

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS!

Vol. 1 No.4
A JAZZ NEWSLETTER PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE MEMBERSHIP
OF THE POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB

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TAILGATE RAMBLINGS VOL. 1 NO. 4

MARCH, 1972

EDITOR - Alan C. Webber
ART DIRECTOR - Thomas E. Niemann
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR - Edwin C. Fishel
PRODUCTION EDITOR - Dolores Wilkinson

Tailgate Ramblings is published quarterly, more or less, for members of The Potomac River Jazz Club, an organization dedicated to the support of traditional jazz interest and activity in the Greater Washington, D.C. area. Annual subscription and membership, \$5. Initiation fee, \$2.

Write to: The Potomac River Jazz Club
5818 Walton Road,
Bethesda, Md. 20034

EDITORIAL

Al Webber

Tempus fidgits. Nearly a year has elapsed since we began dragooning local True Believers into the ranks of the PRJC. We believe we have made good on our initial threats and promises.

We have: put on two successful Dixieland jazz bashes for the membership and plan to up the count to at least four beer and barrel-house gatherings annually; promoted local traditional jazz bands and their activities when they have been energetic enough to let us know about them (this is a small, understaffed operation, not Down Beat); made available to the membership several of the finest record lines in traditional jazz at very reduced prices; run "wanted" and "for sale" ads for the membership, gratis; to the best of our limited ability informed the membership where traditional jazz can be heard locally.

So much for the sell. Now comes the crunch. It's reenlistment time for some members. And, like the gentleman in the White House, we want a volunteer army, not conscripts. We hope that most of you who

signed on during the course of last year will stick with us for another.

Reenlistments work this way. Each of you has a membership card and the month in which you took the pledge. If you joined in April, you have until the first of June to mail your card to me for stamping, together with check for \$5. If you joined in May, you have until July 1 to mail it in, and so forth.

So check the month indicated on your card. And if you want to stay aboard for another go round, please mail in your loot early. We aren't going to plead, beg and cajole you. The club treasury can be better spent on social functions. The only reminders you will receive will be in TAILGATE RAMBLINGS. No overdue members will be carried on the rolls. We just don't have the clerical staff to fiddle around with lazy janets. A roster of "former members" will be carried in each issue of this publication, starting with September. We hope it will be a small listing. Because we've had fun this first year, and we hope you have.

A WORD ON MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the Potomac River Jazz Club is individual, not collective. If Joe Doakes plunks down his \$2 initiation and \$5 annual fee, he becomes a member. His wife, mother-in-law, children and other relatives do not become members. Joe's card entitles him to reduced rates at PRJC functions. It does not entitle other members of his family to reduced rates.

Several PRJC members have managed to lure their respective wives into the clan without any promptings from us. Needless to say, we applaud this example of group solidarity. As my good friend Joe Badass is fond of pointing out: the family that pays together, stays together.

A. C. W.

BILL THE BAKER,

JELLY ROLL A SPECIALITY

By George W. Kay

New Orleans, La.

(Washington lost one of the nation's foremost jazz authorities in 1969 when George Kay was transferred to New Orleans. Here he pays tribute to PRJC Member Bill Riddle's labors in the D.C. jazz vineyards during the Fifties and early Sixties.)

"Ladies and gentlemen, tonight you will hear traditional New Orleans jazz. We believe we are the only band playing this kind of music ^{on} this side of New Orleans. It is the music of the marching bands and the jazz orchestras of the Twenties. It is the music made famous by King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory and Jelly Roll Morton. We hope you'll like it."

With this brief introduction, Kenny Fulcher lifted his trumpet and led the six-piece Fulcher-Harris Jazz Band into a romping version of Jelly Roll Morton's jazz classic, "Doctor Jazz". The patrons seated around the bandstand settled back to welcome the return of a kind of jazz that had lingered far too long in retirement.

The year was 1964, the place was the Storyville Lounge of the Charles Hotel, in Washington, D.C. as the news kept spreading, more jazz fans were joining the festivities held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights.

The Fulcher-Harris Jazz Band played seldom-heard blues, stomps and rags in traditional New Orleans style. Included in the varied repertoire were such classics as "Too Much Mustard", "Doctor Jazz", "Wolverine Blues", "Didn't He Ramble", "Ory's Creole Trombone" and "Walkin' The Dog". These evergreens, long forgotten outside New Orleans, were a welcome relief from the over-worked, overplayed Dixieland standards and jazz pops. Occasionally the band would concede to a hit tune like "Hello, Dolly" or "Mack the Knife", but no one dared to request a "pop" tune or ballad. Once when someone asked for "Night Train", leader Fulcher grumbled in mock indigna-

tion, "You mean ^{the} Ponchartraine, don't you?"

The whole idea of reviving the jazz of bygone days was the brainchild of PRJC member Bill Riddle. A longtime record collector and jazz authority, Riddle persuaded the manager of the Charles Hotel to reopen the lounge on a trial basis. Then he recruited experienced musicians who were willing to tackle the old-style jazz. Rehearsals demanded many hours listening to old jazz records, (there were few published arrangements to be found), strenuous workouts on ensemble and solo passages, long discussions and arguments over correct techniques. After four months of this sort of arduous preparation, the band was ready to make its debut.

