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MUSICIANS BITTER OVER WEBER'S PENSION

George Gershwin Dies --- Brain Operation Fatal

By Carl Cons

Hollywood, Calif., July 12—When George Gershwin collapsed in a movie studio two weeks ago, doctors called it exhaustion from overwork. When his condition became more critical, Hollywood doctors sent an urgent call to brilliant brain surgeon Dr. Walter Edward Dandy, of Johns Hopkins. But the great

composer of Jazz Classics sank so fast that they had to operate before July 12, twelve hours after a desperate effort to save his life, the apostle of Modern Music succumbed to one of surgery's most difficult operations—the removal of a brain tumor.

Gershwin had completed five songs of the nine he and his brother Ira were writing for Samuel Goldwyn's film musical "Follies" when he first became ill. Musicians and friends were grief-stricken at the suddenness of his passing. Arnold Schoenberg, one of the world's leading modern composers, said, "I am too shocked to speak. I can only say that Gershwin was the most talented man in American music. He was a great composer." Whitman, Stokowski, Damrosch, Berlin, Kern, and other great contemporary musicians were unanimously agreed that Gershwin's untimely death was a great loss to American music.

Unmarried, he leaves Ira, his brother (famous lyricist), Rose, his mother, and Mrs. Leopold Godowsky of Rochester, N. Y., his sister. Memorial services were held both in Los Angeles and Chicago, as he was buried in New York City, his home.

Career of Genius

Born of Russian-American parents,

AN OSTRICH FAN & SALLY RAND WILL LEAD A BAND

Sally Rand, whose swinging has been restricted until now to ostrich fans and large balloons, will soon swing it from the bandstand, according to eastern rumor.

The fan-dancing furor who put over the Chicago World's Fair has been working on plans to form her own eleven-piece band, which would begin a series of one-nighters through the eastern states soon.

Besides doing the baton-waving, Sally, energetic as ever, proposes to exhibit her dances during intermissions. This new Rand outfit will do theatre and night club spots in addition to dance halls. For her work, Sally will receive a figure equalling the earnings of three name bands doing the same routine of dance hall work.

This will not be Sally's first venture outside of the field of pure ballet. She recently appeared with her travelling unit, with which she snared a minor gold mine.

Sally (Fan Dance) Rand's Bubbly personality and appealing lines (Figure-atively speaking) will acclaim her as one of America's foremost female (without a doubt) orchestra leaders. Sally is being booked throughout New England by Scribman who states that this striking combination will be one of the most popular dance organizations in demand. Although she is booked to play at Kimball's Starlight in Boston, August 24th, they have not as yet been able to get a band for her. I might say now that no shoving in front of the stand will be tolerated.

in Brooklyn, New York, Sept. 28, 1898, George Gershwin's early boyhood was spent in Manhattan's teeming Lower East side. Baptized in noise, his early environment was a crazy-quilt of sound, splashed with the roar of "L" trains, the confusion and turmoil of the Ghetto, and the clattering of dishes in his father's

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BRIBERY STILL BIG HEADACHE TO MUSIC PUBS

New York, N. Y.—Bribery begets big headaches for music publishers. It costs dough, encourages bigger and better bribes from competitors, and draws frowns from the Federal Trade Commission. In August, 1936, the pubs got together and drew up a gentlemen's agreement not to bribe, were all set to ask the FTC for a music code of fair trade practices. A few small independents killed this idea, continued to create awkward situations by resorting to bribery whenever desirable. Other pubs began to shoot the works too, and the gentlemen's agreement gradually broke down for lack of cooperation. Early in July professional men were called into a meeting and told by MPPA to stick to ethical practices or else. "Else" to some publishers meant firing the entire professional staff and resort to general plug subsidizing. Situation currently is that pluggers have been made one hundred per cent responsible for stamping out bribery. If they fail, MPPA plans to ask the AF of M to do something about it by making band leaders equally responsible with professional men. In the offing also is a three way pact between MPPA, ASCAP and the Federation aimed at equitable control of song plugs.

"Satchelmo" Is 37; Choo Berry Joins Cab

New York, N. Y.—Louie "Satchelmo" Armstrong celebrated his 37th birthday on July 4th. . . . Choo Berry, that terrific tenor man with Fletcher Henderson, has left him to join Cab Calloway for more dough. . . . Benny Webster, Cab's tenor, may join Don Redman's band. . . . The Mills Brothers are in London where they play the famous Palladium among other engagements. . . . Joe Louis, the "Chocolate Chopper," is spending some of his dough to sponsor a nightly program of hot music over a Detroit station advertising his Chicken shack. . . . Les Hite has cancelled his trip East and will stay in California to play in the Sebastian's new Cotton Club show. . . . Claude Hopkins is booked solid on one-nighters until September. . . . Will Bryant and orchestra have signed with Joe Glaser, who already manages Louis, Kirk, Hopkins, and "Hot Lips" Page.

Death Plays His Last Finale



George Gershwin

Leader and Side Men Are All Employees

The Internal Revenue Department recently ruled that the leader of a band, arrangers and side men are all employees of the sponsor, but that ruling is not to be applied in all cases involving the social security tax. This leaves the issue still in doubt, where it will remain until the S. S. Board completes a survey of the band and show business. The AFM hopes and feels that the final decision will say band leaders are not employers and will not be held responsible for payment of tax on musicians in the band.

Have Your Own Jam Session



Ready-made orchestras on tap are now available for musicians who want to play with a band and get the guys together. Canned accompaniment is the latest contraption hovering on the musical horizon.

The explanation is a new type of record being manufactured in Germany which plays the accompaniment for any instrument. All the musician has to do is fill in the parts indicated in the score which comes with the record. In this way, the violin soloist gets a flawless piano accompaniment and the piano player may learn how his accompaniment sounds together with a soloist.

"We Small Fry Pay Our Dues - But Don't Dare Open Our Mouths!"

The following letters are bona fide and selected at random from those received the past few days in answer to Down Beat's request last month to find how the musicians themselves honestly felt about Boake Carter's attack on Weber. The most amazing fact was that every single letter was resentful. We present them not to discredit Mr. Weber or the wisdom of the grant BUT TO REFLECT A FEELING THAT ALREADY EXISTS AMONG MANY MEMBERS with the hope that the executives of the AFM will be big enough to explain to these same men the WISDOM OF THAT DEED AS THEY SAW IT. We invite you to use our columns. They are open at all times for the sincere expression of any musician. Remember these letters are not the result of any propaganda, but the reaction of the men to the deed itself.—The Editors.

Boston, Massachusetts

To The Editor:

I do not feel that I can give my name, as I would be fined or thrown out of the union, (or something), but I would appreciate it if you would print this. I feel that I have voiced the sentiment of many of the boys belonging to the A. F. of M.

In reply to your request for letters from musicians regarding the creation of a \$250,000 trust fund for Pres. Joseph N. Weber, (and wife), let me state that I am heartily in accord with Mr. Boake Carter's view on the matter.

Personally, I have always been of the opinion that \$20,000 a year, (which is Mr. Weber's present salary) is a lot of money in anybody's league. That being the case, what is all this about \$250,000 more?

At this point let me say that I happen to be a fairly good musician, I am married to a fine girl, and my worst sin to date has been trying to

(Modulate to page 8)

"STUFF" SMITH DOES VANISHING ACT

Tops in mystery for swing cats was reached last month when Stuff Smith, leaving his band behind him, did a Vanishing-American both from Hollywood and the rolls of the American Federation of Labor. The AFL suspended Stuff for violating the rule against dealing with non-union agents, but circumstances surrounding Stuff's flight from Movieland were more than a little mysterious.

While the AFM insisted that he was on his way to New York, Consolidated Radio Artists, which had booked him into the Famous Door in Hollywood, insisted that he was lost, strayed, or kidnapped. The AFM was right, because Stuff showed up in New York to consult Joe Helblock, Onyx Club biggie. Helblock is in on the muddle because he claims he released Stuff only to play in the Warner pix, "52nd Street," and not to go into another nitery. His Onyx Club contract has Stuff until September, and he wonders how come CRA Famous-Doored him.

Meanwhile, Local 533 notified 802 that it has "arrested" Stuff from membership, following an order from the national office.

Back in Hollywood, more trouble was brewing for the hapless Stuff. Herbert Rosenberg, his attorney, filed suit to wind up the Famous Door job. He named as defendant CRA, whose booking of Stuff caused cancellation of his contract to work in the Wanger picture. According to Rosenberg, the contract prohibited outside engagements while working on the picture, and the CRA deal was an automatic violation of the contract.

HUGE MUSIC TRADES SHOW AT NEW YORKER

New York, N. Y.—More than 2,500 musical instruments from organs to bazookas, valued at \$350,000, was displayed on six entire floors of the Hotel New Yorker when the annual convention and trade exhibit of the National Association of Music Merchants was held here, July 26 to 29. Trade paper executives and musical statisticians estimated that this was the largest accumulation of musical instruments ever housed under one roof at any one time in the history of the industry.

Two hundred fifty different types and styles of pianos, valued at \$115,000, \$13,000 worth of organs, and about 2,000 different band and orchestra instruments and accessories were displayed to the hundreds of dealers that came into New York City especially for this event. The radio and phonograph industry was also represented with manufacturers exhibiting more than 100 models, representing an outlay of \$28,000.

It is estimated that more than 10,000 people directly connected with the music industry in one branch or another viewed the exhibits.

Horace Henderson Gets Own Band In Chi

Chicago, Ill.—Horace Henderson (Fletcher's brother) opened a long engagement with his own band at Skoller's Swingland July 12th. Horace is a fine pianist and arranger, and many tunes that Fletcher plays were either arranged or composed by brother Horace. His line-up is as follows: piano, Horace; drums, Alvin Burroughs; bass, Harvey Gray; trumpets, Milton Fletcher, Robert Hicks, Edward Sims; trombone, Edward Burke; alto, Delbright Bright and Leon Gray; tenors, Robert Crowder and Julian Draper. . . . Andy Kirk drew almost 4,000 rug-cutters at seventy-five cents per skull on July 4th. . . . Mrs. Andy Kirk is recovering rapidly from a recent operation in Kansas City, their home. . . . George Crowl, Andy's manager, may wed his nurse, Betty Cole, a Memphis girl who attended him for weeks after the auto smash up in that city last fall. . . . Pha Terrell and Mary Lou Williams (most brilliant colored woman pianist and arranger in the swing world) drew encore after encore. . . . Andy Kirk's band has covered 20,000 miles in past four months on one-nighters. . . . Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines will follow Fletcher Henderson in the Grand Terrace this winter.

"Musicians Killed Bix Beiderbecke!" . . . Red Nichols

"Bix Died Of A Broken Heart," Says Famous Leader of Five Pennies

By Carl Cons

Between sets at the College Inn., Chicago, Ill.—Sober as a grim-pussed judge on election day, carrot-topped, world famous Red Nichols fortified himself behind a glass of beer. He didn't touch it. But six cigarette butts and two dance sets later he exploded.

"Gin and weed? Hell! They didn't kill him. MUSICIANS KILLED BIX BEIDERBECKE!"

"Some of those same musicians living today know what I mean. Bix died of a broken heart. And it was broken by the professional jealousy of musicians who couldn't stand to be outplayed by him so easily.

"Bix was a wonderful and sensitive musician and wanted to be friends with every one. He could do more on one note than any group of 100 cornet players and you can put me at the last.

"After he died, and jealous musicians had nothing to fear, they began to realize what a great artist he was.

"Yes, Bix was appreciated after he was dead. But when he needed a Modulate to page 12

UNION MAY TAKE IN MUSIC TEACHERS, SALESMEN, ETC.

That the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers might become an affiliate of the American Federation of Musicians was seen in the invitation extended recently by President Joseph Weber to all clubs, societies, or individuals in the music business "whose interests do not clash with AFM policies."

Reasons behind the invitation are two. One is the fact that the energetic CIO, while it has made only a few attempts to establish musicians' locals in the Middle West, has made some sympathizers among AFM rank and file members, worrying the AFM heads no little. The other reason is that ASCAP, harried by hampering legislation in some states, needs some sort of vigorous labor affiliation to help fight its battles. Since AFL affiliation is out because employers are included in its membership, affiliation with the AFM under the ingenious "affiliated charter" plan, which would grant ASCAP complete autonomy, is considered ideal.

Charter Plan Explained
This "affiliated charter" plan, approved at the Louisville convention, is the method whereby autonomous groups, paying dues which the AFM pays as per capita tax to the AFL—two cents a month per member—and \$25 for a charter, receives the (Modulate to page 3)

Musicians Can't Make Records After Aug. 15

Representatives from record and transcription firms met with the AFM executive board last week, apparently ready to reach an agreement with the union. This move followed an ultimatum by the board that AFM members would do no more discing after August 15 unless an agreement had been reached in the meantime regulating the use of records.

Among transcription companies who sent spokesmen were Associated Music Publishers, Langworth, McGreggor and Sollic, RCA, World and Standard. Representatives for recording groups had met earlier in the week.

A letter from AFM headquarters stating its attitude was sent to all recording companies, and was followed by another to radio stations in the United States and Canada.

Orchestra leaders respect solicitations of the public, hence the song is given sufficient recognition to warrant its radio performance.

Specific examples can be found in these songs: "Moonglow," recorded in 1932, achieved peak popularity in 1934; "Stardust," recorded first in 1922 as a fast song was a flop, but when it was "put on the wax" again, in 1927, as a slow fox trot, it became a best seller; Will Hudson's "Organ Grinder's Swing" was recorded in June, 1936, and became a best seller six months later; "Mr. Ghost Goes to Town" experienced a similar transition. Duke Ellington's "Solitude" was first released on phonograph recordings in 1932 and was popularized on the air lanes during the Winter of 1933. Further instances are revealed in the British songs which are imported through phonograph recordings released in this country. Such songs as "These Foolish Things," "Peanut Vendor," "Serenade in the Night" and others won best selling popularity through this medium.

Biggest Panic of the Year



Martha Raye Buddy Westmore Emery Deutsch

New York's biggest panic of the year has been the terrific three weeks engagement of Martha Raye with Emery Deutsch and his band at the Paramount. All existing house records, including Goodman's, were smashed. Martha and her new hubby Buddy Westmore, of the Hollywood make-up Westmores, proved to be regular (despite the complaints of some of her friends that she's been putting on airs) and made all the torrid spots on 52nd Street's rhythm ravine. Deutsch holds forth nightly at the Rainbow Grill with violin and band.

BLANCHE CALLOWAY JAILED & FINED IN MISSISSIPPI

Jailed at Yazoo City, Miss., for several hours on charges of disorderly conduct last month, Blanche Calloway, her husband Norman Pinder, and Mrs. Earl Baker were released on payment of a fine of \$7.50 assessed against each. The incident occurred at six A. M. June 3, when Miss Calloway and Mrs. Baker entered the ladies' rest room of a Shell Gasoline filling station at Yazoo City. After using its facilities they proceeded across the street to a cafe, where they were later arrested upon complaint of the white owner of the station. Pinder was approached by armed white officers who asked the whereabouts of Miss Calloway and Mrs. Baker as he alighted from the 33 passenger bus used by the band. Failing to provide a satisfactory answer, Pinder was taken into custody along with the two women.

Miss Calloway has patronized Shell stations exclusively for gasoline and service to the bus for the past six years while on tour, and has appealed to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to learn what legal action may be taken against the Shell Gas. Co., one of whose managers is held responsible for the humiliation.

Rudy's Latest



Renowned object of Eudy Vallee's affection is 17-year-old auburn-haired Jeanette Eubanks, (above) show girl in Alexander Cumansky's musical, "Road to Rio," at the Dallas exposition.

KEMP'S ARRANGER TAKES OVER CHIZ SHOW

Hollywood, Calif.—Johnny Trotter, the young maestro who did the musical arrangements for Bing Crosby's picture, "Pennies From Heaven," is the new musical director of the Kraft Music Hall program, broadcast over the NBC-Red Network on Thursdays at 10:00 P. M., EDT.

Like his fellow-conductors Kay Kayser, Hal Kemp and Jan Garber, Trotter is a North Carolinian.

As a matter of fact, Trotter used to work for Hal Kemp and made many of his arrangements. The new Music Hall maestro thinks it's pretty easy being a band leader in Hollywood where the musicians can read music. When he was a student at the University of North Carolina, Trotter organized a band for student engagements but none of his musicians could read music. They had to memorize all their numbers by ear first, before they could play them in public.

The Kraft Music Hall program is under the guidance of Bob Burns while Bing Crosby takes time out for his vacation.

Young Scots Sliphorn Genius Cuts Hawkins in Jam Session

By Jeff R. Aldam

London, Eng.—London's BBC continued their swing music series with a commendable relay from Scheveningen, Holland, of famed alto sax Benny Carter's new band. Really cosmopolitan in this group, with English, Scots, Dutch, West Indians and Harlemites. Line-up is: Cliff

Woodridge, trumpet George Chisholm, trombone; Jimmy Williams, featured clarinet; Sam Dasberg, Louis Stephenson and Bertie King, reeds; Ray Webb, guitar; Len Harrison, bass; Bob Monmarche, drums; and old-timer Freddy Johnson at the piano. Surprise of the airing was Coleman Hawkins—the Great—who sat in on tenor.

Song Bootleggers KO'ed By Music Sherlock

Arthur Hoffman, Sherlock Holmes of the music industry, last month KO'ed the careers of two more bootleg song-publishing sheets when he raided the plant of Patrick Bernard Mulhern, printer of Popular Cowboy Songs and The Hobo News, at 44 W. 17th Street, New York.

Hoffman, formerly in Feist's copyright department, has been the scourge of song pirates for the last three years, having eliminated all but one in New York City. He is assisted by John Weiner and specially assigned policeman James Devine.

Mulhern, according to Hoffman, admitted that from five to ten thousand sheets of Popular Cowboy Songs were printed monthly since 1932. A \$4,000 Kelly press was also seized at the time of the raid. The couple is due to appear August 16 before the Federal Grand Jury.

Among the songs said to be bootlegged by Mulhern are Steamboat Bill, published by Paul Pioneer; In the Baggage Coach Ahead, E. B. Marks; Tavern in the Town, Shapiro-Bernstein; Frankie and Johnnie, F. B. Haviland; Wearyin' For You, Boston Music Company; When It's Lamp Lightin' Time in the Valley, Shapiro-Bernstein; Convict and the Rose, Shapiro-Bernstein; San Antonio, Remick; Cheyenne, Remick; Seven Years With the Wrong Woman, Jack Mills; Abdul Abulbal Amir, F. B. Haviland; and Get Away, Old Man, Get Away, F. B. Haviland.

The only sheet still on sale in New York is The Continental, formerly backed by Eddie Burke and now by his associates in downtown New York. Burke, now doing a nine-month stretch, also paid a \$1,000 fine when he was captured. At its peak, his sheet, printed by the Christy Press in New Brunswick, N. J., sold at the rate of 50,000 per week.

Hoffman has made hundreds of arrests for copyright owners, his most important being that of thrice-convicted Theodore Aaronson, alias Puggy Harris. He was convicted six months ago, received a two-year sentence. Jack Shea, a New Haven distributor, was another recent conviction.

But young George Chisholm's slip-horn took the honors. In a jameesh version of "Lady be Good" he took two choruses which really finished it. Hawk followed, but even after three choruses couldn't catch up. And when a young ofay can do that to Hawk, he's really got something. But tell all of the boys back home—Hawk can still lay those slow rhapsodies like murder. "Under the skin" is what that man's got. He sends them every time.

WAX LIBRARIES MAY HAVE TO PAY OFF

Tribute to the AFM by makers of wax libraries will be paid if the suggestions of Harry Fox, MPPA head, are followed. His idea, conceived to head off drastic action by the Federation, is for transcription men to arrange assessments on library contracts with radio stations. This would furnish money for donations to the unemployment fund of locals whose members are cut out of regular jobs because of disked tunes.

The amount of the assessment would be included in the flat fee charged the station for the library. The amount of the contribution to various locals is up to the manufacturers. It could be a percentage of the library's cost to the station, or an amount separately determined for each town, depending upon extent of unemployment there.

In a recent confab with James Petrillo, head of the Chicago local, Fox found more concern evidenced about disc libraries than with one-shot commercials. The latter are passed once they're sponsored and aired, but the sustaining library records can be broadcast over and over.

Action by the International AFM on the waxed program question is expected to be aimed mostly at the library. Fox thinks that the tribute idea would appeal to AFM and that payments could be treated same as for standbys in live shows.

With approximately 625 stations now subscribing to wax library service, the donations to union unemployment funds nationally could total from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Divot Diggers Win Cups



Zullo Clark

Frankie Zullo and Dick Clark of the Casa Lomas, ace tee-toppers, each won their respective flights in the Los Angeles public open golf tournament, scoring 72 and 73, respectively. The rest of the band is taking lessons from the L. A. pro, Bill Jeleffe.

"RECORDS CREATE SONG HITS," ---MILLS

New York, N. Y.—With so many songs published each week, one often wonders what influences a radio hatter to program certain melodies and discard others. Offhand, songs emanating from filmicals have appeared to be an important factor, but when figures reveal that 50 per cent of the best sellers during 1936 were composed by independent writers, 10 per cent came from legitimate shows and the remaining 40 per cent from motion pictures, the highly touted power of the celluloids appears just a little overrated.

Irving Mills, managing director of Master Records, Inc., and prominent Tin Pan Alleyite, disclosed several interesting facts on the subject: "Manhattanites who are served twenty-four hours a day with musical fare on radio, fail to realize the important part phonograph records play in entertainment outside New York. Over 4,000,000 recordings are sold annually to operators who control more than 100,000 nickel machine phonographs operating in taverns, cafes, small dance spots and similar establishments throughout the country. Their receipts of \$10,000,000 annually, at five cents per rendition, means there are at least 200,000,000 song performances on these machines each year. Radio, according to the last ASCAP figures, surveying 33,000 broadcasts, offered 8,000,000 song performances. What happens in this: the out-of-town fan, hearing a new tune on the phonograph recording that strikes his fancy will request it from his local bandman or favorite radio maestro.

"Satchelmouth Boys Still 'Fluff-Off' Horace Heidt's Band"

But Since When Are Bands Judged According To Gutbucket Standards?

By Tom "Old-Timer" Herrick

Musicians in general have been subjecting Horace Heidt to a fancy bit of panning ever since he came into prominence as a dance orchestra leader a comparatively few months ago. Heidt has long been known to possess one of the finest vaudeville bands in the business but his venture into the realm of dance and radio has been sneered at by most musicians. He has fallen into that category of leaders who have been fortunate enough to create a definite style which segregates them from any other band . . . all very fine as far as Joe Public is concerned but the satchel mouth boys are holding him up as corny, jazzy, clanky, and a few other things.

Judged from swing standards, Heidt is, of course, not in the running but since when are bands good or bad according to how much gutbucket they can pour forth? Let's analyze this outfit:

The first thing the "anti-Heidt" gleefully points out is the electric guitar which plays an important part in two out of three Heidt arrangements. In case you don't remember, there was a period when every Tom and Jerry ork leader had an "electric spark box" which they featured so promiscuously and badly that most of them soon discarded the instrument, the main reason being that the regular guitarist was called upon to pick it up over night. Alvino Rey is an artist in complete control of his instrument especially where intonation is concerned and has years of study behind him. If you really listen to him some night with an unbiased ear you'll find that he and the arranger use the "slip ukelele" with extremely good taste.

Now for the sax section: Unlike the saxes in most stylized sweet bands, this section plays perfectly in tune with a beautiful non-sobbing quality of tone. Picking it apart, you'll find that the blend is a joy to listen to and that no harmony over-shadows or interferes with the lead. Get a load of those sax variation choruses in perfect unison if you can wean yourself away from swing for a moment. They're tough, man, and not at all hard to listen to. If you are looking for a Bud Freeman in the section you won't find one, but if you're looking for four men who play with an extraordinarily sensitive feeling for one another minus the strained attempt at what is laughingly termed "phrasing from the heart" you'll find it here.

Sydney Mear, 18-year old boy wonder who heads the brass section, is doubtless one of the most promising young men in the business and brass men who are mildly indifferent to those Sousa-like triple tonguing exercises which the boys get-off-on might do well to get out Arban's and see just how forte they are after these years of legato-tongued swing. The brass is evenly balanced and despite the latent power it contains never overblows the saxes and swings a ride tune in a creditable manner. Another man in the section who deserves mention is 1st trombonist Ernie Passoja who misses very rarely on those high solos up around D and E (yes, waaaay above the staff!)

The three violas with which Heidt augmented his band some weeks ago fit in nicely with the ensemble and are another of Heidt's unorthodox and original ideas.

The rhythm section does not turn out a punchy, driving beat of the popular current variety but for the light, airy boom-chick rhythm so

essential to the Heidt style, it can't be beat. Bernie Mattison, the drummer, is evidently well up on his rudiments which he had occasion to display the other night on a rhythmical bolero which the band played on their commercial.

Summing it all up, our verdict is that Heidt has created an original new style which is both musically sound and intensely appealing. Take down your hair, boys, and give the man credit . . . He's got something there!!

"Scoop" Lamare Caught "Napping"



Carole Lombard To Have Cannibal Music In Next Picture???

Scott Quintet's Weird Descriptive Music Contracted For

The Raymond Scott Quintet, sensation of the CBS Saturday Night Swing sessions and of Master phonograph records, has been signed by Irving Mills with Selznick-International for "Nothing Sacred," the technicolor picture featuring Carole Lombard and Fredric March.

Raymond Scott is the professional name of Harry Warnow, who is under the exclusive management of Columbia Artists, Inc., and the personal direction of Irving Mills.

With his quintet, Scott has featured his own compositions on the air and on the discs, such as "Toy Trumpet," "Twilight in Turkey," "Powerhouse," and "Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals."

Scott began studying for a career as an electrical engineer in the Brooklyn Technical High School and

had enrolled in an engineering school when his brother, Mark Warnow, famous radio conductor, induced him to take up piano and the study of music.

He didn't forget his yen for engineering, however, and today is an excellent radio technician, as well as a musician. He experimented with what he calls "creative acoustics," or the production of new musical sounds made possible by the amplification through microphones.

"Descriptive music set to rhythm" is the way Scott describes the surrealistic harmonies which have made his compositions and his quintet almost an overnight sensation. He and his boys arrived in Hollywood on July 22, and offers from two other film studios are under consideration.

THE GREATEST NEWS IN YEARS FOR ALL TROMBONISTS

In your contacts with saxophonists, trumpeters and bass players, undoubtedly you have heard much favorable comment about the fine new Martins recently developed. You may have wondered why Martin hasn't previously come out with a trombone to equal their new saxophone. The answer is that for many, many months the Martin Company has been quietly and thoroughly surveying the trombone field, interviewing leading professional trombonists and obtaining expressions of their likes and dislikes. All this has been done with the idea of producing a trombone which, like the Steve Broadus model Martin Saxophones, Imperial Martin Trumpets and Cornets, and Martin Basses, would establish new and higher standards in the art of band instrument building and fulfill the ideals of you players.

This newly designed Imperial Martin Trombone is truly the answer to a musician's prayer. It has that same matchless beauty and richness of tone long conceded to the Martin and not equalled by any other make. It has faster, smoother, amazingly quiet slide action, and is of lighter weight,—everything to establish it as the finest trombone of all time. Perfect balance takes the strain off your grip and adds greatly to your comfort and pleasure. Mouthpiece and mouthpiece construction have been improved to make the reach to 7th position shorter by more than 1 inch. Scale is perfect, tuning exact. Cross bars are placed to give greater ease and comfort to the left hand so that it should not tire even after long hours of playing. Hard drawn nickel-steel slides, both inside and out, give more years of service and are less likely to damage and wear. Tuning slides, cross braces and hand grips are also of solid nickel.

Easier to Produce Full High Tones on New Martin

Although previous Imperial Martins were widely acclaimed for the ease with which high tones could be produced, redesigning the bell taper has materially enhanced this desirable feature.

Heretofore it has been practically impossible to find a trombone without one or two "wolf" tones. But now—on the new Imperial Martin, every tone has the same crisp tenor quality in double piano as well as in double forte.

