



IN THE MOOD

The Olney Big Band
NEWSLETTER

SEPTEMBER 2009

Volume 4, Number 3

Dear Readers:

We hope you had a relaxing summer. Ours was filled with concerts, and carrying on at a number of new venues. For those of you who were present at our August 22nd, Olney Theatre Center concert, a heartfelt thanks goes out from all of us. The concert was a tribute to 74 years of big band music, as introduced by Benny Goodman at the Palomar Ballroom on August 21, 1935. The audience's warm reception and constant affirmation drove us all to swing like crazy. It was an afternoon that we will not soon forget. As Rip would say: "you could almost feel Benny looking down, and hear his "Yeah, Yeah" encouraging us". It would not have surprised us if he had, because it was that magical of a moment.



www.olneybigband.org

Quarter Notes Musings Of A Band Leader

Dr. Rip G. Rice - Music Director, Olney Big Band

Back in April or May of this year, the Olney Theatre Center advised us that the Historic Stage could be available for a concert on Saturday, August 22. Would we like to hold a concert on that date? Does a duck swim?

And we started planning. What would be a good theme?

At that point in time, someone mentioned Benny Goodman's 100th birthday would have been May 30, 2009. There you are! We should dedicate our concert to Benny's memory.

With a little more research, we learned that August 21, 1935 was the date that the Goodman band had opened at the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles. In retrospect, jazz critics agree that August 21, 1935 was "the night the big band swing era was born." And the rest is history, as they say. Thus our August 22, 2009 concert celebrated the 74th year of the Big Band Swing Era – a tribute to Benny Goodman.

The 450 seats in Olney's Historic Theater were filled. After the theme song, we opened with Benny's arrangement of the Bugle Call Rag, then followed with other Goodman standards, Don't Be That Way, Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen, Stompin' at the Savoy. We tipped our hat to Bunny Berigan with his arrangement of I Can't Get Started With You, and tipped our hat again to Cab Calloway with Minnie the Moocher. Harry James was honored with Back Beat Boogie and Two O'Clock Jump, Count Basie with Every Day I Have The Blues.

After the Intermission, the Dixie Rascals (a 6-piece Dixieland band within the Olney Big Band) played four rompin'-stompin' old-timey Dixieland jazz numbers, including the Cooney Island Washboard and, of course, the Saints, then back to the Big Band Era.

Olney Big Band started this second set paying homage to Glenn Miller with In The Mood, American Patrol, and Adios. Did you know that at one time both Glenn and Benny played in the Ben Pollack band? And did you know that the two were roommates while playing with Pollack? And they were good friends throughout their careers.

Then came a very special treat – two numbers by the Eubie Tones, a quartet (two young men and two young ladies) from the nearby James H. (Eubie) Blake High School. These young people, still in high school, love the types of music sung during the Big Band Years by the Modernaires, the Pied Pipers, the Mel-Tones, and others. This was the debut of the Eubie Tones with the Olney Big Band, and what a performance these kids gave! They opened with Chattanooga Choo Choo (using the Glenn Miller Band arrangement). Picture this if you will. The Band and the "Tones" were facing the audience and holding the last chord. I am in front of the band with my back to the audience. Just as I dropped my arms, cutting off the band and the singers, a roar came from the audience. I remained with my back to the audience while that roar grew louder and rolled from the back of the theater to the front and up on the stage. I had never encountered such a positive audience reaction. Then I turned around to see the audience all standing and still applauding.



continued on page 2

continued from page 1

What a truly mountaintop experience! A glance to the Eubie Tones showed them smiling – living what might turn out to be the most glorious moment of their young lives.

While the applause was continuing, I was thinking about the words Ben Grisafi had spoken in 2007 on the night Ben awarded the Olney Big Band a Certificate from the Sally Bennett Big Band Hall of Fame certifying the OBB as the very first Ambassadors of Big Band Music.. “This Band is not only playing Big Band Music, but is promulgating the love of it to younger people, who are the ones that will carry it on.” Ben – I was wishing you could have been there at that moment.

We moved on with the “Tones” doing I Could Write A Book, to another standing ovation (but without the Choo Choo roar this time), then to Les Brown’s Bizet Has His Day, and Artie Shaw’s S’Wonderful.