"You have no idea of the trouble that dogged me getting the guys to play this kind of jazz," Riddle explained. "First, they had to break their old playing habits and learn all over again. Ken Fulcher had been playing trumpet in the blasting, stratosphere style of Maynard Ferguson. He had to get that warm, lyrical tone of King Oliver and George Mitchell. That wasn't easy. But Kenny was a serious, flexible player and he made a marvelous transition."

Sharing the leadership was "Slide" Harris, certainly one of the best jazz trombonists in the business. Harris, a solid "tailgate" artist right out of the Kid Ory tradition, was the anchor man, the "old pro", the Willie Mays of the outfit. He learned his instrument back in the early Twenties as a knee-pants member of the Original de Paris Family Band. This travelling aggregation consisting of the entire de Paris family - father, mother, daughter and two sons, Wilbur and Sidney, performed for circuses, tent shows and carnivals throughout the south and midwest.

Harris' experience with the sawdust circuits resulted in his learning scores of obscure vaudeville songs. His original and clever song-and-dance interpretations of "Sweet Substitute", "Ain't Gonna Give None of My Jelly Roll" and "Walkin' the Dog" became regular features of the band.

Mason "Country" Thomas played

clarinet and baritone saxophone. Previously Thomas was a member of Wingy Manone's Dixieland Band at Las Vegas. He favored the fat, warm tone of New Orleans reedmen such as Omer Simeon and Johnny Dodds. The thin, staccato sound used by most Dixieland clarinetists just would not produce the ensemble effect so important in classic New Orleans jazz.

Pianist J. C. Morgan was a fortunate discovery. A shy, sensitive man in his sixties, Morgan learned jazz piano as understudy to the late Jelly Roll Morton when Morton was running his own nightclub in Washington back during the late Thirties. He also acknowledged a debt to Duke Ellington for teaching him chord changes. Morgan was the type of player known in the trade as a "two fisted" piano man. A strong, rhythmic ragtime style was essential and Morgan fitted right into the scheme of things. Rounding out the rhythm section were Van Perry on bass and Skip Tomlinson on drums.

The impetus of traditional jazz, Riddle felt, would encourage other local musicians to lift themselves out of their repertory rut. He was attracted to the music recorded by Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Pepper's, Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and the Eureka Brass Band. It was Jelly Roll who got Riddle hopelessly hooked on jazz, and his vast hot record collection contained every record ever made by Jelly. During the late Thirties, Jelly, broke and past his prime, entertained his patrons at his Jungle Inn on U Street in Washington's theatre district. There Riddle and a few hard core devotees congregated to hear the old master sing and play into the wee hours.

Others who worshipped at the altar of "Mortonia" included writer Robert Ruark, folklorist Alan Lomax, ragtime authority Roy Carew, and Ahmet and Nesuhi Ertegun, sons of the former Turkish Ambassador. (The Erteguns now own and operate Atlantic Records, one of the largest jazz recording companies in the country.)

Besides the Morton tunes Riddle felt that the Fulcher-Harris Band could explore more fully the possibi-

lities to be found in neglected jazz standards. There was good reason to believe he was right in this theory. For example, when the band ripped into "Bogalusa Strut", a Capitol Hill executive's wife who was a former New Orleans debutante, simply couldn't believe her ears. "Why," she exclaimed, "I haven't heard that tune since I was a girl dancing to Sam Morgan's Band at the Tulane Proms! Where in the world did they find it?"

It was ironic that just when the Fulcher-Harris band seemed headed for better times, racial tensions and security problems began to plague the Charles Hotel section. Within a matter of weeks, the crowds stopped coming and the hotel was forced to close the nightclub in the Spring of 1965.

Bill Riddle has done his bit and then some for Washington, D.C. jazz. Back in 1957, seven years before he started baking Jelly Roll with the Fulcher-Harris gang, Riddle founded the Washington Jazz Club. Like the PRJC, it was a civic, non-profit organization dedicated to the promotion and preservation of traditional jazz. It sponsored regular weekend programs at the Charles, with lectures and live performances by leading musicians.

A remarkable impromptu concert took place in the club's first year when prominent jazz stars appearing at Carter Barron Amphitheatre came to the Charles late one night to do a little "jamming". On hand were Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, Jack Teagarden, Tom Delaney, Errol Garner, Peanuts Hucko and many others. Musicians, writers, critics and fans packed the place for that memorable session, the likes of which hasn't been seen in Washington since.

The club's lectures and recitals were particularly noteworthy. On one occasion Charlie Byrd gave a two-hour dissertation on the guitar in jazz from the earliest to most modern usages. Another program featured the history of ragtime by the late Roy Carew, with piano interpretations by Guy Waterman and Carew himself.

The final session sponsored by the Club featured an oddly matched jazz pair composed of clarinetist Pee Wee Russell and guitarist Charlie Byrd.

It is hard for the average jazzophile to reconcile such widely diverse styles - Russell with his eccentric, hot-and-cool variations and Byrd with his disciplined, melodic, modern flavored guitar. Yet the results were musically valid and highly successful jazz performances. Because no one could give the time for promotion and program planning, the Club disbanded in 1958.

MANASSAS...IN CASE YOU WEREN'T THERE

By Al Webber

Art and commerce rarely make congenial bedfellows, as Johnson "Fat Cat" McRee has learned many times over during the six years he has produced the Manassas Jazz Festival in Manassas, Va.

But if the seventh and ensuing Manassas Jazz Festivals are as successful in both these respects as the sixth, ol' Fat Cat may have to figure out a new way of showing a business loss.

