie picker from Austin, Texas (PRJC #526), was shown on the August cover playing at the St. Louis Ragtime Festival.

You'll see an ad later in this issue for the newest record by the Cakewalkin' Jazz Band of Toledo. The CJB was one of those invited to participate in the World Championship of Jazz, and they attracted a considerable following. Also, bandleader Ray Heitger is a PRJC member and English trumpet-player (Gawd, they're everywhere!) Frank Ward is a hell of a nice chap. The record may not be a bad investment.

Dave Walker, president of the New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California, tells us they have a "Traditional Jazz Jamboree" out there every year, featuring, as does our picnic, all the local bands. The 3rd annual jamboree was held last February, and out of it came a record featuring ten different area bands. I've heard the record--it's damn good. Anyone wishing to find out what the bands out that way sound like can order the LP from the NOJCNC, Box 1004, Tiburon, CA 94920. Total cost is \$6.50.

MAX COLLIE WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

Salty Dogs 2nd, Black Eagles 3rd

PRJC to Take \$3000 Prize Money

The Max Collie Rhythm Aces, an English trad band sponsored by the Potomac River Jazz Club, won the First Annual World Championship of Jazz, held August 1-3 in Indianapolis. Under the provisions of the Championship, the sponsoring jazz club takes the first prize of \$3000.

The WCoJ was an absolute gas, easily the most ambitious traditional jazz festival ever attempted. It was a tremendous musical success, although not a financial one for the organizers, Sam Johnson and Max Collie.

Fourteen superb jazz bands from all over the U.S., Toronto and London participated, plus several individual stars, such as Marian McPartland and Joe Venuti.

Participating bands were: the New Black Eagle Jazz Band, from Boston; the Original Salty Dogs, with Lew Green back from New York for the occasion; the New Orleans Joymakers, with Ernie Cagniolotti on trumpet; Jerry Fuller's Indy All-Stars, with Jimmy McPartland and Dick Wellstood; the Climax Jazz Band, from Toronto; Billy Allred's "Rosie O'Grady's Goodtime Jazz Band," the group he's now leading six nights a week in Orlando; the Bob Hirsch-Smokey Stover All-Stars; the Speakeasy Jazz Babies, a group out of New York featuring members of the Red Onions and Woodie Allen's Michael's Pub band; the Cakewalkin' Jazz Band from Toledo, led by PRJC member, clarinetist Ray Heitger; Gene Mayl's Dixieland Rhythm Kings, with Ernie Carson and Danny Williams; the Wild Bill Davison All-Stars, with Abe Lincoln on trombone; the Max Collie Rhythm Aces; the Queen City Jazz Band, from Denver; and the Hall Brothers Jazz Band, from Minnesota.

There have been fests before with two, three, even four top groups plus several second-stringers, but the line-up above far surpasses anything I've ever attended or read about.

The WCoJ was structured as follows: there were three five-hour sessions Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening. During each of these sessions four (and at some times) five different rooms were operating simultaneously. Every band played each room at least once in the three sessions. Each attendee got a reserved seat in one of the rooms, where he could plant himself and wait for all the bands to pass through, or he could enter any of the other rooms at any time and sit in a non-reserved seat (there were always plenty to go around). After the last session Saturday the audience's and judges' ballots were counted and the top six bands were brought back Sunday afternoon for a final concert and judging. All these sessions, plus the meals (which were delicious) took place in the Murat Shrine Temple.

In addition, there were other sessions back at the hotel Friday afternoon, late Friday night, late Saturday afternoon and late Saturday night.

A proper reporter would have stayed in one spot and made careful assessments of each and every band, but, like all of us, I had my favorites and tended to wander around. Following are some of my admittedly highly personal impressions.

Just walking through the hotel lobby upon arrival Friday afternoon set the tone for the rest of the weekend. Everywhere you looked you saw famous faces--this is the "Who's Who" of traditional jazz, they're ALL here!

Scarcely time to unpack before Max Collie's band lit it all off at the hotel at 3 pm, followed by the Cakewalkin' JB, Joe Venuti & Marian McPartland, and Billy Allred's band.

Then off to the Murat, where the music began at 7:00 pm. The PRJC delegation was front table center in the Egyptian Room, where the New Black Eagles led things off, followed by the Original Salty Dogs. Not much more needs to be said about these groups--they're magnificent. In fact, anyone who says the Black Eagles are the best jazz band in the world will get no quarrel from me. Then came the New Orleans Joymakers, mostly the older Preservation Hall-type crowd, with the young Swedes Lars Edegran (po) and Orange Kellin (cl). Frankly, they suffered in comparison to the other bands in the competition. Don't know if or how much they play together back home; I fear not too much. Then came Jerry Fuller's Indy All-Stars. Like the other all-star (read pick-up if you want) bands at Indy, they lacked the cohesiveness and stage presence of many of the organized bands, but individually they were superb: Dick Wellstood on piano, Jimmy McPartland on trumpet, Bob Havens on trombone--truly an "all-star" group. Last on Friday night came the Climax JB from Toronto. This group must be compared to Max Collie (six pieces, no piano, British Empire, etc.), and it takes a champion band like Collie's to eclipse a group as fine as the Climax Band. Found out later they're going into a six-night-a-week gig this month in a new club opening up there. They're a fine band and Toronto's a great town for jazz, so they'll probably be very successful at it.

