

DOWN BEAT

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TEA SCANDAL STIRS MUSICDOM

Miss O'Connell Leaves Dorsey To Become Mrs.

May Continue Radio Work; Kitty Kallen Takes Her Place

New York—One of bandom's biggest vocal acts will be broken up at the end of this week when songstress Helen O'Connell leaves the Jimmy Dorsey band, now at the Strand theater, to take up private life preparatory to marrying a young Maine-man now in training in the navy air corps. Her replacement will be Kitty Kallen, formerly of the Jack Teagarden band.

Green Eyes doesn't intend to give up the business completely but will take an apartment here and probably work on radio commercial a week. She's turned down \$1,250 a week for a theater tour of cities around here, and has told Hollywood to go stuff it.

Thus closes one of the most successful singer-band relationships in the history of the business. Sooner or later most band vocalists, leave, claiming that they aren't treated properly. Helen O'Connell told the *Beat* a few days ago that this never had been the case with J. Dorsey. That she and Bob Eberly had never had anything but heart-felt liking for him, and that the only reason she was leaving was that she wanted to get married and that she didn't think the two would mix.

Secret Bridegroom

Helen joined the band in February, 1939, after a *Beat* staffer here had recommended her to Nita Moore, J.D.'s secretary, who talked the boss into hiring her. At that time she was working with Larry Funk's band at the Greenwich Village Barn, and living at the same (Modulate to Page 2)

BLUE NOTES

By ROD REED

Lombardo may be King of Cera but his earnings certainly indicate it's pop. corn.

Although a name band has reached its peak when it becomes an initial band (B. G., T. D.), Joe Blow has abandoned his idea of according this honor to Paul Pendarvis.

OWI wants songs urging customers to carry home their parcels. How about, "Shoot the Sack to Me, Jack!"

LIMERICKY

A trumpeter named Harry James is winning the icky acclaim.

The dough it rolls in (And, boy, that ain't tin!) But Biz Boosters call him vile names.

Coca-Cola's exporting a couple of jam bands to AEF Jitterbugs. These are not to be confused with the type of bug most prominent in the last war, named after a famous brass man.

Glenn Miller Alumni at Meadowbrook



Cedar Grove, N. J.—Two former members of the Glenn Miller band hold an alumni meeting without a quorum at the famous Meadowbrook. Marion Hutton, blonde charmer now breaking it up with the

Modernaires, drops in to say howdy to Charlie Spivak, who has his own band now—remember? Left to right: Frank Dailey, who only owns the joint; Mrs. Spivak, Marion, Charlie and Mrs. Dailey.

Jazz Unit Plans For Tour Killed

Coca-Cola Officials Abandon Scheme to Entertain Troops

New York—Plans of the Coca-Cola company to send a jazz unit, headed by Eddie Condon, to entertain troops abroad definitely were cancelled here last week. Although officials of the company, and of the D'Arcy Agency, which handles the account, refused to comment, advice from Washington indicated that Lieut. Col. Marvin S. Young, former NBC official now in special services, frowned upon the plan and it seemed apparent that further delays would not be overcome.

The unit had been organized and was in rehearsal, even had a theme song written by Mel Powell. Bud Freeman, clarinetist, went to Cleveland to be drafted, and Condon expected to feel the breeze soon. Mel Powell may join Capt. Glenn Miller's air corps (Modulate to Page 17)

Yank Lawson Follows Peewee

New York—Yank Lawson, trumpeter, has joined Benny Goodman, replacing Peewee Irwin, who had remained with the band only a few days after returning. Lawson, formerly with Bob Crosby, had been playing a pit orchestra job here.

Johnny McGee To Break Up

New York—Johnny McGee will break up his band shortly after his current Arcadia ballroom stand, because of difficulty in making replacements in his brass section and other troubles. He probably will take a pit trumpet job with Mike Todd's *Ziegfeld Follies*.

If Your Copies Arrive Late . . .!

In these war-torn days we must expect a certain amount of delay in delivery of periodicals.

After all, Uncle Sam's troops have to be moved first . . . the war materials and food for the boys here and abroad must also have preference.

So, won't you, please, just wait patiently for your copies and be thankful that in the good, old United States we can still get what we want to read, even if it's a bit late!

Maria Kramer Buys the Ritz

New York—As scooped in *Down Beat* over two months ago, Maria Kramer, owner of several name-band policy hotels, is buying N.Y.'s ritzy Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The price worked out is said to be around the three and a half million dollar mark and Mrs. Kramer will run the hostelry along the same name-band lines as her Edison and Lincoln N.Y. spots when she takes over on February 1.

Incidentally, bandsters report that Mitchell Ayres had to take his outfit off the stand at 2 a.m. New Year's Eve because of Mrs. Kramer's unwillingness to pay over-time. The killer is that insiders estimate the Lincoln's Green Room, where the band plays, would have more than made up the over-time money in food and liquor sold. As it was, the crowd disappeared just as soon as Mitch and his boys went off, and a four-piece combo took over.

New Luncford Sax

New York—Newest Luncford recruit is Ted Hubert, sax-clary man from Detroit, who takes over for Benny Waters. Hubert joined Luncford last week at the Apollo theater here.

Burger and Dorso Quit Savoy Plaza

New York—Following a squabble between the active management and the board of directors of the ritzy Savoy Plaza hotel here, arising over the engagement of Lena Horne, colored singer, Manager Don Burger, Dick Dorso, booker, and Allen Meltzer, press relations, tendered their resignations, effective immediately.

Despite the fact that the Horne girl is said to have drawn custom at least 20 percent in excess of marks established by such artists as Hildegarde, Jean Sablon, Larry Adler and Morton Downey, the management and the directorate could not get together on operation policy.

Dorso has established personal management offices in the Squibb building. Meltzer has joined the script department of MCA, and Burger plans a hotel management firm.

May Broadcast Duke's Concert

New York—Alan Courtney, at press time, was attempting to negotiate for a broadcast, via station WOV and the Atlantic network, Duke Ellington's concert at Carnegie Hall on January 23, being staged for the benefit of Russian war relief.

During intermission at the concert, Ellington will be presented with an award of merit by music world luminaries.

Lyman Was Slow—Maria Worried

New York—Abe Lyman, scheduled to open at the Hotel Lincoln here on January 7, was not ready and it was believed it would be at least another week before he could start the engagement. At press time, Maria Kramer, operator of the hotel, was tearing her hair in an attempt to find an eleventh hour replacement.

Two Musician Soldiers Caught In Federal Trap

Ex-Guitar Player's Florida Interlude Exposes Nasty Mess

(The editors of *Down Beat* don't like to print this story. We've killed several like it in previous months, believing that they could cause only harm and aid no one. Parts of this story, which we previously suppressed, were not only given permission to see by the army, but unofficially requested to go on. The facts, obtained from unimpeachable sources, are given below for reasons you will find on our editorial page.)

by Mike Levin

New York—Two weeks ago, the country's newspapers broke one of the nastiest scandals that has involved musicdom in some time. Press associations all over the country carried a story that said in part:

"A 'reefer parlor' in a New York entertainer's midtown hotel room, where soldiers from nearby camps have been smoking marijuana cigarettes, was exposed yesterday by U. S. Attorney Hollinger.

"This came as a sequel to the recent escapade of author Ursula Parrott, charged with spiriting a soldier from a Miami guardhouse to be her companion for an evening. Hollinger intimated that before the investigation is finished, it may involve dozens of well-known entertainers and musicians.

"Miss Parrott's friend, Pvt. Michael Bryan, formerly guitarist in Benny Goodman's orchestra; Pvt. John Altwerger, bandman at Camp Kilmer (N. J.); Theodore Belg, alias Teddy Reeds, a nightclub master of ceremonies; Thomas Allison, an entertainer, and Ross Reynolds, another entertainer whose hotel room allegedly was the 'reefer parlor,' were charged with conspiring to violate the 1937 marijuana tax law. All except Altwerger also were charged with illegal sale or possession of marijuana. Miss Parrott was not named a defendant, though Hollinger said she will be an important witness."

This is part of the story that caused near panic in some music (Modulate to Page 3)

Square Helen On the Cover

Undoubtedly pretty Helen O'Connell still is a hep chick, but she's playing square on the cover of this issue by posing at the stage door like the rest of the hounds and asking for the autographs of Bob Eberly, her long-time team mate in the vocal department, and Kitty Kallen, her successor with the Jimmy Dorsey crew. Helen quit to get married you know (see story elsewhere on this page). She oughta know about grabbing autographs, she's signed enough of 'em herself.

Spivak Leaping at Pennsylvania

Earns Special Award for Band Achievement

Every Known Record At Pennsy Shattered By Charlie's Trumpet

by Mike Levin

Charlie Spivak's covers at the Hotel Pennsylvania for the week ending January 2 totalled 4,202. This not only topped Glenn Miller's record of 3,886 for the same week last year, but was the first time in the history of the hotel that total covers had exceeded the 4,000 mark. Spivak's high for a single night is 887, just nine less than Miller's top mark.

New York—The above figures tell this tale. Charlie Spivak came, saw, and konked the opposition. His former boss, Glenn Miller; Benny Goodman; Artie Shaw, and all the other outfits that have worked the Hotel Pennsylvania here found their records swamped in the deluge of business that Charlie has been drawing.

Eight months ago, I said that Charlie Spivak looked like the band of the year. And that I thought he would eventually overtake the lead of Harry James in the popularity contests. Last summer Spivak busted the Penn's summer record. Then he came on with *My Devotion* and *White Christmas* plus a series of fine dance records that put him on top in the *Beat's* dance-record division. Last week as a result of his finishing fifth in our cumulative figures, Charlie was awarded the *Beat's* special achievement award as the new band which had made the biggest stride into the bigtime this year.

Some Changes Made

Thus there are lots of voices howling in the wilderness with me, people who claim that not only was Charlie Spivak the big deal in '42 but that given the right breaks in '43, he will be right in their slugging with James and Dorsey for top commercial honora.

Here's why: when I last reviewed Charlie, I claimed that he was being too quiet on the stand, suppressing his fine horn work under a trick mute, and standing back with the brass so much that often the crowd didn't know who was leader. This is no longer so. Spivak is playing mostly open

Take 'Em Off, Take, etc.!



San Francisco—This is a patriotic strip tease, if you please—and you're bound to please, or at least be pleased by this shot of beautiful Ada Leonard stripping off her silk bosomy for the duration. She waited until after Christmas so she could first hang 'em for Santa, and what do you think she got? A perfectly swell week's engagement with her all-girl band at the Golden Gate theater here. But it didn't make the stocking look as pretty as does Ada's cr-r-r limb!

horn now—much of it soft, but a great deal of it with a boot that slugs the band's brass up to Cloud 7. His natural elation over his outfit's wonderful performance has made him alive and smiling on the bandstand. A showman instead of a nice guy fronting a good band. People are aware of Spivak the leader now as well as the Spivak band—and they like it.

Rhythm Still Swings

The rhythm section without Dave Tough and Dave Mann (piano) swings just as much. This can be laid directly at the door of one James Middleton, a sterling bassman if there ever was one. The guy never stops swinging, getting a huge tone that fills the entire room and provides the band with a fine foundation of resonance. A wonderful showman, James admits that now and then his bouncing while playing might be a mite overdone. As far as I'm concerned, he can change funny hats every other 12 bars as long as he plays the way he does now. No slouch on the rhythm either is gitboy Kenny White.

Alvin Stoller, a youngster, is in a tough slot at drums. He's filling Dave Tough's shoes, an almost impossible job for the average white drummer. But at that, he's doing well. Proof of that is that the

band still jumps lightly. Now and then he rushes, but Middleton just clamps down a little harder and he falls right back in.

The brass sounds the best it ever has. Now up to four trams, the slide section has the best tone of any in the business, and even though fine hotman Bill Mustard is no longer there, swings constantly with tasty phrasing and gutty attack. Much the same goes for the trumpets, especially when Spivak plays lead, at which he is tops for my dough.

Reeds Okay Now

The last review complained about Charlie's reeds, saying that they weren't full enough. Comes leadman Willie Smith. Comes on the sax-section. The organ-tone has to be heard for best description. Smith's lead is driving but subtle, and his solos, especially on pretty tunes, are excellent. My only beef now about the reeds is not in their playing, but what is done with them behind Spivak's lead horn. Arranger Sonny Burke's wide voicings are A-1 on jump tunes and up ballads (see *People Like You and Me*), but they don't give as full and rich a background as Spivak's beautiful horn deserves for the slow ditties. At press-time Spivak was huddling with his staff on this angle.

Another slight kick is that the band needs a few very light up tunes in its book, it having a slight tendency to kill 'em all as soon as it leaves ballad tempos.

Vocal department is much improved. Stardusters are a fine vocal group, while the only thing wrong with Garry Stevens singing is that he sings too softly. If he could step back and let out just a little, it would make a tremendous difference in the way his voice registered. Willie Smith's items on the necessity of knocking a kias and saving fat are a killer commercially as well as for kicks.

Driving Enthusiasm

Best thing about this band, and something that everyone who has heard the band in and out of the trade has noted, is its driving enthusiasm. There are lots of polished bands around. This is the first big outfit since the big days of Benny Goodman that sounds like 17 men raring to tear heck out of an arrangement. Glenn and Tommy were pretty, but this band is pretty one moment, and savagely swinging the next. It's the first big outfit I've heard in years that was exciting not only for its musical quality, but for the sheer feeling of excitement in its music.

Last time we said that given a few changes Charlie could clap hands and count the chips. Now I

Beat Settles In New Office

New headquarters for *Down Beat* in New York have been established in suite 3415 of the RKO Building, Rockefeller Center. The telephone is Circle 7-4131. Nita Barnet has joined the staff, replacing Helen Bliss, who resigned. No other changes in personnel, Mike Levin continuing as New York editor, and Frank Stacy as assistant editor.