Maybe it was because Bill Bacin flew in from southern California to make the scene. Maybe it was because Condon actually played the guitar this year, albeit intermittently. Whatever the cause, it was standing room only in Osbourne High School Dec. 5 for Johnson's latest dog-and-pony show.

And the show was good. Ex-82nd Airborne trooper "Easy" Smith kept the booze in the back room from getting out of hand, and nobody played the less well for it.

Overall organization was much smoother ^(than) in the past. Groups turned up on stage more or less on schedule, did their bit and made way for those to follow with a minimum of delay. Instead of introducing each bandsman as he appeared on stage, Fat Cat kept the curtain drawn until he had given a quick run-down on who was playing what. When the curtain parted, the band on stage was in place and ready to blow.

The roster of performers was varied and fortunate in almost every respect: Trumpets and cornets; Wallace Davenport, Wild Bill Davison, Tommy Saunders, and Tony Newstead;

clarinets, Herb Hall, Joe Muranyi and Tommy Gwaltney; trombones, Walter "Slide" Harris, Herb Gardiner and Spiegel Wilcox; tenor and baritone sax, Deane Kincaide; piano, Art Hodes, Jean Kittrell, John Eaton, and Jean Griffin; string bass, Van Perry and Bill Goodall; guitar, Steve Jordan, "Butch" Hall, and Eddie Condon; drums, Freddy Moore, Skip Tomlinson and Kennard Underwood.

Local groups featured were "Tex" Wyndham's Red Lion Jazz Band and the Original Washington Monumental Jazz Band.

No two ears hear the same sounds the same way, and I'll admit to as much or more bias as the next guy. For me the sounds that linger on are Wallace Davenport's marvelous tone on slow tunes and his incredible control on whisper-like muted work, Herb Hall's tone and impeccable taste on everything he played, Australian cornetist Tony Newstead's ability to recreate Bix's style without mimicry, and Art Hodes's show-stopping solo rendition of Hoagy's "Washboard Blues."

Disappointments? Well, there were a few. Joe Muranyi has played more interesting clarinet on other occasions; the walls of Jericho seemed to resist Wild Bill's hammer blows on up tempo tunes; and Jean Griffin (a cousin of Van Perry) tackled tunes she apparently wasn't too familiar with, one of them being "Lonesome Road." Slide Harris and Tommy Gwaltney tried manfully to follow her progressions, but Tommy admitted at the end of the tune that he had "felt a little lonesome" himself. Nevertheless, Jean, who is 76 and a grand trooper, came through with some romping Wallerish stride on numbers with which she was familiar.

One could have wished that Wallace Davenport's melodic ideas matched his tone - his high note climaxes were good theater 40 years ago when Satch used to do them. But did it ever make for good jazz, then or now?

Jean Kittrell is a warm-hearted, billowy, charming gal bubbling over with sex appeal. But though she was a delight to watch, and though everything was in motion, she didn't impress as a band pianist. Most of the morning after quarterbacks agree she would

have had a fairer chance to show off her non-visual talents had she been featured as a single.

But these are relatively minor quibbles. In the main it was a good show. Whatever its failings, it is the best thing the D.C. area has to offer traditional jazz enthusiasts.

GOOD SOUNDS IN COLORADO

By Gary Wilkinson,
Washington, D. C.

Denver's Queen City Jazz Band, with 14 years of togetherness plus three Audiophile LP's to its credit, has to be one of the nation's finest "amateur" Dixieland bands.

My wife and I caught the band last Fall, playing to a packed house at the Mon-Vue Village, 9199 W. Alameda Ave., a few miles west of downtown Denver, near Golden, Colo. When we walked in we immediately noted the proficiency of the group, which was playing Black and Blue. These guys are very competent individually and produce a fine band sound; the front line has a keen sense of harmony.

The band exudes good will. Trombonist-leader Alan Frederickson, an architect, parlays a dry wit, a dose of irreverence, and a pinch of musical explanation into an easy, conversational delivery at the mike. The result: a relaxed audience prone to good cheer. Alan and clarinetist Lee Peters both sing (?) and their bizarre harmony vocal duet on "Walkin' the Dog" really grabbed the patrons.

The Queen City repertoire combines the familiar and the less familiar. Typical tunes played that evening, in addition to the two mentioned above, were Clarinet Marmalade, Old Fashioned Love, Shimmy-Sha-Wabble, That's A'Plenty, Milneberg Joys, Rose of Washington Square, Come Back Sweet Papa and the Wolverines (the last with yours truly sitting in on piano).

The band's front line has cornetist Dave Moldenhauer in addition to Alan and Lee. The rhythm section includes Dave's father on piano; Ran Hanscom on Tuba (he formerly was

their piano man); Herb Ordelleide playing banjo; and Jack Cook on drums.

If you're in the Denver area on a weekend, dig this band. They play Fridays and Saturdays.

If your vacation plans include Colorado this year, you might want to drop into Colorado Springs, where a lady named June plays piano in an unpretentious restaurant/bar named The Stockyard during the summer months. This lady is a blend of several pianists of the 30's and 40's. Her own style predominates, but you can hear Earl Hines, Mary Lou Williams and even tinges of Art Tatum's right hand. In the winter she plays in Hutchinson, Kansas.

June describes herself as a "canyon" person, meaning that she grew up in one of the relatively isolated canyon communities which punctuate the Rockies in Colorado. It's a treat to hear this pleasant, talented person. Good food, too!