Throughout this concert, our two vocalists, Nancy Rondeau and Brad Bawek were outstanding – singing Bei Mir, Someone To Watch Over Me, Cabaret, Lady Is a Tramp (Nancy), Minnie, I Can’t Get Started, Every Day, and New York, NY (Brad).

Finally came the closer – what else but Sing! Sing! Sing! – in its entirety. In total, this number lasted about 16 minutes.

This ageing specimen of a band director is STILL re-living that concert. Those of you who could not attend missed a performance for the ages by this Olney Big Band. But – there is always a next time. We will be participating with the Blake Jazz Ensemble (and the Eubie Tones) at the 3rd Annual Big Band Bash at Blake High School, Saturday, January 9, 2010. AND – we are already planning to hold another concert at the Olney Theatre Center in the Spring of 2010. Stay tuned!

Thanks to all for your support!
We LOVE IT!!!



Benny Goodman - Meet Charlie Christian

by BIG BAND JUMP

There’s this 1937 story about music critic and record producer John Hammond trying to get Benny Goodman to hear guitarist Charlie Christian.

Pianist/arranger Mary Lou Williams told Hammond about the amazing skill of a guitarist from Oklahoma City named Charlie Christian. Hammond arranged to have him flown to Los Angeles so Goodman could hear his work. The Goodman small group at the time was playing at the Victor Hugo restaurant.

Charlie Christian arrived in a big hat, a purple shirt and yellow shoes, hugging his amplifier and guitar case, ready to audition for Goodman during an afternoon session at the restaurant. When Goodman saw him in that outlandish outfit, he finished the session and got ready to leave, paying absolutely no attention to Charlie Christian. When Hammond explained that Christian came all the way from Oklahoma to audition, Goodman grumpily agreed to listen but didn’t even give Christian time to plug in his amplifier. “Chord me on TEA FOR TWO,” Goodman said, and was, of course, not impressed.

Hammond, disappointed but undaunted, told Charlie to meet him in the Victor Hugo kitchen that night at 8:30 p.m., the time Goodman would be ending his first set. While Goodman was having dinner, bass player Artie Bernstein and Hammond quietly carried Christian’s amplifier and guitar onto the bandstand to be ready when Goodman began to play again. (The quintet at the time included Lionel Hampton on vibes, Fletcher Henderson on piano, Nick Fatool on drums, Art Bernstein on bass, and Goodman.)

Charlie Christian was waiting at the door of the kitchen for the next session to begin. The plan was for him to get on the bandstand and play, for in front of an audience Goodman

could not refuse. That’s what happened. Still wearing his purple shirt and yellow shoes, Christian picked up his guitar, ready to play. Goodman was not happy, but was forced to let Christian take part. He made an attempt, however, to discredit Christian by calling ROSE ROOM as the first number, a familiar tune to Goodman fans but not known to Christian. It was to be Goodman’s revenge to John Hammond for putting him in such a position.

Most who know the story were fairly sure Christian had never heard ROSE ROOM before. It was a West Coast song not familiar to mid-American black musicians. Goodman didn’t know about Christian’s ability to pick up chords and the melody almost instantly. After Hampton and Goodman soloed, Christian was ready to play twenty-five choruses, each more inventive than the last, and that is what he did. It didn’t take long for the crowd to be screaming in amazement at this new guitar talent’s improvisational skill.

ROSE ROOM lasted for 45 minutes that night and when it ended, Goodman received a standing ovation. The Goodman Quintet permanently became a sextet that night. □

- Article provided by Bob Redding



Charlie Christian; courtesy wordpress.com

A Contemplation on Music

by KARL PAULNACK

A *Contemplation on Music Welcome address to parents of the incoming freshman class at Boston Conservatory, given by Karl Paulnack, pianist and director of the music division at Boston Conservatory.*

One of my parents' deepest fears, I suspect, is that society would not properly value me as a musician, that I wouldn't be appreciated. I had very good grades in high school, I was good in science and math, and they imagined that as a doctor or a research chemist or an engineer, I might be more appreciated than I would be as a musician. I still remember my mother's remark when I announced my decision to apply to music school—she said, “you're WASTING your SAT scores.” On some level, I think, my parents were not sure themselves what the value of music was, what its purpose was. And they LOVED music, they listened to classical music all the time. They just weren't really clear about its function.