You'll find it unbelievably responsive and flexible, and you can obtain maximum volume with a minimum of effort without any of the blaring brazenness so unpleasant to the educated listener and player.

Built in three bores, No. 1 small, No. 2 medium, and No. 3 large, each with bell, the new Imperial Martin agrees, is "the one trombone without a single fault." Arrange to compare the new Martin horn regardless of how well pleased you are. Note the difference, and obvious superiority. See your local Martin dealer direct to the folder free upon request.

Martin proudly presents its recently perfected, new model Imperial Trombone, — the finest ever created, — the one trombone without a fault.

MARTIN BAND INSTRUMENT COMPANY
DEPARTMENT 808 • ELKHART, INDIANA

ASCAP MAY JOIN AFM

(Continued from page 2)

backing of the larger organization and the benefit of its advice.

If President Weber's invitation is accepted, people with such diverse occupations as songwriters, composers, arrangers, copyists, music teachers, music students, and musical instrument salesmen could join the AFM. Vocalists, who fall under Four A jurisdiction, will not be eligible. Among larger organizations considered eligible are the National Association of Performing Artists and the American Society of Recording Artists.

Will Increase Membership

President Weber's new plan, a minor compromise with industrial unionism, may bring to the AFM ten or 20,000 more followers, adding to its present total of 110,000. Organizing workers not originally under jurisdiction of a union, however, is nothing new, the International Alliance of Theatre Stage Employees and the American Federation of Actors having already taken this step.

ROAD TRIPS FINE OPPORTUNITY FOR CANDIDS

By George Scheetman

Now that summer is here in full swing, you picture takers should take full advantage of that fact and start taking those pictures typifying the season. I notice by the prints you sent in that a good many of the real "shots" are being missed, and instead all we have as a result is an ordinary snapshot, when with a little extra effort a good picture could have been made.

You fellows on the road trips and one night stands have a tremendous advantage over those staying home, and you should have a picture recording every event and beautiful scene encountered on the trip.

I haven't as yet touched on amateur movies. It is possible to take movies today at a surprisingly low cost, and you will be amply repaid by the fun and result.

The summer scenes I mentioned before could be recorded in movies with full natural color. And the beauty of it all is the simplicity with which it can be done.

One of your group is probably clever at writing short scenarios and continuity. Another is just as good in interpreting its full meaning and capable of directing those scenes. Without any question of doubt, you're really passing up something great if you don't investigate this amateur movie making.

Broadway Breasts Blossom After Weeks of Hiding



Gypsy Rose Lee demonstrates the art of artful hiding, cultivated since New York's recent curb on nudity in the theatre. Breasts, however (upper right) again peep forth as pressure lifts.



A concussion in the percussion dept. Dean Stevenson, drummer with Joe Sanders' band, strains for a modulation. Get a lift with the way Dean's hair stands on edge during a brainstorm.

Pigs perk up when "Velvet-lips" Ward Silloway cups his mouth and raises his voice plaintively. And pigs truck on down when his succulent tenor echoes across the prairies.

THE "BEAT-UP"

"A SHEET BETWEEN THE SHEETS"

(Given Birth and Nursed by Kay "Sugar Puss" Weber)

More About Cats And Their Habits

This month we discuss two rare species of cats—the business man and housewife.

TYPE B—The Business Man

This is the approaching rotundity or middle-aged-madness cat.

HAUNTS

He is not a ballroom addict. Type B is the intimate club or hotel-dancing rendezvous devotee.

APPEARANCE

Not easily distinguishable. He is an average, middle-forties American male. He is, at a glance, seemingly mild-mannered, but upon close scrutiny, an adventurous gleam can be detected in his eyes. This accounts for the Jekyll and Hyde flavor of his demeanor. He belongs to the "Saturday night—Must get tight" school. He is usually accompanied by a member of the feminine sex who may be:

(1) His wife, who (a) regards him as "Just a big kid"; (b) becomes furious declaring he is an old fool and why does he always disgrace her.

(2) His secretary, who wonders if the old goat is in the embryonic stage of second childhood or if he has had a sudden attack of St. Vitus.

(3) A blonde, who pays no attention to him. She spends the evening acting very blonde for the benefit of the cute saxophone player on the left.

BEHAVIOR

After selecting a table he devotes himself to incessant imbibing, paying little heed to the music. After a certain length of time, these excessive and repeated ablations of the gullet bring on a desire for activity, so he grabs his partner, London fashion, and executes what appears to be a combination of the old-fashioned polka and a practical way of stomping out a bonfire.

This brings him in position in front of the bandstand, when suddenly he is stricken with the "I-got-rhythm" complex and he bellows out cries of "get hot" and "keep it peppy" and declares gleefully, "If this is that new swing music, I'm sure for it!" Very often he climaxes the evening buying drinks for the band.

TYPE C—The Housewife

This is the dilettante dowager or better homes and gardens cat.

HAUNTS

Any hotel or club she can inveigle her husband or gentleman friend to take her. She simply adores gay, lively places.

APPEARANCE

Type C cats under observation are of the life begins at forty group. Fairly attractive, but rather too ardently evening-gowned. She wears her brightly polished personality in grand dame fashion and fairly exudes joie de vivre.

BEHAVIOR

She is rarely found at a table for two. She is a party cat. Chances are she "owes" the Smiths, and since the down-to-earth Pictorial Review, as well as her snootier sisters, Harper's Bazaar and Vogue, have devoted pages to discussions of "Swing" and swing artists, she thinks she will be "keeping up with things" if she takes her friends to hear "a real swing band"—(the ad in the paper said so!) Her activities as a cat are quiet and unperturbing. She will stand in front of the band, smiling happily at the musicians; "one should always encourage the performers, don't you think?" She explains "what the article said swing was" to her dancing partner, and tosses off a phrase or two garnered from an Index of Swing Terms.

Sometimes she beckons to the usually handsome bandleader, and in a coyly confidential manner, requests her favorite tune of the day. As he complies, she advances into her partner's arms with the abandon of a Velox and Yolanda even though her new girdle is dreadfully tight and pinches like mad. She feels triumphant in her surrender to the music and gaiety of the moment.

To Hubbys of Wives Who Horns and Saxes Blow

Tell me something, little woman.

You, who horns and saxes blow
Are you wed, or are you single
Tell me, what's your status quo?

And if you're married, may I ask
Your husbands something 'bout their lives?

Do they compare in any measure
With those of our bandmen's wives?

But before I speak too boldly
Pray forgive this pertinent quest
This questionnaire is not defaming;
These rhymes are written all in jest.

So to the husband, I address me
Spitalny spouse or clan of Hutton
Do you keep the home fires burning
Stew the beef and broil the mutton?

SUGAR-PUSS REGRETS PASSING OF "YEAH MAN"

During this last month I've been brooding over the inevitability of change. Progress and decadence march hand in hand as surely as there is an ebb and flow of the sea, and night follows day. Styles change, flowers die, and songs pass into the limbo of forgotten things. The "snows of yesteryear" are charming, sad little thoughts.

This mood overcomes me and I can't escape sighing a wistful sigh as I regretfully report the passing of the old, time-honored war cry of the cats—the *Te Deum* of the jazz judges, the chant supreme of the "in-front-of-the-bandstand" ages. Good, old-fashioned, raucous shouts of "Yeah" and "Yeah Man" no longer fill the air to warm the heart of the solid-sender musician. Ah, no. Today, vocal applause is far more genteel. It's a poetic "Yea, yea" and "Yes, yes," they call out now. Pity 'tis—'tis true.

Do you spend long hours in waiting
Until the clock strikes half past two

When your wife packs up her trombone
And hurries to your child and you?

Do you listen with great patience
As she reviews her toilsful night
Her reed was bad—her valves were sticking
And how she couldn't "get off" right?

Or perhaps you join your confreres
Waiting "till the girls get home"
And play some bridge, or penny poker
Have a snack and quaff some foam.

And when the band goes on one-nighters
Do you part from one another?
Do you travel with your wifey
Or, do you go home to mother?!



The Original Dixieland Band on a spree. Spargo, Sbarbaro, Edwards, and Shields line up for the spigot, while LaRocca and Robinson jive about the O.D.J.R. records.

INFORMATION WANTED

Can any reader give me any information about Joseph Robechnaux and his New Orleans Band, who made many excellent platters for Vocalion, such as "The Riff," "Saturday Night Fish Fry," etc? I have been told that in 1935, which is about the time the Vocalions were cut, this band consisted of Eugene Ware, trumpet; Eugene Porter and Alfred Guichard, reeds; Booker T. Washington, bass; Ward Crosby, drums; Walter Williams, banjo and guitar; Ernest Wilson, vocals, and Robechnaux leading from piano. I have read elsewhere, however, that Robechnaux played drums. Perhaps some reader could clear up this point.

In addition to a thrilling ride rhythm and swell New Orleans clarinet, the standout in these discs is the piano. This man is one of the best anywhere, on a par with Hines, Zinky, Cohn, etc. Perhaps Jo Robechnaux himself may see this and write in.—Jeff R. Aldam, care of Down Beat.



Dave Tuft, Tommy Dorsey's swell drummer, in his own back yard where he was a Boy Scout.

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Man to Man by Carl Cons

The Ghosts of Louie Armstrong & Red Nichols Invade Church

INTRODUCTION—There is such a lot of fine jive truckin' across my desk, it's a shame some of it isn't anchored in ink. And then again, our writers often get a wild hair in their heads that should be plucked, with no space in our editorial columns for plucking.

FIRST CHORUS—anyway, a hep cat gets tired of writing long-haired all the time and likes a solid groove to relax in. So this is gonna be a verbal jam session—where Improvising is King and Krupa his Prime Minister.

FROM NOW ON IT'S AD LIB:

Jazz Invades Church

The ghosts of Louis Armstrong, Red Nichols, Bix Beiderbecke, and Benny Goodman played in the First Unitarian Church of this city the other afternoon. For four hours, fifty sons and daughters of the church sat spellbound while the classic swing of these stars echoed over the stolid pew of the auditorium.

Reed Dickerson, ex-trumpeter, attorney, and Chicago jazz enthusiast, talked at great length on the history and mechanics of swing. Dick-

erson reports that Raymond Scott's Quintet's record, "Twilight in Turkey," "sent" the young churchsters most.

Pure Scotch

Down Beat's printer, Johnny Maher, a home-grown Irishman with a ready wit and a nimble tongue, tells this one. A few weeks ago, an old friend (a Scotchman by birth and training) dropped in on John, and they went to dinner together. Before the dinner was half over, the Scotchman bit the talon off his zippered wallet. Nonplussed, the Irishman, thinking he could loosen up his tight friend, bought a few drinks. But the Scotchman only got tighter. At the end of the evening, John accompanied his friend (now glowing, but that's all) to the station in a cab. Once ensconced in the cab, the Scotchman finally loosened up—and left part of his dinner. At the station, the driver, glaring at his non-tipping passenger, pointed to the floor of the cab. "Say, what am I gonna do with that?" he demanded. The Scotchman beamed, and leaned over confidentially. "If nobody calls for it in thirty days," he confided, "it's yours!"

Out of This World

The bookkeeper in the Down Beat office came to work the other day all enthusiastic about a record she had heard the night before by the Goodman trio, composed, as she said, of Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, and "some other man."

In New Orleans, there lives a musician named Willie Guitard, who plays string bass and who lives on Music Street. He absolutely refuses to move. Intermission on any man's job is still lunch-time to Willie, who carries sandwiches and coffee with him in his bass fiddle. Out of this world is the way he cut a "swinging" door in the back of the bass, and built a shelf on which to carry the food.



We nominate for a Life membership in our "Corn on the Cob Club" Mrs. Helen Hayes Hemphill of Los Angeles, who wrote the following glowing remarks. Stand by, Gates: "Lombardo music is sweet, mellow, delightfully soothing, and at the same time sparkling alive. Olson's is sluggish, dull, with a blatant blast now and then. As to the maestros of the two aggregations: Guy Lombardo stands out like a brilliant star in the sky; his irresistible charm and winning personality are felt in his music, and his mellow, melodious voice harmonizes with the beautiful melodies. It is Olson's good fortune that television is many corners away. His droning voice may please your ears, but it leaves a sticky feeling in ours.

"The Lombardo saxophone section is outstanding in quality; no faulty phrasing and quivering tone there, but perfect harmony, wholesome beauty, good tonal volume, powerful, yet smooth as velvet. The piano section excels in beauty and originality. Fred Kreitzer, the Paderewski of dance pianists, is the creator of these luscious tinkles. The fillins and obbligati are rendered with the utmost clarity, every note and chord breathing like a living thing.

"Lebert Lombardo's trumpet work is nothing short of magical. Let Olson's trumpeter try playing five notes in one breath! No other trombonist can execute a phrase as smoothly and beautifully as does Jim Dillon. The tuba and drums comprise a fine background, the Fesophone adds a bewitching touch with its strange fascinating beauty. Francis Henry, the Segovia of human guitarists, has no equal in presenting a sparkling guitar solo. Mr. Olson's electrical guitarist might try to slip a cake of soap into his guitar for a softer, polished tone. (Apologies, "Muff", for stealing your stuff!)

"Carmen and Lebert Lombardo have the most phenomenal voices of the day, and the two most perfectly produced. The Lombardo trio is known the world over to be the best dance orchestra trio anywhere, blending closely and harmonizing perfectly with the orchestra. Boyd Bunch is a wizard at turning out the effective orchestrations which make the Lombardo music clean-cut, smooth, soft, sweet, and . . . inimitable.

"Guy has once and for all dispelled the swing-maniacs' argument that the Royal Canadians can't play 'swing' as you will know if you had your radio tuned to Red Cross program, February 12th, at 3:06 A. M., when Guy and Cab Calloway got together on the 'St. Louis Blues', a thrill we would not miss for any amount of beauty sleep. The Lombardo session opened with 'Boo-Hoo' and 'Auld Lang Syne' appropriately lively performance."

A "Hep" Cat Grade "A"



The pedigree of this cat in first-class. Christened Robert Haggart twenty-one years ago, he has brought all the refinement and culture of a fine family background to bear on the bull fiddle. Bob, who likes to "whup" the bass for Bob Crosby, is one of the most regular guys in the business. Not only a fine musician, Haggart is developing into a fine arranger. He and Matty Matlock now form the backbone of Crosby's arranging staff. Last month Bob advised bass players not to "beat their dog-house till it bleeds." This month we publish an example of his hot improvising on "Pagan Love Song." This fine candid shot was scooped by Ace Cameraman Lamare, Down Beat's Roving Photographer (who plays guitar for Crosby in his spare moments).

What's In a Name?

In Minneapolis, there is an orchestra leader by the name of Wilpharte. Musicians have nicknamed him "Whoopie John" and have had barrels of fun at his expense over his unusual (to say the least) name. Kick number one is his letterhead, which reads JOHN WILPHARTE—EVERYTHING IN MUSIC. Second kick was a sign advertising a dance which read JOHN WILPHARTE—AND ORCHESTRA WILL PLAY TONIGHT.

Theme Songs For The Jive Boys . . . And The Birth Of The Blues

- The Taxpayer's Blues..... "I Can't Escape From You"
- Convict's National Anthem..... "There's a Lull in My Life"
- Listerine Commercial Theme Song..... "You Took My Breath Away"
- Prelude to Half-wits..... "Let's Put Our Heads Together"
- Love's Labor Lost in an Elevator..... "You Let Me Down"
- Hermaphrodite's Lament..... "Never in a Million Years"
- Intro for a Pick-Pocket..... "I've Got a Feeling for You"

Surrealistic Sketches

Hal Kemp—A broad "A" dripping with southern warmth and hospitality.

Joe Sanders—Courage and congeniality tripping a light fantastic on the keyboard. A backbone sitting on a piano-bench. (Rare in the music business.)

Cab Calloway—A dark tunnel on a nervous hill, from which letters of the alphabet roll out rhythmically.

Ted Lewis—A clarinet riding in a Model T Ford. An ear of Country Gentleman corn with a cane and a battered silk hat.

Slanguage of Swing

The American slang expression "schmalz" is originally a German word meaning "lard." To play with a lot of "schmalz" then literally means to play with a lot of "lard."

Stranger still, however, are German expressions (where swing is a stranger) and the verbal tags they attach to their instruments. For instance, a "squeeze-box" (accordion to Duncan McDougal III, who is visiting there) is called a "bug-press." A bass violin is a "grumble-fiddle" and piano is a "strum-box," while our "ivory-beaters" have become "key-threshers" in old Heidelberg.

Not bad for long-hairs, is it?

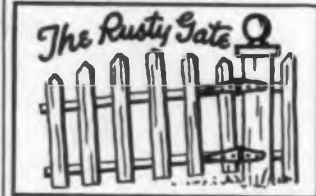
The Blues

Several weeks ago, Artie Shaw, clarinet player in the Goodman tradition, introduced an unusual program of music over the air with his band. Instead of playing four or five numbers he played one number continuously for fifteen minutes, not playing a particular melody, but rather on a general theme of the blues.

"In order to present 'The Blues' authentically," Artie said, "we are using no music whatsoever. The boys in the band have only a general idea of what we are going to do—this, so as to preserve the real spontaneity of the music. In other words,

you will hear for the next fifteen minutes a number featuring instrumentalists playing whatever comes into their heads at the moment."

The blues first came into recognition in a form of music called the work song, a sort of chant that chain-gangs, hammer-gangs, and stevedores, carrying heavy loads, used to sing to take their minds off the monotony of their work. The words were usually extemporised, and varied with the type of work, some chanting the first couple of lines, and the rest joining in on the final line. Gradually this chanting took a certain form, musically unorthodox, but by the same token decidedly characteristic of its origin.



Through the connivance of his secretary and some if not All the Lads, a page from the private diary of Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro of the American Can Company, has been purloined from Ben's secret files and offered for publication. The page, it is reported, was stolen while Ben was directing his band in the weekly broadcast over an NBC-Blue network each Tuesday at 8:00 P. M., CDST.

The diary follows:

- 7:00 A.M.—Having a nightmare.
- 8:00 A.M.—Having a nightmare.
- 9:00 A.M.—Having a nightmare.
- 10:00 A.M.—Having a nightmare.
- 10:55 A.M.—Boy, am I glad to wake up. I was dreaming of Winchell.
- 11:00 A.M.—Arise and light a cigar. Read Winchell's column. Light another cigar. Then light Winchell's column.
- 11:05 A.M.—Brush teeth with Amos 'n' Andy and drink a cup of W. C. Fields.
- 11:10 A.M.—Jump into a cold tub after filling it with hot water. Work up a good lather. Read my press notices. Work myself up into another good lather.
- 11:15 A.M.—Go to barber for light good trim. Walk back from racetrack. Call rehearsal. Go home and play White-man records. Then call another rehearsal.
- 5:00 P.M.—Go to movie for last glimpse of my picture. (I know it's my last . . . the studio told me.)
- 7:15 P.M.—Call racetrack to see if horse I bet on has come in yet.
- 8:00 P.M.—Pose for hair restorer ad. I ask for down payment. They want to see my hair first. I get no breaks.
- 8:20 P.M.—Send final payment to correspondence school of singing.
- 8:22 P.M.—Cancel payment. Just heard my last vocal record.
- 8:30 P.M.—Tune in on Winchell. (Take 15-minute nap.)
- 8:45 P.M.—Leave for few rubbers of bridge.
- 8:55 P.M.—Phone secretary to come quick with my check book.
- 9:00 P.M.—Take a briak walk—to the bandstand and get to work. Bernie, get to work.

"My God, Pops — How Do You Do It?"



Joe Public would be amazed to know about some of the solid guys behind the manuscript in this business. This month we call your attention to Music's Forgotten Man No. 1, one of the grandest guys in business, and probably the only bandleader in the country that isn't recognized. The man behind the band, Gil "Pops" Rodin, hires and fires, rehearses, plays, arranges,

backs song-pluggers, and manages the incorporated Bob Crosby orchestra.

Honest, conscientious, and straight shooting, he has endeared himself to the music industry, and his sincerity is only matched by his modesty. A fine arrangement means more to him than all the tin pan alley tunes in the world. Yet his love for good musicianship does not ob-

secure his sense of business perspective.

He has played with some of the toughest, including Jack Teagarden, Benny Pollack, Goodman, etc.

Unselfish to the point of embarrassment, Rodin is one of those rare persons you can never be sarcastic about.

"Pops," you're tops.

Paris Listened To Duke With "Stone-Pusses" - Then Wild Acclaim

"Louis Is A Louis Is A Louis" By Stein Might Make Jazz As Popular Here

By Leslie "Hot Five" Lieber

While noblesse obliges jazz with its dilettante patronage, poets, literati, painters and music critics analyze its into schools, give lectures and arrange concerts. The reaction of European audiences to swing is almost purely intellectual. Accusations that this brand of music offers only a sensual muscular appeal are contradicted by the absolute immobility displayed by French audiences while listening to fanfares which might blast an American out of his seat. When Duke Ellington's band played its most prodding arrangements at the Paris Salle Pleyel, the spectators sat in studious postures, — chin in hand like Il Penseroso. An intent and enraptured facial expression indicated that this music was not going in one ear and out the other without first cruising around the brain. Every chorus which showed imagination—which allowed the soloist to express his personality, was followed by clamorous applause and cheers. At the end of the concert the Frenchmen's prolonged concentration broke its bounds in a wild pitch of Latin emotion: with one great surge half the audience rushed up to the stage and attempted to carry the band away on its shoulders. Not one paper in the French capital failed to write ponderous critiques on the phenomenon at the Salle Pleyel.—the most favorable of which recommended that the Duke's brass section be included among the seven wonders of the world.

This same sort of appreciation has persuaded some of our greatest colored swingmen to make Europe their home. Coleman Hawkins, the King of the Tenor, lives in London and makes regular concert tours to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Vienna and Madrid (in normal times). Bill Coleman makes his home in Bombay, India. Benny Carter, sax man, has a band and lives in England.

Every sizable country in Europe publishes magazines with large circulations which are devoted exclusively to swing. "Jazzroweld," in Holland, "Musique," in Belgium, "Rhythm Maker," in England, Germany's "Jazz" (pronounced yachts), and France's "Jazz-Hot" allow the fans to keep abreast of times in their own languages. These and other lands are dotted with hot clubs, — all affiliated with the Federation Internationale des Clubs Hot. Within the sanctuaries of these clubs members may spend an evening jamming a few choruses, listening to selections from the record library, or arguing whether Benny Goodman's clarinet break in the old Columbia recording of "Bugle Call Rag" is as good as the one he takes on his Victor waxing.

So great has been the European demand for unadulterated jam that Victor and Brunswick have issued special records, too hot for American ears to handle, in which the cats concerned play hot enough to avoid the necessity of baking the records in the usual oven. European pressure, too, has persuaded the firms to list the names of all the members of an orchestra on record labels, instead of just the leader's. Intelligently-enough, foreigners are more anxious to ascertain the identity of the second trombonist who played a brilliant chorus than of the Adonis who idiotically waned the baton.

French Divide Jazz Into Schools

The "Hot Club de France" has not only terraced American music according to epochs — 1928 being a good year, 1932 a ruined crop, etc., but its members have divided jazz into schools. If you should accost an American on the street and suddenly ask him what New Orleans style and Chicago style is, he would probably describe the first as a way of preparing oysters and the second as a method of shooting a machine-gun. The French, however, talk of the New Orleans, Chicago and New York styles of playing, and, if listening to the radio, could identify the city before station announcements were made. All they'd have to do would be to apply the theory that "solos by Chicagoans are made up of just a few notes, except in rare cases. Moderation is the rule, and the soloist does not try to dazzle the listener with any brilliant effects." New Orleans style, on the other hand, is very rapid and there is a definite attempt to bowl over anyone who is listening. It is very easy to distinguish Chicagoans from

Frenchmen Wanted To Carry His Band



Duke Ellington

New Yorkers, says Hugue Panassie, because the Windy City drummers hit the bass drum much more often than do Gotham's—who generally bang the cymbal. According to this interesting hypothesis Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman's famous drummer, must have a devilishly-dual personality. He had most of his early training in Chicago under the bass-drum maulers and has passed the majority of recent years

under the influence of New York's Cymbalists.

The author, who combines a disreputable addiction to jazz with the malignant habit of playing the saxophone, had a chance to make a firsthand appraisal of the European attitude toward hot choruses last summer when he represented France in the International Hot-Jazz Competition at Brussels. Our orchestra consisted of a French pianist (who had smashed two fingers with a hammer the night before the contest), a French bass fiddler, a blonde Turkish guitarist, an Irish clarinetist, an American drummer, and a German-Jewish refugee on trumpet, — more reminiscent of General Kleber's International Column in Madrid than of a musical ensemble. Fifteen bands from various countries of Europe had flocked into Brussels, accompanied by fervent cheering sections from the homelands. "La Dernière Heure," the largest newspaper in Belgium, sponsored the championship and made it first-page news for three days. Not only was the "concours international" given official sanction by

King Leopold, but it earned the national gratitude by donating all the proceeds to the widows and orphaned children of the Belgian Congo.

Three thousand of Brussels, highest society filled the Palais des Beaux Arts on the crucial night. No one without evening attire. Not only did papers send their music critics, but the fashion editors were kept busy counting duchesses. It took five hours for the different orchestras to show their stuff, and no spectator left before the last chord. The competition had a definite political complexion, and a false note might easily have created an international incident. A jury, made up of a Frenchman, a Belgian and a Hollander sat in one of the boxes and consulted each other after each number to discuss the orchestra's merits. At the end of the program the band which performed with the smoothest rhythm, precision and originality was awarded individual prizes as well as a King Leopold-present banner. When finally the amateurs had finished their part of the program,

(Modulate to page 12)



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LEO SMAPIRO, New York City. Bass trombone NBC, WOR, Radio City Music Hall. Has played a Conn since 1918.



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MARIO MUZZI, 1st trombone, Royal Carabinieri Band of Italy, one of the greatest of his kind in the world.



PETRO MUZZI, Formerly 1st trombone with Municipal Band of Rome. Now with Augustin Orchestra—"Best in Italy."

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We Don't Dare Open Our Mouths!

We can't believe it's possible.

That in our own country men are afraid to express their opinions. That in the "land of the FREE and the home of the BRAVE" men don't dare to open their mouths! That in America where the guarantee of freedom of speech is a birthright, and yours to use from the moment you first squawl in the crib—YOU ARE AFRAID TO EXERCISE IT.

That you are afraid for your life, your job or of fines that might cripple you financially because you have an honest doubt, a questioning attitude or an honest gripe is incredible. AND YET NOT ONE LETTER IN RESPONSE TO OUR REQUEST LAST MONTH FOR THE WAY MUSICIANS THEMSELVES FELT ABOUT WEBERS QUARTER MILLION TRUST FUND WERE SIGNED!!! Not one! Fearing reprisals, some even asked that the name of the city be left off. These letters are not from cranks. They are from intelligent, sincere and active members of the AFM with cards they don't dare take a chance of losing. Cards so necessary to them that their loss would mean a blighted career, the end of their income, and the reduction of their family and loved ones to poverty.

Is Hitler at Our Door Step?

Yet those same cards represent membership in a brotherhood that is democratic in theory if not in practice. A union made up of free men voluntarily gathered together for the protection of their interests and the improvement of their welfare from whom they elect of their own free will, leaders to administer their affairs more efficiently. Leaders, who if they are guilty of neglect of duty or misuse of power, are subject to replacement by other men elected in the same manner. Then why in God's name should these same men be afraid of their leaders? Have certain groups or interests gotten control of things so strongly that the theory of democracy is no longer in operation except in lip service?

Have they been bluffed, threatened, and fined so often that they feel their own interests are no longer one and the same with those of the union? So often they have lost faith in the officials and justice? Or are they just so absorbed in their own individual lives that the remoteness and authoritative of the officials inspires fear and trembling in them?

It's Easy to Forget the Men

There are many wise and upstanding officials in locals from coast to coast. Yet there are men who are the exception and who from months or years of giving orders forget they are still public servants and responsible to the membership. These men often acquire "boss" or "czar" attitudes and resent any questioning or accounting of their actions. And often they eliminate all opposition, however honest or right it may be.

But when did a man get so good that he could do no wrong? Or so important that no one dare question or criticize him, whether right or wrong? And when does a man get BIGGER than the thousands of men that make his power and security possible?