Koussevitzky to Stay in Boston

New York—Serge Koussevitzky did not relinquish his leadership reins at the Boston Symphony's helm and come down to head the Philharmonic Symphony here. Rather the permanent conductorship was given to Arturo Rodzinski, Polish musician for ten years head of the Cleveland orchestra. Rodzinski will be assisted during part of the next season by Bruno Walter, Metropolitan Opera conductor, and Howard Barlow, CBS music head.

The incorrect Koussevitzky rumors, widely circulated here, grew out of a letter from Marshall Field, Philharmonic board chairman, offering the post to the famed Russian, who, however, turned it down.

Musicians Seek Aid for Cellist

New York—The New York Philharmonic Orchestra members led by Arthur Rodzinski have added their voices to those of Arturo Toscanini, Eugene Ormandy and the men of the Philadelphia Orchestra in asking Secretary of State Hull to intervene in the case of Pablo Casals, Spanish cellist.

Casals reportedly has been interned in Spain because of his Loyalist sympathies and the musicians here have written Hull, asking him to secure Casals safe passage to some country of his choosing.

claim the Pennsy ought to hang a pennant on the door reading: "Clap hands—Charlie's here."

Personnel: Saxo: Willie Smith, Charlie Bess, Henry Haupt, Frankie Ludwig, and Don Raffell. Trumpets: Charlie Spivak, Ignazio Groce, Denny Vasselli, Dick Hanes. Trombones: Nelson Biddle, Jimmie Priddy, Frank D'Annolfo, and Paul Tenner. Local Fronting, piano. Alvin Stoller, drums. Kenny White, guitar. Stardusters: June Hutson, Curt Fursell, Dick Wyles, Glen Galyon. Gary Stevens, vocalist. George Evans, handboy.

Miss O'Connell Leaves Dorsey To Become Mrs.

(Jumped from Page 1) hotel in which the *Beat* formerly had its N.Y. offices.

A Toledo girl, she's in her early twenties, doesn't want us to reveal her groom's name since his family doesn't want any publicity. Her first success was with *All of Me*, followed two years ago by the *Green Eyes - Amapolita* Latin series with Eberly, probably the most successful "formula" ever used by a dance-band vocal team. Manager Billy Burton claims that her "clear and limpid" phrasing alone sold 600,000 of the disc's million plus sales.

Kitty Ex-Tea Chair

Kitty Kallen who replaces Miss O'Connell when the band leaves the Strand was last seen on the *Beat's* Jan. 1, 1942, cover with her boss Jack Teagarden. Twenty-one years old, she started out in Philadelphia, her home town, at the age of eight on a WCAU Sunday children's hour. At 13, she started jobbing with bands at University of Pennsylvania dances, and at 16 she had a commercial of her own on WCAU.

She went to Chicago three years ago to sing at the Blackhawk and joined the Teagarden band there along with Dodie O'Neil, who later left to join Chester. Some time later the Teagarden band ran into difficulties in Tennessee, and she left it, only to return and leave a year later on the coast. She joined the NBC staff there 11 months ago, and left last month to travel east with Jimmy. Gal bowls 100, is smallish, black-haired, and brown-eyed, and cooks a mean barbecued chicken. —mis

Mildred Bailey Sick, Recovers

Boston — Mildred Bailey was back on the band-stand when husband Red Norvo opened with his band at the Tie-Toc here. The singer was stricken with pneumonia while on tour in Canada with "Mr. Swing's" outfit. Red had his troubles during the Canadian jaunt with Mildred ill and bassman Clyde Lombardi leaving the band due to girl trouble.

Private Martin Now

San Francisco—Tony Martin, radio and screen singer, was inducted into the army on December 27 as a draftee at Fort MacArthur in California.

Leering at Lovely Lynn



Newark, N. J.—Dig the leer that Paul Brenner, disc spinner at WAAT here, is tossing toward Lynn Gardner, Bob Allen songstress, while at the right Boss Bob chortles at the wolfing, the cad. Shot was taken at Brenner's inauguration of a new idea on his *Requestfully* four. Every Friday come 5:30 p.m., a different band leader spins the records and gives out with anecdotes and staff.

Spirit of Revolution, 1943



New York—We don't mean revolution in that sense, bud! It just happens to be the title of the original painting which these three chicks from Phil Spitalny's orchestra are recreating for the camera. That's Viola Smith with the drum, Lorna Wren with the flag and Joanne Partee feeling on the life.

Two Musician Soldiers Caught In Federal Trap

(Jumped from Page 1)

circles in NYC. Rather than have vicious rumors circulate unchecked, and for further reasons to be found in our editorial, the full story of what actually happened is printed here.

Both in BC Band

Last year Pvt. Bryan and Pvt. Altwerger (whose professional name is Georgie Auld) were working in Benny Goodman's band. There was trouble at that time, Bryan and Auld claiming they quit because Goodman was a bad guy, BG stating that he had fired them for "constant gross misbehavior."

At any rate, Auld went on with his musical activities, while Bryan later went to the coast, joining the Santa Ana Air Corps band. After a short time there, he was transferred to an Arizona camp, being dismissed from the band, along with two other well-known musicians, with the preferred charges mentioning the use of marijuana. Around the same time, Bryan was found playing with a civilian band in civvies. Later when he was stationed in Arizona he got into further trouble for being AWOL, he being at the Trianon at the time to hear a famous colored band.

Meets Ursula's Friend

Shortly after this Bryan was transferred to Miami, where his real troubles started. While there he met 40-year-old Ursula Parrott, four-times-married fiction writer, who, according to acquaintances, "was infatuated with Bryan." She provided him with a ticket, and late in November, Bryan flew from Miami to New York, staying at a suite which she allegedly got for him in the Pennsylvania Hotel, after a civilian outfit had been purchased for him.

During this time, Miss Parrott introduced Bryan to a friend of hers, saying that she had known him a long while. This "friend" later turned out to be Roy Anderson, agent of the federal narcotic bureau.

During this time Bryan told several persons, including a friend of his, Rose Reynolds, a singer who closed at a 52nd St. night club two weeks ago, that he was very brought down, and that he wanted to get hold of some "tea" to take back down to Miami with him. Miss Reynolds, trying to do Bryan a favor, went to several places in town, along with Anderson and Miss Parrott, attempting to purchase some of the drug in loose weed state, but was unable to obtain any.

Raised the Price

Bumping into Auld in the Forrest lobby, she asked him if he had any ideas as to where any might be purchased, and they both decided to try Teddy Reig, a mutual friend who had been around the business for years and knew everyone connected with it. Reig didn't want to do it, but was finally persuaded, with the additional proviso that he raise the price to Miss Parrott \$25 so that Auld, who was a friend, could purchase a gift for a friend.

Reig went upstairs to Miss Reynolds' room in the Forrest, where in the presence of Miss Reynolds, Anderson, Miss Parrott, and Bryan, he called a friend of his, named Pork Chops, uptown and arranged to purchase a half pound of marijuana for \$75, adequate for several hundred cigarettes. Reig then left for uptown with the money and cabfare, and returned, giving the \$25 on the q.t. to Auld and the half-pound to Anderson. Bryan in the meantime had left, having to catch his plane for Miami. So the "tea" was split, half the amount being given to Anderson who "happened" to be going to Florida on

business, and the other half being kept for Bryan. Reig made no profit, merely obliging Miss Reynolds and Bryan.

Bryan Comes Back

When Anderson arrived in Florida, Bryan was already on his way back to New York by plane. This time he let it be known that he wanted enough to last him in Florida and also if he should be transferred to Camp Kilmer. It was agreed that a full pound would be needed (\$100 worth). Once more Reig climbed in a taxi, and hunted around, this time not without protest from Anderson, who claimed that the last amount had been short-weight and that \$100 was a lot to pay. The pound was purchased from a character named Zombi, and was split, a quarter of a pound being kept by Miss Reynolds for Bryan, Anderson purchasing a quarter pound from Bryan, and Bryan taking a half pound with him on the plane to Florida.

While Bryan was on the plane, Anderson began making arrests in New York, and the guitarist received a wire in Atlanta telling

him to get rid of "the stuff he was carrying in his phonograph" (a \$200 portable which had just been purchased for him). Bryan evidently did this at the next stop, because when he arrived at Miami and was searched, there was nothing incriminating in his possession.

Case Breaks in Florida

What broke the case to the newspapers generally were the incidents that followed. Confined to the stockade for 20 days for being AWOL, Bryan was visited by Miss Parrott, who had flown down in the meantime. For some unknown reason, she concealed Bryan in the back of her car, drove him to her 88th St. Miami home, where she gave him civilian clothes, and then took him to a hotel, only to turn him over to the authorities 24 hours later.

Auld meanwhile had returned to his post at Camp Kilmer where he had been put on post probation for taking part in a scuffle in which several people were injured at the 2 O'Clock Club in New York, later carried by the police. News of this was suppressed at army request, fearing that since it involved sev-

eral service men in a rather nasty offense, might prove of harm to Camp Kilmer's relations with the town of New Brunswick.

Civil Action on Two

At press-time, both Auld and Bryan are being turned over to the civil authorities for their action, while Reynolds, Reig, and Tom Allison are all out on \$500 bail, pending grand jury action and the return of bills of complaint. Allison was not directly involved in the action, but was picked up when Reig came to his room to get his overcoat and operatives found sticks of "tea" on his dresser. He played trumpet just recently with a Hotel Lincoln dance band, quitting because of lack of an No. 802 card. Miss Parrott is out on \$1,000 bail for her alleged action in aiding Bryan to desert.

Robert Artis, district superintendent of the narcotic bureau, is quoted as saying "quite a number of soldiers went to Miss Reynolds' room"; however she pointed out that when friends of hers used her room, absolutely nothing un-

Frank Sinatra On Hit Parade

New York—Frank Sinatra, Beat vocalist poll winner, takes over singing chores on CBS's Hit Parade beginning February 15, replacing Barry Wood. Signed by CBS three months ago, Frank has been doing sustaining shots on his own.

Barry Wood, with Mark Warnow's orchestra for background, begins a new Lucky Strike series to be called All-Time Hit Parade, featuring song hits of the past and present. The show will be heard over NBC every Friday at 8:30 p.m. and replaces the Information Please program.

toward occurred as far as she knows.

Auld, unlike the others, is charged only once, since at no time did he have anything directly to do with the purchase of the marijuana, but merely knew of the action and participated by utilizing the extra \$25.



Precision for Victory

Just as the Olds organization has always been proud of the acclaim of Olds brasses by fine musicians the world over, it is now proud of its selection for vital war production. The same artistry and ingenuity that went into the building of the world's finest brasses are now all-out for the biggest job our country has ever had. Until that job is done, Olds will not be able to produce any more instruments; but in their achievements, Olds craftsmen see a more abundant future in a free and peaceful world when Music will again come into its own.

CHICAGO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO. NATIONAL DISTRIBUTORS . . . 30 EAST ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Americas Most Celebrated Brasses **OLDS**

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Eddie Barrett Breaks Up Band On N. U. Campus

Evanston, Ill.—Breakup of the Eddie Barrett organization, leading jump band on the Northwestern university campus and probably the finest group ever to hit NU, came as a great blow to university swing fans when saxist-clarinetist Barrett announced the disbanding early in December.

Personnel problems necessitated the move primarily, and it was indicated that Barrett finally decided to give up when Fred Mende and Bruce Wishard, two key men in his trumpet section, pulled out. The latter will join the navy. Previously, Eddie was having considerable trouble in finding high calibre men for two reed chairs, a trombone chair, and the bass spot. The band had a complete library of difficult specials.

Barrett said he may consider four or five-piece small band work around campus when Northwestern resumes January 4. Whether or not he will use vocalist Marilyn Frye in a deal such as this is not certain.

The Barrett band breakup leaves only four bands in Evanston and places Eddie Stanton in about the number one spot as best on campus. Dick Brahm has played several other NU functions, while Dick Lewis and Cliff Aspergren have been playing entirely off campus, mostly north shore country clubs and high schools.

—Beauy Bennett

Casa Loma to Play Navy Mutual Show

New York—Glen Gray has left the Soldiers of Production Blue network program because of the difficulties involved in getting the Casa Loma band time-tables to fit those of the program. Casa Loma will continue to do service-men shows, however, with a new Mutual air-shot called Navy Bulletin Board heard from 5 to 6 p.m. every Saturday.

Heterogeneous Crop of Platter-Brains



New York—Leonard Feather assembled this stellar group of disc pickers on his WMCA program last month to lend their brains to answers about records sent in by the listeners. Left to right: Mitchell Ayres, band leader; Harry Lim, Japanese jitterbug;—migawd, that's the notorious New York editor of Down Beat, Mike Levin, how did HE get in there?; then the new singing rage of Manhattan, Lena Horne; Edward Kennedy Ellington, who under

the pseudonym of "Duke" won the 1942 swing band poll, and finally, Billy "Swee' Pea" Strayhorn, the Duke's protege, who placed second in the arrangers' list in the Best poll. Not bad for a youngster. This was the session where, after listening to a piano recording, one of the experts ventured, "Could that be Duke?" And Ellington replied, "No, that isn't me. But I wish I could play like that." It was Jay McShann's *Confessin' the Blues*.

CHICAGO BAND BRIEFS

New Year's Eve hit Chicago in one of its most righteous moods in several months as Lionel Hampton and Billie Holiday tore the roof off the Regal, Stan Kenton and Jerry Wald kicked the customers back and forth between the Grand Ballroom and the Panther Room of the Sherman, Louis Jordan

Elmer's.

Joe Glaser was in town over the Christmas and New Year's holidays keeping score for his attractions locally with Les Brown at the Chicago and the Hamp on Southside. . . Adolph Treusch, manager of Elmer's lounge, wheedling the colored local in a dispute with Dorothy Donegan during the absence of her manager, Phil Shelley.

Louis Jordan playing to packed houses at the Garrick, is on his way to the west coast for moon pitchers in very few days. His draft extension has been extended again. At this rate Uncle Louis will never see the inside of G.I. khaki.