HEAH ME TALKIN' TO YA

Dear Mr. Editor:

As a natural-born joiner of everything from the Little Light Bearers to the Association for the Preservation of the Military Fords on the Upper Rappahannock, I have a hard time understanding people who don't have a "join up, brother" turn of mind.

But it's a fact of life that there are people who are by nature non-joiners. Even non-joiners of the PRJC.

There are plenty of people who belong with us but aren't in the PRJC fold. I think I've discovered what is keeping them away. Two things:

(1) Some of them remember that 12 or 15 years ago there was a traditional jazz club here that flopped. They expect the same fate for the PRJC, and so they hesitate to invest their time and money in it.

(2) Most of them ask what they get for

their \$7, and the answers they've been getting from us aren't good enough.

I think the members ought to be informed, via these Ramblings, of some of the history of the club that preceded this one. Probably its activities were substantially different from ours; we ought to be able to inform the doubters why we think we have a better program. In any case, we ought to know what caused the earlier failure, so that the PRJC can take out insurance against a similar fate.

As for the "What do I get for my money?" doubters, may I suggest that it is useless to answer them with a datum about reduced prices for records and jazz events, and another datum about the news to be found in these Ramblings, and a recital of what parties we've held and are going to hold. To someone who is aggressively unanxious to fork over \$7, those things will never look like enough of a return.

The purpose of the PRJC, in my view anyway, is not to publish a newsletter, or to get us an "in" with record companies and festival producers, or even to hold joyous whingdings like the two we've had. Its purpose is to bring together a community of lovers of traditional jazz.

To quote myself in a jazz writing being published elsewhere, the PRJC was formed "so that musicians will not have to do detective work to find each other and fans will be able to find out where the action is." We all meet dozens of people who love the music but haven't known how to go about finding it. Until we got organized, there was little or nothing we could do about it when we identified someone as a soul brother.

There are enough lovers of this music to make it prosper provided they have a medium of communication--which is essentially what this club is. If the music doesn't begin to prosper soon, it may die. That argument ought to sell the doubters among the fans.

If it doesn't sell many musicians, the reason will be their well-known inability to recognize their own self-interest. Most of them will want a more down-to-earth argument. And here it is: Would you like a mailing list of nearly 200 to help populate

your next gig? Come and get it.

Ed Fishel

AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL

There's a new clarinet in town - new to me at least - and it's a good one. It is wielded by Dick Weimer, Wednesday evenings from 7:30 to 11, at The Trolley Inn, 12102 Georgia Ave., Wheaton, Md.

Dick is that rarity in these parts, a reedman who looks to New Orleans for his models rather than to points North and East. His tone is full, his vibrato pronounced, and his upper register work shows he has listened long and hard to Albert Burbank.

Like most band leaders, Dick suffers somewhat from a floating personnel. Regulars, more or less, in his "New Orleans Gang" are New Sunshine Jazzband trumpeter Tony Hagert, Trombonist Al Brogden, drummer Ossie Barr, and Arlington's peripatetic pianist of parts, Ed "Big Max" Fishel.

Gary Wilkinson, another Sunshiner, occasionally subs for Fishel, as does Tony Newstead for Hagert. Sometimes visiting bass and banjo players add their talents to the uproar.

A.C.W.

DIXIE GOES HAWAIIAN....

A recent arrival on the Washington area jazz scene is DIXIE FIVE-O, a unique dance band with a Dixieland flavor and a South Sea Island flair. Featuring "up" tunes, popular ballads, old standards, and Latin rhythms, the group lends variety to its fare with a selection of traditional Dixieland classics and the lilting music of Hawaii.

"My Little Grass Shack" and "Hawaiian War Chant" are typical Island numbers that really swing in Dixie style with the drums adding a strong tom-tom beat to the improvisations of the brass section and the English and Hawaiian lyrics sung by Honolulu-born vocalist Dolly McReynolds. In addition to

singing and looking pretty, Dolly plays the ukulele and electronic bass guitar. She is also an accomplished artist, exhibiting and selling portraits, oils, pastels, and oriental folding screens.

DIXIE FIVE-O's leader, Bernie Pankowski, really means it when he plays "Back Home Again In Indiana" on his CORDOVOX. A combination accordian and electronic organ, the CORDOVOX produces a wide variety of instrumental sounds including piano and vibraphone which are generated by two easily transported suitcases containing two speakers and over 70 electronic vacuum tubes. A West Pointer and graduate electronics engineer, Bernie recently served as Commanding Officer of the 160th Signal Group in Viet Nam and is currently assigned to the Office of the Secretary of Defense.

Ossie Barr, a native Washingtonian, lays down a steady beat on his Slingerland drums. By day an Internal Revenue Service geologist, he lives and breathes jazz the rest of his waking hours. His most cherished recollections are of the big band era when he worked occasionally with Tommy Dorsey and Woody Herman.

The late Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong once said, "We all go 'do re mi', but you got to find the other notes for yourself." Like Louis always did, Curt Hoglan finds a lot of notes to blow on his trumpet. Born in the Bayou country, he worked his way through college in a Dixieland band at Northwestern State College of Louisiana. A career Army officer, he works in the Pentagon arranging tours for visiting foreign military dignitaries.

Hardy Rose also hails from Louisiana and is a graduate of that same Northwestern State College Dixieland band. He is equally at home on the clarinet and tenor sax, and like Curt, blows a lot of notes on his two horns. A naval aviator by profession, he is serving shore duty at the Center for Naval Analyses while looking forward to going back to sea on his next assignment as Executive Officer on a carrier.