We don't believe that Mr. Weber or any other official believes himself more important than the President of the United States (who gets plenty of criticism) or that the men who give him power should be ignored or be bound by fear.

Unions can be a blessing to the men who make up their membership if they are used to help him. But to be told what to do, and made to like it by a hard-boiled union executive is no different than by a hard-boiled employer. And being exploited by corrupt labor officials is no different than by chiseling employers.

Weber Should Know About It

We do not say the trust fund is not a worthwhile reward to a man who has spent a great many years in the best interests of labor. We do believe that that same \$250,000 could have been better used helping the unemployed, the unfortunate, or in alleviating the suffering of the little fellow.

We do say that the FEAR that many of the members of the American Federation of Music hold for their leader as expressed by these letters is the most unhealthy condition we have ever been made aware of outside of Italy, Germany or Russia. We don't believe it has anything in common with democracy or the perpetuation of democratic ideals, and we can't believe that Mr. Weber realizes it, or could possibly encourage its growth or continuance either by ignoring or condoning it in an organization that could only exist as it has in a democratic nation.

We can't believe that a man who has striven for democratic ideals for Labor most of his life can relax in his president's chair knowing that there ARE MUSICIANS WHO ARE GOVERNED BY FEAR!

Mr. Weber, WE APPEAL TO YOU.

MUSICIANS BITTER OVER WEBER PENSION

(Continued from page 1)
get along in the world by playing fair with the other fellow. I cannot truthfully state that the proposed trust fund is my idea of fair play, in any sense of the word. My dues are paid up, and I believe that I am entitled to protection. It appears that my fellow musicians and I are in need of protection, not protection from outsiders, but from men higher up in our own organization. Protection? That's a laugh! The only assistance I might expect, reasonably expect, I mean, would come from my local secretary and my local president, both of whom are fine, level headed, competent, and fair men.

I am only telling you of this because it is true of my case, and it is also true of the thousands of my fellow members. I also wish to warn the delegates responsible for the proposal of the trust fund that they are going a bit too far. We don't mind having a knife stuck in our backs, but we struggling musicians will never stand for having it twisted and broken off up to the hilt in us.

Yes, we small fry will continue to pay our dues, and support the A. F. of M.; we'll go on taking the worst of it in countless ways—but—there are some things that even we cannot stomach. For sheer arrogance, sheer nerve, sheer impudence, that proposed trust fund takes the cake.

I realize, of course, that Mr. Weber may have had nothing to do with this insult to our intelligence. I also realize that Mr. Weber has spent many years in helping to build up the A. F. of M., but if I were Mr. Weber, I don't believe that I could honestly say I was exactly proud of conditions existing within this organization. It is my contention that if the sum of \$250,000 was available, it should be used to alleviate the sufferings of the small fellow, rather than given to one who has already received \$20,000 a year for his services. I hardly think that Mr. Weber finds it a terrible strain to get along on his present salary.

What the A. F. of M. needs are men who will assist the average musician, not hinder him by resorting to moronic, imbecilic legislation, such as the proposed trust fund. We can also do without men who throw red tape in a fellow's path, and think nothing of slapping a fine on him at the slightest provocation. We need men with both common sense and foresight, who are able to consider both sides of the question before jumping off at the deep end. Certainly the desires of the delegates cannot be called common sense or foresight by any stretch of the imagination, especially in view of the fact that thousands of musicians are out of work, still more are earning only a bare living wage.

Therefore, in my mind, it is rather idiotic on the face of things that such a plan should even be proposed, much less carried out. I for one deplore the unfortunate circumstances which placed these heedless, tactless yes-men in a position to add insult to injury.

Why can't we have a little understanding, a little consideration, a little real help from the men who represent us, the men responsible for the well-being of the great bunch of boys and girls who make up the A. F. of M.?

This would be a better world to live in, ours would be an easier road, if only the heads of this brotherhood would extend to us the cooperation we extend to them. Unionism is not unlike a sharp sword. Both are very useful in the hands of the right men, and both are very dangerous when wielded by the wrong party.

In conclusion, one final word. All we underdogs want is an even break. DO WE OR DON'T WE GET IT?

A Disgusted Member of
the A. F. of M.

Just a Bunch of Sockers?

Chicago, Ill.
July 15, 1937

Dear Sir:

I can hardly restrain from voicing my most sincere approval of the sentiments expressed by Boake Carter in the reprint of his column in your July editorial. Obviously, I am not signing this letter, but I do ask that you publish it.

During the last eight years we have been paying dues to the local at a brisk clip of \$4 a quarter. That wasn't enough, however, so we

(Modulate to page 31)

The National Pastime



Chords And Discords

"We Were Boycotted Because We Told The Truth!"

To the Editors of Down Beat,
Chicago, Ill.:

The Entertainment World, a local sheet of which I am editor, has been boycotted by Local No. 40, the Musical Union of Baltimore, and because we carried a story in the current issue reporting the results of the picketing of the New Howard Hotel by Local 40. We took no sides in this story, merely presenting the facts.

The local union has threatened any member with suspension who advertises in the Entertainment World or even buys the paper. The music stores have been informed that unless they take the paper out, they will be placed on the unfair list. This

also applies to the hotels employing union musicians.

Why have we been boycotted? Merely because Local 40 doesn't care to have its members know the truth, AND WE WILL PRINT THE TRUTH. There is such a thing as "Freedom of the Press."

Can you imagine a local that doesn't allow its members to advertise in any newspaper or magazine; that notifies members of visiting bands of a special meeting "after the meeting is over"; that imposes fines on its members without giving them a chance to defend themselves—fining them without real evidence; that has tried their damndest to keep out of town bands from playing Baltimore; that is so lousy that every woman's club in Baltimore has placed a boycott on union music.

We would like to hear from you gentlemen. In all sincerity, we are
With best wishes,
Editors of Entertainment World,
Baltimore, Maryland.

"They Did Not Ask Us For Our Side Of Argument"

The Musical Union of Baltimore City
847 Hamilton Terrace
Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors of Down Beat,
Gentlemen:

Last week a local musical newspaper called "The Entertainment World" appeared and contained a headline article with a blazoned headline stating "Union Pickets Boost New Howard Biz." Down in the column it states that the pickets have increased the business from \$15 a day to \$85, yet, during a conference with Louis Swimmer (manager of the New Howard Hotel), he showed me an auditor's monthly statement showing over \$3,000 in the red for the month of June. The paper further states that when the local picketed the New Howard, the New Howard picketed Local 40. This is untrue.

When our pickets appeared in front of the hotel, two colored boys walked behind our pickets attempting to hide from view the facsimile of the \$8 voucher and their sign read: "Even the pickets pick the New Howard," and the rest was devoted to advertising luncheon at the hotel.

When the colored boys learned that we were paying our boys 40 cents per hour to carry our signs, they quit, telling our pickets that they refused to work for 25 cents a day.

The statement that the union's pickets have increased the business at the New Howard is a rank untruth and can only be attributed to the fact that it is understood that

some of those connected with the management of "The Entertainment World" are employed as musicians by the New Howard and have virtually placed the front page of their paper at the disposal of the New Howard to the detriment of Local 40's fight for fair dealing and a living wage for musicians.

There is one thing that stands out above anything else that might be said and that is: THE EDITOR OF THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD NEVER ASKED THIS LOCAL FOR THEIR SIDE OF THE ARGUMENT, and published these statements without any assurance that they were really fact.

In the face of all this, there was nothing left for this local to do but place the Journal on the Unfair List and notify our members accordingly.

A Mr. Mills, who states that he recently became an official of the paper, has been granted an interview with the board of directors of this local on Tuesday next, and what will happen after that depends on just what stand the paper takes to retract its antagonistic attitude toward this local.

Trusting this will meet with your request and hoping for a fair presenting of our side of this matter in your next issue, I am

Very truly yours,
Edgar W. Hunt,
Business Agent,
Local No. 40. A. F. & M.

Mr. Hunt states further in his letter: "The \$8 voucher referred to is a photostatic copy of one received by a Mrs. Clarke and okayed by Mr. Swimmer after he (Swimmer) had called the Union and verified a price of \$20 per week. This after Mrs. Clarke had scraped together her last dollars to join the union at Mr. Swimmer's instruction. Mr. Hunt further states that Mrs. Clarke was warned by Mr. Swimmer that "since she accepted that amount the first week, she would be thrown out of the Union if she told the truth."

Does Goodman Or Crosby Play Best White Man's Swing? . . .

Salty Critic Compares Benny's Guts With Crosby's Small Jam Thrill

By George Frasier

Boston, Mass.—Last fall Benny Goodman played an enormously successful engagement at the Ritz Roof in Boston, and now—almost a full year later—Bob Crosby occupies the same bandstand. Being based on entirely different concepts, the comparisons one hears being made of these two bands impress me as pretty futile affairs. Crosby doesn't happen to be either better or worse than Goodman merely because he fails to resemble him. One must, first of all, bear in mind the aims behind their particular brands of music, and any judgment must be guided by the degree of success or failure whereby those aims achieve or miss fulfillment. The fact that both Crosby and Goodman have worked the same location does furnish a certain amount of common ground, but it doesn't provide the complete clue. Of course, any critic who takes it upon himself to pan Benny stands likely to be accused of exhibitionistically browbeating a band as soon as it hits the top. That, it seems to me, is hardly fair. Any critic worth his salt writes what he sincerely believes and not what he is supposed to believe. Any critic worth his salt has a deep and abiding veneration for good jazz and simply can't help but take a lusty pride in Benny's accomplishment. Goodman, in this opinion, has been both progressive and retrogressive. Vido Musso is certainly a vast improvement over his predecessor: Murray McEachern, by the same token, falls embarrassingly short of Joe Harris; Harry James is a stalwart force on trumpet, but he's less satisfying to me than Bunny or Nate Kasebier; the trumpets have incredible power which they unfortunately misuse; and the whole band sounds a little bereft of that quite wonderful looseness it used to possess.

No Undergraduate Urge to Pan Benny
Now, all that happens to be my frank opinion. It may quite conceivably be wrong, but it isn't for a moment motivated by any undergraduate urge to pan a successful band. As a matter of fact, it doesn't in the least strike me as panning. Benny has a swell band, but there never was a band that could boast of utter perfection in every respect. In its best moments, the Crosby band is a thing of sheer magnificence. It is, I think, a large band packing the irresistible thrill of a small jam combination. You can't say as much for Benny. His is always the large, organized group—impeccable, to be true, and with infinitely fewer weak spots than Crosby, but an organized group nevertheless. Goodman's reeds are lovely beyond compare—feathery, insinuating, mellow, with plenty of good solid guts, and with the marvelous relaxed quality of a first-class colored section. One can't say as much for Crosby's. One can't, in short, compare Crosby with Goodman as an arranged ensemble without becoming acutely aware of the latter's superiority. Both rhythm sections are obviously close to perfection, and whatever slight edge there may be must go to Bob by virtue of Bobby Haggart's superlative bass.

Jazz is Essentially an Affair of Improvisation
But jazz, essentially anyway, is an affair of improvisations, and therein lies a significant and oft-observed point. The Crosby band allows plenty of solo room—in its best moments and in its best vehicles, far more than Benny's. And it has, I think, the more exciting improvisational talent of the two. That is largely a matter of personal preference, of course, but I regard Yank Lawson as more thrilling than any Goodman trumpet. Lawson plays the way Muggay used to play, and that is the best way ever—forthright, in practically flawless time, simple and exquisite taste, and without any damned blasting. Warren Smith isn't any world-beater on trombone, but he could be considerably less than that and still cut McEachern to shreds. Musso and Eddie Miller play two quite opposed tenor styles. I happen to prefer Miller's. Incidentally, Eddie's clarinet work is very slick and, in many ways, more moving than Benny's more pretentious and dassing stuff. Stacy is a greater artist than Bob Zurke, but that is not to imply that the latter is without his substantial endowments.

I imagine that Gil Rodin is keenly aware of the imperfections of the Crosby band. For one thing, it is getting more and more away from the Dixieland idiom. Since I used to pan Helen Ward, it's no more than fair to point out that Kay Weber is no Billie Holiday. She is simply a competent, inoffensive commercial singer, but she has one decided advantage over Helen: she is content to sing sweet and I have yet to hear her indulge in the pseudo-hot at which Helen failed so dismally.

Bud Freeman With 2 Young Cannons



Jim Bud Jack

Bud Freeman, top tenor man with Tommy Dorsey, spends a day with Jimmy and Jack Cannon.

The strength of the Goodman band is still the Trio and the Quartet. They make unforgettable jazz and furnish a peerless sample of "collective improvisation rhythmically integrated." This dispatch is guilty of disgraceful rambling, but at the risk of even less unity, I cannot resist mentioning one important matter. That happens to be the question of changing a band's style in order to please the clients of different spots. Tommy Dorsey made that mistake when he played Levaggi's, virtually twisting his band out of its usual recognizable shape in order to cater to certain icky palates. I'm afraid that Bob Crosby may fall into the same error at the Ritz Roof. And it happens to be a grave error. One thing you must give Goodman credit for: his band preserves its style no matter where it plays. There is never any attempt to please superficial tastes, which is as it should be. I find it extremely troubling that Crosby, on the other hand, should feel it necessary to play down to a certain stupid minority. If he hasn't

an arrangement of a requested pop, it would be immeasurably better for him to admit it instead of being Pollyannaish to the extent of obliging with a stock.

But, all that aside, Crosby's is a good band and potentially a great one. In its inspired moments, when it is swinging thick and solid around a good old one like "Changes Made" or "Come Back, Sweet Papa," it is about as satisfying a white band as I have yet to hear.

Dorsey and Basie to Follow

The Ritz Roof is quite the jazz fount. Crosby is to be followed by Count Basie, who will give way to Tommy Dorsey. I can't offer any first-hand information on Basie, not having caught him at the Savoy; but if his recent broadcasts over Mutual were any valid indication of his worth, he has the most exciting band that has yet come to my attention. The one possible exception to this would be, I suppose, Fletcher's old outfit. It's hard to say just how Basie's men would handle some of (Modulate to page 12)

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Chapter VII—Colored Bands (1920-30)

By M. W. Stearns

The saga of Fats Waller is endless; but here's some more jive that shouldn't be missed. Back in the twenties, for example, when Fats was on his European tour, he actually played the Notre Dame cathedral organ, in Paris. Later, back home, he used to dish out private organ recitals for the late vaudeville magnate, Sylvester Poli. The big bang, however, is the friendship of Fats and the colorful Manhattan gambler, Arnold Rothstein. Rothstein was so sold on the stuff Fats beat out, that he soaked about fifty grand on the colored revue, "Keep Shufflin'," so he could catch Fats and Jimmy Johnson getting off every night on the ivories. They both played in the fourteen-piece pit band which also included the great colored trumpeter, Joe Smith. Those two platters, "Thou Swell—Persian Rug" (Victor 21346), and "Willow Tree—Sippi" (Victor 21348), were hits from this show and were waxed at this time with Fats, Jimmy, and Joe in the band. And that's the explanation of the whacky personnel consisting of an organ, a piano, cornet, sax and clarinet. And for a finish, Fats would be paid off every week in checks that he could cash only at Rothstein's own private bank on West 57th street and Fifth Avenue.

Back to the Beginnings

To get back to the early unsung heroes of swing, what do you know about Charley Creath? Well, as a colored boy in St. Louis he started modestly enough, but it wasn't long before he crashed the big time. He played a torrid trumpet that was famous in those old days. Business came so fast that he developed three bands for dates on the same night, and his activities concerned about every musician in town. Even the efays got jobs with him. Sonny Lee, that plunge-iron artist formerly with Isham Jones and horns in Houston, Texas, along with the larger Teagarden, remembers getting a waxing assignment through Charley Creath.

In the early twenties, Creath had a sensational band. It included such aces as Lonnie Johnson on guitar, Sammy Long on tenor, Goggles Roland alto, Floyd Campbell drums, and Charley himself at the bugle. Waxings by this gang are very rare, however. A sample is "Butter-finger Blue—Crazy Quilt" (Okeh 8477), by Charles Creath's Jazz-o-Maniacs. If you have any more dope on Creath or discs by his bands, write in and we'll finish the story.

Doc Cooke's Recipe

Another big shot in early Chicago swing was Charles "Doc" Cooke. He was right in there when swing hit

Chicago, and around 1922 or 1923 had a great band at Harmon's Dreamland. Among the stars in this gang were Jimmy Noone, the famous old-time black-stick wizard, Freddie Kopard, the hot horn described months ago, drummer Alex Hillaire, pianist Ken Anderson, and Fred Garland on trombone. This band was plenty forte in the old days and built up a terrific reputation. In 1924, it was Doc Cooke who snagged the band of Al Nicholas, down in New Orleans, and added Luis Russell to his band for awhile. Later, these boys joined Joe Oliver.

Recordings by Cooke are hard to find, but there were a gang of them. One of the earliest is "Slue Foot—Willie the Weeper" (Col. 1070), with "High Fever" (Col. 4338) waxed about 1927. A couple more are "Alligator Crawl—Brainstorm" (Col. 1298), and "Hum and Strum—I Got Worry" (Col. 1430). You can see by the titles "Brainstorm," and "Slue Foot," that the Doc had a passion for the music of his white brothers, Coon-Sanders. This white band was on top at the time. As a matter of fact, those Cooke platters follow the Coon-Sanders arrangements note for note, and it's pretty discouraging until you come to a solo. But then, you can tell it's a colored band all the way.

Fiddler Dickerson

One of the colored band leaders that they still remember in New York as well as Chicago, is Carroll Dickerson. A violinist himself, Dickerson fronted a great band in 1924. Playing at the Sunset Cafe, he featured Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Shirley Clay on trumpet, Honore Dutrey on trombone, a sax section composed of Dave Brown, Joe Walker, and Stump Evans, with Pete Briggs playing tuba, and that terrific drummer Tubby Hall. With all these stars, the band was certainly making the cream of swing history. At the time, Louis Armstrong was also working with Erskine Tate between sessions.

Toward the end of the twenties, Dickerson went to New York and took the town by storm. He opened the Savoy, in Harlem, and promptly carved Fletcher Henderson and McKinney's Cotton Pickers. There wasn't much question as to who had the best band. In 1929, the band cut some waxes under Louis Armstrong's name. They were "Ain't Misbehavin'—Black and Blue" (Okeh 8774), "That Rhythm Man—Sweet Savannah Sue" (Okeh 8717), "Some of These Days—When You're Smiling" (Okeh 41298), and "After You've Gone" (Okeh 41350). There had been a lot of changes in the personnel since the Sunset days, but the band was still on top. On these rec-

They Still Groove It!



New York, N. Y.—The slickness of that super hag, Josephine Public, has not dimmed the activities of this trio of yesterday's famous swing stars. **Big Moe**, who has played some of the most inspired trombone solos ever waxed, recently cut some new records in New York with his own recording band. **Frank Signorelli** is pounding the ivories on those new **Dick Robertson** records, and **Phil Napoleon**, ex-Memphis Five star, just opened at the Hotel New Yorker with a large band which he says, "will play as hot as any band ever gave out—but you don't have to speak above a whisper where I'm playing in order to be heard."

WHO SAID "MUGGSY" CAN'T READ?

ords were Louis and Homer Hobson trumpets, Fred Robinson trombone (later with McKinney's), Jimmy Strong, Bert Curry, and Crawford Wetherington axes, Gene Anderson piano, Peck Carr banjo, Pete Briggs bass, and Zuttie Singleton on drums. It was practically this band that played at Connie's Inn with Louis in 1928 and later. Discs by this band are still around, but the Dickersons to grab are the early Brunswicks, such as "Black Marie—Missouri Squabble" (Bruno. 3853). That was the early band and it's plenty fine.

Besides being one of the best swing cornet players in the business and contrary to an old opinion, the "Immortal" Muggsy Spanier has an extra portion of good common sense. One of the writers once mentioned that he cannot read so we are publicly apologizing for our sheet. Muggsy, we know for certain that you are not only an excellent reader but can memorize far better than anyone we know—and that is even more important.

BACH WOULD RISE UP IN GRAVE AT TEDDY'S JIVE

New York, N. Y. — The harpsichord has never been a swing instrument, and Bach never dreamt of swinging out on it. But if Yella Pessi, one of the world's admitted masters of the harpsichord, has her way — the old-fashioned predecessor of the piano will soon be in for a "mess of jive."

For Miss Pessi's star pupil is none other than Teddy Wilson. Teddy is crazy about the harpsichord, and comes over to Miss Pessi's about twice a week just to sit in dreamy improvisation. The fingering is just the same as the piano. The only thing that's different is the battery of seven foot pedals, which serve the same purpose as stops on the organ. You might expect the uppish harpsichord to fairly bristle with anger and put all sorts of sabotage in the way of hot choruses. But Miss Pessi reports that it takes "cats" on the keys very philosophically and seems to chuckle to itself: "I wish Bach could see me now."

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Jives From the Jitterbugs

High And Low Down On The Jitterbugs

By M. W. Stearns

(Editor's Note: Questions may be mailed direct to M. W. Stearns, 6 Lynwood Pl., New Haven, Conn., enclosing a stamped envelope if a personal reply is wished.)

Old Stuff and Mellow

There's a new book entitled "21 Years of Swing Music" by Leonard Hibbs, just out in England. It was published in connection with two new swing albums issued by English Brunswick, but it's a fine impartial history with names, dates, and record of the whole game. As Hibbs says, he merely edited all that has been written on swing in a gang of magazines and books, but now I can throw away files of foreign articles because they're all in this book. Reading it was something like synthetic ventriloquism, because half the time I couldn't remember whether he was using my stuff, or stuff I had taken from others. Write to Hibbs, 12 Riversdale Rd., Thames Ditton, Surrey, England, for info.

Number 9623

A fine letter from Harry Walker, Jr., Box 777, Monroe, Washington. He says, "This is kind of an odd letter coming from an odd place, but I am keeping up with your columns every month. Being where I am it seems kind of hard. Here I am nothing but a number." Walker wants some cats to write in the news, and adds, "I play drums and rather than get out to come back here, I want to get out to be somebody." There's a guy with the right spirit.

Two of the great old great ones have been reincarnated by the UHCA. They are "Young Woman's Blues—Baby Doll" by Beanie Smith with a marvelous accompaniment, and that psalm from the swing Bible "There'll Be Some Changes Made—I've Found a New Baby," by the Chicago Rhythm Kings, which features enough stars for a dozen platters. They cost \$1.50 per, and are distributed by the Commodore Music Shop, 144 East 42nd St., New York City. Incidentally, the masters of both these waxings have been lost or destroyed.

Teddy Weatherford Located

Writing from London, Leonard Chapman reports that the famed Windy City pianist, Teddy Weatherford, who suddenly left for China years ago, is now in Paris and tickling a gang of keys.

Personnelities

M. T. Carrington from Washington, D. C. wants to know the personnel of the famous "Anything" by the Memphis Five (Col. 2588). On this date were Phil Napoleon trumpet and composer, Tommy Dorsey trombone, Jimmy Dorsey clarinet, Frank Signorelli piano, and Ted Napoleon drums. And if you want to see what Eddie Lang's guitar can do, get the same number recorded for Victor a little later.

Then Charles Stevenson, of Quincy, Mass., wants to know about that old "Star Dust—One Night in Havana" by Hoagy Carmichael and his Pals (Gennett 6311). This was the original waxing, long before Isham Jones plugged the tune and

To Write Hot Licks For Down Beat



Bunny Berrigan

made it popular. Hoagy had a gang of kids from the University of Indiana on the date, but the record never sold.

From Pittsburgh, D. H. Cappel wants to know who plays the "odd piano" on Mezzrow's Bluebird of "The Panic Is On." That's Willie "The Lion" Smith, of course, and his stuff is plenty odd. Also wants to know if it's Berrigan or Dorsey's "Humoresque." It's Sterling Bose, and is he getting sharp! Cappel wants to lodge a shurp for Frank Dailey.

For a finish, (Miss) Vilma Basant, of Wyandanch, Long Island, writes to say that she is a concert violinist, but adds "I'd like to take part in some jam sessions." So there you go, orchestra leaders.

Bunny Is a 14-Handicap Man Who Yearns For Fried Ham--& His Wife!

By Johnny Spraggo

Bernard Berrigan, of the bugle-blowing Berrigans, sounded his first "A" at Hilbert Junction (pop. 125) in 1908. As Pappy and Grandpappy Berrigan were horn tooters from way back, but loud, they hailed with great glee the fact the little Bunny formed a naturally perfect embouchure on his very first "a-gooo." Instantly it was decided to depart to the nearest Metropolis where Bunny could be raised amidst surroundings that afforded artistic stimulation and opportunity for the talented offspring. Forthwith to Fox Lake, Wis. (pop. 1,000), a town of no mean bandstand, and the veriest of public spirited musicians. Bunny started in pronto at pushing the little valves down when most kids are playing with blocks in kindergarden. Directly there was organized a brass section known as the "B-Bees" who doubled on cornet, slip and neck horn, and made gala affairs of the town band concerts. A couple of years of this, and Mama B. put her foot down. A gifted professor at the University of music, she mapped out a course of study for the concert fiddle to which Bunny faithfully adhered from the age of 12 until he reached 18. That is, as faithfully as any Hip Cat can stick to sweet stuff, which means that Bunny was jamming around the campus and jobbing with bands as a featured brass man, keeping it dark in family circles. Bunny had been initiated into the charmed circle at the age of 13 by Merle Owens & His Pennay Jazz Band, and who was going to stop a guy that got such a swell start so early in life? After playing to Central Standard Time

for awhile, Young Lochinvar came out of the west riding a tune and found himself a job with the band at Jackson's Hofbrau in New York, where his wife-to-be was doing terpsichore. Ah—romance—and fired with ambition Bunny hit in rapid succession, Hal Kemp—who is always on the alert for clever brass men, the WABC staff, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's band with the road show—"Everybody's Welcome"; with Daddy Whiteman for a year, and then to Abe Lyman, from whence—back to the staff of WABC. Benny Goodman then placed Bunny in his brass section for awhile but Bunny longed for his old home—WABC, from which spot he was snatched for the Famous Door . . . and there was Berrigan on the doorstep of the Columbia swing session. Bunny is strictly on cokes as a liquid diet these days—and that's official—as well as his sport is confined to golf. He's a 14 handicap man who yearns for fried ham—and—his wife—and his two kiddies, both gals of two and four and a half. The eldest eats crackers in bed, which doesn't bother her Daddy half as much as a hooked drive. He thinks that Jonah Jones is strictly "Kicks, Pops" as trumpet, and enjoys Joe Marsala's wacky doings after the job . . . Berrigan's ambition is to have a top-flight band—and if the wishes of all the Cats around town were put end to end—Bunny can't help but get his wish—but soon.

Mail all correspondence to the home office of DOWN BEAT, 608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TEAGARDEN'S "CUB" BROTHER & SIS KICK UP OKLA.

By Bert Moore

Big and little Gate Teagarden can well be proud of the way Cub, the youngest Gate, is shaping up. Cub T. is jobbing in Oklahoma City and kickin' more drums than the biggest part of the local boys know what to do with. He has taken on a load of technique, in the last year, and sounds a lot like Ray Bauduc.

Norma Teagarden, sister of the three Gates, is also playing some around Oklahoma City and sends the boys, who know what it's all about, much farther than any other pianist in town. She and Gotch Hughes, who a great majority of you Downbeaters know as a fine trombone man, with a fair cornet player and three more rhythm, played a one-night job. A funny combination, you say, but it would leave anybody going away a few kicks to the good. Gotch is spending most of his daylight over at Okla. University, schooling in the Music Department.

Strange as it may seem, there are several cats over at the University of Oklahoma who can swing out and are studying to find out what music is made out of. I'm sure a lot of Down Beat readers from the South know a few of these boys and would like to check up on them.

Gotch and his little brother Frank are working with the Ramblers, one of the three leading bands on the campus. Frank plays brilliant piano and has a lot of natural swing. The band is an over-arranged, Joe College outfit and the two Hughes' are the only kick in it.

Another campus band, the Boomers, has more loose swing than a lot of name bands who are reputed to be swing bands. The kick in this band may well be attributed to Gus Meador, tenor man; Williard Axley, who plays second trumpet, and a youngster named Owens, who plays uptown first cornet and doesn't know it.