The Saturday session started promptly at noon, when most jazz fans are just getting up, with Billy Allred's band. A lot of traditionally-oriented eyebrows went up when they saw all the electronics--the clarinet, banjo and tuba were wired--and shot right out of sight when the clarinet player switched in a half-second echo for special effect. I, too, was at first put out by all the speakers on stage, but acceptance was facilitated by the fact that Allred's band is outstanding--very tight, very professional. All the instruments needed amplification anyway, in a room that large, and using pick-ups gives the players freedom to move around the stage instead of staying rooted before or under a microphone.

The Speakeasy Jazz Babies came on next, but didn't hold my attention, so I snuck off to hear the Queen City JB, about which I had heard so much. Wow! What a treat! This group had to be

the sleeper of the weekend. To be sure, a band of that name cut three superb records for Audio-ophile in the mid-sixties, but only leader Alan Frederickson and clarinetist Lee Peters remain from that group; it is essentially a new band. And what a band! Not quite as tight as the very best bands there, but very, very good (they in fact took 4th place in the final voting). And my vote for the single most entertaining musician of the whole festival goes to QCJB leader, trombonist Alan Frederickson. His playing is a delight to listen to and watch, and his droll, understated between-tunes commentary is hilarious.

At 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon I found Max Collie in the Arabian Room for one of the wildest sets of the festival. Standing ovations after every tune, and when Jack Gilbert did a clarinet-with-rhythm solo on *'S Wonderful*, I thought the crowd would go wild. And this at three in the afternoon with the band playing only one 45-minute set.

Saturday night the Wild Bill Davison All-Stars kicked off activities in the Egyptian Room. Half-way through the set a high official of the King musical instrument company was introduced; he presented Bill with a custom-made, gold-plated, hand-engraved horn in honor of the Wild One's contribution to jazz. Bill was genuinely moved and so was most of the audience.

When we got up Sunday morning, the results of the preliminary competition had been posted in the hotel lobby (for a detailed account of the judging, see Hal Willard's article following this one). The six finalists were the Queen City JB, Davison All-Stars, Stover-Hirsch All-Stars, Salty Dogs, Black Eagles and Max Collie.

The final play-off Sunday afternoon was held in a large theater in the Murat Shrine Temple. In some ways the play-off was a disappointing anti-climax to a wonderful weekend. One disappointing aspect was the realization that eight superb jazz bands were out of the competition--dubbed "losers," as it were. This aspect of the festival troubled quite a few fans and musicians alike, but many others found it added an extra facet of excitement to the proceedings. I myself find I must come down on the latter side of the fence. Properly presented, competition adds a point of interest for the media, excitement for the fans, and added incentive for the musicians to pay attention to their playing. And there's no reason it can't all be done with the same good-natured sense of rivalry as a sack race at the company picnic.

When all the playing was done, about 4:30 pm, the judges retired to make their choices and count the popular votes. At this point the festival degenerated into general confusion; after the obligatory session of blabber, thank-you's, plaque-giving, etc., Sam Johnson tried to get a band on stage to play while we waited for the votes to be counted. Just as the fill-in band was forming up, John Miller, president of the Massachusetts Traditional Jazz Society and chairman of the counting committee, rushed to the mic to announce that Max Collie had won,

with the Salty Dogs second and Black Eagles third. The logical thing to happen at this point was for the Rhythm Aces to play a last set, but they couldn't all be found, since they hadn't been alerted, and half a pick-up band was already in position to fill in. Sam Johnson never did get back to the stage for a final word. None of this, though, can dim the glow of what did take place: the richest, most exciting jazz festival ever. Absolutely everybody I talked to was thrilled about it; we all agreed we got our \$115 worth and then some.

Now for some postscripts. The festival lost a pile of money. Reliable sources tell me that all jazz festivals lose money their first few years, and this one was no exception. The organizers will try to amortize these losses with sales of records from the festival and with the sale or leasing of a movie story of the championship. And they're going to try again next year.

Some of the musicians haven't been paid yet. Their money was all in the bank in advance, but before it could be paid out a dispute with one of the local unions led to the funds being frozen until the dispute is settled. The organizers expect to take care of that very soon.

The winning jazz clubs haven't been paid yet. The PRJC is to win \$3000 for sponsoring first-place winner Max Collie, the Illiana Club of Traditional Jazz will get \$2000 for the Salty Dogs and the Massachusetts Traditional Jazz Society \$1000 for the Black Eagles. Sam Johnson says he hopes to have this money soon; he will then travel to the clubs involved to present the checks at some local jazz function.

In spite of the scrupulous care taken to keep the judging independent and honest, there will always be those post-Watergate naysayers who will insist that because the leader of the winning band was one of the organizers and financial backers of the festival, it must have been "rigged" somehow. This in spite of the fact that the winning *band* doesn't get a dime extra for winning, just the club which sponsored it. I myself believe everything was on the up and up, and when I mentioned these dark rumors to Washington Post columnist Hal Willard, who was one of the five judges, he was shocked and to a degree personally insulted. He readily agreed to drop some very important newspaper work to describe the judging and vote-counting at Indianapolis. His article follows. In any case, at next year's Championship Max Collie will appear as a special attraction rather than as a competitor.