Milt Larkin's engagement at the Rhumboogie has now been labeled 'indefinite' despite several closing dates that have been given in the past and fallen through. Hints around town are that the band may stay there for the duration. If so, the town will practically

settle on a duration band basis.

Bob Allen, Woody Herman and bands open today (15) at the Oriental and Chicago theaters, respectively, for one week each. Stan Kenton will follow Allen on the 22nd on the same date that Charlie Barnet opens a week at the Regal theater. Two more openings follow as Gracie Barris replaces Chico Marx at the Blackhawk on the 27th and Gene Krupa takes over the Wildcat on the 29th.

Freddy Wood, pianist, formerly playing at the LaSalle Hotel, is now playing at the Beverly Cocktail Lounge featured with Linda and Al Davis. . . Gay Claridge's band, another to try the tricky Hal Kemp style (and copying quite well) is playing at the Merry Garden ballroom.

Dick Jurgens plays his last night for the duration January 17 at the Aragon ballroom, his most successful spot since the band's formation. Plans are for a big celebration for Dick and the band as they play their last job. A repetition of Glenn Miller's dramatic closing is expected amongst band and fans for Dick's band has been an all time best seller at the North Side ballroom. Dick will be followed by Henry King for an indefinite time.

Arnett Cobb visiting the boys in Milt Larkin's band while his new boss, Lionel Hampton, was in town. Cobb, pushed by all South Side Chicago while he was with Larkin at the Rhumboogie, was called back for chorus after chorus on last shows at the Regal when manager Ken Bluett turned the band loose.

South Side celebrations over the Duke Ellington victory in Down Beat's sixth annual all star band poll took on the fervor of a Joe Louis victory.

Louis Jordan played New Year's Eve at the Sherman hotel Bal Tab room since that night is his night off on his regular spot at the Garrick stagebar. The canny Mr. Jordan!

The Make Believes, sensational pantomime act just closed at the Sherman hotel, disbanded after New Year's Eve when they shuttled back and forth between the Ambassadors East and West for the night. The boys are all going into different branches of the service.

Ray Pearl, Melody Mill maestro, was drafted into the army from a 4-F classification last month when it was found that he was physically acceptable for service.

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Jury Indicts 10 in Boston Holocaust

Boston—Repercussions from the Coconut Grove holocaust struck two weeks ago when a grand jury returned ten indictments against principals involved in the fire investigation, and at the same time hit at the "laxity and incompetence" of Boston officials.

Named in manslaughter indictments were Barnet Welansky, owner of the night club; James Welansky, manager; and Jacob Goldfine, wine steward. Each was held in \$10,000 bail with double surety.

Other indictments were: James H. Mooney, Boston building commissioner, willful neglect of duty, \$1,000 bail; Police Captain Joseph A. Buccigrossa, willful neglect of duty, \$1,000 bail; Fire Lieutenant Frank L. Linney, who inspected the Grove shortly before the blaze, willful neglect of duty, \$1,000 bail; Samuel Rudnick, contractor, conspiracy, \$5,000 bail; Reuben O. Bodenhorn, night club designer, conspiracy, \$2,500 bail; David Gilbert, working on construction of the new cocktail lounge, conspiracy, \$2,500 bail.

Police identified the tenth man indicted as a City of Boston building inspector.

Hampton Cracks Regal Record

Chicago—With seats filled and a constant overflow of cash customers standing along the walls of the Regal theater on Chicago's South Side, Lionel Hampton shattered the all time attendance record for the theater early this month.

Aided and abetted by Lady Day (Billie Holiday), Hamp drew over 20,000 people in his seven day stint. The consensus was that the young Hampton crew (with many new chairs replacing army draftees) was nothing short of terrific.

—onah

Lionel Burns, Feels Cooler

Chicago—There's a slow burn on the disposition of sunny Lionel Hampton as he considers Illinois Jacquet's dropping from the band because of illness, and then coming through town a few days later on his way to join Cab Calloway. It's not like the Cab. Could Jacquet be the offender?

The burn was replaced by grins, though, as Hamp reintroduced Arnett Cobb to Chicago in Jacquet's place. Hamp feels that Arnett will one day soon whip the socks off any other tenor man in the business. For our agreement, read the Bands Dug on this show. Cobb was formerly with Milt Larkin, now at the Rhumboogie here.

Dinah Washington Has South Side Debut

Chicago—South side was greeted with a surprise introduction early this month when Dinah Washington previewed at the Regal theater for her first South Side appearance. Dinah, currently at the Garrick Stagebar in the Loop, showed remarkable ability on all fronts.

—onah

No Noel Note

The traditional Christmas tree lighting ceremonies in New York City Hall Park had gone off without a hitch. Then the Park Department Band swung into Silent Night—and lo, the tune-player remained unlight—I mean silent. Seems the huge grunt-iron was frozen solid and had to be thawed out on one of the Hall's radiators.

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GENICOR RAWHIDE

Beat Staffers Slug It Out Over Right Method To Sell the War Bonds

(A bitter controversy is sweeping the ranks of New York's disc jockies on how to sell war bonds. It started when Alan Courtney, WOV record-spinner, decided to give up the premiums he had been using to attain sensational bond sales, and to stick to straight bond plugging. In doing so, he engaged in some fairly heated wordage with fellow platter-chatterer Dick Gilbert and Martin Block. Block, who started the large scale gimmicking with a free copy of *Der Fuehrer's Face* for a fifty dollar bond purchase, has mostly purchased his "gimmicks" himself, while Gilbert, who last month sold \$500,000 worth of bonds, has relied on tie-ups with various theaters and sporting enterprises to get his giveaways.)

It's an important point. Music has and is being used to sell vast quantities of war bonds. The particular way seems important enough so that the men concerned have not hesitated to read statements several times over the air.

The *Beat's* N.Y. staff started to report the affair, and found itself at odds, with the result that Mike Levin, N.Y. ed, has written a column defending Courtney, while Frank Stacy, assisting ed, is cudgeling for Martin Block. The boys slug it out below.

by Mike Levin
—defending Alan Courtney.

I am practically overwhelmed at the start—bucking not only Martin Block, who has sold as many bonds as any comparable radio figure, but shrewd staffer Stacy, a keen and canny writer.

However, I still claim they both are not only up the wrong tree, but with their pants hanging in shreds to boot.

It has been pointed out that Courtney has been outsold by both Block and Gilbert. Quite true—though one night, just to see what happened, Courtney's offering of a pair of baseball tickets brought in over \$10,000 in one hour—before he called it off in disgust. Don't forget too that Block works for a station that has had an established record program longer than Courtney's, that his audience is undoubtedly larger, making comparative figures a little inaccurate.

Don't Need Film-Flam

Skip, too, the charges of the Courtneyites that actually the reason Block and Gilbert are giving gimmicks is to give their sales offices proven records of sales pull. Both men are established, don't need to indulge in that sort of flim-flam. But despite that, Courtney is still right, and the others dead wrong.

Block told me over the phone that he didn't care "whether it's radios, iceboxes, or war bonds—as long as I can sell a lot of them, I feel that I'm doing my job."

That's exactly the point—bonds aren't like everything else. They are representative of the government's fiscal policy and not cheap radios or bad eyeglasses. The argument that this may be true, but that it doesn't hurt as long as you get the bonds sold, is equally wrong.

Reason for Bonds

In the first place, the reason that bonds are sold is not to finance the war—though in some respects it obviously helps. The primary purpose is to soak up excess spending power which would cause inflation and wreck the structure. If bond-buying stopped tomorrow, we would still go on fighting the war, even if we weren't "paying" for it.

We discovered almost ten years ago that paper money doesn't rest on gold—it rests on people's confidence. Germany had an inflation after the last war because of fear, while we devalued and remained stable because of confidence.

The same must hold true of bonds. If we mix their sale up with carnival methods, inevitably the bidding must be forced up until the bonds themselves are practically worthless. While theater tickets may bring 'em out today, it may take a cow or half a house tomorrow. The answer still is, sell 'em plain, and make people realize that what they are buying MUST

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Two Poll Winners in Jam



Hollywood—Tommy Dorsey, whose band won the sweet band selection in the 1942 *Beat* poll, and Roy Eldridge, winner in the trumpet section, are seen in action here with Gene Krupa on the Palladium bandstand. TD's crew succeeded the Krupa outfit, to which Roy belongs, in this popular west coast spot.

possible. The purchase of war bonds, our government says, is the best way that civilians can help actively to bring about victory. Each war bond sold, no matter by what means, means another gun—another round of ammunition—a step toward peace for the men in the trenches.

Let 'Em Have It

One of the valid criticisms of Allied war effort concerns the reluctance on our part to give up the idea of noble conduct. The reason that the enemy has the jump on us right now can be traced largely to our waiting hon-

orably for the other fellow to throw the first punch, make the first surprise attack. This same specious idealism lies behind the attack on premium-war bond sales; in this instance, it's supposedly not quite decent to taint the spiritual quality of the bonds with commercialism.

Sure, Americans like gimmicks. It's one of their characteristics. But to say that the gimmicks endanger democratic traditions is drawing a pretty long verbal bow.

Let the disc jockeys give away autographs or book-ends or movie stars, just as long as they do sell bonds, do hasten the war's end.

Millinder and Rey Enliven Kaysee Scene

Kansas City—For the past two weeks Kansas City has outdone itself in really solid sessions. The holiday spirit took hold starting December 20th when Alvino Rey played a one-nighter at the Plam-Mor ballroom and had a crowd of 4,000—breaking the house record. Then a fine dance with Lucky Millinder and the Ink Spots at the Auditorium, with Millinder's men jamming at several spots later.

Tower Ork Popular

Mike Carl, whose stage band plays at the Tower theater, has been here about six months and is very popular. Featured is Henry Buese's old piano man, Don Tiff, who is arranger. The cats around town are assured of at least one jump tune in the show each week.

Your correspondent went to see a football game at Norman, between the Oklahoma University and Missouri.

During intermissions, the Oklahoma University band played, one of the finest college bands in the mid-west. It has 175 members and is directed by John Waring.

Bernie Cummins Comes

Elected president for the tenth consecutive year was William Shaw of Local 627.

Moving into the Hotel Muehlebach is one of K.C.'s best liked hotel bands, Bernie Cummins and his orchestra. . . . Howard McCreery and his orchestra into the Hotel President, with the Streamlines making Martins-on-the-Plaza, the current jump spot of the town.

—Don Ross



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Anita O'Day Cuts Out from Gene Krupa Vocalist Says She Just Wants to Rest

Krupa Vocalist Says She Just Wants to Rest

May Organize Small Combo—Penny Piper Replaces With Band

Los Angeles—Anita O'Day cut loose from the Gene Krupa combo at the close of the Palladium engagement December 29.

"I'm just tired and want to take a rest," was all the singer had to say about her withdrawal. Krupa's only comment was "I'm sorry to see Anita go. We've been together a long time and I know she has been a big asset to the band."

Krupa left for a short stand in San Diego with Penny Piper, formerly with Bob Crosby and the new Bobby Sherwood band, sharing the vocal chores with Ray Eberle. Bard was due to return here early this month for an appearance at the Orpheum theater before leaving for the east.

Anita said she expected to take a vacation of several weeks after which she might do something about organizing a small instrumental combo which she would front herself.

Helen Forrest's New Nose Clicks

Los Angeles — Helen Forrest, America's No. 1 lark, emerged as a glamor girl here, as she made her first public appearance (at the recent Furniture Ball at the Palladium) since a plastic surgeon chiseled the Forrest physiognomy into a more becoming outline. Most of the work was performed on Helen's nose, hitherto valuable essentially for breathing and blowing purposes but now perching piquantly on Helen's attractively pert puss.

The operation was performed in New York just before the James troupe left for the coast. The singer took a one week's lay-off from the Chesterfield broadcasts while awaiting removal of bandages.

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Two Teds Talk It Over



Hollywood—Ted Yerxa, whose "Lamplighter" column in the Los Angeles Daily News is devoted almost exclusively to bands and vocalists, bends an elbow with Ted Lewis of battered top hat and clarinet fame. Yerxa, a native of Minneapolis and a veteran of World War I in France is one of Southern California's most popular radio emcees in addition to his pillaring prowess. Pic by Lee.

New 'King of Corn' Gets Radio Music Boss Spot

Los Angeles—Spike Jones, who says he is proud to have been crowned King of Corn in the recent Down Beat poll (he lifted the title from its long-time holder, Guy Lombardo) has been upped to general music director of the Bob Burns "Arkansas Traveler" airshow, replacing Billy Artzt.

Members of Spike's famous "City Slickers," whose steady climb to success took a sudden jump into the top brackets with the release of their Fushrer's Face disc, work with him on the show, being included in the 12-piece radio combo. "City Slickers" Del Porter (trombone) and Willy Spicer (birdophone on Fushrer's Face) provide special material and arrangements.

Spike and the Slickers also continue on the Gilmore Oil Company's Furlough Fun program. In order to devote more of his time to his "City Slickers" combo, Spike

has withdrawn from his spot at the drums with John Scott Trotter's ork on the Bing Crosby program but continues to beat the hide for Billy Mills on the Fibber McGee and Molly program.

Former Guitarist Saw Action in the Solomons

Los Angeles—Believe it or not, all the musicians in Uncle Sam's armed forces are not in those army base band deals. Lyle Boyd, guitarist, who used to play around Chicago mostly (with Lawrence Welk for a period), and is now a sergeant in the U. S. Marine Corps, arrived here last month for a furlough before reporting to officers' training school.

Where did he come from? From the Solomon Islands, where the marines have been too busy mopping up the Japs to have time for bands and parades.

What was it like in the Solomons? Well, Lyle is not inclined to talk about it very much. What he says he says in such simple terms as:

"We landed under fire and established a beach head. We had a pretty hot time of it. How did we live? In slit trenches mostly, although sometimes the shelling got so hot we would have to take to the jungle. The boys just fought day and night and waited for rein-

Wrong Riff!