So let me talk about that a little bit, because we live in a society that puts music in the “arts and entertainment” section of the newspaper, and serious music, the kind your kids are about to engage in, has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with entertainment, in fact it's the opposite of entertainment. Let me talk a little bit about music, and how it works. The first people to understand how music really works were the ancient Greeks. And this is going to fascinate you; the Greeks said that music and astronomy were two sides of the same coin. Astronomy was seen as the study of relationships between observable, permanent, external objects, and music was seen as the study of relationships between

invisible, internal, hidden objects. Music has a way of finding the big, invisible moving pieces inside our hearts and souls and helping us figure out the position of things inside us. Let me give you some examples of how this works.

One of the most profound musical compositions of all time is the Quartet for the End of Time written by French composer Olivier Messiaen in 1940. Messiaen was 31 years old when France entered the war against Nazi Germany. He was captured by the Germans in June of 1940, sent across Germany in a cattle car and imprisoned in a concentration camp.

He was fortunate to find a sympathetic prison guard who gave him paper and a place to compose. There were three other musicians in the camp, a cellist, a violinist, and a clarinetist, and Messiaen wrote his quartet with these specific players in mind. It was performed in January 1941 for four thousand prisoners and guards in the prison camp. Today it is one of the most famous masterworks in the repertoire.

**Given what we...
learned about life in the
concentration camps, why
would anyone in his right
mind waste time and energy
writing or playing music?**

Given what we have since learned about life in the concentration camps, why would anyone in his right mind waste time and energy writing or playing music? There was barely enough energy on a good day to find food and water, to avoid a beating, to stay warm, to escape torture; why would anyone bother with music? And yet, from the camps, we have poetry, we have music, we have visual art. It wasn't just this one fanatic Messiaen;

many, many people created art.

Why?

Well, in a place where people are only focused on survival, on the bare necessities, the obvious conclusion is that art must be, somehow, essential for life. The camps were without money, without hope, without commerce, without recreation, without basic respect, but they were not without art. Art is part of survival; art is part of the human spirit, an unquenchable expression of who we are. Art is one of the ways in which we say, “I am alive, and my life has meaning.”

On September 12, 2001, I was a resident of Manhattan. That morning I reached a new understanding of my art and its relationship to the world. I sat down at the piano that morning at 10 AM to practice as was my daily routine; I did it by force of habit, without thinking about it. I lifted the cover on the keyboard, and opened my music, and put my hands on the keys and took my hands off the keys. And I sat there and thought, does this even matter? Isn't this completely irrelevant? Playing the piano right now, given what happened in this city yesterday, seems silly, absurd, irreverent, pointless. Why am I here? What place has a musician in this moment in time? Who needs a piano player right now? I was completely lost.

And then I, along with the rest of New York, went through the journey of getting through that week. I did not play the piano that day, and in fact I contemplated briefly whether I would ever want to play the piano again. And then I observed how we got through the day. At least in my neighborhood, we didn't shoot hoops

continued on page 4



9/11 Firefighters: courtesy google.com

or play Scrabble. We didn't play cards to pass the time, we didn't watch TV, we didn't shop, we most certainly did not go to the mall. The first organized activity that I saw in New York, that same day, was singing. People sang. People sang around fire houses, people sang *We Shall Overcome*. Lots of people sang *America the Beautiful*. The first organized public event that I remember was the Brahms Requiem, later that week, at Lincoln Center, with the New York Philharmonic. The first organized public expression of grief, our first communal response to that historic event, was a concert. That was the beginning of a sense that life might go on. The US Military secured the airspace, but recovery was led by the arts, and by music in particular, that very night.*

From these experiences, I have come to understand that music is not part of "arts and entertainment," as the newspaper section would have us believe. It's not a luxury, a lavish thing that we fund from leftovers of our budgets, not a plaything or an amusement or a pass-time. Music is a basic need of human survival. Music is one of the ways we make sense of our lives, one of the ways in which we ex-

press feelings when we have no words, a way for us to understand things with our hearts when we can't with our minds.