- Dick Baker

THE JUDGING AT INDIANAPOLIS

One of the many things being discussed in the wake of the World Championship of Jazz is the system under which winners were selected.

I've heard that some people at Indianapolis--musicians and audience, and including some PRJC members--suspect the judging was somehow rigged. That suspicion apparently is caused by the fact that the president of the Indianapolis Jazz Club announced after the winners were picked that Max

Indianapolis Judging (cont. from p. 5)

Collie was behind the championship, and the Max Collie Rhythm Aces, of course, won first place.

The judging was not rigged. Max Collie's group won on a fair vote. This is how it happened.

There were five judges, who had 50 percent of the vote. The audience had the other 50 percent. I was one of the judges. The others were: Ray Coleman, editor of Melody Maker, an English tabloid newspaper devoted to music--primarily rock, but including traditional jazz; Terry Waldo, ragtime pianist, bandleader and composer; Graeme Bell, Australian ragtime pianist and jazz impresario; and Milt Gabler, of the Commodore Record Company.

I was asked to be a judge by Sam Johnson, director of the event and U.S. manager of the Rhythm Aces. Sam told me Max himself asked Coleman to be a judge, and that Max himself also asked Bell when the originally scheduled judge, Dan Morgenstern, got sick. Dan Simms, co-director of the WCoJ, asked Gabler; and Mississippi Rag magazine, asked by Sam to pick a judge, named Waldo.

There was no discussion or comparing of notes before the judges cast their ballots, so far as I know. At the end of the first two days, we each listed the six bands we thought should play in the finals, in no special order.

Later, I learned that Coleman and I agreed on four bands: Max Collie, Davison All-Stars, Salty Dogs and the Black Eagles. Bell agreed on 3 of the 4. I didn't ask how Waldo and Gabler voted, but Coleman and I helped count audience votes Saturday night and I recall that the Black Eagles were mentioned on all five judges' ballots and Max Collie was mentioned on four, as were the Salty Dogs, I believe.

So the six finalists included the four that Coleman and I agreed on plus the Hirsch-Stover All-Stars and the Queen City JB.

The vote-counting was done in pairs: Coleman with Sam Johnson, I with Debbie Enot of Sam's staff, and John Miller with his wife. The audience count picked the same six bands the judges did. Collie's vote was significantly larger than that of any other band.

At the finals, each judge and each member of the audience was asked to name one band

as winner. Again, the judges' votes counted half and the audience votes half. Max Collie received by far the largest total of audience votes--more than 200 compared to about 120 or so for the Salty Dogs and, I believe, 91 each for the Black Eagles and Queen City.

If the judges had disagreed with the audience, the awarding of places could have become complicated, but the judges' ballots (counted first) were as follows: two for Collie, two for the Salty Dogs and one for the Black Eagles. Obviously, those bands placed one, two, three.

John Miller and his wife again counted audience ballots, this time with Dan Simms. Coleman, Waldo and I watched. Simms, it was suggested, was the one person who could have stuffed the ballot box, since he collected audience ballots. Apart from anything that could be said about Dan's integrity and honesty, it is well known that after Anne Davison no one in the world stands closer to Wild Bill than Dan Simms. Dan Simms stuff a ballot box against Wild Bill? Not possible.

And if John Miller of the Massachusetts society were to stuff a ballot box, surely he would have brought the Black Eagles in better than third.

Now the judges. I voted for Max Collie, not because Sam asked me to judge, but because I thought the band played better than the others.

Terry Waldo voted for the Salty Dogs. I almost did. I don't know how Bell and Gabler voted, but if you want to believe that Ray Coleman was influenced in his vote by the fact that Max asked him to be a judge and that he's an Englishman...well, Ray Coleman voted for the Black Eagles.

- Hal Willard

From a Charles Hansen advertisement:

- "The Golden Encyclopedia of Ragtime
- 100 Greatest Ragtime Hits of Past & Present
- All the Original Piano Solo Arrangements

With such greats as...

The Entertainer from THE STING...Maple Leaf Rag...Sweet Gypsy Rose...Who's In The Strawberry Patch With Sally...Music!Music!Music!...King Porter Stomp...Muskrat Ramble...Tie A Yellow Ribbon Round The Ole Oak Tree...The Ragtime Dance...and many, many more!"

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PRJC ELECTION TIME APPROACHES

by Ed Fishel

In just three months my term as a PRJC director will expire, along with the terms of Ken Underwood, Doris Stone, Anna Wahler and Rod Clarke.

I view the forthcoming election of directors as an opportunity to infuse new blood into the direction and operation of the club.

New blood is needed as a matter of principle. Some organizations even go the length of prohibiting the re-election of directors (though ours does not). The theory is that if you leave an organization in the hands of the same people year after year, it tends to stagnate. An inner circle of activists runs things and the rest of the people pay their dues and hope that things are run right.

I have not had enough experience in organizational affairs to know how much validity that theory has. Even if I possessed such experience, I might not be sure that the PRJC was far enough along in its development for the theory to apply. After all, we started off as a self-elected Board and we're still not sure we're out of our swaddling clothes.

But I do know one thing--the PRJC needs more workers. And its experience up to now indicates that there is almost no way to get useful work out of somebody without making him or her a member of the Board of Directors.