From Hedda Hopper's column: "When I walked on the 'Private Miss Jones' set, I heard the hottest boogie-woogie piano playing. There in a corner was a piano surrounded by the whole company who was practically swooning from the jungle rhythm which was being dished out by none other than Jose Iturbi at the keyboard."

Iturbi is the man who refused to conduct for Benny Goodman at Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia two years ago. Who is mixing whose publicity?

Midnight Booze Curfew Booms 'Bottle Clubs'

Los Angeles—Gas rationing and the new 12 o'clock liquor curfew are expected to bring about a big boom for small instrumental combos here.

Most of the small nitery operators, faced by the loss of the after-midnight liquor revenue, have moved up their starting times for music to early hours, some as early as 6:30 and 7:00 p.m. One reason was fact that musicians' union frowned heavily on idea of salary cuts for musicians at spots where the total hours would have been reduced by shuttering promptly at midnight.

The small combos are naturally getting the big call from neighborhood niteries, which are springing up in hope of catching trade that used to drive miles away from home to spend the evening. However, it is too soon to predict final outcome of this new trend.

Also scurrying for intimate musical groups are the numerous "bottle clubs" which are bobbing up to meet the demand of those who are willing to take out memberships in so-called private clubs.

O. G. Air Show Moved to East, May Hint Trend

Wage Ceiling Expected To Discourage Stars From Broadcasting

Los Angeles—Withdrawal of Nelson Eddy, movie and opera singer, from the Old Gold radio series (he washes up January 27) is regarded by many as result of the new wage ceiling, which is figured to have a far-reaching effect on the Hollywood radio industry, now dependent largely on film names located here.

Move Significant

Significant angle for Hollywood musicians is the fact that the new Old Gold series, which replaces Nelson Eddy, will not be a Hollywood show but will originate in New York with the featured spot going to Sammy Kaye's ork.

If all the Hollywood movie stars withdraw from radio, as some predict they will, due to the wage ceiling, there just won't be any Hollywood radio industry.

Execs Deny Everything

Execs of the agency which handles the Old Gold account (J. Walter Thompson) would not discuss the switch from Eddy to "Swing and Sway Sammy" except to say that it was just a matter of policy to provide new radio fare from time to time.

Eddy's handlers said he was leaving the program in order to make a concert tour.

Union Arrangers Refuse to Work For Recordings

Los Angeles—Hughie Claudin and Otis Rene, who operate the Excelsior recording company here, thought for a while they had a scheme whereby they could circumvent Petrillo's edict barring union musicians from recording.

They planned to make records featuring Herb Jeffries, the former Ellington vocal star, using as accompaniment a "vochestra," in which the only instruments would be human voices.

But the plan had to be abandoned when it was discovered that all competent music arrangers, at least hereabouts, are strictly union and would not do arrangements for recording purposes. AFM staged a successful drive a few years ago for the purpose of embracing music arrangers as well as instrumentalists.

Excelsior firm was launched just before the Petrillo edict went into effect, and unlike the larger companies, was unable to lay up a big back log of sides for release after the August 31 deadline. However, they have slipped over several good sellers made before the deadline, biggest of which is the King Cole Trio's All for You and Vam Veedle.

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Cow Country Bandsman Joins The Big Parade

Los Angeles—Bob Wills, the Oklahoma hill billy who climaxed his corny career with a series of western horse operas for Columbia pictures here, was inducted into the army at Tulsa, Oklahoma, according to word received at the studio.

Wills, and his Texas Playboys, as the combo was known, were popular for many years in the Southwestern states, where they repeatedly outdrew big name outfits. After their recording of *San Antonio Rose* became one of the all-time big hits in the juke boxes, they were called to Hollywood for a spot in a Columbia picture. Outfit clicked big with certain audiences and was signed to work in a series of westerns, last of which was recently completed.

Signs-of-the-times division: *The Willow and I*, New York stage show, has an all girl pit band fronted by pianist-director Ruth Levien at the piano.

Who's Crazy?

Mike Reilly, screw-ball leader of a gang of musical mad-men, pulled a classic recently. Mike is a legend in the music game for his out-of-the-world humor, both off and on the hand-stand. Not only does he indulge in the usual "crazy routine of novelty bands that march around the room, sip customers drinks, squirt aphrons, etc., etc., but on many occasions becomes so wrapped up in "anything for a laugh" that he's been known to break up shows and literally.

It still sounds like a gag to us but the report is that Reilly has fired Leo Guarneri, one of his fellow-eccentrics and band high-lights because, if you can stand it, Leo acts too crazy!!!

Haggart Drops Bass to Score For Five Bands

Los Angeles—Bobby Haggart, who has carried off the honors for position of bass player in *Down Beat's* All-Star Band poll for many years, and who ranks with the all-time greats on his instrument, plans to retire as a playing musician and devote all his time to arranging and composing.

Haggart will open an office in New York, probably before the end of this month. He has contracts to write for five name bands, including the former Bob Crosby band, now headed by Eddie Miller. Haggart was one of the original members of the Crosby band.

LOS ANGELES BAND BRIEFS

Los Angeles—With the current trend to keep bands on location spots as long as possible, even at reduced rates, rather than fight transportation problems, the band scene doesn't change as much as formerly in the period of a month or so. Tommy Dorsey, who opened his third engagement at the Palladium December 29 to his usual big reception, is in for eight weeks with Benny Goodman in line to follow.

Horace Heidt-Frankie Carle unit continues at the Casa Manana, where, incidentally, business was strong during the holidays in spite of the "big blight" . . . Jan Garber, with his revamped band (Jan says he wants to "forget the sound of his former band" — and who doesn't?) is going strong at the Hollywood Casino aided by the ice show . . . Noble Sissle is a big attraction at the Trianon in spite of the fact that the veteran Negro bandleader is an unknown to all except the music-wise hereabouts. Noble's gal singer and harpist, Olivette Miller, drawing plenty of favorable comment.

One of the few band changes of local interest was appearance of Paul Martin, former radio music man taking a crack at the dance game, at the Florentine Gardens, replacing Mummy Marcellino . . . Al Donahue set at Cro's with a hold-over ticket good until Feb. 19 . . . Ozzie Nelson seems to be set for a long stay at the Biltmore, which like the Grove, which has Freddy Martin tied up on a long-temper, now holds bands for long periods . . . Les Hite looks to be in the Louisiana (formerly the Wilshire Bowl) for a long stretch.

Paul Neighbors, who has turned down many an offer from the big bookers to front a large band because he hasn't missed a week's work here in years playing the intimate spots with small combos, is in the Palladium as alternate band . . . Eddie South Coasting at the Mocambo, where he opened New Year's Eve as a featured attraction. Phil Ohman continues as house band at the Mocambo.

Jive Jottings
Benny Carter continues at Billy Berg's new Swing Club, with Buddy Rich, still waiting that summons from the marine corps, sitting in on drums . . . Murray McKren disappeared from the Streets of Paris, giving way to Oliver "Big Six" Reeves' combo, in which Dorothy Broil (who doesn't quite) is featured on piano.

Art Tatum still the chief attraction at the Streets of Paris . . . The Zamboanga Club, closed briefly for fireproofing after the Boston holocaust, open again with full approval of the safety experts . . . Pingy Mannone played a single New Year's Eve at the Roosevelt Blossom Room which was opened for the occasion for a special party staged by the "New Orleans Club of Los Angeles."

Maurice Purtill finally bobbed up at the drums in Tommy Dorsey's band, where he has been expected to land since the Miller crew disbanded . . . Zucca Brothers proceeding slowly with remodeling of their new spot, the Hollywood Cafe, which is carrying on in much the same groove as formerly with Paul Kress combo now holding down the band stand.

Discovered in the Gardner Field (Calif.) Air Force band, which

Tenney Local 47 Come-Back Fails

Los Angeles—The entire Spike Wallace ticket was re-elected at recent Local 47 general election for another year. The total vote, although the lightest in many years, was larger than most expected, running approximately 1,700. Union's membership is well over 7,000. It was figured that with a large number of musicians in army bands and hundreds of others working in war industries a small turn-out for the balloting would be inevitable.

Wallace faction was opposed by a group of candidates headed by California's new state senator, Jack B. Tenney, whom Wallace defeated for the presidency three years ago and who was trying for a come-back.

broadcasts nights via Station KERN, Bakersfield.

Private Gail Laughton, hot harpist featured last season on the Al Pearce program with Lou Brings' ork; Privates Bob Carroll and Jimmy Briery, ex-network vocal stars; Private Mickey Gillette, well known Hollywood sax teacher and performer. Gardner Field band is under direction of Technical Sergeant Tommy Jones, the ex-Kyser man.

Alta Durant, Hollywood columnist, tags Paul Whiteman as "Best Dressed Man of the Year" . . . Dave Rose conducted ork which transcribed the War Department's program "Down Beat" for short-waving to listeners over seas . . . Jules Stein of MCA is heading local campaign to raise fund to purchase organ for the Hollywood Canteen.

C. Sharp Minor, locally well known some years ago as a Hollywood radio organist, in difficulties with the law as a result of losing track of his bank account balance and writing too many checks. This reporter recalls that some years ago he called a radio station to complain about the fact that Minor

Marine Chiefs Nix McKinley Deal for Band

Criticism of Non-Combat Service for Other Units Blamed for Decision

Los Angeles—Deal under which Ray McKinley and most of his bandsmen were to join the marine corps as an entertaining unit, limited to non-combat service, has fallen through.

Arrangement was set at the local recruiting office here, where Ray and other members of his band took their physicals and took the preliminary steps toward enlistment.

Mixed in Washington

The order cancelling the entire deal came from marine headquarters in Washington, where the enlistments had been sent for approval. No official comment on the incident was forthcoming here, but sources which would have reliable information said that the marine chiefs had nixed the idea because they did not want to "set a precedent" which would be a departure in policy. McKinley could not be reached for comment at writing.

'Criticism' Mentioned

Same sources stated that the McKinley deal had been cancelled because of criticism of such arrangements which had been carried out in branches of the "un-armed services," specifically mentioning the enlistment of Phil Harris and his band in the coast guard. Harris was given a commission as lieutenant, junior grade, and permission to continue his civilian activities on the Jack Benny program, when it originates in Hollywood.

Correction: J. Napton Authored Devotion

Correction: A recent *Down Beat* credited "Roc" Hillman with composing the hit tune *My Devotion*. Pfc. Hugh Napton requests that his brother Johnny Napton be rightfully credited as co-author of the tune. The *Beat* is happy to make the correction.

was playing the wrong chords and that Minor's secretary replied calmly: "He likes it that way" . . . Dave Street, band vocalist, departed for Gary Field air base to take a job as a civil technical employee.

Singer Dances

Hollywood—Although Mary Martin conducted a dancing school in Texas and stratted her stuff on the Broadway stage, movies made her a singing star and she will dance for the first time on the screen in Paramount's *Happy Go Lucky*. Here's how Mary illustrates the grand-daddy of all swing tunes, *Tere-re-boom-de-roy*, which is revived in the film.



"TA"—Mary kicks the beat.



"RA"—She stamps it out.



"RA"—And takes a whirl.



"BOOM"—Gives it a double stamp.



"DE"—She flings one arm high.



"RAY"—And finishes with a fan whirl.

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Bartenders Pick 10 Best 1942 Records

Philadelphia—And now the bartenders have entered the field with their "ten best" list.

Joining radio editors, film reviewers and fashion experts, the Bartenders Union of Philadelphia, Local No. 116, announce what they consider the ten best records played on the coin machines during 1942.

Glenn Miller's *Kalamazoo* tops the list as the most popular record, the bartenders' poll reveals, according to Harry Ames, secretary, and Harry Taggart, business agent, of Local 116. Spike Jones' *Der Fuehrer's Face*, rated the best laugh-getter, took second place, and Alvin Rey's *Strip Polka*, as the best burlesque disc, was third.

The bartenders were also asked to select the record they like best to hear at home, when relaxing with their families. Jeanette MacDonald's Victor record of *Ave Maria* was almost a unanimous selection. Here's the complete list:

- Best Popular Band Record—Glenn Miller's *Kalamazoo*
- Best Laugh-Getter Record—Spike Jones' *Der Fuehrer's Face*
- Best Burlesque Record—Alvin Rey's *Strip Polka*
- Best Vocal Record—Dinah Shore's *Deary Beloved*
- Best Jitterbug Record—Gag Field's *The Jersey Bounce*
- Best Patriotic Record—Harry Wood's *Everybody, Everybody*
- Best Sentimental Record—Tommy Dorsey's *There Are Such Things*
- Best Comic Dance Record—Freddy Martin's *I Got the Neck of the Chicken*
- Best Military March Record—Gus Arnheim's *Stars and Stripes Forever*
- Record Bartenders Play Most at Home—Jeanette MacDonald's *Ave Maria*

Ames pointed out that *There's a Tavern in the Town* and *Beer Barrel Polka*, written for or inspired by the good fellowship of the "Pub," do not represent the favorite recordings of the typical bartender.

"What our boys like was obvious enough," said Ames, "after we had thought to ask them. No one hears more popular music—good, bad and indifferent—than the man behind the bar. So we figured we were the logical people to make a ten best list of records."

Al Trace Band Goes to Dixie

New York—Al Trace and his orchestra took over at the Plantation Room of the Hotel Dixie here on January 5 when Teddy Powell bowed after having successfully inaugurated a name-band policy for the hostelry.

Local trade paper reports that the Dixie is dropping its name policy after one try, made supposedly for the publicity, don't make sense. Trace's outfit is made up of eleven men, four less than Powell's and the scale wage difference isn't enough to matter.



New York—These three charmers were engaged by the Hotel Astor's Bob Christenberry during the recent Jan Savitt engagement to present you well known jive ballads. Left to right: the Galli Sisters, Eleanor, Norma and Dolly.