Meador has been playing quite a bit of good tenor for the last few years, but has found himself a pet mouthpiece and is now playing quite a bit more than ever. He also arranges O.K.

Axley is boss of the band, but sits back in the brass section and boots things as often as possible, thinking too much of his feet to stand out in front. He plays a black, but consistent, style and blasting on the beat is not his idea of swing.

Al Elmore, who was kicked off Husk O'Hare's band some two years ago for deliberately getting a dirty tone, is there studying clarinet. Al is a Fort Worth cat and was under study to Dave Matthews, before Dave ever heard of Ben Pollack.



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CHOICE CHUNKS OF CHATTER FROM THE CHOWDER FRONT

By the Last of the Moe Egans
New York, N. Y.—This is your beat down reporter reporting for Down Beat. Ye Gods, kiddies, the humidity (we don't have heat in New York) has been terrific. So what? So no news. Nothing much enyhoos.

Eddie Provoost, who lost his original band to Reggie Childs last year, comes back with his new outfit to succeed Julian Woodworth at Lido Club Casino in Larchmont . . . Peg La Contra back with Artie Shaw's band . . . Doug Newman, Nye Mayhew's vocalist, has a terrific yen for a Boston debbie who journeys down to Glen Island Casino week-ends to see him . . . Les Brown and his Duke Blue Devils (what're they blue about, they've got good music?) succeeding Hudson-De Lange at Playland, Rye, N. Y. . . . Jimmy Dorsey slated for a New York spot this fall, according to local chatter, which means he will play competition to brother Thomas.

Bill McCune, who likes to hold hands with Dorothy Howe, the chirper, landed a contract to play cocktail sessions at the Plaza this fall and may double into the Essex House for nighttime dancing . . . Sincere sympathies to Frank Devol, Horace Heidt saxophonist, on the loss of his infant son . . . Jimmy Peppe's nephew road-managing Louis Armstrong, Joe Glaser sticking to the New York office to handle big business deals . . . Lathrop Mack of MCA vacationed in Maine and returned sadly battered from roughing it. Now he knows what the boys go through on one-nighters . . . B. A. Rolfe comes through dishing out some really fine music on the new Bob Ripley Fishday nite show —no, it isn't swing and the cats may not like it, but it's good music anyway . . . Parker Lee, former Westchester bandleader-arranger, now in New York local ready for big time jobs. A good man on guitar, too.

Noteworthy notes . . . Larry Clinton's fine swing compositions and his Casa Loma arrangements . . . The torrid new Spirits of Rhythm at the Onyx, greatly improved and more relaxed than when they started a few months ago . . . Edgar Hayes' group and its Decca recording of "Caravan" and "Edgar Steps Out" . . . And by all means a nice tall rum Collins . . . Or two . . . Or three . . . Or how many can you hold?

Mrs. Nye Mayhew looks like Rosalind Russell . . . Yvonne King and Sidney Rains of the E-zid crowd, are a twosome . . . Skeets Herfurt passed up all those movie opportunities (he had plenty after appearing as the minister in the Peckinpaw scene in "New Faces") to join Tommy Dorsey's crew . . . Mills Brothers back in England reported doing fine as usual . . . Ozzie Nelson into the Astor in New York for six weeks prior to trip to the coast and settling down to his commercial program exclusively . . . And they didn't do justice to Harriet at all in "New Faces." For shame!

Eddie Brown and Fred Whiting, the pick of the Boston musicians, left Frankie Ward two months ago to vegetate in New York while waiting for their cards. Both, however, are anything but sitting around grabbing. Eddie, alto and clarinet, and Fred, bass beater extraordinary, have made records with Johnny Williams for Irving Mills. It's safely predictable that these records will cause considerable stir for they are "It!" Spivack, Jenny, Thornehill, Rusin are in the combo. One has just been released ("Little Old Lady" with a solid backing). They are all Eddie Brown arrangements with the world's greatest drummer, Johnny Williams, a standout. Mills took the other Williams' recordings with him to England, for what reason other than he liked them like hell, nobody knows.

Another Incorporated Band Goes To The Top



It was last September when Isham Jones and his Orchestra made their last appearance in Memphis, Tenn. . . . Due to bad health, Jones decided to retire . . . Six members of said organization, namely Woody Herman, Walter Yoder, Joe Bishop, Vic Hupfer, Saxie Mansfield and Clarence Willard, who were with Isham Jones, conceived the idea to form a cooperative band . . . They immediately left for New York and organized the present Woody Herman Orchestra . . . The following men were added to make up the present 14 piece set-up . . . Neal Reid, Jack Ferrier, Bruce Wilkins, Kermit Simmons, Frank Carlson, Tommy Lenihan, Ollie Mathewson and Deane Kincaide . . . Contracts were signed with Rockwell-O'Keefe, Inc., as their representative and Decca Recording Co. Rehearsals were begun and the orchestra opened its first engagement as a cooperative group at the

Roseland Ballroom in New York City, the latter part of October, 1936 . . . After the completion of their "run" at Roseland on May 2nd, they started a successful series of engagements that has brought them national prominence. The band opens for 2 weeks at "Hunt's Plaza," Wildwood, N. J., and on September 3rd they begin a 5 weeks stand at Boston's Normandie. A new addition to this organization is the beautiful Sharri Kaye, popular songstress, who in the past has been featured with Al Donahue. Last February the Woody Herman Orchestra was legally incorporated under the Laws of New York State as Woody Herman Orchestra Incorporated.

The Board of Directors is:
Woody Herman President
Joe Bishop Vice President
Walter Yoder 2nd Vice Pres.
Kermit Simmons Sec'y
Neal Reid Treasurer

The regular board meetings are held once a month after which the regular meeting of all the stockholders takes place . . . It is the sincere feeling of all the members of Woody Herman's Orchestra as well as Rockwell-O'Keefe, Inc., that this organization is one of America's future great bands.

The following is the personnel of the Woody Herman Orchestra: Woody Herman, vocal, clarinet and sax; Vic Hupfer, violin, arranger; Tom Lenihan, piano and marimbas, arranger; Jack Ferrier, 1st sax (alto); Saxie Mansfield, tenor sax; Deane Kincaide, 3rd Sax (alto), bass trombone, flute, clarinet and arranger; Bruce Wilkins, 4th sax (tenor); Clarence Willard, trumpet; Joe Bishop, flugelhorn, arranger; Kermit Simmons, trumpet; Neal Reid, trombone; Walter Yoder, bass, arranger; Frank Carlson, drums.

"STONE-PUSSES"

(Continued from page 7)

Belgium presented its finest professional aggregation, which the master of ceremonies pridefully announced could be sent anywhere in the world and play jazz their country could always be proud of. When the curtain went up on this orchestra, it was like the unveiling of some national monument—or the christening of a great battleship.

Take Jazz Seriously Because They Can't Understand Words?

One reason why Europe takes jazz so seriously is because it can't understand the words. A similar disability would also greatly benefit jazz's reputation in America. The Dutch don't give a hang whether Yankee Doodle never went to town, and when they listen to its lilting melody they have no idea that its lyrics convey practically no meaning. Heroic efforts have been made to translate at least the titles of our songs, but the elasticity and unconventionality of our language usually defy accurate translation. "Eenie,

Meenie, Minie, Mo," for example, left the French in a daze and they could do nothing with it. For some untraceable reason, "I'm Shootin' High" was rendered into French by "Pourquoi Pas" (Why Not?). "Knock-Knock" became "Toc-Toc" and grew incidentally into a national game. "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" was given the Spanish title "Cuando Arde tu Corazon" (When Your Heart Burns)—showing that what is eyesore to an American is indigestion to a Spaniard.

Visionaries who would like to elevate jazz appreciation to the European level should solicit the help of some Goddess like Gertrude Stein, who put Picasso, Matisse and others on the map. This author approached her two years ago, in Chicago, with a proposition that she popularize Louis Armstrong by some statement such as "Louis is a Louis is a Louis." At that time, however, Miss Stein said that she never listened to any American music and would not like to take responsibility for such a categorical declaration. Last summer, in Paris, to a similar suggestion, Miss Stein responded that she was preoccupied musically with a

new find of hers from Lyons, France. This composer, she exulted, has succeeded in putting a whole recipe to music and has created orchestral effects which not only simulated the sound of sizzling bacon but reproduced the odor of cabbage.

Since Miss Stein is too busy at the moment to give a decent definition of swing, it must stumble along on its present reputation of being "that thing without which music just isn't as good as."

GOODMAN OR CROSBY?

(Continued from page 9)

The difficult arrangements the old Henderson group played so competently, but at its own sort of thing

MUSICIANS KILLED BEIDERBECKE, SAYS RED

(Continued from page 2)

lift, they wouldn't give it. Many a night they got him drunk and if he slipped or didn't play up to his best, they would pan the hell out of him."

Red shrugged his shoulders resignedly. He has a sense of sportsmanship, and a keen admiration for the great Beiderbecke. "It's a dirty shame, isn't it," he went on, "that a man's own kind can be so bitter toward him? The very guys that should have been the first to appreciate his talent and encourage him were the ones who were most eager to discredit him."

Nichols, who plays in the Bix tradition and who has recorded some of the most polished classics of jazz with his famous Five Pennies, has been the unhappy recipient of much severe and unintelligent criticism by the "great unwashed" or the "not-dry-behind-the-ears" tribe of critics that swarm over the country today mouthing authoritative nonsense about everything.

Hardened by Criticism

Their unknowing "bull-in-the-china-shop" remarks have had their effect and though they come from outsiders, they have unwittingly handicapped another great musician. Red is hardened by a life full of criticism and attacks but it has made him, nevertheless, reticent and word-ary.

The man is one of the few remaining great musicians of the so-called "golden era" of swing, and it is a damn dirty shame if the same blind jealousy of fellow musicians and the inane remarks of trigger-mouth critics should parallel Bix's tragedy by making Red so self-conscious and discouraged as to affect and spoil his own artistry and inspiration for playing.

it's quite unbeatable. Ease with which it rides is something to marvel at; Lester Young is a great and original tenor player, and Hershel Evans a good one; Buck Clayton plays just about as moving as any trumpet of the day; the rhythm section is unbelievably solid and stimulating; the Count is an astonishing pianist, both as a soloist and as a section man; Joe Jones is one of the three or four most stirring drummers of my acquaintance; and Billie Holiday is downright unrivaled. One thing I can say without fear of contradiction: the band's broadcasts have been uniformly good and that, in view of its former inconsistency, is genuinely comforting.

It was an excited, jubilant party that saw Raymond Scott and his recently sensational Quintet off on the 20th Century at Grand Central last Tuesday (13), Hollywood bound to do stints for MGM and Paramount. Johnny Williams made up his mind at the last minute to make the trip and postpone recording dates with his new all-star band for Mills. The Quintet will screen Minuet in Jazz for a pic provisionally called "Circus Parade." The piece is to follow a straight rendering of Minuet in G danced to by powdered wigs and billowing skirts. The scene then shifts to a torrid spot with the Raymond Scott working at the same thing that broke up the swing session anniversary in Gotham.



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A Hang-Nail Sketch Of Red Norvo, His Woodpile And His Band

Organized less than a year ago, the sudden rise to fame of the Red Norvo orchestra has been nothing short of phenomenal. Of course Red himself has been one of the shining lights in the world of popular music (popular music in its better forms) for many years. Some say that all he did was to gather around him a picked group of instrumentalists and have them play the way he always has. That may be the chief reason for the orchestra's success, but whatever it is, there is certainly no doubt that it is unlike any other organization in the country. As the radio announcers say, it has that "soft, subtle swing." Unquestionably it is the most relaxed swing that has been heard in a long, long time.

Much of the Norvo orchestra's success is due to the arrangements, which are for the most part the product of Eddie Sauter's fertile imagination. Still in his very early twenties, Eddie has some of the most advanced and worthwhile ideas in modern music to be found anywhere. One of his recent efforts, for example, is unlike anything of its kind—"Smoke Dreams." Features Some Of Best Soloists In Business

Inasmuch as any band needs good soloists, it almost goes without saying that Red Norvo has some of the best in the land. His recently augmented sax section is probably as fine as any in the country. Outstanding in this section is H. Bert Haymer, a tenor man par excellence. Hank D'Amico on alto and clarinet has developed into one of the best on his instruments. Pete Peterson on bass is generally acknowledged to be in the first flight of doghouse artists. Maurice Purtell, drums, and Bill Miller, piano, are good men, but for that matter practically all of the men in the band are excellent.

A brief biography of Red should not be out of order, so here goes:

The musical training of Red Norvo began at seven when his parents engaged a piano teacher for him. Red refused to be bored by the stereotyped rules that the teacher imposed on him, and despite lengthy instructions, continued to play by ear. As a result, his piano lessons were soon discontinued.

When he was fourteen, Red visited a movie house where he saw a xylophone for the first time. He was so fascinated by the instrument in the pit that he resolved then and there to get a xylophone. The story goes that the only way that he could get the instrument that he had his heart set on was to sell his pony. This he did, and purchased the xylophone. (At least it makes a good story).

Starts Out In Vaudeville

In 1925, Red made his professional debut. It was with a small band, playing vaudeville throughout the country. Xylophone solos were his specialty. This did not last very long as he soon became a single xylophone act. Paul Ash happened to hear him in Chicago and signed Red up to work at the Oriental Theatre. After a lot more vaudeville (with Ash and without him) Norvo got a hankering to play in a dance band—any kind of a band, just so it wasn't vaudeville.

So before he knew it, it was "Red Norvo and his orchestra" and the place was the Eagles Ballroom in Milwaukee. Even back in those days he was playing swing music (at least so he says) though they didn't call it by that name. What's more, Red tried to keep it soft and relaxed, much along the same lines of what he's attempting to do today.

After Milwaukee, Norvo played several resorts in Michigan, and fronted a whole flock of bands. Then to the Mirror Ballroom in Detroit. While in Detroit, the red head decided to go to college so enrolled at Detroit University. So he went to classes in the day and led a band at night. Shortly after the two-a-day routine had started, Isham Jones came along and bought the orchestra, leaving Red to concentrate on his education.

Gives Up "Sheep-Skin" To Be Guest-Conductor Of Ballroom

After four months of college had gone by, the xylophone star couldn't resist the temptation to get back into the world of music again. He had been completely out of touch with it, even going so far as to ship his xylophone back to Chicago. Hastily calling Chicago, Red was told that he could have a job as guest conductor at the Marigold Ballroom, Minneapolis. In Minneapolis, Red spent a lot of time on the staff of station KSTP. Here he first introduced such tunes as Bir's "In A Mist", "The Golliwog's Cake Walk"

and composed quite a few things himself. He really "got with" the good tunes and considers the work at the station as invaluable.

Returning to Chicago, Red Norvo was placed on several commercials by Victor Young. These included the Maytag and Studebaker Championships' shows. At that time, a very important force came into his life—Paul Whiteman. Paul caught his work on the xylophone one night at the College Inn. He immediately took a fancy to the youthful virtuoso and placed him on the staff of NBC in Chicago.

Goes On Road With Paul Whiteman Red remained at the station until Paul closed at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. At that time they went on the road together. When they reached New York, Norvo decided to free lance. His first record ("Hole in the Wall") was made shortly after the parting. Three big names were on that disc—Jimmy Dorsey, Artie Bernstein and Fulton McGraith. This record presaged big things for Red Norvo in the record field. He has certainly fulfilled that promise.

The "Great Red Father"



Red Norvo

The next record session was held about a year later. Benny Goodman on bass clarinet; Dick McDonough, guitar, and Artie Bernstein, bass, with Red on the woodpile made up

the quartet for that date. The best side offered the immortal "In A Mist."

Swing Septette Makes History

The discs that followed bearing the Norvo name have made record history. "Red Norvo and his Swing Septette" and "Red Norvo and his Swing Octette" under the Columbia label are considered among the finest platters that have ever been cut. Several sides were also made for Decca, and currently the Norvo band is under contract to Brunswick. Most of the recent recordings are highly satisfactory, except in some instances when viewed from a mechanical standpoint. Mildred Bailey's vocals of course help immeasurably.

A year ago last October Red organized a small combination to open at the Famous Door, one of the swing centers in New York. The men were Pete Peterson, bass; Stew Pletcher, trumpet; Dave Barbour, guitar; Tony Zimmers, tenor, and Don Cook, clarinet. The band was a big success. This led Norvo to believe that a larger group carrying out his ideas of soft, subtle swing might also go over. Augmenting the orchestra to an even dozen, Red opened at Jack Dempsey's in New York, and then went into the Hotel Commodore. The rest is history.

THE MEN IN THE BAND

Bill Hyland, age 24; Stamford, Conn. First trumpet player. Hobby is collecting mouthpieces and going to the movies. Possessor of a very serious mien, but underneath his passive facial characteristics lurks an active wit that loosens 'barbs' which bite. Graduate of New York University.

Louis Mucci, age 27; Syracuse, N. Y. Second trumpet. Hobby—softball. Got his start with the Up Salina Boys. Formerly in pit at Great Lakes Theatre—Buffalo.

Stew Pletcher, age 30; Chicago, Ill. Third trumpet. Graduate of Yale. Hobby is Tommy, year-old son. Interested in aviation. Believes in being punctual—always there for the down-beat.

Al Mastren, age 19; Cohoes, N. Y. Trombone. Carmen's little brother. Formerly played with Wingy Mannone. Another soft ball addict. Tender in years but wise in the ways of the trombone.

Frank Simeone, age 27; Fairview, N. J. First sax. Has had experience with several name bands and also NBC staff in New York. The original 'Good-Time Charlie'. 'Life is just a bowl of cherries'.

(Modulate to page 14)

... and Red Hodgson's "Music goes round and round" and comes out of a KING Mellophone.

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Don Woodville—One of the finest first chair men in Chicago. Especially noted for the full vibrant quality of his tone. Featured on many of the major network broadcasts out of Chicago Switched to KING after playing other makes. Finds that the KING cornet is more flexible and responsive for his exacting requirements. Upon Don's shoulders rests the responsibility of heading Pryor's fine brass section.

SAM CAMPBELL
Sam Campbell—Round second man and "hot" stylist. Pryor was so pleased when he heard him out on the coast that he brought him into Chicago. Plays a beautiful second to fit in with Don Woodville's style and assists Don on some of the tough shows which the band has to play

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Rhythm Girls Go With Wind But Come Back With Draught

Windy City Jive by A Respectable Razzler

Chicago, Ill.—After 20 weeks of hoeing harmony in Leon & Eddie's 52nd Street place (a jive spot deep in New York's rhythm ravine) the Four Southland Rhythm Girls opened here at the Open Door. Their theme song (if the "Door" stays "Open") will be "Our Music Goes with the Wind" . . . Don't worry, "it will be back with the draught."

Wingy Manone, one-armed trumpeter from Noo Awlins blew into organize a jam band of hep guys, and opened at the Yacht Club (see page 15 for the guys who wiu swing

their "heps" in that good old 2-beat jazz that Wingy is so famous for.)

At the Casino Moderne, Jimmy Green's band plays to capacity crowds 4 nites a week. Tho' not a first class musician himself, Jimmy is a fine guy personally and surrounds himself with "hep" cats. Danny Gay and Bud Wilson play Dixieland and Berigan styles of trumpet against a drummer who is so bad some of the boys haven't got acquainted with him yet. Ray Thomas plays damn good ideas on trombone, but as if he weren't so sure they were. Hel Henke plays the best white boogie-woogie piano in town. Doc Aired plays good bass and Jimmy Morash a nice alto. Bob Duffee, Kansas City's own gift to tenor men, plays a superb brand of Dixieland horn when "right." He would be terrific in a band like Jimmy Dorsey or Bob Crosby's.

Henry Busse still reigns at the Ches Patee, and although he doesn't kick off, his fine band does, and only the restraint of commercialism keeps some of Swing's finest hot men hidden under a bushel of "pop" arrangements. Frankie Masters opened the College Inn July 28th. Roger Pryor follows Bernie Cummins at the Edgewater August 6th. Fred Waring will follow Jack Denny at the Drake and Casa Loma will again open the Congress Hotel's Casino Room (now closed) sometime in October. Paul Sabia building business at the La Salle, while reservations to get in the Palmer House since Eddie Duchin has been there still have to be made weeks ahead. Albert Ammons still playing a terrific piano in a basement cafe on the south side. Dick Jurgens opens at the Aragon for 3 weeks, July 31, to be followed by Little Jack Little August 21, after a week at the Trianon. Ted Weems returns to the Trianon for fall season August 27, while Freddy Martin returns to the Aragon September 3.

NBC TO BROADCAST SALZBURG MUSIC FESTIVAL

New York.—Concerts direct from the famous Salzburg Music Festival in Austria, with Arturo Toscanini and Bruno Walter conducting, will be brought to the American radio audience exclusively over the networks of the National Broadcasting Company beginning Monday, July 26.

The soloists to be heard during the series will include Lotte Lehmann, Austria's own soprano star of the Metropolitan Opera, Ezio Pinza, Charles Kullmann and Kerstin Thorborg, also members of the Metropolitan Opera.

The NBC schedule comprises a part of each type of program given at the famous festival. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra will be heard in Wagner, Mozart and Verdi programs from the Mozarteum and the Festspielhaus. Operas to be given will be Mozart's "Don Giovanni," "The Magic Flute" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," Verdi's "Falstaff," Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg." There also will be orchestral serenades from the ancient Palace of the Prince-Archbishop and concerts from the Cathedral of Salzburg.

RED NORVO'S BAND

(Continued from page 13)

Herb Haymer, age 22; Jersey City, N. J. Tenor sax. Likes all athletics and prefers the Giants. Would rather jam than eat and boy, how our Hoibie can eat.
Hank D'Amico, age 22; Buffalo, N. Y. Alto and clarinet. Rapidly gaining fame as a hot clarinetist. Favorite pastime is soap-box oratory, provided he has an audience. Studied at Eastman Conservatory.
Charles Lamphere, age 27; Syracuse, N. Y. Fourth sax. The original home boy. Takes both life and music seriously. Before joining Red, did radio and theatre work in home town.

Arnold "Red" McGarvey, age 25; Detroit, Mich. Guitar. Worked in vocal bands and also radio before joining Norvo. Is often taken for Norvo's brother. Knows the secret of the Sphinx, but he too, won't tell. Hobby—sleep.

Maurice Partill, age 21; Huntington, N. Y. Drums. Newly wed. Hobby—consulting architects for the vine-covered cottage by the waterfall. Likes to play one-nighters so he can play as loud as he pleases.

Bill Miller, age 22; Brooklyn, N. Y. Piano. Arranger and composer of "Riffs" at the Ritz, made famous by Benny Goodman. The ladies' man. Hobby—eating breakfast at sundown and waiting for the jackpot.

Pete Peterson, age 26; Menominee, Mich. Bass. Hobby—making model boats and raising moustaches. As a kid—played the fiddle. He grew up, so now takes it out on the bass.

Eddie Baxter, age 22; Nyack, N. Y. Arranger. Formerly played third trumpet in band, but gave it up to concentrate on newly acquired duties. Studied at Julliard School of Music and aspires to become another Tarzan.

Red Norvo, Beardstown, Ill. Xylophone. Left school to do single in vaudeville. Staff artist NBC, New York and Chicago. Played with Whitman where first met Bailey. Hobby—learning new dance steps to try out on the boys.

Mail all correspondence to the home office of DOWN BEAT, 603 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

To Lead NBC Symphony This Winter



Arturo Toscanini
Mozart's "Magic Flute," one of the several operas to be broadcast direct from Austria's Salzburg Festival over NBC Networks, will feature Lotte Lehmann, Metropolitan Opera soprano. Several of the concerts will be directed by Arturo Toscanini (above), world celebrated maestro, who this winter will conduct the NBC Symphony Orchestra in a series of ten radio concerts.

SYMPHONY MEN GET \$10 PER MAN FOR TWO HOURS

Chicago, Ill.—Free public concerts in Grant Park this year will number sixty-eight, running July 1 to Labor Day, inclusive. This is the third season of these programs, sponsored by the Chicago Park District under the supervision of James C. Petrillo. Each for the concerts is \$10 per man for two consecutive hours. Fifty-two more concerts, both band and orchestra, will be sponsored by the city proper on Navy Pier, while the Chicago local underwrites thirty-three band concerts in the outlying parks.

Contractors for music in Grant Park and the surrounding parks are Walter Hancock for the Chicago Symphony, Joseph Raffaelli for the Chicago Grand Opera orch, Ebba Sundstrom for the Women's Symphony, Richard Czerwonky for the Philharmonic orch, Ulderico Marcelli for his orch, Roy Shields for the NBC orch, Carleton Kelsey for the CBS orch, Henry Weber for the MBS orch, Walter Steindel for his orch, Woman's Band, led by different conductors, and Feiman Thaviv, George Dasch, Armin Hand, Peter Cavallo, Glenn Bainum, Harold Bachman, Fred K. Huffer, Forcellati Dante, and O. Wm. Anderson for their respective bands.

The Grant Park concerts are aired regularly over all three networks in Chicago, attracting, in addition, thousands of listeners nightly to the performances in Chicago's "front yard."

concerts from Lake Chautauqua Sunday afternoons and Saturday mornings; the Cincinnati Zoo Opera, heard Saturday nights; the National Music Camp concerts from Interlochen, on Sunday nights, and a series of chamber music from the U. of California, heard on Thursdays.

Regular classical series on the air which will continue are Frank Black's String Symphony, the Chicago Promenade Concerts, and the Whitney Ensemble.

THE AIR ANGLE

By Paul K. Damal

One of the most listenable exponents of the sweeter variety is Tommy Dorsey, who recently assumed the sole summer spot vacated by Jack Pearl for Kool and Raleigh cigarets. (NBC-Blue, Fridays at 10 P. M. EDST). Tommy's band hasn't been changed much if at all for its air spot and it's refreshing to hear a commercial band light enuf in sheer weight of musicians to weave digestible melody.

John Scott Trotter (now called Johnny—my, what Bob Burns can do to one's dignity!) replaced Jim Dorsey on the Kraft Music Hall when Crosby left for a festival cruise. Trotter's is a sponsor's orch with massive fiddle-rows, and brass scones all over the place. John does the best he can with the overload, still showing the musical sense of deft humor he had when he played and arranged with Hal Kemp.

ON SUSTAININGS THE BANDMAN CAN PLAY HOW HE WANTS, BUT ON THE MUSIC HALL KRAFT IS THE BIG CHEESE!

Goodman, too, has profited by the summer lay-off of regular hour artists and now plays straight thru the Camel show (CBS, Tuesdays at 9:30 EDST) with only occasional interruptions by Chas. Ruggles or some such guest star. The 60-minute of old has been telescoped to 30, but Benny does plenty with the time.

Duke Ellington's re-appearance on the Saturday Night Swing Club (CBS, Sat. at 8) went slightly floppo. It seems we weren't graced with the entire band and the abbreviated group we heard lost by the subtraction. There was another feature on this particular Club Meeting which caught our ear however, and that was the ukelele work.

Radio, among myriad other things, has brought us the electric guitar, the electric organ and other effects too numerous to set forth, but to think that the humble and microscopic uke of the "Porch Swing" era could produce the music we heard that sultry Saturday eve! As the batter says of Hubbell's screw ball, "It's a Lie!" And yet thru the air it floated, and with what ease. That uke man was tops, unbilled tho' he was.

Our Band of the Month is Barney Rapp's . . . Something has happened in its hanks which has brought out latent musicianship, arrangements and originality. They have a cute trick of blending one tune in with the next by tying the tails and heads together or something. Anyway it's . . . cute! No between-numbers announcements, which is just swell. We have always been a champ of less gab.

EVER SINCE OUR MOTHER-IN-LAW RECOVERED FROM LOCK-JAW.

"AIN'T HE THE DISH" NEW JIVE

"Ain't he the dish?" is the new jive originated by Tiny Bradshaw, former leader, now doing a single in a Philly nite spot. A man is "the dish" if and when he hits a mess of high C's or gives birth to an exceptionally fine lick.

Mischakoff Plays Last Concert in Chi.