The number of people who have approached me in the last four years wanting to "do something for the club" numbers in the dozens. Invariably it has turned out that the duties offered to the volunteer are not what he or she had in mind; or, if the proposed duties are acceptable to the volunteer, supervising the volunteer exacts such a high price in time and psychic energy that one would have been better off to have done the work himself.

What this means, in concrete terms, is that nearly all the work of the PRJC has been done by members of the Board of Directors. The exceptions are mainly the duties performed by various secretaries and treasurers--but they have been intimately involved with the Board, and in fact have served as non-voting members of it.

What I am saying is that the direction of the PRJC and the operation of the PRJC are one and the same thing. One could wish that it were otherwise, but it isn't.

So, I have come around to the belief that the only way to get the new workers--the new activists--that we need is to get new Directors.

But doesn't the election of a new Director (or activist) merely cost us the services of a more experienced activist, who retires from the Board to make room for "new blood"?

No, I say, it doesn't. I eagerly aspire to the position of ex-director, at the same time promising--and hoping--to perform as much service for the club as I ever did. I know other members of the Board who share this feeling.

In other words, I believe that once a person has served on the Board, he or she will continue to assume responsibility--but that the only way to get new people to assume more than incidental responsibility is to get them on the Board.

I acknowledge that this belief is not supported by any history (we're still too young to have a "history"), and so I do not wish it to apply to the other directors whose terms are expiring and who may want to continue on the Board. All of them are able people and deeply devoted to the PRJC--but that is why I believe they would remain as activists regardless of their "legal" position.

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When I sermonized on this subject last month, my main point was that there is a lot of talent out there in the general membership that we're not using.

We need that talent. If you think you possess some of it, you probably do--so come forward.

If you're interested in running for the PRJC Board that will be elected at the annual meeting in November, call or write one of the following, who constitute the nominating committee:

Ray West, 4040 Uline Ave, Alexandria 22304; tel. 370-5605 or 325-0931 (off.).

Johnson McRee, Box 458, Manassas 22110; tel. 703/368-2137 (off.).

Dick Baker, 2300 S. 25th St, Apt. 101, Arlington 22206; tel. 521-4597 or 755-4644 (off.).

Jazz at the Maryland Inn, Annapolis

The King of France Tavern, in the Maryland Inn on Church Circle in Annapolis, is rapidly becoming known as a club to rival Blues Alley in bringing many styles of good jazz to this area. It hasn't come over-night; owner Paul Pearson has labored long and hard and invested a good deal of precious gold to build the room up.

In the past month two PRJC'ers have been moved to write reviews of shows they saw in the King of France Tavern. PRJC'ers should also note that the Downtown Jass Factory played there the last week of August.

HACKETT IN ANNAPOLIS

by Scotty Lawrence

During the last week of July, the Maryland Inn presented Bobby Hackett in the King of France Tavern and the occasion was a pure delight for those addicted to quiet, intimate jazz in congenial surroundings.

The room is small and acoustically satisfactory, with listeners able to hear clearly every note from anywhere in the room. Additionally, the crowd on July 31 had obviously come to enjoy Hackett's delicate horn and there was a minimum of distracting extraneous noise.

Bobby was accompanied by the Tee Carsons Trio (piano, drums, bass--the house group), an admirably professional, competent group of polished musicians. The trio began each set with a couple of numbers before Hackett appeared and played excellent jazz in a somewhat modern vein with commendable verve and dynamics. The only incongruous note was a tendency on the part of Carson at the piano to interpolate quotes from other tunes a bit too often. This device can be humorous or interesting if used sparingly, but can quickly develop into a bore when overdone.

When Hackett mounted the stand, the trio immediately subordinated its taste in style to support Bobby in his characteristic fabrications of filigrees of sinuous, almost gentle jazz. Some of the tunes were off-beat in the sense of lying outside the traditional jazz repertoire, but this was due to the limitations imposed by the single horn and the fact that the trio was apparently not familiar with many of the numbers

preferred by traditionalists. However, Hackett's playing has never lent itself to strict categorizing, and his version of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* was a joy to hear. His treatment of *I Can't Get Started* was happily a far cry from the more usual pin-your-ears-back, listen-to-me-trill-on-high-D approach favored by many trumpet players.

If there was a valid complaint, it would concern the fact that the sets seemed woefully short and intermissions interminable. But, on balance, it was a delightful evening that left the listener with a warm, satisfied feeling that jazz can be great without pyrotechnics or grandstanding. This man's playing just gets better as the years go by.

"FATHA" HINES IN ANNAPOLIS

by Lou Byers

The Maryland Inn, an historic establishment, recently presented an historic figure in the intimate King of France Tavern: Earl "Fatha" Hines, one of the most important and influential figures in jazz history. Hines offered one of the most polished, professional, showmanlike jazz performances I have ever heard.

The ageless veteran, whose "trumpet-style" piano innovations profoundly affected three generations of jazzmen, is working with a trio composed of bassist Haley White, whose instrument is happily *not* electrically amplified, drummer Ed Graham, deftly employing an unusually large battery, reed virtuoso Rudy Rutherford, as well as songstress Marva Josie, whose voice displays an uncanny instrumental projection.