A Thousand of the Top Long-Hair Discs

★ PICKED BY MIKE LEVIN

First in a new series to follow that started some time ago in the popular field, this column will be devoted to out-of-the-way items that either have been overlooked in the general scuffle, or are of particular interest to those who have previously only bought the Bluebird Ellingtona. You won't like every one of the records listed here. But all of them are worth a listen, and given enough time, you'll end up adding them to your collection.

Not all of the Victors listed here, for example, are to be found in their new "duration" catalogue of some 2,000 items. However, most should still be found on dealers' shelves and fairly easy to get for some time yet.

Modern

Igor Stravinsky
Octet for Wind Instruments
Columbia X-25 (1931)

Scored for two trumpets, trombone, clarinets, flute, bassoon, and oboe, this little-known score is Igor on his neo-classical slant. Right after he finished his famous ballets (*Bite of Spring*, *Firebird*, and *Petrouchka*), Stravinsky started playing around with older chamber music combinations, and this is one of the best of the scores that resulted. There are some moments which certainly predate Alec Wilder, others which are biting satire on the elephant-style waltz

music found in this country, and most of all, dexterous scoring of a group of seemingly unblendable instruments. The playing and recording could be a lot better, but there's much here for respinning.

Classical

J. S. Bach
The Art of the Fugue
E. Power Biggs-organ
Victor 832-3 (1942)

These albums are wonderful buys for two good reasons: the organ here is a real musical instrument, and they make clear much of the gibberish that the longhairs are wont to fling around about "development," "inverted theme," and "counterpoint."

Biggs plays this series of 13 fugues and a choral on the Baroque organ at Harvard. Unlike the monstrosities to be found in any large theater, this organ was built to sound like those of Bach's day, and for once I go purist and agree that the past is a distinct improvement. You don't get any of that ponderous mosh and heavy tone that makes an organ usually sound like a wheezing beer-drinker. The tones are clear and crisp, and the result is music instead of a mammoth dish of luke-warm cereal.

Also, by following the sketch

Lockie's HOLLYWOOD

"HEADQUARTERS FOR NAME BANDS"

1821 N. VINE STREET

Lounging with the Longhairs

★ By H.E.P.

The other day Deems Taylor told as lush a fable over CBS as I've yet heard. He went ranting on for some fifteen minutes about the dearth of American conductors, saying that when most of the orchestras were formed at the turn of the century, there were no men around with sufficient experience, so that leaders had to be imported.

He feels that now a dangerous tradition has been built up, citing the fact that when Howard Barlow gave his concerts recently at Carnegie Hall, over a three-day period, only a few hundred tickets were sold besides the regular season-list. He claims that this is terrible, that Barlow is a wonderful conductor, and that the public ought to be ashamed if itself.

Who is kidding who, as they mutter in the ancient Gaelic? In the first place, Barlow gave concerts that were almost completely contemporary American music, much of it very second-rate. American music should be played—fine—but let people have it easily, sandwiched between a touch of Tchaikovsky and Rossini. Some carpers claim that Barlow knows this as well as the next man, that he scheduled his programs thusly so any lack of attendance would be blamed on the music and not him.

At any rate, Taylor must be thinking of his CBS paycheck

that Victor has furnished with the album, you can see exactly how a fugue is constructed—and you don't have to be able to read music. It's obvious just by the way the notes appear that an "inversion of the theme" is nothing more than going down when you went up originally and vice versa. It's well worth spending a little time seeing what Bach does with the figures—and you'll come away with a mess of new ideas for boogie-woogie piano bass.

Vocal

R. Wagner
Forging Song and Spring Song
Sung by Laurits Melchior
Victor 2035 (1941)

Backed by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Melchior makes the rafters bounce with this one. Anytime someone tells you they like Wagner played by an orchestra, but don't see the sense of husky men and women bellowing their lungs out on the stage, shove this under his nose. It's melodic, potent, has a swell swing, and Melchior sings as only he can when he hasn't eaten too much the day before.

Solo Hands

Beryl Rubinstein and Arthur Loesser
Suits for Two Pianos
Victor 784 (1941)

The best double piano team in the country play Rubinstein's composition for double piano. A three part work with an added prelude, the jig is not only tuneful but a wicked whack at Percy Grainger. *Masks*, the concluding section, has some very attractive wisps of Gershwin-like melody strung throughout—treble composer's pop tunes being favorite of Rubinstein's. This is by far the freshest and listenable of the modern two keyboard scores. Loesser incidentally is the brother of *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition* Frank.

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when he says that Barlow is a wonderful conductor. He is a steady workhorse, and an acknowledged skilled student in the history of music. But as an inspiring leader, he is a distinctly leader flop. If his concerts had been well attended, they would have indicated a most unmusical nationalism.

But Taylor is right when he says that there is a problem when only foreign-born conductors are to be found here. But I don't think it is to be answered by any of the public's choice. In addition to training, a conductor must be surrounded with music of all types from the time he is a little boy. The basic factor in good conducting is such complete familiarity with the work at hand that leading it is practically second-nature. When a conductor has this sort of grasp on the music, he can worry about drive, nuance, and all the other distinctions that make a virtuoso out of a hack.

Unfortunately for this country, it is *only within the last five or ten years that we have had any really strong musical traditions, either jazz or classical. Until musicians and students have spent some time not only studying the stuff but hearing it all the time as well, you don't get any conductors.*

While we don't have any conductors now that are comparable with the men now at the helms, in a few years, not only will we have the world's best orchestras and conductors, we will have the *only* (excepting Russia) ones. The war has once and for all completed the trend that the previous war started towards making this country a center of music culture such as it never has been in the past. For some time we have been piling up the necessary musical experience not only to produce conductors, but also composers. Stick around and watch all these people who said we'd never turn out anything but ragtime, eat crowfoot for dessert.

Loss of Two Doesn't Slow Rockford Ork

Rockford — Drummer-leader Russ Winslow lost trumpeter Bob Kindred and sax-man Jack Wallace to the service last month. The ex-Spanier drummer's Dixie combo, in their third year at the Lafayette here, continues to furnish the finest jazz in town, however. He nailed Bob Hoy, former Doc Lawson star for the sax chair and Joe Coleman, Tennessee horn man, to replace Kindred.

Welded Into Army
Jack Weldon, ace clarinet man, left the band at the Blue Diamond in Beloit and is now in the army band at Fort George Wright, Washington. Bill MacMillan took Jack's place on tenor and clarinet and trumpeter Morrisie Dolph stepped into the leadership.

Jay Hart, ex-*Down Beat* correspondent, brought a 4-piece combo into the Blackhawk replacing Bob Rhett. Jay, a tenor man by trade, also plays trumpet, clarinet, bass, and piano on occasion and handles the bulk of the vocals.

Good College Band
For the first time in years Beloit college can boast of a dance band worthy of the name. Bunky Vrooman is leading a 10-piece outfit that, despite the scarcity of good arrangements, jumps like mad. Bunky himself plays fine trumpet and Phil Sprague comes on equally well on drums and blues-vocals. Jane Wilson is doing the ballad vocalizing.

—Bob Fossum

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A Thousand of the Top-Drawer Discs

★ PICKED BY MIKE LEVIN

Don't mix this up with the new classical section started this issue. This is still the jazz department, with the items limited to the available bests in each department.

Hot Jazz

Chu Berry and his Little Jazz Ensemble

Stardust and Body and Soul—Commodore 1502 (1938)

Backed by Danny Barker (guitar), Artie Shapiro (bass), Clyde Hart (piano), and Big Sid Catlett (drums), Chu Berry and Roy Eldridge rip off two sides here that became closely identified with each. Little Jazz liked Soul's single-double time especially and drags it out along with his horn case. Reason for the pseudonym of course is that Eldridge was under contract to Vocalion at the time with his own band. Sides are well-recorded save for a master defect on the first which causes a wavering of key. Roy plays well, but Berry cuts him to shreds, with a dazzling display of ideas after idea. Budding jamsters should dig the way he backs Roy's last few bars on *Dust*, giving a riff as well as harmonic background—no mean trick.

Swing

Ambrose and his orchestra

Bliss Stomp and We're Tops on Saturday Night—Decca 1233 (1937)

Don't get me wrong. This is neither the acme nor the acme of music, as rival camps would have you believe. It merely was the best British band, with the key slots held down by American musicians. Occasionally a little good jazz is to be heard; and most often, good, clean instrumental backing. This does not hold for their dance music, typically English-awful. *Stomp* is a little known Sid (*Night Ride*) Phillips score. Well-paced, it leads with typical Ambrose Dix clarinets and 7 part brass. Piano following isn't too good, nor is the building-up of the simple riff. Follows a fine Tommy McQuarter trumpet bit (and he ain't American), into a Lew Davis tram Miff Melian effort. Then Danny (Claude Thornhill) Polo's clarinet into the final chorus, which incidentally utilizes the tunable kettle drums that this band brought into dance work. Fluff the flip-over.

Dance

Artie Shaw

Dancing in the Dark and Smoke Gets In Your Eyes—Victor 27335 (1940)

Aptly named, this disc. It's one of the prettiest Artie did with his stringed band, fiddles being richly voiced on the first chorus and the tempo picked for an easy beat. And when the Shavian seer plays straight lead clarinet, there are very few who can touch him. Les Robinson's lead alto is tops all the way through. Second side is a small combo version that doesn't fit here.

Vocal

From Gershwin's Porgy and Bess

Street Cries and What You Want Wid Bess?—Decca 23251 (1942)

As far as I am concerned, the *Cries* are the classic part of the Gershwin work—mainly because they are the real thing and not junk he made up. *Bess*, a nice tune on the *It Ain't Necessarily So* order, is capably sung by Anne

More Best Discs of The Year Statistics

Victor topped the list of best records for 1942 with 28 Victor labels and 12 Bluebird platters; Decca was second with 33; Columbia had 16 plus 4 Okeh's; the new firm Capitol did well with 6 bulle-eyes; and Commodore, Elite and Rhythm had 1 each.

Your Automatic Hostess

Selects the . . . MOST PLAYED RECORDS!



Elaine

(One of the score of charming operators employed by the Chicago Automatic Hostess Co. acts as guest conductress of this column each issue. She selects the ten most played discs in the coin machines of the nation, having available not only the tabulation of requests in the many Chicago hostess studios, but up-to-the-minute lists of the largest coin machines operators from coast to coast.)

Song	Artists	Label
1—I Had the Craziest Dream	Harry James	Columbia
2—Mr. Five by Five	Tony Martin	Decca
3—White Christmas	Harry James	Columbia
4—Praise the Lord	Freddie Slack	Capitol
5—There Are Such Things	Bing Crosby	Decca
6—Manhattan Serenade	Charlie Spivak	Columbia
7—Dearly Beloved	Kay Kyser	Columbia
8—Daybreak	Merry Maca	Decca
9—When Lights Go on Again	Tommy Dorsey	Victor
10—Juke Box Saturday Night	Jimmy Dorsey	Decca
	Harry James	Columbia
	Glenn Miller	Victor
	Alvino Rey	Victor
	Jimmy Dorsey	Decca
	Harry James	Columbia
	Les Brown	Okeh
	Vaughn Monroe	Victor
	Glenn Miller	Victor

OTHER FAVORITES

Why Don't You Fall in Love	Connie Boswell	Decca
Moonlight Becomes You	Dick Jurgens	Okeh
Can't Get Out of Mood	Bing Crosby	Decca
Neck of the Chicken	Kay Kyser	Columbia
Why Don't You Do Right?	Freddy Martin	Victor
	Benny Goodman	Columbia

Brown and Todd Duncan. Objection to both these singers is that they are well-trained, but too stiff. For a hair-raising difference, listen to Helen Dowdy's *Strawberry Woman's Call*, filled with quarter tones and rich resonances. She and Bill Woolfolk with his *Crab Man's Call* stopped the show cold every time. They do here too.

solo with JD, and a run-out to a photo-finish. They didn't miss a trick on either of these sides.

Oberstein Still Putting 'Em Out

New York—Eli Oberstein, head of Varsity and Hit records, says he will continue to issue discs from Mexican masters despite the union ban on recordings. Recent release on his label was *Rose of Charing Cross* and *Please Think of Me*, by Peter Piper.

Next on the list are the Cole Porter tunes, *Could It Be You* and *He's a Right Guy*. Eli has not announced the name of the band which waxed the disc.

Another Radio Probe

Washington, D. C.—Commissioner Fly of the Federal Communications Commission has launched an investigation of the effect on small radio stations of the shortage of transcriptions. The probe is separate from the senate inquiry into the union ban on recordings and transcriptions.

Novelty

Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra and Josephine Tumminia

The Blue Danube and The Wron—Decca 29009 (1936)

One of the biggest laughs of all time, this was swiped from the famous Andre Kostelanets-Lily Pons radio version. Starts out with Tumminia, one of the Met's second-rank coloratura's taking a high dive into the famous waltz with JD's band-backing including a celeste. Then a double time chorus with the dame holding the high ones, while the boys riff, JD noodles, and McKinley lightly lays it on the cowbells and woodblock. Into a half-time modeled on the famous Ray Noble arrangement, shuffle rhythm and all. Add a duet

Steve Brodus
MUSICAL RESEARCH

KEEPING UP WITH TERRITORY BANDS

Larry Geer, secretary-treasurer of the Midwestern Ballroom Operator's Association, has informed this column that the association is attempting to get away from the word "dancehall" as one means of improving ballroom business. He urges all people connected with the business to co-operate towards the end of adding to the prestige of the business through this first simple rule.

Del Stanley's trio is signed through March 21 at Cold Springs Inn, Gloucester, R. I. They started at the spot in November.

Doraine Pfender is the lovely now singing with Jack Smith's orchestra around Utica, New York. Miss Pfender has been doing dance band work for less than a year. Bill Pierce, saxist, who formerly arranged for Bob Crosby, is arranging for the ten piece band. Chuck Mason is on piano.