NBC's new concertmaster, Mischa Mischakoff, who formerly held that same position in Frederick Stock's Chicago Symphony, played his last for Chicago in Ravinia July 17. Other conductors heard or scheduled include Sir Ernest MacMillan of the Toronto Symphony, Hans Kindler of the Washington National Symphony, St. Louis' Vladimir Golschmann, Swiss Ernest Ansermet, and Cincinnati's Frits Reiner.

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"Hot Air"

By Harold Jovien

(Editor's Note: The most complete and concise list of hot bands and swing groups on the air is presented here for the first time. Those listed are thoroughly representative of the "jivin'" class and dish out many elegant "send-offs," especially so for the platter-less swing addicts.

Up to the time of going to press, these listings were guaranteed of complete accuracy, but due to the 1 1/2 hour changes in radio scheduling, some may vary.

The listings and commentaries are handled by Harold Jovien of Radio Guide and "Tapping Wires Along Airlines" radio column fame. Fellow "cats" are urged to send in their own lists of broadcasts.)

Albert, Don—WMM (1010 kil.)—Mon., Tues., Thurs. and Fri. 6 P.M. (Rhythm Train series, NYC)

Alpert, Mickey—MBS—Scattered Schedule (Don Mardon's Bivouac, NYC)

Amateur Mike in Harlem—WJCA (870 kil.)—Wed. 11 P.M. (A jivin' amateur session from the stage of the Apollo Theatre, NYC)

Bera, Cappy—NBC Red—Wednesday 6:35 P.M. (Swing Harmonies)

Basia, Count—CBS—Mon. 12 mid., Fri. 11:30 P.M. (Rita Carter, NYC)

Berlign, Bunny—MBS—Sunday 4:30 P.M.

Blaine, Jerry—NBC Red—Thurs. 12 mid., Sun. & Mon. 11 P.M. (Park Central Hotel, NYC)

Bolden, Johnny—Roseland Cafe, Phila., Pa.; Lee, Bobby, Parish Cafe; Scott, Tommy, Lannon Club; Slappy Swingers, Harlem Cafe; Tinsley, Ted, Moonlight Cabaret; Gerham, Jimmy, Strand Ballroom; WDAS (1370 kil.) nightly late pickups. Small sessions for jivin' lameters.

Bon, Ben—NBC, appearing on all Top Matters Shows (plane and songs)

Brown, Les—NBC Red—Tues. and Fri. 11:30 P.M. (Playland Casino, Byn, N. Y.)

Bughouse Rhythm—NBC Red—Friday 7:45 P.M. (novelty swing; G. Archibald Presby, commentator)

Buss, Henry—NBC Red—Sun. 11:45 A.M., Wed. 12 mid., NBC Blue Sun. and Thurs. 12 mid. (Chaz Paroo, Chicago)

Byron, Bob—CBS—Mon. 4 P.M. (Swing Whistler, songs and patter)

Campbell's Royalists, Roy—NBC Red—Monday 7:45 P.M. (Swing Harmony Team)

Charlatans, The—NBC Red—Wed. 6 P.M., Sat. 10 A.M., MBS Sun. 2 P.M. (Quartet)

Davidson, Trump—NBC Blue—Fri. 12 mid., NBC Red Mon. 12:30 A.M. (Club Esquire, Toronto, Canada)

Dictators, The—CBS—Monday 4:15 P.M. (Studio work)

*Dorsey, Tommy—NBC Blue—Friday 10 P.M. (Edythe Wright, Three Esquires, vocalists assisting)

Eton Boys—CBS—Monday 5:15 P.M., Wed. 6:15 P.M. (Swing quartet)

Freeman, Jay—CBS—Sunday 11:30 P.M. (Paradise Cafe, NYC)

*Goodman, Benny—CBS—Tuesday 9:30 P.M. (Carnegie School), Thurs. and Sat. 12:30 A.M. (Palaomar Ballroom, Los Angeles, Calif.)

Good Time Society—NBC Blue—Mon. 8 P.M. (Chick Webb's orch. and Ella Fitzgerald)

Hall, George—CBS—Mon., Tues. and Thurs. 6:45 P.M., Sat. 12:30 P.M. (Hotel Toff, NYC)

Harris, Phil—CBS—Sun. 6 P.M. (Dallat, Tex.)

Haw's Red Hot and Loudness, Bob—WAAF (120 kil.)—Daily except Sunday 3 P.M. (Recordings)

Henderson, Fletcher—NBC Red—Sun., Wed., Thurs. and Fri. 12:30 A.M.; WENB (870 kil.) Mon., Tues. 12:30 A.M. (Grand Terrace Cafe, Chicago) (Effective until Aug. 18, then this swing master moves into a prominent eastern hotel spot with a network line; details unknown at present)

Henderson, Horace—CBS—Sunday 1:30 A.M.; Mon., Wed. and Fri. 1:15 A.M.; Sat. 1 A.M. (Swingland Cafe, Chicago)

Herrh, Milton—WABC (840 kil.)—Mon. and Fri. 7:30 P.M. (Rhythm stylist of the organ)

Hinnah, Arthur—NBC limited web (WWNC, 830 kil., WFBC 1200 kil., WFLA 620 kil., WPTF 600 kil.)—Mon. and Fri. 3:45 P.M. (Organ melodies in the groove)

*Kemp, Hal—CBS—Friday 8:30 P.M. (also 11:30 P.M.)

King Spot—NBC Red—Tues. and Thurs. 11:15 P.M. (Swing quartet)

Jacobson, Stan—WTMJ (620 kil.)—nightly pickup (Chateau Country Club, Milwaukee, Wis.)

Johnson, Countess—KXBY (1520 kil.)—nightly 2 A.M. (Kansas City Hot Spot)

Kirk, Andy—Takes over all Fletcher Henderson spots effective Aug. 18 (Grand Terrace, Chicago)

Lee, Loretta—NBC Blue—Sun. 7:30 P.M. (Stylized swing singing)

McDonnell, Adrian—WSM (650 kil.)—Tues., Thurs. and Fri. 12:30 A.M. (Wagon Wheel, Nashville, Tenn.)

Messner, Jack Music—NBC limited web—Mon. 1:30 A.M. (Also news of swing bands)

Meet the Orchestra—NBC Blue—Wednesday 5:45 P.M. (Novelty swing)

Miller, Glen—WSMB (320 kil.)—nightly except Sun. and Wed. 12:30 A.M.; WWL (880 kil.) nightly 1:30 A.M. (Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans, La.)

Napoleon, Phil—CBS—Scattered schedule; this favorite "cat" of the past is back in the limelight (Hotel New Yorker, NYC)

O'Brien, Johnny—NBC Red—Monday and Tues. 2:45 P.M.; NBC Blue Fri. 8:15 A.M. (Swing Harmonica and orchestra)

Pellach, Ben—Don Lee West Coast web—Sun., Mon., Tues. and Thurs. 3 A.M.; Wed., Fri., Sat. 3:30 A.M. (International Cafe, Culver City, Calif.)

Rapp, Barney—NBC Red—Sunday 12 mid.; Wed. 11:30 P.M. (Beverly Hills C.C., Newport, Ky.)

Riley, Mike—NBC Blue—Sun. and Fri. 12:30 A.M.; KDKA, 700 kil., locally (New Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Saturday Nite Swing Club—CBS—Saturday 8 P.M. (Well-known swing guests and Letha Stevens' orch. Paul Douglas, commentator)

Swinging the Blues—CBS—Mon. 12 noon (Studio presentation)

Top Matters—NBC Red—Sat. 6 P.M., also scattered schedule (Jan Savitt, director; creators of "Music With a Shuffle")

Three Spades—WLW (700 kil.)—Tues. and Thurs. 1 P.M. (Swing trio)

Vocal Varieties—NBC Red—Tues. and Thurs. 7:15 P.M. (Swing Harmonies)

Williams, Midge—NBC Red—limited web Mon. 7:30 P.M. (Smiling swing songstress)

An asterisk (*) indicates commercial broadcast. All time shown is Eastern Daylight Time. Subtract 1 hour for EST or CDT; 2 hours for CST; 3 hours for MST; 4 hours for PST.

Mail all correspondence to the home office of DOWN BEAT, 608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Wingy Manone's Yacht Club Band



FRONT ROW—Paul Jordan, Don Carter, Carmen Spera. BACK ROW—Orville Bohrer, Jules Cassard, Wingy Manone, "Westy" Westerfield.

Chicago, Ill.—Wingy Manone, torrid New Orleans trumpeter, has never found the loss of one arm a handicap, climbing to the top in the world of tempo. He opened at the Yacht Club here last week for a four-week stay with an option.

Forced to organize a new outfit because the management refused to pay the 10% higher travelling band scale, swingy Wingy has chosen as his new combo the Chicago men above.

Parson Acid-Mouth Screeches The Gossipel

Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett, 23 year old aquatic star whose ouster from the Olympic swimming team last year after a champagne party caused a sensation, was burned up at the gossip linking her with her producer-employer Billy Rose, who is wed to Fannie Brice. The world's backstroke champion did not, however, deny that her marriage with Arthur Jarrett, guitar-playing maestro, was on the 'kids because of their widely divergent careers. She added that a reconciliation might be effected if "we are lucky enough to get together again soon" . . . the rumor still persists that Kay Kyser is married to his girl singer, Virginia Sims. Edith Rogers, former girl singer with Rudy Vallee, and now Mrs. Harold E. Dahl, is getting her husband's weekly salary of \$1,500 from the Spanish government while her husband awaits his fate in an insurgent jail. Dahl joined the loyalist forces some time ago as an aviator and was captured July 2nd. Mrs. Dahl is residing in Cannes, France . . . Mitchell Ayres, leader of Little Jack

Little's old band, his first trumpet man and first sax, are all getting applied this month . . . Ted Lewis and his wife take care of over 600 poor children in a summer camp every year . . . Mascagni, fiery symphonic conductor, enjoys a pretzel or two with his breakfast coffee . . . Sonny Werblin, MCA exec, will wed Bostonian Beatrice Dunkleman . . . Bernie Cummins recently shot a 77 at Bunker Hill Golf Club against Barney Ross' 81 . . . Casa Loma had a Warner Bros. screen test, July 14th . . . Eddie Brown is going back with Phil Napoleon . . . Mel Janssen, ex-Casalomaniac conductor, is getting plump living on the proceeds of his Toledo gas station and hot dog counter to which he has retired.

NOTES TO YOU! When Victor Bay, musical director of the CBS Shakespeare series, landed in the U.S.A. in 1922, he had only four dollars to his name . . . Hollace Shaw, new CBS Soprano, has been in New York four months, hasn't visited a night club, doesn't intend to.



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Disc-Cussin'

By Paul Eduard Miller

The year 1937 has witnessed two outstanding developments in swing music: the widespread influence of the Fletcher Henderson style of arrangement, popularized by Benny Goodman; and the almost overnight prominence of the small recording group.

This month the recorded performances of a dozen bands show the influence of the Henderson basic technique. No doubt the commercial success of Goodman is largely responsible, and has inspired numerous arrangers to develop their own versions of the Henderson-Goodman method.

With the Goodman Trio and the Scott Quintet, there has been ushered in a new era of swing chamber music. More than a dozen such small groups are represented in this month's releases, with more scheduled for next month. The immediate cause for this development, no doubt, was the success of the "jam session."

Raymond Scott (Master)

Scott now leads the field both in descriptive jazz and catchy titles. His two latest tunes, rendered in the now stylized Scott fashion, feature closely unified ensembles and strong rhythmic solos. The humorous Rockless Night Aboard an Ocean Liner reveals devilish goings-on, both ensemble and solo instruments lending to the enchantment of the mood. Harris (tenor) and Pimiglio (clarinet) cut especially delightful capers. As description, Diner Musik for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals is not quite what it sets out to be. Save for Williams' thumping tom-toms, the cannibals would surely go hungry.

Johnny Williams (Variety)

In Where's My Sweetie Hiding (Williams' Sextette), Thornhill, Jenny, Rusin, Spivak, and Williams go to town on some fine solos and yet avoid any suggestion of too obvious jamming. A truly hot version of a once popular tune, this affords an example of what the swing technique can accomplish, even when applied to cheap tunes.

Bert Shefter (Victor)

Both sides by the Shefter Octet are originals by the leader. Locomotive is worth hearing, but it won't stand haunting by the ghosts of those two other railroad classics—Daybreak Express and Heaky Tonk Train Blues. S.O.S. is better. Distress signals by flute, piano, and clarinet are clever. Tenor and clarinet (Rice) take long solos in which the mood is capably sustained. In the descriptive vein, S.O.S. ranks with Scott's Powerhouse and Marks' Merry Widow as a Spree.

Choo Berry (Variety)

Choo Berry's Stevedores give us another version of Limehouse Blues worth retaining in a permanent library—with those of Ellington, Casa Loma, and Henderson. Scant background, consisting only of rhythm, suggest some inspired solos, and the old English tune fairly crackles. Berry's tenoring is smooth and masterfully phrased. Indiana is not so polished a performance, but then, the tune itself is not up to Limehouse.

Benny Goodman (Columbia)

How much Goodman has been influenced by the Henderson style of arrangement is pretty thoroughly demonstrated by Columbia's re-issue of four tunes waxed by the Goodman unit about 1932. True, the Henderson influence is limited mainly to ensemble playing and to the backing of solos by brass or reed choirs, but these are precisely the characteristics which now identify the Goodman organization with the swing-minded public.

Texas Tea Party (most commend-

able of the four) features delicately phrased and beautifully toned clarinet work, as well as some hot rhythmic passages by trombonist Teagarden. The tenor and piano accompaniment for J. T.'s vocal deserve honorable mention. Arthur Karl (tenor) does a right fine job on Ain't Cha Glad, and it is to be regretted that his name does not appear on the label. Goodman's clarinet style has, if anything, been slightly simplified, while Teagarden has slipped backwards since '32.

Blue Devils (Decca)

Les Brown's Blue Devils hold their own among fast company. Obviously their style is basically Henderson, and their renditions are clean-cut and executed with considerable punch. While they do not have the drive of Goodman, Glen Miller, or T. Dorsey, they should go far. Feather Your Nest comes in moderately fast tempo; Lazy River is appropriately semi-slow. The solos are well above average, especially the tenor.

Glen Miller

Community Swing, Miller's own tune, is a snappy arrangement, ensemble for the most part, though trumpet and clarinet (Hal McIntire) get in neat solos. The platter just misses being really good, the tune itself being melodically weak. (Brunswick). For brilliant swing style hear Swoony Time Gal and I Got Rhythm (Brunswick) and Sitting on Top of the World (Decca).

Seger Ellis (Decca)

Here is a band that, because it possesses no reed section, has a flavor all its own. In spite of the fact that there are no saxophone choirs, the interpretations of the Ellis group, especially in Bee's Knees, boast considerable variety—sometimes more than that encountered in organizations using the conventional instrumentation. Fazole's clarinet, only reed in the band, lends just the needed relief from too much brass. Of four tunes, the aforementioned Bee's Knees and I Know that You Know are recommended.

Nate Leslie (Vocalion)

If Nate Leslie is the same person as Nat Leslie, composer of Radio Rhythm, then there is cause for a round of excited applause. For the composer of this tune (recorded some years ago by Fletcher Henderson) is one white gentleman who can really write jazz music. What's more, Shake Yo' Bones and Shaggin' at the Shore both hold bright promise for the future. When we get a composer like Mr. Leslie, who concentrates on material as well as arranging, the result is a worth-while piece of abstract jazz. Shaggin' at the Shore has been ingeniously arranged, and the theme is given considerable variety. We hope to have a more complete report on this band next month.

Eddie Stone (Vocalion)

Rhythm on the Loose is weak only in that it is too monotonous—just a series of riffs, somewhat loosely strung together. Stone's rendition, however, is reason enough for keeping an eye on this band, for if it continues in this vein, another swing group will be headed for the top. The tenor man is the star soloist.

Duke Ellington (Master)

Ellington's full orchestra offers three worth-while tunes this month. Azure is one more study in blue by the composer of Mood Indigo, Saddest Tale, and Indigo Echoes. Its quiet mood beautifully sustained by delicate harmonies, Azure is the best jazz of its kind since The Mystery Song.

For a number of years Ellington

She's So Good Ethel Waters Listens



Maxine Williams

The latest sensation at the Onyx Club in New York is Maxine Williams (Sullivan) who, without moving a muscle, swings (believe it or not) such items as "Trees" and "Annie Laurie" until everyone in the house yells and pounds the tables for more. Nothing like her has ever hit New York yet. She weighs not an ounce over 90 lbs. and she's so good that Ethel Waters goes to hear her. Her accompanist is Janice Dillard, who is no amateur herself.

has been playing a tune of his own called Alabama Home, which has only now been set down on wax. Easy going, though tuneful and spirited, this Ellington rendition spotlights Carney (baritone) and Hodges (alto).

The treatment of Tizol's Caravan by the full Ellington ensemble is a masterpiece. A melodically acceptable tune to start with, Ellington's rendition presses into use well nigh every possible harmonic and instrumental technique which could be applied to such plaintive, sensuous music. Conceived as an integral part of the score, all solos are backed by whole sections or ensembles, the percussion thus becoming part of the whole instead of a separate section.

Edgar Hayes

Recently pianist Edgar Hayes took over part of the old Blue Rhythm Band and formed one of his own. It bids fair to surpass the achievements of the former, since its three recorded performances are among the best of the month. Caravan is interestingly interpreted, the tenor chorus by Garland (backed by full orchestra) being the best portion of the disc. Edgar Steps Out is an original by one of the members of the band (Goodwin), and although it is mostly ensemble, Hayes has opportunity to display his genuine talent on the piano. (Both Decca). Harry White's Manhattan Jam is done in breezy, pulsating style. (Variety).

Bob Hackett (Decca)

Bob Hackett's trumpet may be heard in all four sides by Dick Robertson's bunch, but unfortunately the tunes are all popular tripe, and Hackett gets little chance to show what he can do. But if you're still not acquainted with his trumpeting, better get an earful.

Jimmie Lunceford (Decca)

Only one of Lunceford's four sides is important. For Dancers Only was written by Sy Oliver several years ago, and so its similarity to Christopher Columbus is not imitative. And in order to make sure it wasn't the other way around, I asked Horace Henderson, co-composer and arranger of the latter tune, if he had any knowledge of the Oliver piece prior to his work on Christopher. Henderson's reply was in the negative. So that makes it just one of those things. Except for the piercing trumpet passages by Oli-

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Edith Wilson is my choice for the best of the early Negro blues singers. Her swingy vocals sound modern, her voice is pleasing, and her phrasing is in good taste. An ideal combination thus results, since Johnny Dunn's accompaniments provide a delightful background. In all the Dunn-Wilson platters the band takes at least one chorus, giving a pretty good idea of the techniques of the instrumentalists. After trumpet, the clarinet will probably afford the greatest pleasure. The swingiest side recorded by the Dunn-Wilson combination is What Do You Care, with Dixie Blues, Take It 'Cause It's All Yours, and Evil Blues (featuring a fast get-off chorus) as runners-up. All the tunes, however, are worth attention. The most estimable of the A-series discs by the band alone is Hallelujah Blues. A Perry Bradford composition, it features astonishingly modern solos by saxophone (C-Melody or alto?), piano, and trumpet, and a fine ensemble chorus. The two D-series platters by the band were recorded much later, probably about 1927. Worthiest side is Buffalo Blues, with Ham and Eggs a close second. Each label credits the compositions to one Morton (could it be Jelly Roll?) and each, unless my ears deceive me, features piano work by Mr. Jelly Roll himself. Buffalo Blues is a very creditable composi-

tion. All four sides are well performed, featuring excellent clarinet solos and virile ensembles.

Personnels

Some of the men who played with Dunn during the period he made the A-series records are: Garvin Bushell, alto; John Mitchell and Cokey Spivey, guitars; George Rixon and Dan Wilson, pianos; Cal Jones and Bud Aiken, trombones.

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- WHAT DO YOU CARE—LONESOME MAMA BLUES (Columbia A-3674)
- PENSACOLA BLUES—EVIL BLUES (Columbia A-3748)
- TAKE IT 'CAUSE IT'S ALL YOURS—MAMMY I'M THINKING OF YOU (Columbia A-3834)
- OLD TIME BLUES—FRANKIE (Columbia A-3906)
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- MOANFUL BLUES—PUT AND TAKE (Columbia A-3577)
- MALLELUJAH BLUES—SPANISH DREAMS (Columbia A-3577)
- BUFFALO BLUES—SERGEANTS DUNN'S BUGLE CALL BLUES (Columbia 1436-D)
- HAM AND EGGS—I NEED LOVIN' (Columbia 1438-D)

ver himself, For Dancers Only is a good piece of jazz, executed in strong rhythmic style, and with nice variations on the theme.

Franklyn Marks (Master)

Imaginative titles are the fashion these days: Marks calls his latest Cats in the Cornfield. Though it is difficult to ascertain the relation of the music to the title, let it be said that the tune is humorous, cleverly arranged, and ably performed. The Marks organization gives Hoagy Carmichael's Washboard Blues a semi-symphonic treatment, and as these things go, it's about as good as can be heard.

Art Shaw (Brunswick)

In Someday Sweetheart Shaw's clarinet predominates, but being essentially in good taste, is not objectionable. Pastor on tenor shares honors with Shaw in Night and Day, and in both numbers the band clicks as a unit.

Top Hatters (Variety)

Jan Savitt's Top Hatters show up well in Yonkel Doodle Goes to Town and Cross Country Hop. They give us some cleverly arranged swing in that smooth style Goodman has popularized. Yonkel Doodle, Savitt's own number, turns out to be an adaptation of an old Russian folk tune—it's highly diverting.

Briefs

Take a look at the Armstrong personnel listed in this issue. Then listen to Red Cap, a brain child of Armstrong himself and Ben Hecht, the famous novelist and movie writer. If you think the results are all that they should be, you're an Armstrong fan that just can't help it. (Decca).

The single contribution by the Earl Hines Quartette is just another attempt to swing out on Honey-

suckle Rose. Hines' piano, while not at its very best, is still good enough to predominate the whole record.

(Vocalion) . . . Jim Mundy's Swing Club Seven are mundane on two sides. Hardly better than average small band interpretations of fair tunes. (Variety) . . . Dorsey's Clambake Seven gives us six sides of tripe, elegantly done to a nice brown. In This Gonna Be My Lucky Summer is the choicest morsel, with Dorsey and Freeman trying real hard. (Victor) . . . Under the names of Ivie Anderson, Barney Bigard, and Johnny Hodges, various combinations of the Ellington orchestra render first aid to a few popular tunes. (Variety) . . . Ditto for the recording groups of Teddy Wilson (Brunswick) and Henry Allen (Vocalion).



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Henry Goodwin, trumpets. Ralph Sawyer, Clyde
Barnhart and E. H. Horton, trombones. Gar-
land and Hayes, arrangers.

DICK ROBERTSON & ORCH.
Bob Mackart, trumpet. Al Phillips, trom-
bone. Sid Trucker, clarinet. Frank Sigorelli,
piano. Frank Victor, guitar. Mele Stephens,
bass. Stea King, drums. Dick Robertson, vo-
calist.

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on and Shehon Hemphill, trumpets. Jay C.
Higginsbotham, George Matthews and George
Washington, trombones. Charles Holmes and
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Donough, guitar. Arthur Bernstein, bass. Gene
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Jacomo and Carl Mesrobian, tenors. Charles
Spivak, Manny Klein and Sterling Bose, trom-
pots. Hal McIntire, clarinet. Jesse Ralph and
Harry Rogers, trombones. Howard Smith, pi-
ano. Dick McDonough, guitar. George Simon,
drums. Ted Kotschik, bass.

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Art Shaw, clarinet. Tony Pastor, Les Robbin-
son, Art Maters and Fred Petry, saxophones.
Tom Di Carlo, Malcolm Crain and John Bari,
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drums. Ben Ginsberg, bass. Al Avelis, guitar.

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Harry Hammer, Bernie Schmidt and Harry Blau-
stone, violins. Dave Sitrin, viola. Max Rader-
man, piano. Arthur Bernstein, bass. Sam Wahs,
drums. Ned Cole, guitar. Lloyd Turner and
Andy Russo, trombones.

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alto. Edward Inge, alto and clarinet. Harvey
Boone, baritone. Eugene Parker, tenor. Ronald
Jones, Harold Baker and Otto Johnson, trom-
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Sensational Sax Man



Tab Smith

Tab Smith, Sensational Tenor Man with Lucky Millinder's band, snapped at the mike while "taking off" on one of his fine solos at a recording session in New York.

DISCOVER SHAKESPEARE TUNE 200 YEARS OLD

New York, N. Y.—Victor Bay has scored an undoubted musical scoop. He has unearthed a song written 200 years ago in England by David Garrick, one of the greatest Shake-
spearean actors of all time. Entitled "Thou Soft Flowing Avon," it was dedicated to William Shakespeare and set to music by Dr. Arms, noted musical professor of that era. The number has never been played in America. Bay stumbled upon it during his researches in Shakespearean music. He likes the song so much, he will use it as a theme melody for the CBS Shakespeare series.

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JAM SESSION WITH THE ALPHABET

By Linge McKelvy

- A—is for Armstrong, satchel mouth boy, still hit'em high to all the cats joy.
- B—is for Bernie, Bestor and Black, three famous leaders, top of the stack.
- C—is for Crosby, Calloway too, swinging out tunes that thrill me and you.
- D—is for Dorsey, Tommy and Jim, Music by them is both clever and trim.
- E—Eddie Elkins, Astor Hotel, making a comeback, we all wish him well.
- F—is for Fields and his rippling ribs, makes you look skyward with hands on your hips.
- G—is for Garber, "LomGarbo" some say, but no matter which old Jan's in the pay.
- H—is for Harris, Phil Harris, a guy who's headed for stardom, he'll soon hit the sky!
- I—is for Isham, who writes sweeter tunes than nit-wits on Broadway or Hollywood lones.
- J—is for Jurgens, but all I can say is that he's still getting paid by the great M. C. A.
- K—is for no one but Wayne who is King, I pray all his offsprings will learn how to swing!
- L—is for Lewis, Ted Lewis and hat, clarinet maestro, a lovable cat.
- M—stands for one guy who says, Listen boy, you may call me corny but I'm Clyde McCoy!
- N—is for Nichols, that five penny chap who threw a nice "fine" on some fellows lap.
- O—is for Osborne, whose sliding around keeps sliding him up and keeps sliding him down.
- P—is for Pollack that's quite understood, his music is always consistently good.
- Q—is for Question, why I had to get mixed up with a rime on the whole alphabet?
- R—is for Reisman and I want to know if he is the wild man from old Borneo?
- S—is for Sanders and I'd like to state that to me he's the tops and a pretty swell gata.
- T—is for Trini, and "T" is for those who like to blow "weed" through the tip of the nose.
- U—is for US and it's best to get drunk before you start reading my crude line of junk.
- V—is for Vallee, who stays at the top when names that are bigger some-how seem to drop.
- W—is for Waring, there isn't a doubt, his versatile playing will never wear out.
- X—is for Xavier Cugat—you know the guy who will give you a good rumba show.
- Y—is for Yousse guys, biding your time hoping to hell I'll soon finish this rime.
- Z—is for Zarin and you can depend, Mike is okay. Thank God, here's the end!

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Will Hudson Answers Your Modern Arranging Problems

By Will Hudson

Question: In submitting original compositions to a publisher, do you advise having them arranged and sending the arrangements also? I have been told that this is a good idea as it may help influence the publisher as to the merit of the song. Having my songs arranged would be a pretty expensive proposition to me, but if I thought it would help, I would do it. What do you think?—Jack Martin, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Answer: Don't waste your money by having your songs arranged for the purpose of sending them to a publisher. No publisher would be one bit interested in the arrangement and even if the song was published by him, it is extremely doubtful whether he would use the arrangement unless it was arranged by someone with whose work he was very familiar. The best advice I can give you is to prepare to make a trip to New York and see the publishers personally and have them listen to your works. If you can plan to spend two or three days in New York City you will accomplish more in that time as to finding out what merit your songs have than you would in any other way.