The depth and variety of this ensemble, as well as its unusual method of presentation, served, conversely, to illustrate some of the bad habits almost universally practiced by other jazz groups. One routine-become-cliche is the nearly invariable practice of playing one half hour on and one half hour off. Earl Hines and his group performed continuously for ninety minutes, took a thirty-minute break, and returned to the stand for another ninety minutes. For those who might protest that such a schedule is too strenuous and tiring, keep in mind that Earl Hines is over seventy years old! He looked and sounded just as fresh and energetic at 1 am as he had four hours earlier.

Editor:

Why do the bands usually play in the dark while the bright lights (if any) are on the audience at many traditional jazz events in Washington? Except at the Bratwursthaus, we jazz fans can seldom see the musicians clearly unless we sit up front at the band's tables.

What's the matter, guys? Are you musicians afraid that you might build up a following of admirers if we can see you performing? The reason for poor stage lighting can hardly be that spotlights make it hard for you to read music, except perhaps for the New Sunshine Band. Is it that PRJC needs an electrician or a committee in charge of good staging PR? Whatever the hangup, please know that your listeners and dancers would enjoy it more and get to know you better if we could watch you sing and play. After all, we all have good jazz recordings at home. Seeing a good jazz band in action is what brings us out at night.

Hal Gray
Washington, D.C.

A good point, Hal, but in my own opinion the blame lies with the club owner or manager most of the time. They're accustomed to music being used as a background for romance, and whether this romancing takes the form of nibble-nuzzle-kneesy-nosey at a secluded table or of God-knows-what sort of lurid activity on a dance floor, the participants prefer to carry on in near-darkness --which is what the owner thoughtfully provides. He is puzzled by the average PRJC'er, who comes to hear the music and eyeball the musicians, and who feels most intersexual sporting should be done at home under a heavy souvenir Navajo blanket. On a recent Sunday at the Windjammer Room I watched Tin Pan Alley bandleader Ed Fishel go through at least four cycles of requesting the lights be raised (his is a reading band), only to have the room manager lower them again. So what we all must do when they turn out the lights on our beloved musicians is BITCH ABOUT IT!

CORNETS FOR SALE: Beuscher, silver, \$50; Holton, silver, \$50; Olds Ambassador, brass lacquer, \$50; Selmer, gold lacquer, \$100. All in good condition with case. Frank Wiedefeld, 301/426-2754 (Baltimore).

Hines in Annapolis (cont. from p. 8)

Another unfortunate practice eschewed by Earl Hines is that of each player soloing on every number, usually in turn, a habit all too many groups have fallen into. The standardized solo sequence may be the easy, or lazy, way to organize a pick-up unit, but is absolutely inexcusable when adopted by a full-time, organized, working band. The jazz solo is a vitally important element in this musical language, offering the individual player an opportunity for personal expression. This exciting contrast to the ensemble or group effort is limited only by the musicianship of the particular soloist and the structure of the song, as expressed by an accompanying rhythm section.

When solo work is regulated into a set pattern, listeners are denied the excitement of anticipation and surprise, the spark of spontaneity is drowned by deadening routine in which even the most original solo may remain overlooked and unappreciated. Audiences tend to become unattentive and musicians sloppy when every selection is presented in like style; this kind of regimentation is totally antithetical to an art form based on the concept of freedom of expression, diversity, originality, and infinite contrast. Earl "Fatha" Hines deserves commendation for his imaginative presentation, which featured different artists performing on different numbers, and thus kept the audience in a constant state of anticipation and excitement. Quite an achievement for a small combo.

To Hines' further credit let it be added that not a single number was repeated all evening, and no audience requests were solicited. (Now, before all my musician friends stop speaking to me, I will sign off.)



The Traditional Sound in Toronto

By Dick Stimson

I would like to recommend Toronto, Ontario, as a fine place to visit and to hear good traditional jazz.

First of all the city itself. It is one of the most beautiful cities I have ever been in, and once you learn their one-way street system it is easy to get around. It is a very clean city and virtually crime-free. Food and motels are outstanding, but more expensive than in the States.

Now to the music. G stands for great, gross, and Grossman's Tavern. Grossman's is the home of Kid Bastien and his Camelia Jazz Band, which many of us heard at our picnic several years ago. The Kid still has that mischief in him he always had and is probably the only musician around who could get away with playing *Love Letters in the Sand* and make it sound thoroughly traditional. *Blueberry Hill* is something else again. The band features Kid Bastien on trumpet with Pete Savory still blowing a great trombone, and George Berry on clarinet and tenor. The rest of the band is new to me. Berry did a fine rendition of the old clarinet showcase *Burgundy Street*, the Kid sang *Eh la Bas* in Creole French, and the band did a fine job on some of the oldies out of New Orleans such as *High Society* and *Climax Rag*. This band is well worth hearing if you can take Grossman's along with it. When we walked in we found ourselves standing in a Chinese cafeteria. The band plays in the next room and what a room. The band has a staunch following and a motley group it is. Be sure to get there early or you don't get a seat. You will also share a table with complete strangers of various ethnic backgrounds and you always order two draft beers at one time. This seems to be the custom everywhere we went. Grossman's is located at 369 Spadina Ave., within walking distance of the middle of town. You can catch the band Friday 9-12:30 and Saturday 3-6 and 8:30-12.