West coast's Zucca's at Hermosa Beach is once again in its habitual solid groove with the new Jack Moran band. Jack, who once played for name bands, is on piano. Howard Rumsey, ex-Kenton bassist, Pat Patterson, Fio Rito drummer, Harold Moe, ex Red Nichols trumpet, Burt Johnson, Ozzie Nelson trombone man, and Hugh Hudgins, Pollack tenor, are among those present in the combo.

Spec Redd's small combo is now in its fifth year in Moline, Illinois. The outfit is playing the *Rendezvous* there. Spec is a piano man.

Mickey Rich, 19 year old brother of Buddy Rich, has

joined Sandy Sandifer's band (on tenor sax. It is Sandy's brother, Cody, who replaced Ray Bauduc near the demise of the Bob Crosby crew, as such.

Johnny Robson has formed an eleven piece band at Shenandoah College.

Chuck Travis has disbanded his territory band and is now assistant band director at a Monterey, California, army camp.

True Place, former bassist and gag man with Ralph Stuart's Providence, R. I., crew, was greeted by familiar strains the other day as he came home on leave from Chapel Hill where he had just been commissioned. The whole band turned out to play at his arrival, and the band in turn drew a crowd of innocent bystanders to the depot, giving True about a 500 man reception. He later joined the band on the job for an informal session.

Essex House Using Small Band Only

New York—More band spots curtailed their activities here last week when the Essex House announced it would continue for at least the present with a small band, while Joe Marsala's departure from the Log Cabins in Armonk leaves that spot operating on weekends with small units. Previously reported as shuttering were the Astor Roof, Glen Island, and the Rainbow Roof and Grill.

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Tea and Trumpets Are Bad Mixture!

This is one of the sorriest messes that we've seen. Immediately after the story broke originally, the *Beat's* N. Y. office was deluged with requests for information, both from press sources and from individuals. At first our attitude was "we don't know a thing"; but when the big news weeklies began checking, with intentions of running a story that would be injurious to the whole business, we started thinking. And when one of the leaders concerned called up in a panic lest his band be ruined by adverse publicity as being a bunch of "tea-hounds," we knew that some action was in order. Finally two weeks ago we received a tip that one of the big p.m. dailies had cornered a letter from a Florida musician, saying what a ball the band was going to have when Bryan arrived with the tea—also that that same paper, not widely known for its ethics, was going to spray the whole music business on its front pages with as much dirt as could be possibly found.

Newspapers may need "scandal" for circulation, but there is no reason to pick on the music business. Bryan it is true has been proven to be a totally hapless character. We are sorry for him—but now there is little or nothing we or anybody else can do for him. But we are determined to see that our business isn't blackened by a bunch of scandal mongers and sensation-seekers.

We know that there are musicians who smoke tea. We also know that there is only an extremely minute number who do it. We know that there is a select clik that has been working in the top bands for years who do it, and we know that they are going to get it in the neck if they aren't careful. And if the business as a whole isn't careful, it is going to take a bad rap along with them.

Once more the old bogies are going to be floating around. "Musician" is going to be synonymous with "weed hound." The business neither deserves nor can stand a national campaign of this sort.

We printed this story because we were getting inquiries and reports from all over the country, indicating that the most fantastically untrue stories were circulating about people these men had known and hands they had played in.

We are sincerely sorry for everyone in this mess. They are undoubtedly going to be severely punished, have been in fact already by the national publicity.

DOING THIS SORT OF FAVORS FOR FRIENDS IS MAD!

Both Reig and Miss Reynolds are fools. Both say that they didn't mean anything criminal, merely acted as agents in getting the dope for Bryan, and were only trying to do a favor for a friend who was unhappy in the army.

We believe them when they say this. We also point out the completely amazing disregard much of the business has grown to have for laws of this sort. Auld, Reig, and Miss

Musicians Off the Record



Bridgeport, Conn. — Roland Young, band leader at the Seven Gables and *Beat* correspondent for the territory, submits this unusual shot of the "V" for Victory mark in the hair of his sax player, Harvey Nevins. It wasn't combed that way intentionally, and everyone, including Saxman Nevins, was surprised when the photo turned up.

Leader Dies



Fort Myer, Va.—Captain Ammon E. Gingrich, 52, who died of a heart attack on December 12, was buried here on December 15. The captain had served at various times as leader of the 35th Infantry band, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii; post band, Fort Ruger, Hawaii; 5th Infantry band, Fort Williams, Maine; 12th Infantry band, Fort Howard, Maryland. For the last two years he was a member of the staff of the army school for band leaders.

Reynolds couldn't see anything wrong as long as they didn't actually use the drug themselves—they have since learned differently.

There is another slant too. The services are determined to wipe out any situations which may act to the harm of their members. With night clubs in the New York City area already being scanned for early curfew, incidents of this sort will only hasten the day when the whole music business is given a thorough going over, with many unfortunate results which it won't deserve.

How about the young musicians too, who copy a Mike Bryan in all he does, even to smoking tea because they think it will make them better guitarists? Amazing as it may sound, there are musicians who will start using tea for no better reason than this.

NARCOTICS BUREAU HAS LOW-DOWN ON ALL TEA-HOUNDS!

The whole situation is an ugly one, but it must be faced now and wiped out now, lest worse consequences set in. The narcotics bureau has the names and facts concerning many of the musicians who use tea. They aren't as interested in jailing these men as they are in finding out the sources of supply and the selling agents. We can only suggest to anyone who uses the stuff: *Stop it now, before you get yourself and your friends in a potful of trouble!* We can only suggest to the AFM that it pass a ruling calling for instant expulsion of anyone caught using tea. This is drastic, but drastic steps must be taken within the business if it doesn't wish to have them taken in much stiffer form by someone else.

We can only hope that by making it clear that this case concerns a few individuals, and is not indicative of any large segment of the business, that a national press campaign against musicians in general, especially in the light of recent press attacks on Prexy Petrillo of the AFM, can be averted.

The rest is up to you. The story you have read is the whole truth. Don't believe any of the rumors you may hear about other bands and people in this case—we assure you they are untrue.

Above all, it is up to you to see that a story like this doesn't break again, and that "teeing-up," done by no matter how few band buffs, is wiped out once and for all!



"Have you got a Dorsey number that will send me out of this world?"



Did You Know . . . ?

Battery C, 56th C.A., Westport, Washington
 To the Editors:
 Did you know . . .
 That it's been seven months since I've seen a copy of *Down Beat*?
 That I've been in the army seven months?
 That I'm from New York?
 That I have to walk, ride or run thirty miles to get a copy of *Down Beat* up here?
 That when I was at home I

never did miss an issue of *Down Beat*?
 That I just bought a *Down Beat*?
 That I am going to read it over and over and over?
 That I am going to buy another very soon?
 Well, I sure am!!
 P.F.C. AL ENGELMAN

Pro Girl Musicians

Beechurst, N. Y.
 To the Editors:
 Take this, Ted LeBerthon of the Los Angeles Daily News, from a girl who is trying so hard to achieve something on the saxophone and clarinet and then runs across an article like yours, excerpts of which were printed in *Down Beat*.

Don't you know that if a girl has a feeling for music she is going to take up the instrument through which she can best express that feeling, whether it be the tuba or the violin and not necessarily the piano, as you so kindly suggest? Can't you realize that girls have the same desire for musical expression as men have? It doesn't add to the handsomeness of a male either when his cheeks are puffed out on a fast tuba part either, my friend, but I can't find myself condemning the male musician for that.

If a girl can ride a good trumpet or sax with real feeling and satisfy that ache that she has for jazz, why condemn her because her face momentarily loses some of its charm? That, as *Down Beat* calls it, is pure commercialism. Your remarks, Mr. LeBerthon, are the sort of things that make students and pros slightly ill.

THELMA SCHLONBERG

Con Girl Musicians

Stockton, California
 To the Editors:
 The problem of girl musicians has once again been brought up in *Down Beat*. Your excerpt in the December 15 issue from Ted LeBerthon's *Daily News* column was very well put. I hope that girls see, from that, how silly they must look in an orchestra.
 What ever gave them the idea (Modulate to Page 11)

Chords and Discords

(Jumped from Page 10)

to play in orchestras, I don't know. They might think it will help to win the war but they had better think twice before they ruin the music business. Can you imagine a woman telling her husband to stay home and take care of the kids while she runs down to 'riff a few licks with the cats? Impossible!!

Take a tip, girlies, leave what you can't do alone.

TED G. ALLEN

We Need Instruments!

Rifle Co. 75th Composite Inf. Trg. Bn. Amphibious Training Command Camp Carabelle, Fla.

To the Editors:

I know you must receive requests like mine every day and I do hope you won't mind this one. Down here in a very remote part of Florida we have no means of recreation and the nearest city is about sixty miles away. Radio reception is not so hot and, generally speaking, the place is off the beat.

In our battalion we have quite a few good musicians and the only thing that stops us is a lack of instruments. Otherwise we could form a fine band to entertain our buddies. We wonder if you can help us.

We need the following instruments... set of drums, bass fiddle, Bb trumpet, tenor sax, and a guitar. I know this is a large order, but I guess you know how it is. We would certainly appreciate any help you can give us.

P.F.C. DAVE SHENLOGIAN

(Ed. Note: The only help we can give these boys is where you can find the Pfs. Shenlogian is right... we do have many requests like this... we want to help these boys get instruments and orchestras but we are powerless without your help. Down Beat will forward any instruments or orchestras where they are needed. If you wish to send any instruments to these boys, or others, send them directly to Down Beat. We will see that they are forwarded to the proper authorities. They will become the property of the army, not of any individual.)

Wants Individualism

Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editors:

Here's one cat who burns when she hears such fine musicians as Harry James, T. Dorsey etc. accumulating such large orchestras that there is no longer any individualism in their arrangements and their playing. These huge bands all sound the same. In a swing tune they all blow their brains out trying to out-play the various other 30 odd members so that this present-day screeching contest loses all semblance to good jazz.

Here is why we like to live in the past when it comes to good jazz—why we speak of Miff Mole, Beiderbecke, Teschemacher, and King Oliver in hushed tones. There was good jazz then because the musicians were given the chance to play individually by their leaders. Goldkette, Pollack, Trumbauer, etc., kept their bands small enough

Imogene Weds



Los Angeles—Imogene Lynn, Ray McKinley vocalist, became the bride of Mahlon B. Clark, Jr., former McKinley roadman now with Phil Harris on Catalina, on December 11 in Hollywood. The young couple are living at 340 Metropole Drive, Avalon, Santa Catalina, and Mrs. Clark has sustaining programs on NBC.

Dancing With Her Daddy



New York—And we do mean daddy, for this is Vaughn Monroe, celebrating his daughter Candace's first birthday (and his own second anniversary as a band leader), by demonstrating to young Miss Monroe just what his music is for.

★ RAGTIME MARCHES ON ★

NEW NUMBERS

SCHWARTZ—A 6 1/2 pound daughter, Laralde Eva, to Mr. and Mrs. Leon "Red" Schwartz in December. Father plays trumpet with Les Brown.

BISHOP—A son, Joe Miller Bishop Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bishop. Father is arranger for Woody Herman.

GOELL—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Goell. Father is composer of Elphard Serenades.

JAMES—A 5 1/2 pound son, Michael Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Dan James in New York. Mother is Ruth Ellington, sister of Duke Ellington. Father is owner of Tempo Music Co.

HARE—A 6 pound, 3 ounce daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Hare on December 16 in New York. Father is press agent.

JACKSON—A son, George Robert Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. George Jackson on November 2. Father is former member of Don James, Horace Heidt vocal group.

HERMAN—A 5 1/2 pound, 3 ounce daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Max Herman on December 17 in Hollywood. Father is former Bob Crosby trumpeter and is now with the Rudy Vallee Coast Guard band.

BICARDI—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Ted Ricardi December 9 in Philadelphia. Father plays bass with Norman Black, WFIL, Philadelphia.

LINDEMAN—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lindeman December 4 in Milwaukee. Father plays drums with Freddie Fisher.

to display the talent of the members. But put the best artists in the country in some of the hands we have today and they would be lost. Twelve pieces is certainly enough for any band but when it hits the 30 mark, that's just too much. Also leave the harps to A. Kostelanetz who puts them to good use. They look pretty silly in a dance band.

The Benny Goodman sextet put out some really mellow jazz numbers because you could actually hear Charlie Christian's good guitar. You could get some kicks listening to Lionel Hampton's vibraphone, Artie Bernstein's bass and Benny's horn dish out a fine beat. Bob Crosby was also smart enough not to bury his talent under 30 pieces of noise. He featured Stacy, Haggart, Bauduc and Rodin and consequently the Dixieland Band is known around the country as a very talented individual and solo group. The septa bands put out more true jazz, blues, and boogie numbers than all of the whites because their outfits are smaller and because they play with expressiveness and good tone, still maintaining terrific drive. Loud, senseless noise, not music, has become the standard of today's band leader.

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URAB-DB

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DAVIS—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Davis December 16 in Milwaukee. Father is Milwaukee orchestra leader.

GRAHAM—A daughter, Judy Evelyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Al Graham November 11 in Frisco, Cal. Father is orchestra leader.

DEFORE—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Don Defore December 22 in Chicago. Mother is Marion Holmes, former Art Kassel vocalist.

TIED NOTES

SHELLEY-LINDA—Jay Shelley, radio entertainer, to Rosa Linda, featured pianist with Phil Spitalny's orchestra, in Maryland recently.

BELL-KENTFIELD—Kendall Bell, former clarinetist with Boston Symphony Orchestra, to Frances Kentfield, non-pro, December 13 in Springfield, Mass.

MARMOR-SINGER—Ed Marmor of the Embassy Music office in Chicago to Marquerite Singer, show girl, in December.