Question: I have difficulty in orchestrating the following chords for three brass and three saxes, using four part harmony: (1) A C7th chord with A as the melody; (2) An F6th chord with C as the melody; (3) An F9th chord with G as the melody; (4) A B flat minor sixth chord with F as the melody. Will you please give illustrations showing how to orchestrate these chords for three brass and three saxes using four part harmony?—Harvey Russell, Kansas City, Mo.

Answer: Here are the illustrations you asked for:

Musical notation showing four different chord progressions for three brass and three saxes. Each chord is shown with its notes and voicings for the instruments.

Question: I have heard bands play passages written for two trumpets in cup mutes and two clarinets. Will you please explain how to arrange for this combination? Does a trumpet or a clarinet play the melody? Will you also please explain how

TIN PAN ALLEY

Songs: All of Fats Waller's original compositions on Victor records will be published by Sam Fox, following a deal made by his firm. First of the group will be out soon, including "Lounging at the Waldorf," "Latch On," "Black Raspberry Jam," "Paswonkey," "Back Up To Me," and "Fractious Fingering."

No. 1 plug tune of the season for Joe McDaniel Music Co. is "I'm That Way About You," by Irving Siegel and John Nilan, just released.

Soon to be issued by Witmark is the four-numbered score from "Mr. Dodds Takes to the Air," by Warren and Rubin. Songs are "Am I In Love?", "Here Comes the Sandman," "The Girl You Used to Be," and "Remember Me."

Four numbers also will come from Irving Berlin, tunes from Jimmy Cagney's "Something To Sing About." Besides the title song, they are "Right Or Wrong," "That's What Loving Did to Me," and "Out of the Blue."

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Only Sane Note On Nitwit Program



Gogo DeLys

New York, N. Y.—Vivacious Gogo DeLys contributes the only sane note on the broadcasts starring the world's maddest inventor, Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, and his nitwit partner, Budd.

Quips, gags and nonsense fly through the air, but the charming French comedienne-vocalist refuses to permit her musical equilibrium to be upset.

The program's feminine stooge, Alice Frost, does imitations of Gracie Allen; Announcer Harry Von Zell contributes comedy scripts; Conductor Don Voorhees lies awake nights thinking up laugh-provoking arrangements, but Gogo pursues her own placid way.

Born in Edmonton, Alberta, Gogo started on a lawyer's career. At St. Mary's Academy and later at the University of Southern California, she took a pre-legal course. Then came an interruption. A picture house manager heard her singing in a campus extravaganza and offered her a contract. She decided to postpone the legal career. Next she sang with Jimmie Grier's orchestra at the Coconut Grove. Phil Baker invited her east three years ago. She has been on the airwaves since and the legal career is still being postponed.

KOLAR DEFIES COLD

Detroit, Mich.—Frigid weather notwithstanding, 1500 music-lovers attended the opening concert of the Detroit Symphony's free series on Belle Isle. Composers represented on Conductor Victor Kolar's list for opening night were Mendelssohn, Lehar, Leoncavallo, and Saint-Saens. This season will see Kolar's eighteenth year of service with the Motor City group. The series will run every night but Monday for a period of six weeks, donors having provided about \$35,000, according to manager Murray Gordon Paterson.

to write passages for two trombones and two baritone saxes?—Oliver Brady, Reading, Pa.

Answer: The secret of writing this type of passage for two trumpets and two clarinets is to keep the two trumpet voices separated by one of the clarinets and to keep the two clarinet voices separated by one of the trumpets. The passage in example A will explain this more clearly. You will notice that the first clarinet is always between the two trumpets and that the second trumpet is always between the two clarinets. For a soft effect it is better to give the lead to trumpet and for hot effects give the lead to clarinet.

The same method is used in writing for trombones and two baritones. A pleasing effect can be obtained by using a tenor instead of one of the baritones and giving the tenor the melody.

Musical notation showing a passage for two trumpets and two clarinets, illustrating the technique of separating voices.

Question: I will appreciate your showing me how to orchestrate a chord for five brass in which the melody note is the major seventh of the chord, such as an F chord in which the melody note is E.

Do you know of any music stores which carry scores on symphonic works? If you do, I would appreciate your letting me know the addresses. I would like to get a few scores for study.—Howard Fischer, Louisville, Ky.

Answer: Here is the illustration you asked for. I am mailing you a few addresses of music supply houses which carry scores.

Musical notation showing a chord for five brass instruments with a specific voicing for the melody note.

Arrangements: William Von Wy-metal goes to Columbia from Metro to score Grace Moore's latest, "I'll Take Romance"... Victor Young is doing the arranging for Burton Lane and Ralph Freed on their songs for "Double Or Nothing," Bing Crosby's starrer with Martha Raye, up at Paramount... Max Steiner has finished the scoring of "That Certain Woman" for Warner Brothers.

The Inside Dope On How Popular Hit Tunes Were Composed

By George Malcolm-Smith

Dinah (1925) Sweet Sue (1928) Somebody, faced with the urgency of having to devise a new floor show for the 1925 fall season at the then popular Plantation Room atop the old Winter Garden on Broadway, conceived the idea of making a Tin Pan version of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." That anything good should come of such a sacrilege is a miscarriage of Justice, but something did. Worse than that—or better, according to viewpoint—it produced not only one, but two good things: a sepiu songstress named Ethel Waters and a song entitled Dinah.

Which of the two was responsible for the success of the other is a question. Each seems, however, to have done well in her respective way. Ethel has become the darling of the musical comedy stage and the highest paid actress of her race; Dinah has become the perennial pet of every hot dance band in the nation.

Harry Akst, a veteran of the Alley, and erstwhile amanuensis for Irving Berlin ("I quit," he says, "when I found out what amanuensis means") has to admit that he wrote the music for "Mikado in Dixie," and hence is the creator of Dinah. He would that Dinah boasted a worthier genesis, but, as he says, "I was the last one to suspect that the tune would live more than six months, at the most."

"My Baby Face sold a million copies in sheet. A Smile Will Go a Long Long Way a million and a quarter, and Guilty (published after sheet sales took a nose dive) a half million. In the same year I composed Dinah, I collaborated with the late Grant Clarke, who I think was one of America's truly great lyric writers, in writing Am I Blue? for the first all-talkie, all-color, all-colossal, all-whatsoever movie, "On With the Show." By coincidence, Ethel Waters also introduced this number. It outsold Dinah at least fifty to one, but has since gone to Tin Pan Alley's Valhalla, while Dinah, after more than ten years, still shows no sign of hardening of the arteries."

Sweet Sue, now eight years old, was Victor Young's first composition. It is his most famous, and, although he has enough years ahead of him to compose many more hits, it is unlikely that he will surpass his maiden effort. He is the Paul Dresser of modern song-manufacture, and, like his predecessor, he cannot sit at a piano without tears in his eyes. His extreme sensitivity to the melancholy aspects of the gentle passion is reflected in all his works—Can't You Understand?, Can't We Talk It Over? Was I to Blame for Falling in Love, Too Late and others equally querulous.

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Most cases, according to Max L. Arons, chairman, are for money owed by leaders to musicians, playing for less than the price list, by-law violations, and unfair dealings. Leader-employer cases are handled by the executive board; where agents are involved, the trial group gathers evidence and turns the case over to the executive board, which may then revoke license. Price-list violations, where musicians and employers connive against the union, have decreased sharply since the Hollywood and Paradise restaurants have been soaked, respectively, \$3,000 and \$2,000.

Board members are Arons, chairman; Sidney Feldman, Emil G. Balzer, Edward Horn, Albert Modiano, Gino Tibelli, George Schlechter, Frank Garisto, and C. G. McGibney.

Piano Columnist on Vacation; Here's Bass Style

By Sharon Pease

Question: I have a good knowledge of keyboard harmony and can make a full arrangement from the sheet music or orchestration. My bass is too monotonous — can't seem to get away from the same old um-pah. Can you give me some ideas on how to develop a progression style of bass as used by Teddy Wilson and "Fats" Waller?—Phil Haney, New Orleans, La.

Answer: Several volumes could be written on this subject; however, the following examples carefully transposed to all keys will give you a good foundation for developing a progression style bass.

Figure I, two measures of C major.

Figure II, two measures of G seventh.

Figure III, C major to its dominant seventh (G seventh).

Figure IV, G seventh back to its major (C major).

Note that in each case where C major is used in the bass, the sixth (A) has been added. This added tone tends to build up the tonic chord and give it better "coloring".

Answer to a Bandleader's "1-Nighter-Mare!"



Chicago, Ill.—Vic Schroeder, the prominent midwest broker, seems to have found the answer to a bandleader's nightmare, namely transportation for the band on one-nighters.

Vic had the Wilson Body Company of Sioux City, Iowa make up six special trailers for his bands and has found that the average cost per mile, figured over a period of 500,000 miles, is less than five cents per mile. These figures cover gas, oil, storage, etc., and even depreciation and repairs. Some bands pay as high as twice as much and even more for similar transportation.

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dollars completely equipped, which cost is absorbed eventually by the savings over a period of time. After

100,000 miles of travelling a new trailer may be obtained for as little as \$300 along with the old trailer.

FRISCO BAND UNDER TOM COAKLEY OPENS BAL

San Francisco, Calif.—Jack Winston and his band opened at the Bal Tabarin July 16th. The band had been doing one-nighters under the management of Associated American Artists, which is piloted by Tom Coakley.

The personnel is as follows: Pierre Galan, sax (brother to Augie Galan of the Cubs); Carl Ackley, sax and fiddle; Geo. Dolbert, sax; Bud Moore, drums; Russ Gilbert, fiddle and foot-loose; Ray Ostrom, trumpet; Bob Lutvig, fiddle; Tony Milos, piano; Ben Johnson, bass; Jack Winston, vocal and trombone; Dorothy Allen, vocalist from KFRG.

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Sustained Background and Obligatos On the Electric Guitar

By Gene Mack

The sustaining quality of the Hawaiian guitar was the prime factor in the electrical amplification of this instrument, so the use of the electrical Hawaiian guitar for sustained backgrounds is an important one. Especially is this true in smaller orchestra combinations because the electric guitar may be used to correct deficiencies in instrumentation. Using the electric guitar for sustained backgrounds is very effective because it lends itself so well to this type of playing and because this background fills in empty spots in the arrangement.

There are a few points that must be kept in mind with this type of playing. When the harmony holds for two beats or longer, a full chord may be played but when the harmony is fast-moving—such as four chord changes in a measure, then the player should change to obligato playing. In this respect, he will find that usually the four changes have some inner voicing that moves in either whole steps or half steps and this may be utilized whenever it occurs by playing that melodic line in a fairly low register. As soon as the harmony moves slower, then the player reverts back to sustaining chords.

Sustaining Chords Are Called Background

Inasmuch as these sustained chords are called background, you must remember to be sure it sounds like background and not play louder than the rest of the band or even quite so loud. The bass tone is more favorable to use because its mellow quality blends so well. Sustained background may be used behind vocals for which the bass string register is preferable and behind clarinet, violin or muted brass choruses for which the treble string register is better. These sustained chords should be played with as much connection to each other as possible. Spanish guitarists will understand this as they are in the habit of playing chords in the same manner. Of course, it becomes necessary to change fingerboard position but the natural resolution of chords must be considered and may be used to advantage.

Obligatos

Obligatos sound well on the electric guitar and may be used effectively although I believe it is a type of playing that is being greatly overlooked by players at present. To those players who work with a band using three violins, I would suggest that they examine the cello parts of stock arrangements that the violins play, and they will find some interesting material to transpose onto their guitar that will sound well when played with the strings. To take advantage of the spots that would be enhanced by an obligato requires a good ear for counterpoint as well as an understanding of all chord positions on the guitar. Any player who connects his chords as mentioned above and who can play two-string harmony will find that he will stumble onto natural obligato passages without any effort on his part. Later, I will give some specific examples of obligatos to further assist the player who is interested in using this type of playing and is experiencing any difficulties with it.

In a future article, after the principal points of electric guitar playing have been discussed and if sufficient interest warrants it, I shall write out a chorus of a popular tune and show how all these points may be combined and used interchangeably to play a well-balanced chorus.

Due to lack of space, I will postpone until next month my discussion of modulations and will also take up at that time the subject of harmonics, which is a very important and useful part of electric guitar playing. At the present writing, I am making a study of foot pedal volume controls and hope to have some information

about them for you shortly. I have received quite a few letters from readers and I appreciate them very much. If you do not find your questions in this month's column, don't think I have overlooked you. Lack of space prevents printing them all at this time but they will appear in the next issue.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question: Did you invent the double-neck Hawaiian guitar or did Tony Rocco invent it? Is there any difference between your guitars?—L.M.R. Chicago, Ill.

Answer: Neither of us invented it. I have never made the claim that I invented the double-neck guitar. What I did invent is the sixteen-string electric Hawaiian guitar. As far as I know, the first double-neck Hawaiian guitar to be used was one created by Jack Penewell in 1922. It had two necks and twelve strings. My guitar is radically different from Tony Rocco's; the only similarity is the two necks. My tunings were devised in accordance with accepted musical standards in string instrument construction whereas Tony's eight-string tuning is what is commonly known as a "freak" tuning.

Question: (1) How can you keep the heavy bass strings from scratching? (2) What are the different ways to tune an electric guitar and which is the best? (3) How can you eliminate pick noise? (4) How does Alvin Rey get such a long sustained tone? (5) What kind of strings are used with the best results—heavy or light strings?—St. C. McV., Bedford, Pa.

Answer: (1) Use polished strings to eliminate scratching. (2) There are so many different tunings that I would prefer to devote a whole column to them later but for now would like you to take my word that the following tuning is, by far, the best for solo and orchestral playing: A C# E A C# E. (3) Improper picks are usually the cause of pick noise. The thumb pick should be shaped and polished the way Spanish guitarists fix their picks. The finger picks should fit well on your fingers, the ends protruding about one-eighth inch above your nail and the strings picked in a clawing manner. (4) I believe Alvin Rey obtains a long sustaining tone by the use of his foot pedal volume control. His present style seems to center entirely around this foot control. (5) Medium gauge strings are best to use. Heavy gauge reduces the sustaining quality of the guitarist and light gauge produces a thin tone. The manufacturer of your guitar can advise you what gauge is best because they have undoubtedly made a study of string gauges.

(Editor's Note:—Mail your questions direct to Gene Mack, 41 Tyler Street, Quincy, Mass.)

"Jack of All Trades"



Jack Sherr

New York, N. Y.—There is no kidding about terming this guy a "Jack of All Trades". He's well known as the most versatile swingster in the game. Swing began to take him over when he joined a band while attending John Hopkins University, but he graduated at the age of 20 with an A.B. degree tucked under his sleeve. Before long he was directing a program for Chrysler on CBS with an 11 piece band. He joined the famous Meyer Davis-Joe Moss ace bands later, and became well known as a skilled accordionist, pianist, and reed man. He won the commendation of music critics by his double tooting of a sax and clarinet at the same time—for this, Ripley had him portrayed in his "Believe It or Not" columns in newspapers all over the world.

For the past months, his band has brought a new thrill to blase Broadway dancers in the Restaurant de la Paix Room of the St. Moritz Hotel. He's really been holding the sway . . . the place is crowded all hours of the day.

He can play a hot clarinet that rivals Goodman, and the next minute be taking off on his accordion; he leads the band most of the time with the squeeze box. Sherr says the accordion brought the C.R.A. and others to realize his versatility as a leader. Swing on a flute or piccolo is no problem to him—he's long been known for his own special arrangements.

Going back to his dear old school days for a moment, it's interesting to note he was prominent as a child prodigy and gave piano recitals from the age of eight to fourteen . . . in good old Balto. Later, Balto acknowledged him as its outstanding bandmaster. But he's 27 now, single and brunette. Ladies, please note!

Ray Bauduc Beats Out Those Subtle Dixieland "Rub-Bubs!"

By Sam Rowland, Chef de Train
Several months ago at the Congress Casino, during the preparation of "Dixieland Drumming," a descriptive phrase kept asserting itself but was overlooked since it became a part of the more important phrases. As in the case of an arrangement of difficult passages one would be inclined to hum or sing the

rhythm desired. We noticed that many of the breaks were "sent" by the term: "Rub-Bub" . . . a phonetic description of a distinct effect. While in our opinion this term has never before been used in print to describe a "send-off," it serves admirably as a caption for the following breaks.

The real sending power of any phrase depends entirely upon the inspiration behind it. The tastefulness of the beat at the proper moment also governs its effectiveness, but the powerful barrage of any drummer is in his reserve creativeness and complete originality. These inspirational breaks are all typical of Bauduc and show in a good measure what may be done upon occasion. Being a product of inspiration they may not be played exactly the same way again by Ray and the drummer should understand that they serve as an "idea measure" for other effective

inspirational interlopations. While these Rub-Bubs may be played as a break they are distinctly related to each other and are typically Dixieland.
The best effect can be gained if the markings are followed as shown in each phrase. Note the places in which the Rub-Bubs lie and consider them as the send-off to the balance of the phrase or measure. Attain the proper fingering first, then the time, and finally apply them to the drum outfit hitting the various traps as shown.

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JULY CROP OF STOCK ARRANGEMENTS EXCELLENT

By Tom Herrick

(Editor's note: We are inaugurating this column for the benefit of bands and leaders so that they may have first-hand information each month on what current orchestrations are really worth while and outstanding. Any orchestration to rate a mention in this column is necessarily one of the best stocks of the month. One, two, or three stars mean respectively good, excellent, and exceptional. RSC means recommended sequence of choruses.)

***Boogie-Woogie—Melrose Bros. (Arr. by Fletcher Henderson). It's about time somebody bought and published this grand pot-pourri of boogie licks first written and played by Pine Top Smith, one of the original colored boogie pianists. Pine Top was stabbed to death in a Chicago dance hall a few years ago, but his influence on boogie music is inestimable, evidenced by the fact that this style has become more and more popular each year. Evidently Fletcher and the publisher gave this arrangement plenty of thought because the same licks and bass pattern as played by the original boogies have been preserved and incorporated into this arrangement. The piano, of course, is featured with the trombone and bass carrying the difficult bass figures in ensemble choruses. Piano man should really woodshed his part and listen to the recordings of Albert Ammons and Cleo Brown in order to capture the true feeling of this style. Play as is in a moderate tempo.

***Song of India—Feist (Arr. by T. Dorsey and Red Bone.) So seldom is a record arrangement reproduced in stock form with any degree of accuracy that this arrangement deserves special mention as one of the outstanding efforts of the month. With the exception of the trombone solos which start on high C concert there is little in this that is difficult basically, even for the average band. There is an optional fourth tenor or baritone part which fits in perfectly with the other three saxes and does not jump around as these parts generally do in added fourth parts. Listen to Dorsey's record first so as to get the proper tempo and smooth swing style in which it should be played.

***Caravan—Exclusive (Arr. by Will Hudson.) An arrangement you have probably already heard over the air because it has enough merit for most bands to play without making a special. In the first chorus have trumpet solo played in a Ray Robinson mute with the rest of the brass section open horn and full on the figure which occurs every 12 measures. Play softly for the most part in an oriental fashion. On the tenor chorus it is very effective to have brass hit a terrific forzado on each organ note, die away to nothing and then build it up to double forte. You'll know what to do with the ensemble riff chorus when you reach it. Play as is.

**Royal Garden Blues—Shapiro-Bernstein (Arr. by Jimmy Dale). One of the old Dixieland tunes which swings in itself without depending on the improvisations of the different instrumental solos. All groups of eighth notes should be legato tongued and played almost as dotted eighths and sixteenths. Don't try to get too modern on this but rather stick to the old Dixieland style in favor of a rocking rhythm instead of a heavy four-four. One or two of the choruses may be omitted because of the length of the arrangement. Only modern record on this is by Casa Loma, who unfortunately play it in their own flashy style, completely missing the true inwardness of the tune.

**Deep Jungle—Robbins (Arr. by Jimmy Dale). An original jig tempo tune by Ben Pollack and Wingy Munson played on Columbia No. 2879D. Good example of the Pollack style of swing with that Wingy touch for good measure. If your first trumpet man has those rubber lips cut the second eight bars after "I." First part of this arrangement is very effective, but gets a little Archie Bleyerish on the last three choruses.

Hot Chorus for String Bass on "Pagan Love Song"

By Bob Haggart

Fast *slap* *pick*

1st Chorus

2nd Chorus

Also Recommended

- The First Time I Saw You—Santly-Joy (Arr. by Paul Weirick).
- Until Tomorrow — Remick (Arr. by Ned Freeman).
- A Star Is Born—Berlin (Arr. by Hawley Aides).
- Raggin' the Scales — Broadway (Arr. by J. Dale).
- Somebody Stole My Gal—Denton & Haskins (Arr. by J. Dale).

ESSEX ENDS SEASON

Newark, N. J.—Completing its second season of four performances in a stadium here, the Essex County Symphony, led by Erno Rapee and ers, presented the Beethoven Ninth supported by 260 New Jersey singers last month. The orchestra numbers one hundred pieces.

"MUNY" GOING STRONG

St. Louis, Mo.—Running successfully since June 4, when it opened with "The Great Waltz," St. Louis' famed Municipal Opera last week presented the veteran actress, Blanche Ring, in "Music in the Air," the Hammerstein-Kern smash musical.

GAY WHITE WAY SLIGHTLY WILTED

By the Old Cow Hand

While all good New Yorkers commute to the nearest beach, tourists overcrowd the slightly wilted Gay White Way and what few night spots are left open. Tommy Dorsey is packing 'em in at the Pennsylvania Roof with the college cats and catesses standing four deep in front of the band stand and calling Bud Freeman, Carmen Mastren, Les Jenkins, Davey Tough and all the rest by their first names. The Dorsey crowd is so definitely typed you can spot them a mile away but they are giving the Penny the best summer business it ever had. Guy Lombardo followed Leo Reisman into the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf-Astoria and has never had a losing night since he opened. Here you'll find the older crowd who like their music sweet and pay plenty for it.

"The Cradle of Swing," otherwise known as the Onyx, still draws the cream of the crop with John Kirby, Frank Newton, Buster Bailey and the lads cutting loose with the hottest music this side of the Equator. You'll see everybody there from swing-mad debbies to John Hammond and Ina Ray Hutton never misses a night when she is in town.

Al Donahue is playing to heavy business nightly at the Rainbow Room and is "tops" with the society crowd. The management has wisely let down the bars to those who do not care to dress formally and business has skyrocketed. Jolly Cobarn, the only Annapolis graduate who ever swung a baton for money, pleases the customers at the beautiful Claremont Inn up on Riverside Drive and looks set for the summer. Biggest sensation of the summer is the booking of Phil Napoleon at the New Yorker following Gus Arnheim. Phil will have Dorothy Howe as his canary instead of Lola Bard. Lola and an appendix remover kept a hurry-up appointment the other day which is tough on Lola as she has atuck with Phil through some pretty tough going. Everyone wishes Phil a successful engagement and Billy Burton at the Rockwell-O'Keefe office has done everything but 24-sheet Phil's forthcoming engagement at New York's most successful hotel. Eric Madriguera and his band followed Shep Fields into the Surfside Club at Atlantic Beach, L. I., but doesn't seem to pull the crowds that follow Shep around. Shep is not only a swell guy but is holding down one of the ace air spots at NBC with Del Casino and Bob Hope building up a swell program. Horace Heidt is attracting plenty of customers at the Biltmore. Ted Lewis had a tough spot following Rudy Vallee at the (Modulate to page 24)



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Fine Saxophonist Must Master Breath Control For Phrasing

(Continued from last month)

By Norman Bates

There are six essential phrases of study encountered in learning to play the saxophone. Of these, none rank more important than abdominal breathing, for on this foundation every saxophonist should build. Instead, too many disregard or attach no importance to breath control, later to find poor breathing a decided hindrance to the gaining and controlling of a fine tone, with the result that every passage played becomes an effort. To avoid difficulties of this kind a thorough understanding of abdominal breathing becomes invaluable, as breathing predominates the entire routine of saxophone playing. Therefore it should be the duty of every conscientious saxophonist to acquire, before everything else, the control of abdominal breathing.

Breath Control Taken From Choral Teachings

Let us pause here before proceeding with a detailed explanation of breath control and go back for a few minutes to its beginning. We find this method of breathing getting its introduction in the music field with J. S. Bach's choral singers who were perhaps the first to introduce it as a help to the control of their voices, for it was Bach who at that time wrote what was then considered the most difficult music for voice. It was to command these difficult passages that his singers adopted abdominal breathing as a means to obtain greater endurance with less bodily strain. The results proved so successful that now it has become an established part of every fine singer's repertoire. With singers as with saxophonists, there is much in common, as both use practically the same parts of the body to produce a sound, proving definitely that if vocalists can profit by abdominal breathing, why shouldn't saxophonists?

Abdominal Breathing

In answer to the above, and to show the reader the benefits possible from abdominal breathing, I enter here a detailed explanation of the latter.

Breathe abdominally, that is deeply, not chestily, letting the air descend low in the lungs, pushing down the diaphragm and expanding the stomach muscles, leaving the chest and ribs normally relaxed. The reason for breathing low is that whenever the air is taken high in the chest it will cause a certain amount of strain to be evident in the tone, due to the ribs requiring effort on our part to expand them. This does not happen when breathing abdominally, as the soft pliable muscles of the stomach and abdomen give plenty of freedom to the inhaled air, at the same time giving much greater command of the air as it is exhaled from the lungs. This exhaling of the air from the abdomen is by far the most important part of the complete cycle of breathing, for in having perfect control of the air as it is being exhaled from the lungs we are better able to command our tone, vibrato, staccato and phrasing, etc. The explanation of these different phases of saxophone playing and their connection with abdominal breathing will be thoroughly explained later, each having a chapter devoted to it.

Practice Without Instrument

When first starting abdominal breathing, practice without the instrument until a fair amount of control has been attained. Be careful not to force too much air into the abdomen as it takes time to get used to letting the air fall low in the lungs and too much forceful practice will only cause strain. It is better to

take small easy breaths at first until full command of the abdominal muscles is obtained. Do not be disappointed if at first you cannot keep the air down in the abdomen for everyone in the beginning finds that the air will very often creep back into the chest if given a chance. A good way to avoid this is to tie a belt or strap around the middle of the chest when normally relaxed; the belt will keep the chest from expanding, leaving the abdomen free to expand as the air is taken into the lungs. In this way it is possible to check progress and control.

Now Pick Up Your Instrument

It is at this point that practice with the instrument should start, as now a fairly good command of the abdominal muscles and air column should have been gained. Be careful when exhaling the air not to tense or force the stomach muscles as this will stop the complete emptying of the lungs and cut down the air supply. This happens to be a very common mistake and usually occurs when nearing the end of a breath or during a long passage. To overcome this difficulty let the air drain from the lungs only as it is needed at the embouchure. As can be seen, too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of muscle relaxation and air continuity, for without each it is impossible to do justice to the instrument.

Another method of checking your breath can be had using an ordinary business or playing card placed edge-ways up to the lips while blowing a small steady stream of air at it. Note if done correctly it will produce a buzzing sound which is the air passing the cards' edge and if it can be kept steady for the complete duration of your breath it will give you an insight as to the amount of control you have gained over the continuity of your air column.

Much Air Wasted

The lack of breath endurance most common to saxophonists usually comes from the wasting of air through the overloading of the reed with excess air. The reed needs only a certain amount of well controlled breath to make it vibrate properly. The musician should take into consideration the fact that the reed when in place on the mouthpiece is not meant to struggle with or resist the air but to be vibrated resonantly by it.

(To Be Continued)

Singing in the bath tub was an old Roman custom and is mentioned by Horace who wrote: "Sunt multi, quique lavantes suave locus voci resonat conclusus," which means: "The bathroom for some, as the walls it surrounds, may sweeten the voice and make better the sounds."

She Flew Daily To Sing In Two Cities



Audree Warner

Audree Warner, vocal lovely, now with Jimmy Montgomery's band at the Westwood Otto Inn, grabs a plane with as much nonchalance as most folks grab a street car. When she sang recently in the Mayfair Casino in Cleveland, and also broadcast each day from station WJBK in Detroit she had to hop planes to do it. Little Audree once trembled when a long distance operator said "Phil Harris is calling from Cincinnati". In answer to a letter she had written him weeks before, Phil asked her to board a train and audition for his band. Nervously, she let her big chance slip; decided she wasn't ready for it. She has worked for Billy Shaw, Forest Bradford and Sammy Watkins orchestras.