We were also fortunate to catch the very fine Climax Jazz Band, which will be competing at Indianapolis in August. I'm afraid Max Collie is going to have to come up with a special effort to beat this band. This is a six-piece group (no piano) playing a very traditional sound. It has without doubt the mightiest amplified string bass

(played by leader Chris Daniels) I have ever heard, but this adds a great deal to the overall sound of the band. They play anywhere anyone wants to hear them and during the summer they play almost every night on a ferry boat that cruises around the waterfront.

Finally, we spent Saturday afternoon in the Chez Moi Tavern listening to the Silverleaf Jazzmen. This is another great trad band and is the outgrowth of Kid Bastien's original band. Dennis Elder is the leader and drummer; you'll remember him as the guy in the long hair, dirty T-shirt and constant cigar in his mouth who played with Bastien at the picnic three years ago and also at Manassas. Brian Williams is with this band on clarinet and is better than ever. Bastien's original banjo is also with this group and again there is no piano. Chez Moi is at 33 Hayden Street, one block off Yonge Street, a main artery in the middle of town. The band currently plays there Saturdays from 3 until 6 pm.

There are two other bands in Toronto that we didn't have time to hear. They are the Metro Jazz Band and the Vintage Jazz Band. I'm told they both play a more modern style of Dixieland as opposed to what we heard with the other three groups.

Anyone planning to make this tour can contact me for addresses and phone numbers of band leaders, as they tend to move around. [You can reach Dick at 585-1496 (res) or 589-0015 (off).]

(Latest word from the Climax JB is that beginning this month they will be playing six nights a week at D.J.'s, in the new Hydro Building, University & College Avenues.

And here's great news: the PRJC is currently negotiating to bring the Silverleaf Jazzmen to Washington in October. - Ed.)

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TAILGATE RAMBLINGS goes out to nearly 1000 jazz fans each month and gets passed to many more.

The Original Tuxedo Jazz Band at Dunbar High
by Ted Chandler

Courtesy of a Baltimore City Councilman and jazz lover, Dunbar High School in the heart of East Baltimore was treated on July 4 to a visit from the "Original Tuxedo Jazz Band," house band of Heritage Hall in New Orleans.

Clarence "Du" Burns, in cooperation with a group called the East Baltimore Parents Association, was primarily responsible for getting the band to town to open a lively arts series at the predominantly Black high school and civic gathering-place. Such other attractions as Katherine Dunham and Lionel Hampton are listed for dates later this summer.

Burns, disturbed by the fact that so few of his fellow Blacks listen to or play New Orleans jazz, which he regards as part of the Black heritage, booked the band into the series when he found that they would be on the East Coast preparatory to a European swing. The audience on the 4th was mostly black, middle-aged, rather small, and enthusiastic. The enthusiasm more than made up for the lack of numbers.

The "Original Tuxedo Jazz Band" (the quotes, I think, are merited. They seem to be about as related to the Papa Celestin group as are the Glenn Miller or Tommy Dorsey orchestras to their originals) is led by an aging banjoist, Albert "Papa" French, who is an authentic veteran of the New Orleans scene, and wise enough to see the handwriting on the wall. After all, New Orleans veterans who are available now remember the Benny Goodman Quartet rather more clearly than they do Freddy Keppard. The bass player, Frank Fields, a very aged-looking cat indeed, lists stints with Fats Domino, Little Richard, and Ray Charles among his credits. Substantial certainly, but not the stuff of which ancient jazz history is made. Therefore, while there is certainly age in the band (Fields, Joe Thomas on clarinet, and Homer Eugene on trombone), the drummer, Bob French (son of Papa) and both trumpet players are still on the safe side of forty. I of course refrain from comment on the age of the nice lady who played piano.

The Tuxedos seem to derive more inspiration from the Bob Crosby Bobcats or Turk

Murphy than they do from their New Orleans forebears: I asked Homer Eugene if the band played *Snake Rag*. "I don't believe half of them know it," he replied a little sadly. Their book includes most of the obligatory standards *Milneburg, Maryland, High Society, Basin Street, Closer Walk*, and the *Saints*, but the treatment is often Dixieland rather than New Orleans. They kicked off at Dunbar with a crisp, medium tempo *Milneburg*--a joy to hear--thus setting for themselves a standard to which they rose on occasion throughout the evening.

Getting back to the bassist for a moment --his playing reminded me of how badly the string bass is missed from those revivalist bands who insist on using the tuba. Fields is a marvelously flexible musician with tremendous rhythmic sense.

The two trumpet players were an interesting contrast. One (whose name I missed) is a powerhouse, a Roy Eldridge type with a lip that must have been forged out at Sparrows Point. Capable of interesting and beautiful solos, and a marvelous ensemble leader, he plays with more than his share of terrible taste, and sometimes overpowers the whole band. The other trumpet player, a young white Englishman named Clive Wilson, is easy to underrate. At first hearing, he comes on like any of half-a-hundred McPartland imitators. But as the evening went on, he played some excellent jazz, including a Louis-like ensemble lead on *You Rascal You* and the countermelodic voice to a rousing *Maryland, My Maryland*.

After the concert, I asked Papa French if the band played much of the old King Oliver book. His answer was revealing for a guy who leads a band in a place called Heritage Hall. "Oh, a few things, I guess, but after all, times change."