Rounding out the brass section is Hal Farmer and his trombone. One of the founders and Treasurer of the Potomac River

Jazz Club, he is an Australian chap who works with the Malaysian Embassy. His hobbies are making hi-fi tape recordings of jazz performances and merging his right-hand-drive Mustang into Washington traffic.

The DIXIE FIVE-O dance repertoire includes a few fast blues and rock numbers to please the young swingers, but most tunes are style for standard ballroom dancing. One of the highlights of each performance is the rousing and crowd-pleasing "When the Saints Go Marching In" featuring the brass section marching around and playing out among the audience. "Our motto," says Bernie Pankowski, "is: If you can't dance to our music, you can't dance."

Bernie Pankowski

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

EXPANDS STAFF

Two PRJC members motivated more by kindness than common sense have agreed to throw in their lot with TAILGATE RAMBLINGS.

Ed Fishel, Arlington's peerless piano pounder, author, jazz critic, and quondam composer, clambers aboard as Contributing Editor.

And Dolores Wilkinson, better half of New Sunshine Jazz Band pianist Gary Wilkinson, is our new Production Editor. And few more thankless jobs exist in mini-journalism. Suffice to say that without her labors this issue of TAILGATE RAMBLINGS wouldn't have reached you. Nor would succeeding issues.

Husband Gary, incidentally, has a report on the Colorado jazz scene elsewhere in this fat volume.

A. C. W.

NEW LOCAL JAZZ LABEL

Look for a new jazz label some time late this year - Sunshine Records. Not surprisingly it will feature the output of those sturdy

local jazz antiquarians, The New Sunshine Jazz Band.

In two recording sessions at the National Press Club in December, the Sunshiners taped a batch of the off beat tunes so dear to their collective heart. As NSJB leader Tony Hagert puts it: "Any tune that's 150 years old and unknown to 99 per cent of jazz collectors has got to be good."

The NSJB tore into the following obscure but melodious goodies at their tape sessions: Big Man From The South; Cum-Bac Rag; Open Your Heart; Ma Ragtime Baby; Scott Joplin's New Rag; Run of the Mill Rag (by Grant Klink, a Baltimore pianist who, believe it or not, is still living!!); Frog-I-More Rag; The Smiler; Oh, Daddy; Canal Street Blues; Georgia Grind; and 12th Street Rag.

And another NSJB news note: Tony Hagert is looking around for local saxophonists who can read music. He has a batch of old dance band scores from the Twenties and wants to find some cats who can cut 'em. Would-be Frankie Trumbauers can reach Tony at 524-2707.

Final NSJB news note: The majority of the band is made up of P.R.J.C. members loyal and true. God bless 'em!

THE PREZ SEZ.....

Greetings and best wishes for a great and jazzy 1972. And, of course, for a bigger and better PRJC.....

First off the bat I'd like to congratulate Marty Wolfe who left recently to join the Fred Waring organization. Many of you have heard Marty either at Shakey's or Buzzy's or playing as a part of my group at the Lighthouse. Marty is an outstanding musician. His ideas in jazz and flawless execution have made him an asset to every band he has played in... We will miss him but hope to have him back later in the Spring... Good Luck Marty!.....

Anybody out there interested in volunteering for some club work... We need legal assistance immediately in order to prepare

our charter in final form and get IRS approval on non-profit status... We need a recruiting chairman and staff to keep the good word rolling and the acquisition of new members... We need a permanent or semi-permanent social committee alive with fresh and innovative ideas to keep the continuity of our parties alive... We need a reporting staff that keeps an ear to the ground and can tell the membership what is going to happen and what has happened... These and many more jobs lie waiting your interest and initiative. Give Al Webber or myself a call if you're interested.

One last item... Your editor and I sometimes get feed-back to the effect that some bands feel they are being slighted in Tailgate Ramblings... Brother if nobody toots your horn, then you'll have to do it yourself... Put some words down on paper telling us about your crew and where it's playing (even if it's in somebody's cellar)... It'll get printed.

See you next edition....

Tom Niemann

UP FOR GRABS

(Items more or less musical for sale or swap. Free listings to PRJC Members. Send 'em to The Editor)

RECORD CHANGER MAGAZINE... complete set. Any offers??? Free, any records from my jazz collection if you make me a tape of those you select. Let me know your wants and I'll give you a list of those I have. Catch me at 301 255-1327, or drop me a card and I'll call you. Dean Worcester, P.O. Box 515, Pasadena, Md. 21122.

WANTED... A taker for the giveaway of 18 or 20 shelf-feet of 78 rpm classical records. Heavy accent on Beethoven, considerable Brahms, Bach, Mozart, Schubert and Hayden, and a scattering of others, including moderns. Some historically important recordings; assistance in taping a few

of these welcome but not required. Phone Ed Fishel, 536-8065.

GUT BUCKETS... Modern production methods and high standards of quality control now permit the development of this beautiful musical (he's gotta be kidding. Ed.) instrument. Painted in shimmering gold or styled in a color of your choice, this amazing instrument will be the talk of your town. Mail order and check for \$22.50 to Tom Niemann, Apt. 1, 2400 S. Glebe Rd., Arlington, Va. 22240, or phone 892-2466.

JELLY ROLL MORTON PIANO SOLOS, boxed set of four LP's in mint condition, recorded on Audiophile by Knocky Parker. \$12 takes the set. Al Webber, 5818 Walton Rd., Bethesda, Md. 20034. Phone 530-5378.