Some of you may know Samuel Barber's heart-wrenchingly beautiful piece, *Adagio for Strings*. If you don't know it by that name, then some of you may know it as the background music which accompanied the Oliver Stone movie *Platoon*, a film about the Vietnam War. If you know that piece of music either way, you know it has the ability to crack your heart open like a walnut; it can make you cry over sadness you didn't know you had. Music can slip beneath our conscious reality to get at what's really going on inside us the way a good therapist does.

I bet that you have never been to a wedding where there was absolutely no music. There might have been only a little music, there might have been some really bad music, but I bet you there was some music. And something very predictable happens at weddings - people get all pent up with all kinds of emotions, and then there's some musical moment where the action of the wedding stops and someone sings or plays the flute or something. And even if the music is lame, even if the quality isn't good, predictably 30 or 40 percent of the people who are going to cry at a wedding, cry a couple of moments after the music starts. Why?

The Greeks. Music allows us to move around those big invisible pieces of ourselves and rearrange our insides so that we can express what we feel even when we can't talk about it. Can you imagine watching *Indiana Jones* or *Superman* or *Star Wars* with the dialogue but no music? What is it about the music swelling up at just the right moment in *ET* so that all the softies in the audience start crying at exactly the same moment? I guarantee you, if you showed the movie with the mu-

Music is the understanding of the relationship between invisible internal objects.

sic stripped out, it wouldn't happen that way. The Greeks: Music is the understanding of the relationship between invisible internal objects.

I'll give you one more example, the story of the most important concert of my life. I must tell you I have played a little less than a thousand concerts in my life so far. I have played in places that I thought were important. I like playing in Carnegie Hall; I enjoyed playing in Paris; it made me very happy to please the critics in St. Petersburg. I have played for people I thought were important; music critics of major newspapers, foreign heads of state. The most important concert of my entire life took place in a nursing home in Fargo, ND, about 4 years ago.

I was playing with a very dear friend of mine who is a violinist. We began, as we often do, with Aaron Copland's *Sonata*, which was written during World War II and dedicated to a young friend of Copland's, a young pilot who was shot down during the war. Now we often talk to our audiences about the pieces we are going to play rather than providing them with written program notes. But in this case, because we began the concert with this piece, we decided to talk about the piece later in the program and to just come out and play the music without explanation.

Midway through the piece, an elderly man seated in a wheelchair near the front of the concert hall began to weep. This man, whom I later met, was clearly a soldier—even in his 70s, it was clear from his buzz-cut hair,

continued on page 5

continued from page 4

square jaw and general demeanor that he had spent a good deal of his life in the military. I thought it a little bit odd that someone would be moved to tears by that particular movement of that particular piece, but it wasn't the first time I've heard crying in a concert and we went on with the concert and finished the piece. When we came out to play the next piece on the program, we decided to talk about both the first and second pieces, and we described the circumstances in which the Copland was written and mentioned its dedication to a downed pilot. The man in the front of the audience became so disturbed that he had to leave the auditorium. I honestly figured that we would not see him again, but he did come backstage afterwards, tears and all, to explain himself.

What he told us was this: "During World War II, I was a pilot, and I was in an aerial combat situation where one of my team's planes was hit. I watched my friend bail out, and watched his parachute open, but the Japanese planes which had engaged us returned and machine gunned across the parachute chords so as to separate the parachute from the pilot, and I watched my friend drop away into the ocean, realizing that he was lost. I have not thought about this for many years, but during that first piece of music you played, this memory returned to me so vividly that it was as though I was reliving it. I didn't understand why this was happening, why now, but then when you came out to explain that this piece of music was written to commemorate a lost pilot, it was a little more than I could handle. How does the music do that? How did it find those feelings and those memories in me?"

Remember the Greeks: music is the study of invisible relationships between internal objects. This concert

in Fargo was the most important work I have ever done. For me to play for this old soldier and help him connect, somehow, with Aaron Copland, and to connect their memories of their lost friends, to help him remember and mourn his friend, this is my work. This is why music matters.