They do, Papa, they do.

Anyway, if you have a chance, catch the Tuxedos. I don't promise you a rose garden, but they do play jazz--and, all things considered, pretty good jazz.

"Boss, we've got a hell of a lot of work to do!" -- a PRJC musician to his bandleader upon returning from the World Championship of Jazz.

Dislocated PRJC'er Reports

Editor:

As a departed, but paid up member No. 30 of the PRJC, and new member No. 624 of the Sacramento Traditional Jazz Society, I feel compelled to take up my typewriter and transmit a few impressions of jazz as it fares out here in the West.

The May issue of the STJS publication "And All That Jazz" reprinted Ted Chandler's "Tailgate Ramblings" letter from the March issue and the reply by Jimmy Riley, which appeared in the April issue. The editor of "And All That Jazz," Judy Hendricks, informs me that much discussion was aroused by this exchange of letters.

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....

I was in the company when the 2nd Annual Old Sacramento Dixieland Jubilee blew from May 23 to 26. May I suggest that an examination of the enclosed program would indicate the legitimacy of something you might call "West Coast Jazz" more accurately than "San Francisco Jazz." Then we can put ol' Turk and the City by the Bay in their proper place as part of a great jazz tradition and a city of great charm, which I occasionally enjoy visiting. Turk didn't make an appearance at the Jubilee--apparently finding it necessary to tend the store--but many great trombones did, along with at least 26 bands, mostly from the West Coast, and each having its own personnel. Incidentally, a foreign band very popular in the Washington area, the Max Collie Rhythm Aces, were playing all over town....

I presume, since the letters which appeared in TR were reprinted in "And All That Jazz," that the clubs are exchanging publications. Jazz is very healthy out here. The leader of the Monterey Abalone Stompers informed the audience that the Monterey Bay Hot Jazz Society, formed just six months ago, already has something like 465 members....

*Ralph Huss
Weimar, California*

Museum Progress Report

We're continuing to make progress on the PRJC's Bicentennial Project, but it's the kind of progress you make when you're pushing a big rock up a steep hill, hoping like the dickens that you won't stumble. In the two months since we started, a number of important steps have been taken as announced in the July and August issues of TR. Right now we're waiting for some of these actions to bear fruit. For example, incorporation is proceeding on schedule (the first step toward achieving tax-exempt status) and the building subcommittee is searching for a suitable location (the key to serious planning of the museum layout).

Response to the museum questionnaire included in the August issue of TR has been slow. I'm sure this is due more to procrastination than lack of interest, in that many people I've talked with indicate that they intend to do so. Since the questionnaire is our principal source for identifying the areas where we may get materials to display in the museum and in which there is expertise to fill planning and construction needs, we do urge all of PRJC's loyal members to please take the time to fill out and return the questionnaire.

In particular, we're in urgent need of people who have skills in photography (including enlarging) and audio-visual equipment (system design and installation). Let us hear from you!

- Rod Clarke

JAZZ ON THE RADIO

M-F 5:30 am (Sat & Sun 6 am) - Jazz Anthology, by George Mercer (one of the PRJC's five founding fathers), WAMU, 88.5.

Sat 9 am-12 noon - "I thought I heard Buddy Bolden say..." hosted by Royal, WGTB, 90.1.

Sat 8 pm-1 am - Jazz Plus, hosted by Yale Lewis, WETA, 90.9.

Sat 4:30 pm - Jazz Revisited, with Hazen Schumacher, WBJC, 91.5.

M-F 7:30 pm-midnight - The Album Sound, hosted by Felix Grant, WMAL, 630 (not all jazz, but always good listening, and Felix is a true friend of the PRJC).

Aussies Impress D.C. Fans

Our area was visited recently by a couple of leading Australian traditional jazz musicians: Bobby Barnard (trumpet), who has been leading fine jazz bands Down Under for many years; and John Costelloe, trombone player in Barnard's and other bands.

Our own Aussie-in-residence, Hal Farmer, in concert with the area's leading musical hosts, Fred & Anna Wahler, hastily organized a jam session in the Wahlers' basement on August 19, where we heard some of the finest jam-session jazz produced in this area within our limited memory. And the chaps were playing borrowed axes! It's obvious that highly talented visitors can spur musicians on to play just a little better than they seem to do in familiar settings.

Johnson McRee seized the opportunity to put Barnard and Costelloe together with the legendary Wild Bill Davison and other local musicians for a recording session in Manassas the following day. Those who attended say it should be a hell of a record when it comes out.

Speaking of Wild Bill, we may have lost our most famous musical resident. Bill and Anne left for Switzerland August 24, this time to go house-shopping. They are seriously considering settling in Europe permanently.

He played under such prominent personalities as Tommy Dorsey and Big Spider Beck.—Hazelton (Pa.) Standard-Speaker.

Often called the Black Widow of brass.

The Health Resources Administration (HEW) newsletter for July has a long article on the jazz interests of one of its employees --Coleman Hankin. Coleman is better known to PRJC'ers as a regular on clarinet at our monthly open jam session.

The article, under a large headline reading "Anyone for Dixieland Jazz?", devotes a considerable amount of space to telling about the activities of the PRJC, and giving our phone number. It's doubly rewarding to see one of our number recognized by his nine-to-five peers and to have the club touted in the bargain.