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Don't Kid Yourself Thinking Mouthpiece Is the Root Of All Evil

By John O'Donnell

You can kid yourself into thinking that your mouthpiece is the cause of your trouble, but you can't make yourself believe it. Oh yes, a good mouthpiece is half the battle, but I'm saying—not only saying but shouting—that unless you have a perfect form, your present mouthpiece, no matter how lousy it is, is at least 50 per cent more correct than your form.

Let's say that you have followed my articles from the beginning (if not, send for back issues). By this time you should strive to make friends with both rims of your mouthpiece. Using my pills to cure lips will not throw mouthpiece off position. Brother, the minute you start having trouble, your mouthpiece does a skating act. It goes every place but the right place. You see, when the mouthpiece sets on the lips correctly, you will feel as if you are playing on two rims instead of one. For instance, you have two feet to walk on. Suppose a friend of mine came up to my studio and invited me out to lunch and I accepted and start hopping out of my studio on one foot. Would that look perfectly normal to my friend? I'll say not, it would look just as incorrect to him as it would to me if I asked you to play and you started blatting around the studio feeling just one rim. I have two feet in perfect condition and should use both of them. By now your lips should be ready to practice the following exercises which will teach you to feel both rims correctly.

No. 1—Throw loose lower lip back in mouth over lower teeth. Then scrape lower lip up over lower teeth wide, thin, flat and tight. As you are scraping, slap mouthpiece on lips. Tongue note. Warm up with mouthpiece alone for 3, 5, 7, or 10 minutes or until you feel your lower lip wide, thin, flat and tight against your teeth.

No. 2—Hold lips and mouth natural. Then bounce mouthpiece on lower lip, then upper lip, alternating on each lip and teaching the sub-conscious mind to pick up the feel of both rims. When you feel both rims be sure that the mouthpiece bounces on the upper lip last so you can start the upper lip work out just a little ahead of the lower. Like a hook and hammock, you must hook the ring of the hammock on the hook just a little ahead of setting your behind in the hammock. The jaw and hammock are the same. You sit on both and swing high and low. The hook and the upper lip are the same: you must have a hook to hang the hammock on before you can swing. Likewise you just have center strength in the upper lip which will hold the mouthpiece like a hook before you can swing the jaw. Warning!—keep the bell in the same position as you are bouncing the mouthpiece to feel the lower rim correctly on the lower lip and the upper rim correctly on the upper lip.

(Editor's Note: The following section of Mr. O'Donnell's article, promised for last month, was accidentally omitted. Sorry, John.)

No. 1—Show the upper teeth; get on natural.

No. 2—Sit back in the chair, relax body and shoulders, place mouthpiece on end of nose, then raise body and shoulders and lips up to mouthpiece, working out natural with lips as lips touch mouthpiece. You see, (Modulate to page 25)

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GEO. GERSHWIN DIES

(Continued from page 1)

restaurant. If his 10-year old ears were raped by the clamor of a city's growing pains, they were enchantingly seduced by the mechanical pianos in the Grand Street Arcade as they hammered out Rubenstein's Melody in F each time he fed its hungry slots with pennies. When Gershwin was around 13, his mother bought a broken-down upright in order to keep up with her relatives. There were teachers by the dozen for 50 cents, and for two years George and his brother Ira wooed the muse with them. At 16, Gershwin left school to plug songs for Jerome Remick & Sons at \$15 a week. When he was raised to \$25 a week, he started taking music lessons. It was Charles Hambitzer who taught him piano, and introduced him to Chopin, Liszt, and Debussy. And it was Edward Kilenyi and Rubin Goldmark who taught him harmony.

Discovers He Can Write Better Tunes Than He Plugs

The business of song-plugging was good enough, but Gershwin soon discovered that he could write better songs that he was trying to sell. So Harry Von Tilzer brought the young composer's first creation, a complaint entitled "When You Want 'em, You Can't Get 'em; But When You Got 'em, You Don't Want 'em." When a comedian "razed" him from the stage of the 14th St. Theatre, he left without his pay. Then he played vaudeville, accompanying first Louise Dresser and later Nora Bayes.

But Gershwin felt the urge to create. In 1919, when he was only 20, he wrote his first musical comedy, "La La Lucille." The same year he brought out his first hit song "Swanee" which sold 2,250,000 Victrola records. From 1920 to 1924 he wrote the music for George White's "Scandals." During this time he also wrote his first brilliant composition. In 1924 Whiteman's rendition of his "Rhapsody in Blue" sky-rocketed him from Tin Pan Alley into the amazed but affectionate embraces of the "intellectuals," his name exploding in a brilliant cluster against the American musical horizon. Attention as a "serious composer" bred a storm of criticism around his head with all the scorn and praise that a new art-form gives rise to. Gershwin confessed that it was an effort to reconcile Tin Pan Alley with Carnegie Hall. He said "it was not revolutionary—but evolutionary!"

Gets \$100,000 for One Movie

From hit shows like "Strike Up the Band," "Girl Crazy," and "Stop Flirting," Gershwin became a wealthy man. In 1932 Fox paid him \$100,000 to write music for the cinema "Delicious." But if spoiled by the extreme adulation and success he had won, Gershwin was still first the artist, and his "Of Thee I Sing" won the Pulitzer Prize that year. For this refreshing satire of Washington life, he wrote his own lyrics. In 1935 the furor of comment and criticism again burst over his head when he set the Negro folk play, "Porgy and Bess" to melody, and fashioned the first real American opera. Of this Jerome Kern predicted, "Porgy" points the way to the cinema opera of the future." It was his last long work, but he had succeeded again in wedding the poetic folklore of his country with the sophisticated spirit of his Musical Modernism. "Music to be true and lasting," he once said, "must repeat the thought and aspirations of the people and the times. My people are Americans. My time is today." The breezy rhythms and brilliant harmonics of "An American in Paris" were typically Gershwin and American.

Income Over \$250,000 A Year

At 38, Death not only interrupted a great career artistically, but, amazingly, one of tremendous proportions financially. A quarter of a million a year was Gershwin's reputed income. Ira estimated his brother's estate at \$200,000, citing an income of \$35,000 a year alone from royalties. The composer kept a magnificent bachelor penthouse on East 72nd Street in New York, where expensive furniture, a fine collection of French modern paintings, a library of recorded music, a Mustel pipe organ, and African Sculpture testified to his extraordinary hospitality to ideas and variety of tastes. Debussy, Stravinsky, and Berg were among his musical favorites. He himself was fond of painting, and liked to indulge in such sports as boxing, tennis and golf. He was an amiable man and a gregarious one, and thought exceedingly well of himself. It was this belief in himself that was partly responsible for the courage of his musical convictions. His prolific activities produced over a 1,000 different tunes, many of them still unpublished.

At 8:30 A.M. . . . Rehearsal Roundup



When they are on location, bands are often in the movie studios at 9 o'clock in the morning, making pictures. Here you see Johnny Davis, scat singer and trumpeter with Fred Waring's orchestra, in a typical Hollywood scene.

High Noon At 108°



So hot the operators had trouble in keeping the recording wax from melting, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma's shed their shirts. "Making hot records at 108 degrees in the shade should be done in a nudist camp," spouts Eddie Harg, manager.

4 A.M. . . . "Beat Down To Their Socks"



Most bands rehearse after the job. Bandleaders still find it much easier to rehearse new tunes after several hours of playing than to drag sleep-loving musicians from their pillows the next day. Here is Henry King and band at 4 A.M.

"MOST ACCORDION PLAYERS AREN'T MUSICIANS!"

By Max Stelter

(Editor's Note: Mr. Stelter, well-known Chicago teacher at the Walter Deller studios, is at present replacing Frank Papile as staff accordionist at the Chicago NBC Studios and has played the Carnation, Maytag, and Armour programs and was formerly featured with Don Carlos, Kogen, Harry Sosnik and Charles Gaylord.)

I have been asked to contribute an article while my good friend Howie Randen is vacationing and I think for a title I will choose "Accordionism." This title takes no one particular angle of the accordion as a subject but covers accordion playing in general.

With a good many years of teaching and playing experience to my credit, I find the greatest criticism given accordionists by orchestra leaders is that they are not musicians. This is sad, yet true, and the overcoming of this necessary ability depends a great deal on the instructor and more so on the pupil. A good musician must have complete mastery of his instrument, plus a long and thorough study of the finer music and composers.

We, as accordionists, are deprived of a lot of fine musical enjoyment and study because of the handicaps of the instrument. For an example: serious students of some other instruments have access to fine symphony training under the direction of some outstanding, well learned and experienced artist who has probably spent most of his life as a student of the great composers, as well as of orchestration. It is a study by itself to work under the direction of such a fine musician, and a wide awake student might well take advantage of the years of study such a leader has at his command.

Another fine training is the various ensembles such as string, woodwind and brass, and also quartet and duet playing.

Just Another Long-Hair?

By this time, you are getting bored and saying: "Oh, he is just another long-haired pest, and furthermore, I'm interested in the popular and modern type of music." This is where the average accordionist makes his mistake. All this fine training, which I have mentioned, helps to make a modern swing player as well as a fine classic performer. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that an accordionist must play fast technical numbers. Personally, I would rather hear less notes played, but played in a musical manner, meaning fine phrasing and interpretations such as a selection would receive in the hands of some other instrumentalist. Be it swing or otherwise, phrasing is the next important thing to clean execution. You have all heard the expression "Oh, he can make a fiddle talk." Why not make the accordion talk? I don't mean to imply that if you study plenty of classics you will become a good swing player. However, with the support of thorough study and a bit of ingenuity and concentration, when playing modern music, one can become a fine performer in this field, with a fine melodic style and phrasing. Many an idea in modern music is stolen from the classics with a modern style of rhythm and phrasing.

Smart Guys Will Study Classics

Now the question arises: Where does the teacher enter into this and where does the pupil continue? A competent and thorough teacher will teach the pupil to play the classics adaptable to the accordion and will also show the application of phrasing from the classics as applied to modern music. The pupil, of course, cannot hope to depend entirely on the numbers taught him. He must explore other compositions and try to apply and study these. A serious pupil will also listen to outstanding instrumentalists, be it accordion players or some other instrument, for phrasing must exist on any of them. Phrasing is to modern music what designing is to modern dress.

I trust I have presented a constructive criticism as I have had occasion to come across it. The accordion is progressing rapidly and it is my fondest hope to see more accordion players who can contribute their support to an organization and put themselves in demand. The accordion is still in its infancy regarding performers who can sit in with an orchestra, read, play and phrase with various sections thereof and also contribute their own style as a soloist.

Conga Is Cuban With the Sugar Scraped Off . . .

Music Like Vibraphone In Washing Machine Seduces Chicagoan's Ears

Jerry Shelton, accordion wizard with Veloz and Yolanda, recently wrote us an absorbing letter about a little known form of Cuban Music called the Conga. There are excerpts from Jerry's letter that will explain the situation.

"The boat docked about 8:00 A. M. and two hours later we were all set to rehearse Veloz and Yolanda's music and my own numbers with a local rumba band at eleven. While we were waiting, the Cuban band started to jam something for their own amusement—what a noise! M'God, I am familiar with the Cuban music, but my ear was virgin to this kind. I was informed they were playing a Conga, pronounced 'Kon-guh.'

"Although the instruments were only three Conga drums, one cow-bell, and one claves, this (music) all sounded at first like the recording, 'Ionization,' Columbia 27111, accompanied by a vibraphone caught in an electric washing machine—so help me! It is pretty bewildering . . . at the start, but after you get the hang of what this is all about, it's the nuts as an outlet for, let us say, the inner beast.

"Before I left, I really became Pop's little man, by cracky, at playing the Cencerro, pronounced 'Seine-say-ro.' I called it a cow-bell.

"Maybe I had better get the history of this thing off my chest first so you won't think I am pretty screwy for attaching any importance to the thing at all. This bunch of noise is fifty per cent music and fifty per cent dance—goes back to the jungle stuff—the Congo—savagery and what not, hence the name the Conga. The dance has been prohibited by law for the last fourteen years and it wasn't until the last three weeks that it has been done in public under police supervision. The reason that the law clamped down was that the dance was done only by the lower classes who danced this Conga for hours and hours until they were in such a frenzy that someone usually was killed.

"The dancers are supposed to dress alike and join together in groups called Cumparasa, each group with its own musicians. Watching from the roof garden of the Sevilla-Biltmore overlooking Havana Harbor and the Prado, I was lucky enough to see the first of the dances permitted by the government within the last decade. From seven in the evening until after midnight these cumparasa, each consisting of from twenty to one hundred dancers and followed in turn by their loyal supporters of from fifty to three hundred people streamed down the Prado. Each group was separated by about two hundred yards and was preceded by three or four men carrying what looked to be lighted Christmas trees. I was never able to find out what these were called or what they were supposed to represent. It is impossible to describe how utterly barbaric and entirely strange this all was and yet at the same time how understandable. I was told that this dance has a sort of hypnosis and that the onlooker oftentimes joins in the dance without being aware of it. I said, 'uh-huh' to this and forgot it but I'll be damned if one week later, while watching a Conga most of the party I was with, including myself, didn't do this very thing. Perhaps we had surrounded too many Rum-Collins (one half of a lime, teaspoon of sugar, seltzer water, Bacardi Rum, and ice—it's marvelous) but we did it. I remember we all stopped about the same time, looked around at each other, and felt pretty silly in general.

A Drummer's Delight

"Playing a Conga should be a drummer's delight. If you have ever had the suppressed desire to continuously wham the dickens out of something—the edge of a chair, a coffee pot half full of stale coffee, or anything else that will give you some new sound—a dull thud so to speak—play a Conga, because anything goes. One night at La Frita—this is just about as low a dive as you can find in Cuba where you get the real Cuban music with the sugar

scraped off—about twenty fellows were helping out the regular four piece band and they were pounding on any and everything. Maybe it was jam night—I dunno. The dishes, tables, the chairs, everything was rattling and banging. For fifteen or twenty minutes this went on and when they stopped the quiet almost hurt your ears.

The Basic Pattern of Conga Rhythm

"Naturally all this noise has to have some form to start with somewhere. I have scored elsewhere on this page the basic pattern of foundation upon which the Conga is built. You can add a trumpet if you wish but the rhythm sounds are the important things. A Conga drum resembles a tapering hollow log with a drum head covering over the large end. Three different pitches are obtained by differences in size and tension of the head. The drums are tuned about an octave apart. The low and middle pitched drum rhythms must be fairly consistent with the scored pattern. The high drum is the master of the situation. A good Conga high drum player is the most valuable man in the outfit; he plays ad lib constantly and sometimes leads the entire group off on some

CONGA
R = RIGHT
L = LEFT
Low pitch

DRUMS
Middle pitch

BARE HANDS
ALTA BONGO
High pitch

CLAVES

tricky off beat lick for minutes at a time until you fairly froth at the mouth for want of that felt but unheard down beat. The cow-bell should be held so that by striking either the top or bottom it will produce different tones. This sometimes is an ad lib instrument but the three licks I copied were supposed to be examples of what the better Cencerro (cow-bell to you) player will be playing this season. The claves were pretty much the same as listed. You will notice that all licks are based on two bars.

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Ye Editors Have Clam-Bake



Chicago, Ill.—Wingy Manone's jiving and jamming were so infectious one afternoon that Glenn "Bing" Burrs and Carl "Muscle-Mouth" Cons, the editors of Down Beat, couldn't resist a few hot licks themselves.

Cons took off on baton, Wingy played chords, while "Bing" Burrs buh-buh-bood. Maybe it was more of a corn-bake than a clam-bake, but it sure was a fine kick.

Of "Bing" Burrs' vocalizing, Wingy chirped, "Man, you sure form a fine embouchure around those adjectives."

To which Burrs chirped back, "Man, those liver lips were wrapped around a sax for 17 years."

"We Stay Out Of Arguments," Local 77

Steering clear of labor squabbles is Local 77 of Philly, when it showed by its actions that it would stay out of arguments involving help other than musicians.

Waiters' unions representing both CIO and AFL, each demanding a closed shop, are organizing the Hotel Adelphia. Says Pres. A. Arthur Tomei of 77: "Regardless of the outcome, I will not yank out the musicians if a walkout is declared by either side. I will not abrogate the contract between the hotel and the musicians under any circumstances."

AFL waiters, however, threaten an appeal to AFM head Joseph Weber if the musicians' help is needed to effect a closed shop.

GAY WHITE WAY SLIGHTLY WILTED

(Continued from page 21)

Astor Roof and yet has drawn solid business with tourists. The Hudson-DeLange Band at Rye is getting the cream of the Connecticut beach trade and Charlie Barnett at Larchmont is doing much better business than Nye Mayhew over at the Glen Island Casino. Bunny Berigan is down at the Pavilion Royale on Long Island way with a vastly improved band and playing to turnaway crowds. Helen Oakley is out of Mills Artists and now has her desk with Moe Gale devoting her time to Chick Webb. Al Brackman took over her billet at Mills and test records under the Master label would indicate that he knows what he is doing. Milt Herth, the Chicago swing organist sensation, has New York cats all a dither. Milt has the Hollywood News (Noxema) shot on CBS every Friday and is set for two big fall commercials. NBC is dallying with a swing program for a sponsor using the Swingaroos and Bughouse Rhythm piped in from Frisco as a nucleus. Phil Cohan at CBS refuses to consider a sponsor for the Saturday night Swing Session. New York is witnessing its first shortage of top flight musicians. Summer resorts have skimmed the cream of the crop and very few good men are loafing.

Bennie Bonacio, Paul Whiteman's ex-first trumpeter and ace studio musician, who makes mouthpieces, now has an idea that he can grow cane on his Italian farm and make reeds. He also has an idea that he will return to Italy next year, pick up a band and give his fellow countrymen a taste of swing. The chances are Bennie will make good if Papa Mussolini will stand for swing. Leo Reisman had tough sledding on his engagement at the Paris Expo. When he arrived there he discovered that the Monte Carlo Restaurant where he was to play lacked at least six weeks of completion. Joe Marsala at Hickory House also received a Paris bid but demanded that they lay it on the line before he set foot on a boat. So far there hasn't been any sign of anything that looks like money so Joe continues at the old stand. George Hall and his Band with Dolly Dawn are breaking the world's record at the Taft. This is George's fifth year there and he looks good for another five. Dolly is taking screen tests.

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VOCALIST SHOTS SELF IN HEART OVER GIRL

By Dick MacDougal

Mel Hamill and his fine orchestra leave for the Palais Royale ballroom for a month at Port Stanley. From there, they'll wind up the summer season at Crystal Beach . . . The Palais imports Len Vincent and his Orchestra from Crystal Beach for two weeks, with a possible four weeks tops. Vincent's crew, which was organized in Niagara Falls, is a Garber type band, consisting of ten men. In the meantime, Jack Faerigan leaves Port Stanley to make way for Mel Hamill, and moves into Crystal Beach to fill the vacancy left by Len Vincent. The Palais Royale, Port Stanley and Crystal Beach have a three-way switch, involving the changing of three bands during the summer months. This was a smart move on the part of George Deller, Bill Cuthbert and Joe Broderick, who realize that a band can get awfully tiresome if it's left in the same spot too long. The idea is going over like a million. At Crystal Beach, Jack Faerigan will play opposite Harold Austin's orchestra from Buffalo, N. Y., and will alternate with him on the "Show Boat," plying between Buffalo and Crystal Beach.

Vocalist Attempts Suicide

One of Toronto's most popular warblers attempted suicide early in July, by shooting himself before the girl who had just jilted him, and her new boy friend. Clayton Dobson, vocalist with Jack Evans' band, followed the couple and tried to reason with his lost flame, but she wouldn't give ear. Finally, in desperation, he drew a gun and shot himself, the bullet lodging near his heart. He'll pull through.

Around Town

Vince Boyd, at the Embassy, has added a new man to the band. He's "Bubs" Reid, an outstanding clarinet

DON'T KID YOURSELF

(Continued from page 22)

those suffering with low pressure form a habit of coming down on or at upper lip with mouthpiece, so placing the mouthpiece on the nose and coming up to the mouthpiece breaks the downward habit, takes the choke out of the upper lip, and lets the sick upper lip come out from under the teeth into its perfect position—high, free, and forward.

Cure for High Pressure

No. 1—Pucker the upper lip strong toward center. Place mouthpiece a little higher than you play on upper lip so that you will have enough distance for lip to pull up toward nose, getting thoroughly worked out before groove of lip hits inside rim of mouthpiece. Keep pulling strong puckered upper lip up in center directly towards the nose until you hit your natural groove. Take a breath, tongue one note, play following notes—middle B, C, D, E, and F. Take mouthpiece off lips after each note. This brings rubbery feeling back in upper lip which forms a cushion for mouthpiece to hook on, letting you play again with correct normal pressure. You see, when the upper lip starts to get loose and wobbly, Mr. Brassman takes the only way out to finish his job; he pushes mouthpiece up towards nose to take the slack out of upper lip which in a short time throws him into a wide mouth, leaving his upper lip unguarded and wide open to terrible mouthpiece pressure.

No. 2—After you have advanced on number one, then make a suction noise like a strong kiss. Get on natural. P.S.: Have your best girl help you out with this one.

Next month's article will be devoted strictly to your questions. I will answer just one question per person so send in your pet peeve.

Joe Marsala Rocks It Solid At Hickory House



At New York's famous Hickory House, Joe Marsala and his Chicagoans are building up a fine business with their Sunday afternoon jam sessions, while enlisting plenty of outside talent. Let to right the gang is: Adele Girard, harp; Ray Biondi, violin (doubling on guitar in this picture in the absence of Eddy); Danny Alvin, drums; Joe Bushkin, piano; Marty Marsala, trumpet; Artie Shapiro, bass; and Joe Marsala on the clarinet.

man . . . Boyd himself is due for a trip to New York soon, for a guest appearance on "Believe It Or Not" Ripley's show as the world's fastest pianist. He hits around 1,200 notes in a minute . . . Lovely Louise King, late of Ferde Mowry's ork, has teamed up with Jack Faerigan for the summer . . . Two of Faerigan's men slipped rings around their respective lady friends' fingers. Bert (piano) Hawthorne, and Art (drums) Goddard will relinquish their freedom when the band gets back in town . . . The Island Aquatic Club is switching bands almost every two days in an effort to get a satisfactory band; no luck yet, though . . . Luigi Romanelli, after leading the band at the King Edward for twenty years, has given up the stick due to a heart ailment. His brother Leo will lead in the future.

JABBO BLEW TOP FOR BEER UNTIL REAL BREAK CAME

By James Higgins

Boston, Mass.—The big news in town is, as it should be, Bob Crosby at the Ritz-Carlton with promise of more to come when Count Basie and Billie Holiday open at the same spot early in August. Crosby, while not doing the phenomenal 1936 Goodman business, is drawing satisfactory throngs to the swankiest roof garden in New England, and the newspapers are giving Bing's brother (not the band, mark you) all kinds of publicity. Except when Bob sings, and God knows you really can't blame him for wanting to do something, the band is just about the top in white ensemble rating. It has the most consistent bunch of soloists of any band at all, backed by Chick Webb's choice as the best drummer of today, Ray Bauduc. Lawson has improved tremendously since he started with the band and Bob Zurke is killing the dress customers with his fantastical improvisations. The only drawback is the Manchester-by-the-Sea charge demanded by the management. Three-fifty keeps some of the interested folk at home.

"Jabbo" Blows His Top

Out in the colored district at the old Little Harlem, Jabbo Jenkins is blowing a fine horn in front of his

own band at the Little Dixie. Jabbo was blowing his top for beers and beating palms at the Pioneer Club and the job is a real and deserved break for him. A guy called Little Willie, formerly at the Southland, plays authentic and moving blues on, of all things, a harmonica, at this same Dixie. With every place in town shut up (the Ritz is an exception) the Little Dixie gives you what you want as far as night after night entertainment goes.

Webb's Band in Sour Groove

Chick Webb arrived a good two hours late when his band played the Revere Nautical Gardens. A very disappointing performance until Chick showed up with a ticket for speeding. He worked hard the rest of the night but the band was in that sour groove and stayed there . . . Claude Hopkins flopped at the same spot, musically and financially. Maybe it's the atmosphere but these bands always do their worst on the Boston one-nighters. . . Hank Biagini draws at Kimbells Starlight. The band is not good and the jive is horrible. . . Down the South Shore at Marshfield Fats Waller played to his customary mediocre crowd despite the fact that it was a holiday night. Fats goes over but the boys and gals distrust his band.

McCOY HUSKS CORN AT CASTLE FARM FOR WEEK

By Bud Ebel

Cincinnati, Ohio — Clyde McCoy and his corn huskers were in for a week playing Castle Farm and as Cincinnati likes it on the cob it is needless to say the band was a hit. Gershwin and his Jam band are the current attraction in the Gibson Lounge . . . The Rathskeller continues with Billy Snider and his band with Old Vienna offering Ross Pierce and the Plaza, Jack Sprigg. Dr. Lee Warren, my rhythm mate in 1924, writes to say he is a skin specialist in Philly. It was through my Down Beat column that Lee located me and this is the first news I have had from him in 13 years. He also informed me he was banjoist with Vallee . . . One of the smartest dance bands in this part of the country is in the making and not only will it include the ace men of local one, but also the brilliant tenor voice of Joe Binder, former CBS singing star. The band is being built around Binder who at this time is the only singer in this neck who is capable of layin' 'em in the aisle with every song. He has a large radio following plus the backing of the 400 who go for him like a catfish for a worm. The outfit is being backed by a million dollar concern. The band will be used only for broadcasting purposes and debutante parties of which there are many. The band is under the management of Andy "Swing" Gilligan . . . A few of my pals have been putting me on because I missed the July issue and a few phoney telephone calls came in asking about it . . . The nightly food and bar receipts at Beverly Hills, the new nite spot, are \$4,100 per nite. Not bad considering that they have gambling as a side line. Understand that Jimmy Brinks Town Club lost \$3,000 a month and the place finally gave up.

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ALICE FAYE HAS HARD LUCK

New York, N. Y. — Alice Faye certainly has been running into a siege of hard luck since she started broadcasting on the new CBS clog series. On her first program, she missed a cue, and the band had to start the number over again. Last week, Alice fell down a flight of stairs and wrenched her spine. Like a trouper, she went on the air Friday night. It isn't fair to judge her performances, in view of the jinx haunting her. We think she can do much better than she has.

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WOODY'S BLUES AND "BARREL-HOUSE" A HIT IN PITT

By Milton Karle Dickler

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The rave in and around the Smoky City for the past five weeks has been the "fastly-coming" Woody Herman orchestra, this band following Art Shaw into the Willows. Not only do the Woody Hermans give you a characteristic type of sweet danapation, but their efforts in the barrel-house and Dixie form are very much to the fore. While at the Willows in Oakmont, this great band carried three NBC wires, with a KDKA airing nitely . . . The terrific drumming of Frank Carlson, Saxie Mansfield's "inspired" tenor, Joe Bishop's efforts a la blues on the flugelhorn, the barrel-house efforts of Neal Reid on trombone . . . and lastly, the swell showmanship, personality, and vocal ability of Woody Herman do much to set-off the band. Woody's clarinet efforts deserve much praise, too! . . . The Urban Room still is doing "topa" with the fine Happy Felton Band and Sande Williams' foursome. And out at Bill Green's Terraced Garden Charley Gaylord has proved a most ideal drawing card, with capacity houses nitely while the Penthouse Serenaders remain on for the summer. Incidentally, Eddie Safranski, fine bassist and arranger, has been knockin' out some terrific stuff for Art Shaw . . . the latest . . . "Roses of Picardy." The Pittsburgh-made Dick Stable Band flopped miserably in its one niting cruise through these parts! . . . Maxine and Jenny, two colored swingsters, have invaded the big time . . . Being now at the Onyx Club in New York City. Howdy Baum, pianist, has taken over the Will Roland outfit, and has garnered himself a "Nat'l Gas Commersh" for a starter. And Will Roland is now with the staff of MCA in Chicago. That new outfit that Husk O'Hare had at the Balconades before Prince Albert's set-to there, is the Frank Lombardo unit from up the valley. Dean Sayre has inserted his all girl band in the Arlington Lodge for an indefinite period. Dean's brainstorm should do OK for itself about this neck o' the country.