RHYMIN' IN RHYTHM

PRJC Member Fred Stork of Chevy Chase the New Sunshine Jazz Band's banjo player, contributed these scrapings from the muse.

Preys by Ear

"I get inspiration right out of the air,"
I heard a tunesmith begin.
Yes, out of the ether thats filled
With the strains,
Of Scott Joplin and Irving Berlin.

Music, MUSIC! Music?

The Dixieland music was wicked,
And G. B. Shaw just couldn't stick it.
Said the half-deafened guest,
"Would they play a request?"
If so, have them go and play cricket."

RAG BAG

If ragtime grabs you and if you are not already a member, you may want to join The Ragtime Society and receive The Ragtimer,

only publication devoted solely to ragtime. Membership is \$5 a year. Send it to the society at P. O. Box 520, Weston, Ontario, Canada. And if you play ragtime piano and are loaded you can buy The Collected Works of Scott Joplin in two volumes for \$50 through Walt Allen (see his address elsewhere). The volumes contain facsimile reproductions of all the known compositions of the famed ragtime pioneer. Vol. 1 contains piano compositions; and can be bought separately for \$30.

The February issue of The Washingtonian is due to become an instant collector's item. Grab one if you still can. The issue contains the definitive who's who, where's where, and what's what in D.C. area jazz by PRJC's own Ed "Big Max" Fishel. Pix show trumpeter Kenny Fulcher, trombonist "Slide" Harris, and Big Max himself in action. Ed sprinkles the plugs generously - you may even find your own name in the text. So don't miss it.

Add a new name to the PRJC roster of musicians looking for action: Drummer Chuck Morelli, 5932 Springfield, Va. 22152. Phone him at 569-1377. And a new ragtime pianist on our roster, who composed a rag which the New Sunshine Jazz Band has taped for record is Grant Klink, 1013 Noyes Drive, Silver Spring, Md. 20910. Phone 585-3263. Grant often turns up to play intermission piano at The Trolley Car Pizza Depot on Georgia Ave. in Wheaton, spelling Dick Weimer's New Orleans Gang. Catch 'em Wednesdays.

Members of the P. R. J. C. sufficiently interested in jazz to want to read about it as well as listen to it may want to jot down the name of Walter C. Allen. Walt, whose address is P. O. Box 501, Stanhope, N. J., can lay hands on just about every book on jazz ever written. He puts out a list of books currently available through him which he calls "Allen's Poop Sheet." Write him for a free copy.

I THOUGHT I HEARD....

Jazz shows on the air in the Greater Washington area include these of interest to traditionalists:

Jazz Anthology; George Mercer, Sat. 3 p.m.
WAMU-FM, 88.5

Felix Grant, Mon. thru Fri. 8 p.m. to mid-
night, WMAL-AM, 630

Fat Cat's Jazz, Sun. 6-7 p.m., WPRW-FM

The Harley Show, WBAL-AM, 1100, Mon.
thru Fri., 10 p.m. till midnight

TAKE ME TO THE LAND OF JAZZ

At press time, traditional and near-traditional jazz could be heard in the D.C./Baltimore area at these places and times:

Blues Alley, rear 1073 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
(337-4141). 9:30 p.m. - 1:30 a.m., Monday
through Saturday. "Name" mainstream and
traditional, plus local talent.

Shakey's, 1471 Rockville Pike, Rockville,
Md. (881-6090). Mondays, 8:45 - 11:45 p.m.
The Goodtimers - singalong plus jazz.

The Abbey (College Park Holiday Inn), U.S.
Rt. 1 at the Beltway (345-1991). Sundays,
8 - 12 p.m., Rudy Adler's Capital City
Jazzmen.

Village Inn Pizza Parlor, 12710 Twinbrook
Parkway, Rockville, Md. (881-9494). Dick
Weimer's New Orleans Gang, Fridays, 8 -
12 p.m.

Village Inn Pizza Parlor, South Pickett St.
& Duke St., Alexandria, Va. (751-5533)
Dick Weimer's New Orleans Gang, Saturdays,
8:30 - 12:30 p.m.

La Boheme Restaurant Rt 50 and Patrick
Henry Drive Falls Church Va. "The

World's Third Greatest Jazz Band" Plays
Dixieland nightly Weds thru Sun (Sunday
afternoon jam session featured.
(JE 4-4600)

Shakey's 7131 Little River Turnpike, Annan-
dale, Va. (256-8500). Chuck Liebau's band.
Tuesdays, 8 - 11:30 p.m.

Trolley Car Pizza Depot, 12102 Georgia Ave.,
Wheaton, Md. (942-6262). Dick Weimer's
New Orleans Gang, Wednesdays, 7:30 -
11:30 p.m.

Buzzy's Pizza Warehouse, 231 Hanover St.,
Annapolis, Md. (301 268-1925). Buzzy's
Dixieland Band, Fridays and Saturdays, 9 -
12 p.m.

Duffy's, 3438 Frederick Ave., Baltimore,
Md. (301 945-9820) Bay City Jazz Band,
Sundays, 7 - 11 p.m.

WAX IN MY EARS

Just a reminder to PRJC Members that they can fatten their collections of traditional jazz relatively cheaply by ordering records through the club.

The following prices apply until further notice:

G.H.B. and Jazzology (both mono and
stereo) - \$4.35.

Audiophile and Happy Jazz Records (mono
and stereo) - \$4.60.