Recording engineer Hal Farmer monitors the tape machine as Fat Cat drops another mike; makes note to cut off the round one's catnip!

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SIDE I

CAKE WALKING BABIES FROM HOME — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Scotty McFarland, Russ Damschroder, *trombones*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet and vocal*; Jon Greenawalt, Dave Nelson, *banjos*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

YAMA YAMA MAN — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Scotty McFarland, *trombone*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet*; Jon Greenawalt, *banjo*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

PALMER'S GEORGIA GRIND — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Russ Damschroder, *trombone*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet*; Dave Nelson, *banjo*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

CHIMES BLUES — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Scotty McFarland, *trombone*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet*; Jon Greenawalt, *banjo*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

JUST A LITTLE WHILE TO STAY HERE — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Scotty McFarland, Russ Damschroder, *trombones*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet, trombone, and vocal*; Jon Greenawalt, Dave Nelson, *banjos*; Newell Witte, *piano*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Max McCormick, *tuba*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

WEARY BLUES — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Russ Damschroder, *trombone*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet*; Dave Nelson, *banjo*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

SIDE II

PANAMA — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Scotty McFarland, *trombone*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet*; Jon Greenawalt, *banjo*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

I AIN'T GONNA GIVE NOBODY NONE OF THIS JELLY ROLL — Frank Ward, *trumpet and vocal*; Scotty McFarland, *trombone*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet*; Jon Greenawalt, *banjo*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

STORYVILLE BLUES — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Russ Damschroder, *trombone*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet*; Dave Nelson, *banjo*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

DEAD MAN BLUES — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Russ Damschroder, *trombone*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet*; Dave Nelson, *banjo*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

I'VE BEEN FLOATING DOWN THE OLD GREEN RIVER — Frank Ward, *trumpet*; Scotty McFarland, Russ Damschroder, *trombones*; Ray Heitger, *clarinet and vocal*; Jon Greenawalt, Dave Nelson, *banjos*; Hank Harvey, *string bass*; Kent McCormick, *drums*.

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September	7	GOOD TIME SIX
	14	BAND FROM TIN PAN ALLEY
	21	BASIN STREET JAZZ BAND
	28	SOUTHERN COMFORT
October	5	ANACOSTIA RIVER RAMBLERS

REGULAR GIGS

Note: It's always best to check 630-PRJC for latest information

Sunday	PRJC weekly jazz session in the Windjammer Room of the Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, located at the Virginia end of the 14th Street Bridge. 8-midnight. \$1 admission. Open to public.
Monday	THE BAND FROM TIN PAN ALLEY, Bratwursthaus, 708 N. Randolph St., Arlington. 8:30-11:30, then sit-ins. JIMMY HAMILTON'S NIGHTBLOOMING JAZZMEN, O'Carroll's Seafood Restaurant, 2051 Wilson Blvd, Arlington; tel. JA 4-5066. 8:30-12:30, no cover.
Tuesday	NIGHTBLOOMING JAZZMEN at O'Carroll's, 8:30-12:30. THE TIRED BUSINESSMEN, Dutch Mill Lounge, 6615 Harford Rd, NE Balto. 9:30-12:30. Tel. 426-9299.
Wednesday	NIGHTBLOOMING JAZZMEN at O'Carroll's, 8:30-12:30. PRJC OPEN JAM SESSION, second Wednesday of each month (thus Sept. 10). 8:30-midnight. Crystal Nero, 1500 S. Joyce St., Arlington.
Thursday	GOOD TIME SIX, Bratwursthaus, Arlington. 8:30-11:30, then sit-ins. COUNTRY THOMAS' FOURGONE CONCLUSIONS at O'Carroll's, 8:30-12:30.
Friday	FOURGONE CONCLUSIONS at O'Carroll's, 9-1. Tex Wyndham's RED LION JAZZ BAND, Surrey Restaurant, Wilmington, Delaware. First Friday of each month only, reservations suggested: 302/770-7530. BASIN STREET JAZZ BAND, Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse, Annapolis. 9-midnight. <i>This gig expected to start Sept. 19--see p. 3.</i>
Saturday	JAZZ AT O'CARROLL'S, rotating bands, 9-1. BASIN STREET JAZZ BAND, Buzzy's in Annapolis (see p. 3)

COMING EVENTS

Mon, 9/8	FALLSTAFF FIVE + 2, Tyson Place, 227 W. Chase St., Balto; tel. 539-4850. 8-11 pm.
Mon, 9/15	FALLSTAFF FIVE + 2, as above.
Fri, 9/19	FALLSTAFF FIVE + 2, Baltimore City Fair Area Stage #1, 5:30-7:30 pm.
Sat, 9/20	FALLSTAFF FIVE + 2, as 9/19, 6-8 pm.
Sat, 9/20	5TH ANNUAL PRJC JAZZ PICNIC, Blob's Park, Jessup, Md. Noon-dark. See article p. 3.
Sun, 9/21	FALLSTAFF FIVE + 2, as 9/8.
Sun, 9/28	FALLSTAFF FIVE + 2, as 9/8.

September 1975

Editor - Dick Baker

This Month's Cover - Harry Roland

PRJC President - Ed Fishel (703/536-8065)

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