What follows is part of the talk I will give to this year's freshman class when I welcome them a few days from now. The responsibility I will charge your sons and daughters with is this:

"If we were a medical school, and you were here as a med student practicing appendectomies, you'd take your work very seriously because you would imagine that some night at 2:00 AM someone is going to waltz into your emergency room and you're going to have to save their life. Well, my friends, someday at 8:00 PM someone is going to walk into your concert hall and bring you a mind that is confused, a heart that is overwhelmed, a soul that is weary. Whether they go out whole again will depend partly on how well you do your craft.

"You're not here to become an entertainer, and you don't have to sell yourself. The truth is you don't have anything to sell; being a musician isn't about dispensing a product, like selling used Chevies. I'm not an entertainer; I'm a lot closer to a paramedic, a firefighter, a rescue worker. You're here to become a sort of therapist for the human soul, a spiritual version of a chiropractor, physical therapist, someone who works with our insides to see if they

If there is a future of peace for humankind, if there is to be an understanding of how these invisible, internal things should fit together, I expect it will come from artists, because that's what they do.

get things to line up, to see if we can come into harmony with ourselves and be healthy and happy and well.

"Frankly, ladies and gentlemen, I expect you not only to master music; I expect you to save the planet. If there is a future wave of wellness on this planet, of harmony, of peace, of an end to war, of mutual understanding, of equality, of fairness, I don't expect it will come from a government, a military force or a corporation. I no longer even expect it to come from the religions of the world, which together seem to have brought us as much war as they have peace. If there is a future of peace for humankind, if there is to be an understanding of how these invisible, internal things should fit together, I expect it will come from the artists, because that's what we do. As in the concentration camp and the evening of 9/11, the artists are the ones who might be able to help us with our internal, invisible lives." □

- Article provided by Dave Schumer



Courtesy: disneyshorts.org/years/1935/graphics/musicland

The Final Moonlight Serenade of Glenn Miller

by ROBERT REDDING

Smooth, muted brass was the instantly recognizable trademark of American bandleader, Glenn Miller, whose swing tunes survive among the most popular hits of the Second World War. In 1941, he volunteered for active service but was persuaded that he could do more for the war effort through his music. So, joining the Air Force, he put together a United States Army Air Force Band to entertain the troops abroad.

When Paris fell to the Allies late in 1944, Major Glenn Miller and his 60-piece orchestra were scheduled to perform in the French capital. Even though Glenn had a real fear of airplanes, why he decided to risk a flight to Paris has never been determined. However, his intention was to travel ahead of the Band, and on December 15 he and an Air Force colonel assembled with a pilot at an airfield a few miles from Bedford in southeast-central England.

Fog had been rolling in all day but, despite bad weather warnings they took off for France that afternoon. Their plane, a single-enginned Norseman D-64, then vanished with its occupants in the fog.

No one realized that the aircraft had gone missing until two days later, when the rest of the Band arrived in Paris.

No one realized that the aircraft had gone missing until two days later, when the rest of the Band arrived in Paris. The show took place without him, but with hope that he was still alive. After three days, when searches revealed neither plane nor wreckage, Glenn Miller



Major Glenn Miller and AAF band during open air concert for the troops. Courtesy of National Museum of the USAF

was reported missing, and people began to accept that he was dead.

A fatal crash in the English Channel was the probable explanation, although there were no records of a plane being shot down over the Channel that day. There is a chance that the Norseman may have been shot down, not by the enemy, but by an allied anti-aircraft gun. This is because the three men took off informally, on an unchartered flight, one that could quite conceivably have had no clearance of any sort, under weather conditions that were so atrocious that none of the RAF transport planes were flying that day. According to another widespread theory, the aircraft had iced up, stalled and fallen from the sky. Alternatively, there may have been a mechanical failure, or the pilot may have lost his way and run out of fuel.

Did Miller reach Paris? The shock of the tragedy, combined with the delay in official announcements, allowed alternative stories to circulate. Miller's wife refused to believe the worst and hoped throughout the war that her husband might have survived as a German POW. A later theory proposed

that Miller was shot down in error by an RAF (British Royal Air Force) fighter, a tragic mistake that was covered up by the authorities.