POROZOFF-BROWN—Nicholas Porozoff, press agent for Russ Morgan, to Evelyn Brown, non-pro, December 26 in Chicago.

PAULMAN-PALMER—Tom Paulman, saxman with Charlie Dublin, to Sally Palmer, night club singer, December 22 in Detroit.

GRILL-BIGGINS—Joanna Grill, former orchestra leader, now in the Coast Guard, to Elizabeth Ann Higgins, non-pro, December 20 in Oakland, Cal.

DAVID-MICHDOLL—Pvt. Fred David, formerly with Borah Minevitch, now in "This is the Army," to Freda Michdoll, non-pro, December 23 in Detroit.

NATUROWSKI-BERGERON—Chester J.

Owens Inherits Olsen Library

Minneapolis Leader Gets Book from His Predecessor

Minneapolis—Patrons of the Happy Hour Club here who notice a resemblance between the music of Bob Owens, playing there now, and the favorite Sev Olsen band that recently played so many weeks there, are not being tricked by their ears. It's Sev Olsen's library that Owens is using (for free), with Olsen now a medic in the army.

First Nitery Job

Owens' band, for many years a fave of the U of M campus and Twin City ballrooms, is playing its first night club at the Happy Hour. The three brass, three sax, three rhythm combo includes Owens at piano; Harlan (The Chief) Greenwood on string bass; Bob Wadsworth, drums; saxes, Ed Hanson, Jerry Dibble, Cloyd Williams; brass, Bob Shannon and Oscar Hirsch, trumpets; and Bill Nordquist, tram.

Other changes in bands and night clubs dominate the local scene. Heinie's south Minneapolis spot closed its dancing space and will operate the front bar only. Ork leader Loren McNabb there is preening for the air corps.

Bob Bass Doubles

Former Bob Chester drummer, Bob Bass, who returned here last summer, is in a two beat pre-war (No. 1) groove at the President cafe and working days in a defense plant. Rumors are that the next piano man in Jimmy Joy's band will be Dick Clausen.

George Paulsen, Minny tenor-alto man, known especially for his work with Claude Thornhill, is now with Alvino Rey... Al Kavelin

Mayurovski, Holyoke, Mass. musician, to Mary C. Bergeron, non-pro, December 26 in Holyoke.
STUART-BURNETT—Nick Stuart, orchestra leader, to Martha Burnett, non-pro, December 23 in St. Louis.

FINAL BAR

FROMM—Louis Fromm Sr., 64, father of Louis, Jr., former Bobby Byrne drummer, December 19 in New York City.

MILLER—Henry G. Miller, 36, arranger and pianist for Bernie Armstrong's KDEA staff orchestra, in Pittsburgh last month.

KERNER—Fred W. Kerner, 61, musical director, Albany, N. Y., December 11.

FREER—Eleanor Everest Freer, 78, composer and musician, in Chicago December 18.

KING—Clifford C. King, 74, former band leader, in Norwich, Conn., December 15.

STICKBRIDGE—Carl W. Stickbridge, 59, cellist, Boston Symphony orchestra, in Boston December 21.

FOSTER—Henry Fisher Foster, 74, bandman, in West Brookfield, Mass., December 23.

Charlie Murray Dies, Was Society Leader

New York—Charlie Murray, 39, saxist-bandleader, died on January 9, victim of a heart attack. Murray, who worked with name bands before forming his own society orchestra and playing at fashionable N.Y. clubs, left the music business three months ago to enlist in the coast guard.

playing his first time here at the Nicolet hotel... The latest gain for Uncle Sam from the Local 73 roster include Leon Benike (tram), Ft. Snelling, Minn.; Curly Bourgeois, Aberdeen, Md.; Marty Leet (trumpet), Great Lakes Naval Training Station; Mel Kuether (alto), Camp Swift, Texas; Dick Pendleton (tenor), Camp Shelby, Miss.; Guy Capnan (alto-clary), Camp Roberts, Calif.; Warren Swanson (sax) playing first clarinet in band at Camp Polk, La.; Bill Green (sax), awaiting orders; Cliff Brenna (sax), Ft. Warren, Wyoming.

Good Air Base Band

Minneapolis' Wald Chamberlain navy air base, as far as musical activity is concerned, is now regarded by musicians as second only to the Great Lakes station. Latest good dig for the local cats is the fine septa band organized there, boasting names from both the Count Basie and Horace Henderson bands. Off duty hours bring the greatest gab and jive sessions among these boys of Uncle's up at the Chet Groth Music Store rooms since pre-draft days.

—Pvt. Don Long

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BILLY MOORE

By Oliver's protégé arranged it!



Les Brown who says it's the nation's best instrumental broadcast is!



Jimmie Lunceford is plugging it!



Tony Pastor is plugging it!

Boola Bango
Says... MY JUNGLE PALS FELT PLENTY BLIN WHEN I TORNED UP WITH A LEEDY DRUM. BUT, NOY! YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THEM GROAN SINCE I BROUGHT THIS LEEDY XYLOPHONE.

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Ellington to Offer 'Tone Parallel'

Black, Brown and Beige Are Three Movements Of New Concert Piece

by HELEN M. OAKLEY

On the 23rd of January, 1943, Duke Ellington is contracted to appear on the stage of New York's Carnegie Hall to perform an initial American concert presentation of his own works. The occasion will mark the first public performance of the long attended, widely discussed *Tone Parallel*, the latest and to date most significant work yet delivered from the pen of the famed negro composer.

Because of the sharp musical interest and discerning attention which always have been noticeable features of the English and European receptions accorded the American Duke, the latter admits to a preference to a continental audience. "They exhibit," he says, "a surprisingly keen interest in what we are attempting to do." He adds, with an engaging smile, "and more surprising still, they are generally aware of our short-comings and successes. Audiences of such caliber are an inspiration. We're stimulated to superior performance by their sound musical intelligence."

Plans Serious Concert

Unlike the Goodman offering and those of others in the dance field who have advanced on Carnegie, the Ellington performance will be a serious program hailing the attention of Carnegie's customary patrons. Regardless of box-office returns, if a sincere interest and an intellectual discernment are not notably factors of the New York audience reaction, it will be, Duke Ellington is quoted as saying, a great disappointment to him and, he considers a deterrent to the ambition of all progressing American musicians. In his most recent contribution to American music, *A Tone Parallel*, written expressly for the concert and concerning which wide-spread interest has been evinced by critic and public alike, the renowned musician-composer, celebrated for his *American Lullaby*, *Blue Belle of Harlem*, *Reminiscing in Tempo*, *Solitude* and *Sophisticated Lady*, introduces a pioneer form.

Acknowledging an aversion to identifying music — Ellingtonian with any accepted classic form, Duke designates his latest work a *Tone Parallel*. It is to be presented in three movements, but he emphasizes, this construction has been used simply because it satisfactorily lent itself to the presentation of his ideas. "The things we use," Ellington says, "are purely Negro- — we want to stay in character. We are, in the final analysis, the only serious exponents of Negro music."

Can't Call It Symphony

Disclaiming the symphonic idea on the grounds such a designation implies complex orchestration involving 110 pieces, he states his *Tone Parallel* may be conceived a symphony only inasmuch as a symphony involving no more than 16 pieces can be conceived. "We are not attempting," he clarifies, "to produce a magnificent affair. We desire to remain true to self. The music was inspired by the character of the playing of the men in the band and is characteristic of ourselves, and, we hope, of the saga which motivates our effort. Quite simply, we are weaving a musical thread which runs parallel to the history of the American Negro."

Designating the three movements of the *Tone Parallel*, Black, Brown and Beige, in the first, the composer advances two themes, the Work Song and the Spiritual. The second movement is punctuated by four short fanfares which represent war, the four wars which occur during the time-span represented — the Revolutionary, the Civil, the Spanish-American and

World War No. I. Following the fanfare introducing the Revolutionary War, a first theme is ushered in displaying the strong West Indian influence predominant throughout this period.

Bewilderment of Freedom

The fanfare heralding the Civil War assumes the proportions of a gigantic rocket which, ultimately spluttering into a thousand pinpoints of color, represents the countless, conglomerate aspects of mood, of station, of life itself which incorporated, made up the turbulent aftermath which sequelled the awesome Civil struggle. The predominant musical note struck here is that of humor, light, laughter-ringing pathos sounded only in the strain of bewilderment and fear involved by the frightened old folk, told to go free and uncomprehending where or how to proceed.

The third theme is a blues strain that depicts the heartaches and sorrow that ensued from the "love-triangles" which characterized the post-war conditions of a battle-scarred nation. The second movement is climaxed finally in the upheaval that signals World War No. I and the calm of exhaustion that succeeded it, when the American Negro found time to stop and think.

In the third movement a subtle and sophisticated mood is introduced. A purposeful false theme signals what Ellington phraseology terms "the recognition of the Harlem Hotcha," the profound inculcation impressed at that time upon public opinion, the musical note sounded as blatant, noisy, fictitious. Musical portraiture of a boisterous and chaotic care-free mood symbolizes the erroneous conception of the American Negro then universally entertained.

Religion and Education

Progressively the looming hilarity as dispersed in the findings of research and understanding which reveal the race, in general, bent on education and culture, spiritual and material. It is revealed there are more churches in Harlem than the vaunted cabarets. The people respond not at all to the tom-tom, the schools claim their allegiance. "Without," Duke Ellington says, "enough food, with no clothes at all, with hardly a roof over his head, even the poorest share-cropper struggles to put his kids through school."

The penultimate musical strain comes down to earth. A deep sincerity advances the motif, a note instinct with strength, stability and purpose. Progressively, the melodies from the first movement are brought forward, complimenting the sum of the present with the strains of the traits and heritages that went before, and here, in the complex interchange of melody and counter-melodies, the confusion of the struggle for solidarity is revealed. While wish advances on fulfillment, yet again America, the native land, finds herself thrown into war and, as always in the past, the true spirit of the American Negro rises once more to protect the flag. The magnificent Black, Brown and Beige again prove themselves to be Red, White and Blue and the *Tone Parallel* moves on to its close.

Other Works Scheduled

In addition to premiering the widely-discussed *Parallel* which is presently scheduled to precede the

Band Leader Shoots Wife



New York—On the set for a Pathe short, Enric Madruguera makes some moon pitchers himself by training a camera on the charms of his svelte wife and vocalist, Patricia Gilmore.

Norvo Groovy, And Toronto Fell Right Out

Toronto, Canada—Home in time from Montreal on New Year's leave to dig that suave subtle Red Norvo type of small combo jazz at Club Top Hat, where he fulfilled a profitable week's run with an outfit that jumped in a strictly groovy vein. Norvo offered Canada's premier bassist, "Big Joe" Niosi, \$125 per week to join his crew, but Joe declined the offer.

The Bert Niosi brigade now hitting full stride in their fifth consecutive year at Palais Royale ballroom where they're attracting an all time record blasting six big nites weekly, and continue as Canada's top orchestra attraction. Russ Farr out of Niosi's crew into Horace Lapp's Royal York hotel ork. Replacing Farr is this land's ace rhythmist, that torrid drum tornado Reifer McGarvie from Frank Bogart's Club Top Hat outfit.

Niosi Loses Culley

That fine young trombone artist Ross Culley soon to be inducted into the Royal Canadian Air Force as a handman. Good brassman before the war were scarce enough, now with the war on Niosi'll have one very big headache trying to find a capable replacement for Culley.

Everyone around town raves over the recent terrific solo date Charlie Barnett played at Palais Royale. . . . Frank Bogart's new tub thumper is Jimmy Paul. . . . What's wrong with that Paul Firman ensemble at the northend Masonic Aud? There in the summer and early fall this band was really coming on like Buster's Gang, but now the boys' sound as though they've lost interest in their work.

Brass Players Scarce

In Buffalo David Cheskin running around the Rand Building with his violin tucked underneath his arm lamenting the blues over the fact that trumpeters Charlie Parlato and Vince Impellietier are soon to be inducted into Uncle Sam's army. Brassmen in the Bion City are also hard to get, so Dave is thinking of replacing them with three fiddles and another sax.

That ex-Harry James-Bert Niosi chanter, Fran Hines, along with guitarist Vince Brundo both currently doubling between Cheskin's Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation studio ork and the "grave yard" shift at the Curtiss Wright Corporation on munition work Hines' wife, the former Chicago show girl Frances "Jackie" Glad, presented him with a baby boy on December 27.

—AC 2 Duke Delory R.C.A.F.

Has an excellent dance duo in the Holland Sisters, who've been held over several times, and Mildred Duncan, a fine piano-playing songstress.

Noble Sissie was in at the City Auditorium for a dance in December, which didn't cause much excitement.

—Pat. Jim McCarthy

Elmer Theiss Has New Band

St. Louis—Elmer Theiss, local trumpet man, bears watching for his new combination of three tenors, trumpet, trombone, piano, drums and guitar. Theiss features Jack "Five-by-Five" Brown, the guitar-box man, both on solo work, and on vocals. Elmer, too, takes a turn on the vocals.

New Year's Eve found St. Louis sold out at all spots. We had Eddy Howard at the Chase Club, Henry King at the Starlite Roof; Johnny Lyons at the Claridge; Nick Steward at the Club Continental; and the ever popular band of Jeter-Pillars at the Club Plantation.

—Walt Reller

Denver Likes Herb Miller's Orchestra

Denver, Colo.—Glenn Miller's brother, Herb Miller, brought a good band into the local Rainbow Ballroom in December for a six-week run. Band is a fifteen piece solid outfit with most arrangements styled along Glenn's manner. Tommy Reynolds preceded for four weeks at the Rainbow to fair business.

Jack Blue, veteran territorial boosier, complains of the shortage of bands. Tried to get a name for Colorado University's Christmas prom with \$1,000 to spend and couldn't even get a semblance of a name through any of the major agencies. Gas rationing, which went into effect here last month, has hit all branches of the entertainment business.