Solo Records (mono and stereo) - \$4.60.

Dee Bess Records (stereo) - \$4.45.

The latter is a newcomer, a small label up in New Jersey which to date has only put out one record - "Bix Lives" by Chuck Slate and His Traditional Jazz Band. But that one record is a dilly; superbly recorded Chicago-style featuring fine, sinuous clarinet by Bobby Gordon, who was heard at the Manassas Jazz Festival a couple of years back. Slate him-

self is an excellent drummer in the George Wettling idiom.

Look for new releases later in the year on G. H. B. and Jazzology. George Buck says these will include two albums by the Ernie Carson-Charlie Bornemann All Stars; an album with Jean Kittrell singing blues, backed by the famed Boll Weevil Jass Band, plus an instrumental album by the latter, "Struttin' with the Boll Weevils"; an LP by stride pianist Terry Waldo and his Gut Bucket Syncopaters; and a Sidney Bechet album.

In the months ahead, we hope to be able to offer other traditional jazz labels to members at reduced rates. Look for word in this column in June.

To order records, send check made out to Alan C. Webber to me at 5818 Walton Rd. , Bethesda, Md. 20034. You'll receive your records by mail, postpaid, direct from the record companies.

Another good source of bargain LPs in a traditional vein is Bill Barry, a gent out in Illinois who puts out a list of offerings on many labels. Many of the records on his lists are catalog cut-outs, and prices run as low as \$1.50 per LP. To get on Bill's mailing list, drop him a card: Bill Barry, 215 Lindenwood Dr. , Danville, Ill. 61832.

TWO BAR BREAKS

To all who have browbeaten friends, family and business associates into joining the P.R.J.C., our grateful thanks. We've picked up quite a few new members through your efforts. If you need application forms, just drop me a card: Alan C. Webber, 5818 Walton Road, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

Former Washingtonian George W. Kay, whose fine article on Bill Riddle appears elsewhere in this issue, has taken over the editorship of The Second Line, publication of the New Orleans Jazz Club. In the journalistic doldrums since "Doc" Souchon's death in August, 1968, The Second Line is

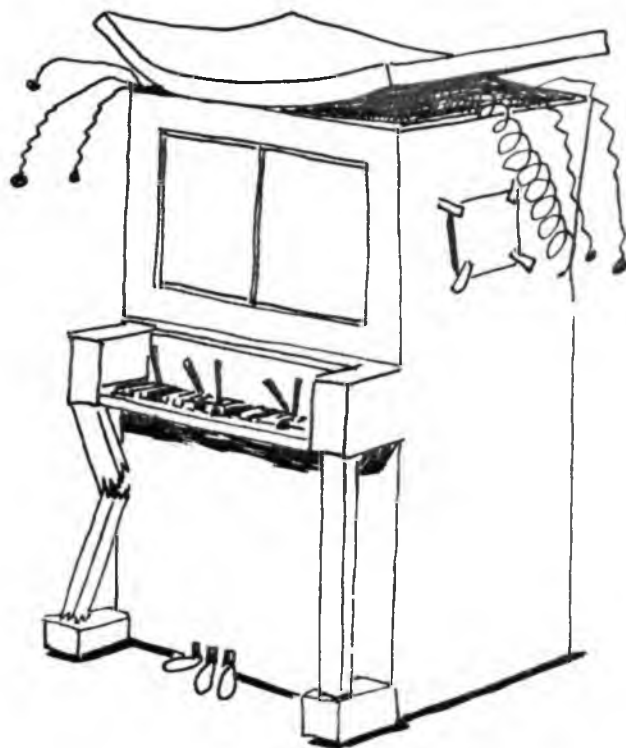
really perking up under George's guiding hand.

Trumpeter John Thomas, hornman for the Original Washington Monumental Jazz Band, plans to give courses in jazz -- both instrumental performance and appreciation. PRJC Members interested in learning more about the Gospel according to Thomas can phone him at 461-7234.