An even more extraordinary cover-up was proposed by an ex-RAF officer named John Edwards. He was to suggest in 1976 that Miller was not aboard the crashed Norseman at all, but reached Paris in a Dakota bomber and died there of a fractured skull, following a brothel brawl in the seedy Pigalle district. In a variation of this story, Miller was flown from Paris to the U.S., where he died in a military hospital.

The wreckage of Second World War aircraft have occasionally been found in the Channel, but the Norseman has never been located. Unless it turns up, the enigma of Glenn Miller's death will remain shrouded in suppositions as misty as the fog that engulfed southern England on that fateful day.

Source: "Great Mysteries of the 20th Century".

Special Note by: RIP RICE

While it is true that no one even today knows exactly what happened, that night of Dec. 15, 1944, another explanation came forward in December, 1994 from a former British AF bombardier who was one of the very rare non-fans of big band music, and had no idea who Glenn Miller was. I read somewhere on the internet (maybe on the Glenn Miller web site) that this explanation has been "accepted" as the probable best explanation of the Mystery of Miller's disappearance and death.

It was the habit of RAF bombers when their targets on the European Continent were undiscernible due to bad weather to return to their

continued on page 7

continued from page 6

bases in England. But not with a full bomb load. On their way back across the Channel, their procedure was to jettison their bomb loads in the Channel.

Fifty years after Miller's disappearance, this former RAF bombardier read of the 50th Anniversary of Miller's band touring England, and the mystery of his disappearance the night of Dec. 15, 1944. The former bombardier recalled his report of his bombing mission of that date. He recalled that as he was dropping his bomb load, one of the bombs exploded just before striking the water. He recalled reporting that, because it was quite unusual. Jettisoned bombs usually did not explode until beneath the Channel surface.

The bombardier retrieved his mission report from the appropriate British records agency in 1994 and reported that he MIGHT have been the man who had accidentally killed Glenn Miller.

Why had the bombardier waited until the 50th year after the incident? Because he knew nothing of Glenn Miller, nor of the incident, nor of the importance of Glenn Miller in musical history until he read that article in 1994.

Whether folks choose to believe this story or not is their choice. The above is all I know.

Why didn't someone reading the bombardier's report at the time it was filed put two and two together? I have no idea. I DO know that the V-2 rockets were still falling profusely on London and other parts of England at that time. They didn't stop until the 104th Timberwolves liberated the Nordhausen slave labor camp in early April 1945, where the V-2 rockets were constructed. Perhaps Londoners were too busy with other war time activities for anyone that might have glanced at the bombardier's report to connect

the incident of the Miller plane disappearance with the exploding jettisoned bomb that night. Remember, that plane was only listed as MIA a day or two AFTER the bombardier's report probably was filed (the night of Dec. 15, or possibly early morning of Dec. 16).

I don't remember when I received the news in 1944 that Miller's plane was missing. I know that we Timberwolves were in Germany by the time that news was broadcast on Armed Forces Radio. I THINK we had crossed the Roer River, which happened AFTER the Battle of the Bulge – early to mid-December, 1944, it might have been in mid-January, 1945 even, but I can't be sure.

What I CAN be sure of is this – as a devoted fan of Miller's music, by the time the bombardier's story hit the papers in December 1994, I had lived 50 years always wondering what had really happened to my big band idol. Upon reading that story, and reading the anguish in the bombardier's words, I finally came to rest, and accepted that story. That acceptance has helped ME get over the mental anguish that had bothered me all those years.

Of course, that does not mean that it is the true description of how Glenn Miller died. But it is a story that fits and is consistent with events – at least in my mind. □



Major Glenn Miller
Courtesy of National Museum of the USAF

The Miller Sound Lives Forever!

THE GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA

The legendary Glenn Miller was one of the most successful of all the dance bandleaders back in the Swing era of the 1930s and '40s.

Glenn disbanded his musical organization in 1942, at the height of its popularity, volunteered for the Army and then organized and led the famous Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band. It went to Europe to entertain servicemen, and then, on December 15, 1944, Major Miller took off in a single-engine plane from England to precede his band to France, never to be seen again.