The Bob Clayman Band is now intact at the "new" Blandi spot out on Freepport Road . . . Bob is the most representative of local organizations. What with . . . Sally La Fertche, Tommy Noll, Dave Gifford, Bob Pollard, Archy Tarshis, and Jaxx Wallace! The Clayman-Rubin-off merger is about set! Thanks to Joe Villella for his fine cooperation on his Club Celebrity with recorded

Mail all correspondence to the home office of DOWN BEAT, 608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Sharkey Bonano And His Sharks of Rhythm



New York, N. Y.—Down in the Village at Nicks, Sharkey Bonano draws real simon-pure, 100 per cent swingsters and the place is packed nightly. Nick takes a hand on the

piano himself now and then and the atmosphere is anything but "icky". Left to right the men are as follows: George Brunies, trombone;

Dell Zane, piano; Henry Adler, drums; Turk Bradley, bass; Sharkey Bonano, trumpet; and Bill Bourjois, clarinet.

programs of Art Shaw and the "swell" Woody Herman Bands.

One gal deserving of all the mentions given, is the lovely Sharri Kaye with the Woody Herman Orchestra! Sammy Kaye "swings an' aways" this way with word of his recent recordings for Brunswick . . . that are too numerous to mention. The Woody Hermans started and engineered the "Mush-Ball Craze" about town, that all the names and locals in toto . . . And the new Ken Martin Band is now intact at the Orchard and is doin' very elegant with its twice weekly airings via WWSW. The Val Garvins are progressin' very well under the directing interest of Georgie Barker. Congrats to Jim Emert upon his recent merger with Grace Frazier! Harry Martin, company manager for Sally Rand, in town for a month's vacation . . . And during that time tended to the business interests of Brother Ken's band. Ralphie Destephano, fine trumpet man, left Hank Halstead and has joined up with Herbie Kay!

For twenty years (1909-1929) the famous RUSSIAN BALLET toured the world but did not appear in Russia!

4000 "RUG CUTTERS" JAM TO HEAR PHIL HARRIS

By Jimmy McDowell

Tacoma, Wash.—Nearly 4,000 people jammed their way into the historic old Oakes Ballroom Sunday, July 11th, to listen to Phil Harris and his great band. Everyone was highly pleased with the band's renditions of pianist White's swell swing arrangements featuring some fine tenor by Earl Evans, "Goodmanish" clarinet by Johnny Hoffman, and the powerful six-piece brass section. Of course Phil's novelty darky songs accounted for the larger share of the enthusiastic applause, but the "cats" were unanimous in their agreement that the band was really plenty good.

Earl Hines and his band, slated to appear here June 27th, was held over in California. The engagement has been moved up to July 18th, to be

followed a week later by the Casa Loma band.

In a search for local talent, about the only band that really rates honorable mention is a strolling combo, the Four Esquires, featured nightly at the Lucerna Tavern. Personnel and instrumentation: Don Course, bass, violin, viola, and french horn; Ed Wiggins, clarinet, oboe, flute, alto and tenor; Tony Martin, accordion; Grady Morehead, guitar. These boys, working in an extremely confident manner, play their clever, sometimes intricate arrangements with a smoothness that stamps them as big-time.

NEW DANCE HALL BILL KILLS JOBS

By Doc Scott

Milwaukee, Wis.—Due to the new tavern and dance hall bill that was passed by the City Council, which went into effect July 1st, about fifty musicians here in Milwaukee are without jobs. Here is the reason— if a night club, tavern or dance hall does not have 1,200 square feet of dance floor, they cannot obtain a license, so many of the smaller places had to fold up. With all of these spots closed, the larger places do more business, so the union here has raised the scale five to ten dollars per man per week. It is swell for the boys who are fortunate enough to be working in the larger places, but tough on the ones who are out of a job.

Al Kavelin has been replaced by Orin Tucker in the Empire Room of the Schroeder Hotel. Joe Gumin is doing a nice job at Toy's Oriental Restaurant, while Casper Reda is playing six weeks of one nighters throughout Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Johnny Davis replaced Sammy Armato at the Miami Club. Bob McElroy is still at Pick's Club Madrid, and Stan Jacobson is in his second month at the Chateau Country Club.

Old Time dancing seems to be quite the thing here in Milwaukee— not uncommon at all to see two or three thousand people at one of these shindigs. It seems that Andrew Karzas of the Aragon and Trianon in Chicago is very interested in trying the same thing there, and may begin this Fall by using one of Milwaukee's Old Time bands. Several of these bands are under consideration—however, the Pioneers seem to be the favorite. What next?

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K.C. CATS PURR AS HOT CLUB IS LAUNCHED

By John Goldberg

Kansas City, Mo. — This town, home of many a fine swing musician, welcomed the organization of its first Hot Club the middle part of the past month. The first session held out at Skyline tavern on the 12th wasn't altogether too hot but it did reveal an unusual amount of enthusiasm on the part of those present, and future meetings should provide that necessary life for the cats and alligators around these parts who have been hankering for something to happen . . . Don Davis, genial head of radio station WHB and somewhat of a drummer himself in days of yore, is solidly behind the Hot Club idea and the Davis punch should mean something. Officers elected are Bob Caldwell, Jr., president; Don Tiff and Bee Hyde, vice presidents; Sammy Lighter, treasurer, and Al Stine, secretary. Nice going, boys!

Halstead Into Muehlebach

Carlos Shaw concluded a five weeks engagement at the Muehlebach Grill on the 22nd. Band sounded plenty promising at the hostelry with three saxes, one brass, three rhythm and three fiddles, but then it didn't register as well over the air lanes. Particularly pleasing were Shaw's vocals.

"Hank" Halstead into the Grill for two weeks and possibly longer. Boyd Raeburn's orch and the strolling outfit of Claude Denny's continue to play fine music out at Sni-A-Bar Gardens and the spot really packs 'em in on week ends.

The Ray Laughlin aggregation, supposedly set for the summer at a spot on Lake Okoboji, got its share of tough breaks when management decided at last minute not to open up ballroom for the season. "Twas a heluva note and it's made rough going for the boys, but what's a guy to do about it?"

Big Names Signed for Jubilesta. The second annual Jubilesta festival is scheduled for nine days beginning September 17th. Features include the music of Carl Hoff, Eddy Duchin, Isham Jones, Wayne King and Benny Goodman. Nice going there, but what we can't understand is why committees of this affair didn't give local bookers the opportunity of bidding for these features instead of going direct. It in all probability wouldn't have cost any more and would have helped minimize the number of grievances that have arisen.

Jimmy Joy here for two nights and Helen Heath, local girl, vocalist. That Heath woman sure has a nice pair of pipes and rates along with the best of 'em.

His Punch Should Mean Something



Don Davis

Don Davis, genial head of radio station WHB, who has thrown his support behind a Hot Club idea just organized in Kansas City.

No Rehearsals Without Pay Tough

Washington, D. C.—A question of discussion of long standing is why Washington bands are not allowed to hold rehearsals. It seems that the local union doesn't allow rehearsals unless the band is paid for the same. How in the world can anyone expect local bands to meet the competition when they cannot rehearse to get new ideas, arrangements, etc. It is a certainty that the public doesn't want to have "Rehearsals" tried out on them. In the past season there have been three very prominent spots which have had out-of-town bands to which several of the musicians have objected, but on the other hand they are powerless to avoid for the simple reason that they cannot meet the competition.

WON'T PAY CASH FOR HOME-GROWN MUSIC

By Bob Mitchell

Portland, Oregon — Del Milne, formerly of McElroy's, wrote an article for a local columnist voicing the pet peeve of many a Portland musician. Joseph P. Public, it seems, just won't lay down the cash to hear home-grown music. A perfectly good orchestra of local fellows is driven away from town to look for jobs and becomes famous; but it's still "no dice" right here at home. Very good examples are George Olsen, Bart Woodyard and Archie Loveland.

Symphonic swing made its debut at the Jantzen Beach pavilion when Sterling Young played here for a couple of weeks. The band features a fast, smooth swing with violin and clarinets predominating.

Billy Moset, who recently left Sterling Young to organize his own orchestra, is playing at the Uptown and doing good business. Moset balked at the five-year contract thrust at him by NBC.

George Brun makes some excellent arrangements and slaps a mean bass. Brun can break it hot on almost any instrument, including piano, trumpet, trombone, bass horn. He and several others in Moset's orch were formerly with Kenny Allen at the Multnomah.

Between McElroy's and the Swan cruises, the Feeley-Dooley band is kept busy six nights a week. Max Dolin, well known violinist, conducts eighteen pieces through an overture of concert numbers at the New Rivoli Theatre. He was once known as Don Amaizo on a west coast commercial. Surprising what he can make a "swing-minded" public swallow.

Spotting the Orchestras
Shoreham Hotel — Maxim Lowe
Ork. Barnes directing . . . Mayflower Hotel—Sidney's Ork . . . Wardman Park Hotel—John Slaughter's Ork, Jimmie Santmyer directing . . . Madrilion — Johnny Shaw and his Ork . . . Powhatan Roof — Pete Macalis and his Ork. Irving Levick directing.

New Vocalist With Phil Napoleon



Dorothy Howe

New York, N. Y.—Dorothy is the lucky beauty who joined Phil Napoleon's new orchestra which recently opened at the New Yorker Hotel. She will vocalize nightly for the former Memphis Five cornet star and his new enlarged band.

The alto voice is not a true singing voice. Since it is made by cultivating the falsetto notes instead of the chest notes it is an artificial voice.

The music produced by twenty-seven singers is only twice as loud as that produced by one singer.

GAMBLING'S DEATH IN TEXAS CLOSES NITE CLUBS

By Weldon Simmons

Beaumont, Texas—With the death of gambling in Texas many of the leading night clubs have closed their doors, especially in the south east section. Many of the bands find this too great an obstacle to overcome together with the usual slack summer season. Lately, however, several larger clubs have reopened.

Jesse Harbin is going great guns over at The Groves, formerly The Texas Bar, and there is no good reason why he shouldn't with the band he has. Les Roland is doing extra fine work on the piano while Doug Franks is hitting a nice groove on his trumpet, and together they manage to send the orchestra nicely. The fact that they have held down a spot that other bands couldn't, proves that they must have something.

Went up to hear Bud Waples on the Hotel Beaumont roof a few nights ago, and got knocked out over the way he played piano. The band groove nicely and makes quite a hit with the Beaumont cats. From all appearances they will be home quite a bit from here on out, that is, after they finish a four weeks stay at the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio.

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Trigg Knocks Out Cash Customers On River Boat

By Red Millard

St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis should be proud of Tommy Trigg and his streamliners who are playing aboard The President, running on the Mississippi, as this is the first time in local history that a local band has met with the captain's, the customers', and the musicians' approval. They absolutely knock the cash customers out on "Hot Lips," "Bugle Call" and variations on "Tiger Rag." Their hill-billy numbers are tremendous and the town loves them. The band has plenty of fine vocalists, too, led by Miss Ellen Clair, who is as sweet as she is cute, ably assisted by Bobby Fisher, Johnny Polsen, Bill Ashley and Art Matthews. Practically every man is a soloist, instrumentally if not vocally. Rene Favor stops the show with "Maple Leaf Rag." Ray Thurston plays "Twelfth Street Rag" on trombone with his feet, and Ray Lavin plays about the best Hoedown in the village. Although this is Tommy's first band, it shows much promise and good taste. He has that happy faculty of being able to judge a crowd and then does not give them too much with the result that they scream for more.

Don Hart continues to head the bill at Tom Burke's, our best garden spot. The band is under the direction of Ralph Stein and is very well received due to the fact that they feature many novelties. Davy Rich also turns out some mighty fine work singing "Star Dust," "Body & Soul" and similar tunes. Don has one of the finest saxophonists in the business — Ernest Harsny — a Bellville boy whose execution will raise your hair. I haven't heard triple and double tonguing like that since Trumbauer left town.

Freddy Martin is at the Meadowbrook Country Club . . . Bert Block is doing fine business at the Statler . . . Gray Gordon is at the Chase and Skeeter Palmer at the Park Plaza Hotels.

Dick Cline and Red Masfield are here with a couple of nice bands from the University of Illinois, playing Forest Park Highlands and the Show Boat Ballroom respectively.

NONI BERNARDI IS ORGANIZING OWN BAND

By Frank Sidney

Detroit, Mich.—Noni Bernardi is back in town and organizing a band of his own. He has walked around this fair town of ours and picked off all the top flight performers on each instrument and the line-up he has assembled will undoubtedly turn out to be the finest swing outfit Detroit has seen. Since leaving Bob Crosby and Red Norvo, Noni has been on the late evening swing program from WWJ directed by Paul Leash. Bernardi has several local offers for his new band but as yet we haven't been able to find out definitely where they will open, so we'll promise you a complete story next month.

Harl Smith certainly surprised us the first time we heard them over WXYZ from Webster Hall. It sounded like a full band on the air so we dashed down to rehearsal the next day and saw six men on the stand and it took a lot of talking by Harl to convince us that the other six men hadn't taken the day off. Harl achieves fine full sounding effects with few men. This is one of his few public engagements as most of his bookings are at exclusive "closed to the public" spots.

Hank Foster has replaced Les Clark at Chene-Trombly and is set for a long stay. Hank uses a Dixieland combo with clarinet, trumpet, and trombone.

Ray Gorrell, who has had practically the same ten men in his jobbing outfit for a good many years, has accepted a steady engagement at the Graystone Ballroom.

Ivan C. Kay and Harry O'Brien are about to announce a revolutionary new idea in mouthpieces for reed men seeking brilliance of tone and carrying power. Ivan and Harry are two of the oldest manufacturers of mouthpieces in the business and have developed and manufactured many well-known mouthpieces. They are continually experimenting to develop mouthpieces to meet the demands of modern playing.

Lee Walters' Canary



Rosemary Calvin

Pleasing on the eye is charming Rosemary Calvin, vocalist with Lee Walters' orchestra now playing at the Arcadia Ballroom in Detroit, Mich.

Walt Shuster has changed his name to Lee "Slick" Walters and is broadcasting nightly over WXYZ from the Arcadia Ballroom.

Herman Fine and his accordion have just left the Book-Cadillac Hotel after a long and popular run. He expects to go to work for a well-known hotel chain in the near future.

Chico Reyes has taken a fine continental style band into the Club Continental and is playing to packed houses.

Bert Sagy, using a small flexible combination at the Club Lido, is set for a long run.

Georgie "Personality Kid" Benson, we understand, is hanging out the S.R.O. signs since he got a band of his own and started selling his particular brand of dry humor over the mike to the public.

BIG NAMES TRUCK ON DOWN IN DALLAS

By Archie Drake

Dallas, Texas—Currently at the Century Room at the Adolphus Hotel is Ran Wilde and ork from California shores, and judging from reports, that young lad has something as his engagement has been extended twice. That is some sort of a record as the only other band ever to have that distinction was Phil Harris. Wilde will close August 4th.

Joe Reichman and boys are holding down things in the Mural Room at the Baker Hotel. This is Joe's second term in this same spot in a year. He is very popular here.

Out at the Pan American Exposition: Rudy Vallee played to capacity at the Casino. He followed Ted Fio Rito who opened the spot and was followed by Phil Harris who opened July 24th. Fio Rito revamped his outfit while here and a couple of local boys got a break . . . Over on the Midway at the nite spot, Road to Rio, that round bit of geniality, Jack Crawford, has been wielding a capable baton over a band and revue that doesn't have to play second chair to any of them.

Jack is leaving the Road to Rio Sunday to open the Lowry Hotel in St. Paul this week with his own band. He recently took over Marshall Van Poole's outfit, lock, stock and barrel.

Ken Moyer and band swinging out at the Midway Club on the Dallas-Ft. Worth Pike and Cecil Golly breaking some sort of record at El Tivoli, another popular club on the same pike . . . One of the popular "Jive" spots is turning out to be the small "66" Club on Commerce Street, where most any time from midnite 'til dawn you may, if you are up that late, see some of the cats prowling.

King and Prince Club Burnt In \$150,000 Fire

Up the coast comes sad news of the King and Prince Club burning down to the tune of \$150,000 damage. Dave Burnside's new band at Isle of Palms, Charleston, S. C. . . . Hod Williams at Wrightville Beach, N. C. . . . Bud Johnson at Hotel Robert E. Lee, Winston-Salem, N. C. . . . Lowenburg Moore at Sheraton Hotel, High Point, N. C. . . . Jimmy Fuller at the Tantilla Gardens, Richmond, Va. . . . Gregory Pearce and band at Hotel Columbia Roof Garden, Columbia, S. C. . . . Buster Span and His Gamecock Orchestra at the Chatterbox, Jefferson Hotel, Columbia, S. C. . . . Jimmy Livingston at Atlantic Beach, Morehead City, N. C.

KAY'S CORN DISHER IS PAYROLL MAN

Ish Kabbille sings with Kay Kyser's band, portraying the role of a rural fool with straw in his hair. His real name is Merwyn Bogue, and he's far from being as dumb as he sounds. Bogue is Kyser's right hand man. He relieves Kay of countless responsibilities and details. When the band is on tour, it's "Ish" who makes advance hotel reservations, and checks up on a myriad of matters. He also takes charge of the payroll, and sees to it that every musician keeps his insurance premiums paid to date.

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THREE HEMORRHAGES CAN'T STOP GUTTY BRASS MAN

By Harry Knotts

Baltimore, Md. — When Dick Abbott opened at the Emerson Hotel with a combo of piano, vibs, bass, and guitar, dyed-in-the-wool cats predicted a short run for the band. Joe Hasson's swiny outfit had clicked in fine fashion and the cats just couldn't see a band without reeds or brass (there is a clarinet. Dick plays piano and doubles on the gob stick). They complained that the rhythms were sluggish with no beat to guide the terpers' feet. Dick had the last laugh, however, as the engagement has been extended ten weeks! Both Dick and Bob Baker really ride the wood-pile and Garner Sutherland's guitar is plenty swiny. Ed Shapley, whom Dick discovered playing piccolo in a street band, slaps the bass and the smooth vocals of Carl Loose are other features of the Abbott outfit. When Guy Lombardo played the Hippodrome recently, Carmen dropped in at the Chesapeake Lounge for a few minutes. He hung around for several numbers then went out, returning later with the whole Lombardo band. Guy admitted he was sent by Abbott's new style of swing-aroo. The music is never loud and the rhythms seem to flow. The vibs sound very a la Norvo at times and Abbott's ivory tickling is truly distinctive. Any leader who clicks with a new style rates plenty credit and Dick Abbott is clicking!

Ballroom Notes

Rudy Kilian is still sending the cats at the Gwynn Oak Ballroom. At Carlins, Jimmie Lunceford provided top gate for the season. Ted Brownagle clicked at Carlins on a one week shot. Jack Delmar also went across very well. Edgar Hayes followed Brownagle and enjoyed a very successful run.

Jack Kelso and the missus expect a visit from Sir Stork this fall. Jack sez he hopes they're triplets—three trombones. Jack is that fine slipshorner with Billy Brooks outfit.

"The show must go on, and the band must play on" so Jack Phillips, trumpet man with Ted Brownagle, remained on the stand throughout the evening despite the fact that he was seriously ill and suffered three hemorrhages. A pat on the back to a grand trouper and a gate with plenty of guts. In spite of his condition, Jack played plenty of trumpet that night.

Bernhardt Thall's mattress comersah will be piped to a southern network of twelve stations through WJSV in Washington . . . Bernie's new canary, Eve Lane, is quite okay.

Bennie Hawkins and His Florida "Orchidstra"



Left to Right: Tony Lopez, D. Gregory, Mickey Cherep, Teddy Brewer, Oley Dietz, Ernie Wray, Jimmy Hartwell, Flora Knight, Duncy Truax. Front and Center: Joe Torano, Bennie Hawkins.

Miami, Fla.—Benny Hawkins and his band are turning out some sweet swiny music under the stars at the Merry-Go-Round Cafe just outside of Miami.

This is one of the choice spots of the younger generation and with the moon shining high there has been many a romance started while dancing to the music of Hawkins and his

boys. Bennie plays just the right type of music and the crowd does some fancy stepping right out there under the stars.

It is rumored that Art Todd's heart is heavy for Elise Cooper up thar in New England, while Elise pines for Charlie Barnet. Elise once admitted being a fickle gail

Cres Mills moved into the Sea Girt Ballroom after eighteen months at the German-American Club. Lou Becker is going stronger than ever at the Spanish Villa, judging from the increasing crowds. Virginia Lee Marchant's femme outfit will remain at Ivan Frank's for the remainder of the summer.

Benny Meroff showed 'em again just how versatile a chap he is, when he headlined Hippodrome stage. However, the band laid an egg.

SINGER SAILS TO TAHITI

Los Angeles, Calif.—Benay Venuta has booked passage on the S.S. California sailing for Panama August 1st from San Francisco. On August 16th, she sets sail for Tahiti from Panama.

2 BLACK CATS SWING KNIVES INSTEAD OF NOTES

By Bennie Strauss

Cleveland, Ohio — It looks as if Swing has finally found its way into some of the bands around Cleveland. Lee Allen at the Southern Tavern is doing about the best job of any band in town as far as satisfying those who really enjoy listening or dancing to a band with plenty of punch. Anyone who enjoys a good hot chorus with plenty of licks done in a smooth manner should catch Allen's ride trumpet man, Chuck Forsyth, who still isn't old enough to vote.

Here's one for the books: A couple of colored cats playing at Cedar

Gardens, one of Cleveland's late night spots, were having an argument about what tune to swing out on and finished swingin' knives instead of notes. The war ended with one going to the hospital and the other taking a ride in the paddy wagon.

Danny Dolan seems to be satisfying the customers at the Torch Club with a four-piece swing outfit with plenty of tricky stuff being played by Don Welch on the piano and Geo. Winters on trumpet.

Dave Edelman, tenor man with Gene Beecher, will need the services of a social secretary if the femmes don't stop bothering him.

Bill Tieber just joined Horace Heidt's band. The Hollenden Hotel has engaged Hugo DePaul of New York to follow Sammy Watkins while he goes on a tour of hotels belonging to the same chain.

WINNIPEG BANDS TAKE TO THE WOODS

Winnipeg, Can.—Most of Winnipeg's better bands have turned native and have gone off to the woods among the pines, lakes, muskies, and mosquitoes. Canadian resorts are increasing in popularity annually and draw a large American dance trade . . . Bill Storey has Minaki Lodge on the Lake of the Woods for the warm months . . . Rus Gundry is at Clear Lake . . . Bob Wybow, Winnipeg Beach . . . Bill Beggs, Victoria Beach . . . Claude Turner, Grand Beach . . . Bob Berger, Holiday Beach at Lake Du Bonnet . . . Johnny Berring, Rowing Club, Kenora, Ont. Several local joints closed for the summer with the wending of population to the cool spots.

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EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS

b-Baltimore; c-Cuba; c-Country Club; h-Hotel; i-Indiana; j-Jazz; k-Kansas; l-Louisiana; m-Michigan; n-New York; o-Ohio; p-Pennsylvania; q-Quebec; r-Restaurant; s-South; t-Texas; u-Utah; v-Vermont; w-Wisconsin; x-Xenia; y-York; z-Zealand.

Aeroson Irving (Station WHN) NYC
 Alford, Dick; (Horseshoe) Baltimore, Md., b
 Adams, Buddy; (Silver Slipper) Louisville, Ky., b
 Allen, Leo; (Sons of the Desert) Cleveland, O., b
 Alton, Tony; (Club La Fines) New Orleans, La., b
 Ambrose, (Edwin) Paris, France
 Ambrose, Jack; (Crazy Waves) Miami Beach, Fla., b
 Andrews, Dutch; (Circus Club) New Orleans, La., b

Angel, Pete; (Mare's Chop House) Detroit, b
 Armstrong, Charlie; (Avalon) N.Y., b
 Armstrong, Louis; (Herald-Examiner) NYC
 Aronson, Sam; (BOK) NYC
 Ash, Fred; (Columbia) Miami Beach, Fla., b
 Astor, Army; (Waverly) Toronto, Ont., b
 Austin, Harold; (Crystal Beach) Crystal Beach, Ont., b
 Aron, Mitch; (Hollywood) NYC, r

Bear, Billy; (Bar M. Inn) NYC, r
 Baker, Hal; (Dickman's) Auburn, N. Y., b
 Baker, John; (Coca Cola) Detroit, Mich., b
 Bannon, Brad; (Cavalry) Toronto, Ont., b
 Barnett, James; (VIA) Omaha, Neb.
 Barron, Mike; (CRA) NYC
 Bartha, Alex; (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, N. J., b
 Barson, Joe; (Royal Palm Club) Miami, Fla.
 Barton, Harold; (Amen Legion) Miami, Fla., b

Bay, George; (L'Aligan) Chicago, r
 Bay, Hubert; (Amen View) Va., b
 Beach, Leo; (Savoy) Baltimore, Md., b
 Beach, Sam; (Lido) Detroit, Mich., b
 Beach, Bill; (Victoria Beach) Winnipeg, Can., b
 Beam, Lem; (BOK) NYC
 Bennett, Leo; (CRA) NYC
 Benson, George; (Mary-Go-Round) Detroit, Mich., b

Berry, Bob; (Holiday Beach) Lake DuSable, Wis., b
 Berry, Jimmy; (Favillon) Long Island, N. Y., b
 Berlin, A.; (Parson's) London, Eng., b
 Berlin, Jimmy; (Bowling Club) Kansas, Mo., b
 Berry, Don; (New Fun) Pittsburgh, Pa., b
 Bickel, Frank; (Lincoln) Boston, Mass., b
 Biford, Bob; (Bungalow) Seattle, Wash., b
 Bissett, Jimmy; (Cafe au Fares) Los Angeles, Cal., b

Bishop, Ted; (CRA) NYC
 Blackman, Ed; (Park Park) Cuba, b
 Black, Jerry; (Park Central) NYC, b
 Black, Warren; (Mrs.) Chicago, Mich., b
 Black, Bert; (Statler) St. Louis, Mo., b
 Black, Stanley; (Statler) St. Louis, Mo., b
 Black, Michael; (Bend) Hartford, Conn., b
 Black, Lew; (Mayfair) Boston, Mass., b
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Labenstein, Ed; (Geneva Club) Atlantic City, N. J., b
 Lipech, Marie; (Lord Baltimore) Baltimore, Md., b
 Lishon, Harry; (Royal Palace) Chicago, b
 Livingston, Jimmy; (Atlantic Beach) Maryland Club, N. C., b
 Luba, Ben; (Britannia) Grand Victoria, B. C., b
 Lumbard, Lou; (Colonial) Baltimore, Md., b
 Long, Johnny; (Cavalry) Beach Club Virginia Beach, Va., b
 Long, Joe; (Aster's) Danco (Salem) London, Eng., b
 Loveland, Archie; (Olympic) Seattle, Wash., b
 Love, Max; (Sheridan) Wash., D. C., b
 Lovell, Joe; (Radio Station WLV) Cincinnati, Ohio, b
 Lovell, Jimmy; (Larchmont) Larchmont, N. Y., b
 Love, Bob; (Club Royal) Baltimore, Md., b
 Love, Al; (Harold) San Diego, Cal., b
 Love, Bob; (Statler) St. Louis, Mo., b
 Love, Sam; (Larchmont) Larchmont, N. Y., b

MacWilliams, Orch; (Glen Echo Park) Wash., D. C., b
 MacLean, Grace; (Chinese T. Garden) Detroit, Mich., b
 MacLean, R. J.; (Statler) St. Louis, Mo., b
 MacLean, Jack; (Springhurst) Lexington, Ky., b
 MacLean, Jimmy; (George's) Cabaret) Toronto, Ont., b
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See
Story
Page 1



The Pie-Eyed Piper from Hamelin had nothing on the Modern Pied Piper, Benny Goodman. Only appreciable difference is that in Ye Olden Days the children trooped out gaily from their homes, while today the children, older and more sophisticated, meet the Piper at the station and truck on down. Benny is playing the Palomar in L. A. and making another movie.

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