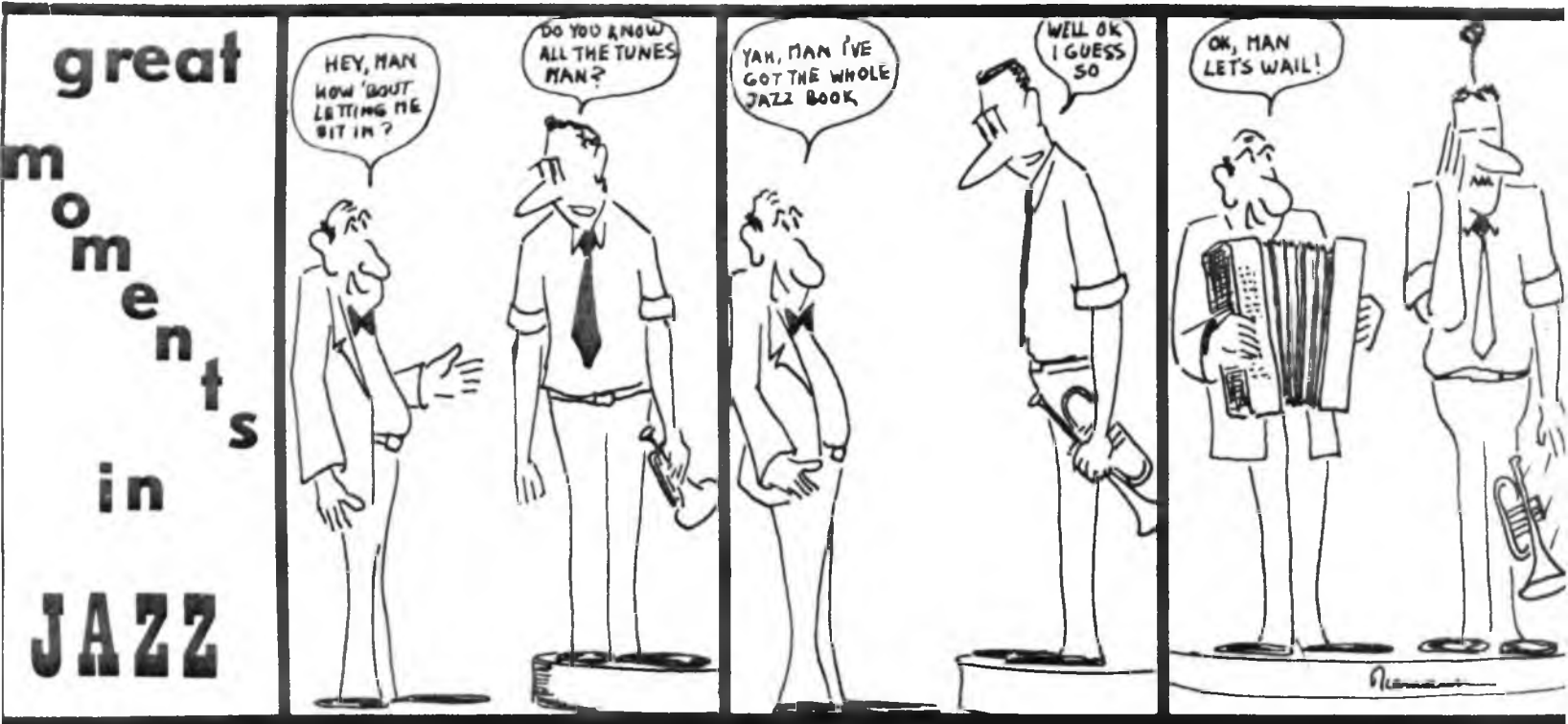
Mrs. Janet Russell, 3130 N. Harrison St., Arlington, Va., widow of PRJC Member Jim Russell, is selling Jim's audio equipment at very reduced prices. This includes mikes, speakers, mixers, etc. Persons interested should contact her evenings at 538-4855 or by day at 296-7500.

New address and phone for PRJC President Tom Niemann: 2400 South Glebe Rd., Apt. 1 Arlington, Va. 22204. Phone 892-2466.

After a slight heart attack in September, trumpeter John "Scotty" Lawrence is back



the house piano



in action with a clean slate from the doctor. Being a prudent Scot, he has decided not to take more than one eight-hour gig a day.

Trombonist Marty Wolfe, a fixture for many months at Tom Niemann's floating pep rallies at The Lighthouse and other watering holes, joined Fred Waring in February. We wish him luck.

The Good Time Six, seven men strong, started rehearsing again in January after a lapse of many months forced on them by the departure of sidemen Bob Bucher and Singleton Frazier. New faces are Dick Weimer, subbing for Country Thomas who is on leave of absence with a six-night gig at La Boheme in Arlington; PRJC members Frazier Battley and Stan Booth on drums and string bass respectively.

PRJC members, circle Aug. 5 on your calendars. Our worthy Social Secretary, Dan Priest, has rented the C & O Canal barge for an evening of beer, Dixieland and fun afloat. Details in the June issue.

PRJC INTERNATIONAL???

We are thinking of changing our name to the Potomac River Jazz Club International, since receiving a membership fee from Sergeant First Class Gerry Nichols in Asmara, Eritrea.

Gerry is the trombonist who walked into Buzzy's in Annapolis in 1968 looking for a jazz band and, finding none, volunteered that he had a band and booked the job. Gerry did have a band within 24 hours, and the band is still at Buzzy's a year-and-a-half after Gerry's departure overseas.

It's slim pickings for jazzman Gerry in his faraway station. At a local music festival several months ago, he got together--get this--a trio consisting of trombone, guitar, and drums, with a native Ethiopian on the drums. Their share of the program was St. James Infirmary and--you'll never guess this other title--The Saints. Almost all the other groups played rock.

Gerry's address: SFC G.M. Nichols, Jr., Kagnew Station, USASAFS, Asmara, APO New York 09843.

Ed Fishel

ANOTHER POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB SOCIAL EVENT FOLKS.....A REAL HONEST-
TO-GOSH APRIL FOOL'S BALL. A COME AS YOU ARE JAZZ DANCE. IT ALL TAKES
PLACE AT THE COLLEGE PARK AMERICAN LEGION HALL LOCATED AT 9218 BALTIMORE
BLVD COLLEGE PARK MD (On Md Rt #1 about 3 blocks south of the Beltway
right next to the Knights of Columbus). \$3.00 for PRJC members...\$4.00
for non-members. The following people can be contacted for party or
ticket information: Tom Niemann 892-2466...Dan Priest OL 6-5217...
Anna Wahler 894-6370....Shannon Clark 725-1251....Or mail checks for
tickets and reservations to Hal Farmer 11806 Georgia Ave Wheaton Md
20902....HURRY HURRY HURRY

THE POTOMAC RIVER
JAZZ CLUB
5818 Walton Rd
Bethesda Md 20034