Because of popular demand, the Miller Estate authorized the formation of the present Glenn Miller Orchestra in 1956 under the direction of drummer Ray McKinley, who had become the unofficial leader of the Army Air Force Band after Glenn's disappearance. Since then, other leaders have followed Ray including clarinetists Buddy DeFranco and Peanuts Hucko, trumpeter & jazz educator Dick Lowenthal, drummer Clem DeRosa, trombonists Buddy Morrow, Jimmy Henderson and Larry O'Brien, and tenor saxophonist Dick Gerhart.

The 19-member band continues to play many of the original Miller arrangements that keep exciting fans who have not heard them played for a while. Indeed, the Glenn Miller Orchestra today is still the most sought after big-band in the world just as it was in Glenn's day.

For concert dates visit:
www.glennmillerorchestra.com □

Key Personnel

Music Director: Dr. Rip G. Rice
Asst. Music Director: Brian A. Damron
Business Manager: David B. Schumer
Sound Engineer: Paul Freirich
Band Historian: Dr. Sue Vazakas

Board of Directors

Dr. Rip G. Rice, President
Bradley Bawek, VP of Design and Publishing
Merle Biggin, VP for Equipment Management
Barry Fell
Tom Harwick, Vice President (Founder)
Glenn Ochsenreiter
Robert Redding, VP for Public Relations
David B. Schumer, Secretary/Treasurer
Richard Sonnenschein

In The Mood

Editor/Designer: Brad Bawek
Contributing Editors: Robert Redding, Dr. Rip Rice
Send submissions to: bbawek@comcast.net

Friends of the OBB

The Friends of the Olney Big Band are people who love to listen and dance to big band music and are dedicated to keeping alive the spirit of American swing, dance, and jazz music. Friends support the efforts of the Band by encouraging volunteerism and by donating and soliciting and receiving gifts, bequests and endowments for the Band. Here is a list of our current Friends:

- Barry and Ali Fell - Band Leader
- Sandy Spring Friends School - Arranger
- Dr. Burkard Sievers and Rose Mersky - Arranger
- Dorea & Kevin McMahan - Side Man
- Halsey and Karen Smith - Side Man
- Charles and Joyce McClure - Side Man
- Helen Kinney - Side Man
- Charles A. Rubio Jr. - Side Man
- Charles and Elspeth Woodward - Donor
- Roger Aldridge - Donor
- Larry Mizell - Donor
- Paul Freirich - Soundman, Volunteer Extraordinaire
- Joe Karam - Honorary Friend in memoriam
- Barry Schwartz - Honorary Friend of the OBB

If you are interested in becoming a *Friend of the Olney Big Band* go to the OBB website and click *Friends of the OBB* for details.

OBB Events Schedule

Sunday, September 20 - Asbury Village Party, Gaithersburg, MD; 2:30 - 4:30pm / Private Party

Saturday, September 26 - Concert in the Park at Brooke Grove, Sandy Spring, MD; 3:00 - 4:00pm / Private Party

Saturday, October 3 - October Swingfest, Studio of Ballet Arts, Sandy Spring, MD; 8:00 - 11:00pm

Sunday, October 18 - Harmony Hall Concert, 6336 Cedar Lane, Columbia, MD; 3:00 - 4:00pm / Private Party

Sunday, November 29 - Leisure World Concert, Silver Spring, MD; 3:30 - 4:30pm / Private Party

Saturday, December 12 - Holiday Dixieland and Big Band Bash, Kena Shrine Temple Aaonms, Fairfax, VA; 2:00 - 5:00pm / Open To Public

Rehearsals

Mondays 8-10pm (unless otherwise noted)
All full band rehearsals - Check OBB Players page on website for further details and updates

Swing in Sandy Spring

It is with great sadness that we announce the end of our monthly dances. It was a wonderful opportunity to share our love of music and dance. We'd like to thank the dancers, and especially the OBB musicians for their time, dedication, and undaunted optimism while sharing the gift of Big Band music. We will cherish it always.

- Brad & Alison Bawek
Studio of Ballet Arts

For Band Information Contact

Dr. Rip G. Rice - Director:
301-774-9133
RGRice4ozone@aol.com

For Booking Information Check our Website or Contact

David B. Schumer - Manager:
301-598-2107
olneyjazz@hotmail.com

www.olneybigband.org