Eddy Rogers, who put in a number of seasons at New York's Rainbow Room, is still holding forth at the Emerald Room of the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Lou Morgan, veteran local maestro, in an indefinite engagement at the Brown Palace Hotel's Crystal Room. These are the only local hotels playing bands.

Best musical combo in town is the Floyd Hunt quartet at the Embassy Club. It's a septia outfit from Chicago, consisting of piano, guitar, bass and drums, with Hunt doubling on piano and vibraphone. Outfit is handled by Frederick Brothers and may debut at New York's Kelly's Stable in the early spring.

Very few of the local niteries have anything even fair in the way of talent. The Ches Paree is the only club with a good floor show.

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ALONG MELODY ROW

The Merchant Marine is eyeing their new song *Heave Ho, My Lads, Heave Ho* with content. Heretofore, the boys had been the one neglected branch of the service, having not a song they could call their own. The song was penned for them by Jack Lawrence, former song-writer, who is now a lieutenant in the Maritime.

Russ Morgan's Glenmore Music Company is the latest firm to be given ASCAP membership. Morgan's partner is also the mentor of Plamor Music, a BMI affiliate. And, speaking of Morgan's partner, he was just married last month... his last name is still Porozoff, however.

Another new music house to bow into the picture is Mars Music, headed by Henry Moore, now pushing his swing novelty, *Joe-See-Foo Jones*. Moore, whose real name is Henry Ward Beecher, is a former Chi trumpet man who once played with Louis Armstrong. Among those plugging the ditty are the Andrews Sisters.

Add another as Esquire Music Publishing Company opens their New York offices with Jack Keeton and Arthur White as professional managers. They are starting work on *Bad Penny* and *We're Coming Through*.

Solly Cohn takes over the professional manager berth for Bob Miller, Inc., this week. His first concern is, of course, the firm's as yet unplugged, *There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere*. This should be tough on Solly.

Don't Get Around Much Anymore, the Duke Ellington-Bob Russell collaboration, looks to be one of the big songs of '43. *Glen Gray* and the *Ink Spots* both got lyrics and music on a war before the ban and are raking in the gray. Robbins is bragging about the tune. Robbins' other big push is *Moonlight Mood*.

As stated in an earlier edition of *Down Beat* and the *Row*, *Yellow Dog Blues* has reverted to the Handy Brothers Music Company, Inc., following the lapse of its Melrose rights. *St. Louis Blues* reverted to Handy earlier this year.

Marks is publishing fantasy, *Danny Dither*, written by Jeremy Gury. Originally planned for strict consumption, it has made an equal hit with adults.

Frank Loesser won the plaque awarded by singer Barry Wood for the best war song of the year with his *Praise the Lord and ...* Franciose Song Publications of Rochester, New York, has cleared *Goodness Gracious, It's Contagious* through BMI for its big plug. And Charles Gunther is going around in a creater

plugging his *The Lena Turner Blues*.

Santly-Joy, Inc., is publishing the five winning songs from the amateur contest conducted recently by the Song Hit Guild, N. Y. The contests, conducted twice yearly, offer choice of collaboration with a professional or the submitting of complete songs. *When I'm With You* was complete by Frank Bennett, ex musician of Dunsmuir, California, Vic Muzzy, ASCAP melodist, collaborated with Wanda Faulkner, Dunkirk, Ind., on *Stick to Your Knitkin*, Kitten, and with Lavada Frick, Dayton, Ohio, to create *Dreams Will Have to Do For Now*.

Result of collaboration with Irving Taylor, ASCAP lyricist, was *Esquel*, with Antonio Dominguez, Santa Barbara, California, and *What's Cookin', Good Lookin'* with music by Yvonne Carmel, Pittsfield, Mass.

BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

by Phillip J. Lang

In answer to scores of requests from army musicians and leaders in service bands throughout the country, *Down Beat* is supplementing its regular Orchestration Reviews with a Band Arrangement Review Column which will be conducted by Phillip J. Lang.

Phillip J. Lang is one of the best known arrangers in music having written for Dave Rubinoff, Alfred Wallenstein, Nat Shilkret and Norton Gould, for whom he was also assistant conductor from 1934 until just recently, when he went into the

SHEET MUSIC BEST SELLERS

- WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN (Campbell-Lewis-Parigi)
 THERE ARE SUCH THINGS (Tanke)
 PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMBITION (Farnum)
 MR. FIVE BY FIVE (Loede)
 I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM (Brogman-Vanzo-Casa)
 WHY DON'T YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH ME (Barano)
 DEARLY BELOVED (Chappell)
 ARMY AIR CORPS (Fisher)
 DAYBREAK (Felt)
 MOONLIGHT BECOMES YOU (Farnum)

SONGS MOST PLAYED ON THE AIR

- MOONLIGHT BECOMES YOU (Farnum)
 YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO (Chappell)
 I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM (Brogman-Vanzo-Casa)
 ROSE ANN OF CHARING CROSS (Sagredo-Bernstein)
 PLEASE THINK OF ME (Winkler)
 BRAZIL (Southern)
 THAT SOLDIER OF MINE (National)
 WHY DON'T YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH ME (Felt)
 A TOUCH OF TEXAS (Melody Lane)
 THERE ARE SUCH THINGS (Tanke)

DEARMOND MAGNETIC GUITAR PICKUP

ROWE INDUSTRIES, INC. Toledo, Ohio

Singers Bowl



New York—These are the feminine charmers from the Woody Herman Herd, keeping those delightful figures trim on the alleys. Billie Rogers is giving it the business here, while pert Carolyn Grey constitutes a one-gal rooting section.

service. He has also written scores of published arrangements for dance and band and is a graduate of Ithaca College and the Juillard Institute of Music in N.Y. He is now bandmaster for the U.S. Maritime Service Training Station at Sheepshead Bay, N.Y.

American Patrol

Published by Mutual, Arr. by Leonard Whitney

American Patrol is the first of a projected series of standard and popular numbers by Mutual, arranged with a modern dance conception and described as "Stylish by Glenn Miller." The arrangement is the work of Leonard Whitney who is to be congratulated for his imagination and well constructed scoring.

Swing is the word in this offering and no concessions are made to any concert band precedents as regards to scoring. Tempo markings, dynamics, and phrasing are identical to those found in any dance arrangement. Careful attention to these markings, plus a modern amount of style on the part of the performers, will result in a satisfactory performance.

The original snare drum introduction has been retained, followed by unison clarinets entering at A with a modern phrasing of the melody. Muted brass and clarinets are blocked at B, and the strain is finished with French horns in thirds. C is the interlude with the melody in the reeds and well-voiced brass figures. The patrol is now in full swing, with interpolations of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" leading to a full brass fanfare at G. The melody is again stated, and the patrol fades away suddenly bursting forth at L with a "ride-out" ending of blocked brass and reed figures, plus a drum solo for a finish.

Mister Five By Five

Published by Loede Music, Arr. by Paul Yoder

Paul Yoder has handled a difficult assignment by doing a simple but solid bit of band scoring. The intro is for full band, followed by full brass with reed figures for the first 16 bars of the chorus. The release at B features a strong bass and trombone line, and the last 8 are again brass and reeds. On the repeat the brass are eliminated and the sax's take the lead. After a unison modulation, the release is again presented, scored for blocked trombones and horns leading to the last 8 at D for full brass and reeds with a baritone counter-melody.

The Humming-Bird

Published by Robbins Music, Arr. by Paul Yoder

The woodwinds are featured in this arrangement and are ideal to express the light character of the melody. The full introduction of 8 bars ends in a short vamp, with the cornets and sax's blocked on the melody and the clarinets playing "answer" figures for the first half of the chorus. The release at B is for clarinets, flutes, and pic-

Dialings for Dancetime

(All times Eastern War Time. Program listed subject to local station changes. CBS—Columbia Broadcasting; NBC—National Broadcasting; M—The Blue Network; MBS—Mutual Broadcasting)

SUNDAY	
P.M.	1:30 Sammy Kaye's Serenade... Blue
	7:30 Fitch Bandwagon... NBC
	8:15 Ella Fitzgerald and the Four Keys... Blue
	10:00 Phil Spitzley... NBC
	11:00 Ina Ray Hutton... Hotel Roosevelt, Washington, D.C. MBS
	11:15 Jerry Wald... Hotel Sherman, Chicago... Blue
	11:15 Blue Barron... Hotel Edison, N.Y. CBS
	11:30 Mitchell Ayres... Roseland, N.Y. Blue
	11:30 Tommy Dorsey... Palladium, L.A. CBS
	12:00 Carl Ravazza... Trianon... MBS
	12:00 Freddy Martin... Ambassador Hotel, Hollywood... Blue
	12:00 Glen Gray... Meadowbrook... CBS
A.M.	12:30 Vaughn Monroe... Commodore Hotel, N.Y. CBS
	12:30 Russ Morgan... Edgewater Beach Hotel... Blue
	12:35 Len Mcintyre... Hotel Lexington, N.Y. MBS
	1:00 Herbie Holmes... Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco... MBS
	1:30 Chico Marx... Blackhawk, Chicago... MBS
	2:00 Noble Sissle... Trianon... MBS
MONDAY	
P.M.	4:15 Jazz Laboratory... CBS
	4:45 George Duffy... Hotel Cleveland... MBS
	7:00 Fred Waring... NBC
	7:30 Spotlight Band... Blue
	10:30 Basin Street Chamber Music Society... Blue
	11:15 Frank Sinatra... CBS
	11:30 Guy Lombardo... Hotel Roosevelt, N.Y. CBS
	12:00 Chico Marx... Blackhawk, Chicago... MBS
	12:00 Charlie Spivak... Pennsylvania Hotel, N.Y. Blue
A.M.	12:05 Shop Fields... Hotel Roosevelt, Washington, D.C. CBS
	12:30 Tommy Dorsey... Palladium, L.A. CBS
	12:35 Erskine Hawkins... Savoy, N.Y. MBS
	1:00 Noble Sissle... Trianon... MBS
	1:30 Eddy Howard... Chase Hotel, St. Louis... MBS
	2:00 Lou Diamond... MBS
TUESDAY	
P.M.	7:00 Fred Waring... NBC
	7:15 Harry James... CBS
	7:45 Don Reid... Dasher-Wallick Hotel... MBS
	8:00 Johnny Preen... Dave Ross, Glazy Sims... NBC
	8:30 Horace Heidt... NBC
	9:15 Eddy Howard... Chase Hotel, St. Louis... MBS
	9:30 Spotlight Band... Blue
	10:15 Art Kessel... Hotel Bismarck... MBS
	10:45 Dick Kuba... Hotel Astor, N.Y. MBS
	11:15 George Duffy... Hotel Cleveland... MBS
	11:15 Frank Sinatra... CBS
	11:30 Ray McArthur... Hotel Biltmore, N.Y. Blue
	11:30 Carmen Cavallaro... Waldorf-Astoria, N.Y. CBS
	12:00 Carl Ravazza... Trianon... MBS
	12:00 Lou Broeze... Chez Paree, Chicago... Blue
A.M.	12:30 Sammy Kaye... Essen House, N.Y. CBS
	12:30 Freddy Martin... Ambassador Hotel, Hollywood... Blue
	12:35 Blue Barron... Hotel Edison, N.Y. MBS
	1:00 Herbie Holmes... Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco... MBS
	1:15 Erskine Hawkins... Savoy, N.Y. MBS
	1:45 Angle Bond Trio... Dempsey's, N.Y. MBS
	2:00 Noble Sissle... Trianon... MBS
WEDNESDAY	
P.M.	6:45 Dick Kuba... Hotel Astor, N.Y. MBS
	7:00 Fred Waring... NBC
	7:15 Harry James... CBS
	8:30 Tommy Dorsey... NBC
	9:30 Spotlight Band... Blue
	10:00 Kay Kyser... NBC
	10:15 Art Kessel... Hotel Bismarck... MBS
	11:15 Jerry Wald... Hotel Sherman, Chicago... Blue
	11:15 Frank Sinatra... CBS
	11:15 Richard Himber... Del Rio... MBS
	11:30 Guy Lombardo... Hotel Roosevelt, N.Y. CBS
	11:30 Lou Broeze... Chez Paree... Blue
	11:45 Charlie Spivak... Hotel Pennsylvania, N.Y. Blue
	12:00 Joe Balchman... Palmer House, Chicago... MBS
A.M.	12:30 Vaughn Monroe... Hotel Commodore, N.Y. CBS
THURSDAY	
P.M.	6:45 Dick Kuba... Hotel Astor, N.Y. MBS
	7:00 Fred Waring... NBC
	7:15 Harry James... CBS
	7:30 Glen Gray... Meadowbrook... CBS
	8:00 Frank Sinatra... Blackhawk, Chicago... MBS
	9:00 Bing Crosby... Music Hall... NBC
	9:30 Spotlight Band... Blue
	10:15 Art Kessel... Hotel Bismarck... MBS
	10:45 Shop Fields... Hotel Roosevelt, Washington, D.C. MBS
	11:15 Russ Morgan... Edgewater Beach Hotel... Blue
	11:15 Frank Sinatra... CBS
	11:15 Eddy Howard... Chase Hotel, St. Louis... MBS
	11:30 Richard Himber... Del Rio... MBS
	11:30 Jerry Wald... Hotel Sherman, Chicago... Blue
	11:30 Carmen Cavallaro... Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, N.Y. CBS
	12:00 Mitchell Ayres... Roseland, N.Y. Blue
	12:00 Chico Marx... Blackhawk, Chicago... MBS
A.M.	12:05 Del Courtney... from San Francisco... CBS
	12:30 Sonny Dunham... Hotel New Yorker, N.Y. CBS
	12:35 Blue Barron... Hotel Edison, N.Y. MBS
	1:00 Noble Sissle... Trianon... MBS
	1:15 Arthur Ravenel... William Penn, Pittsburgh... MBS
	2:00 Horace Heidt... Casa Masana... MBS
FRIDAY	
P.M.	6:45 Dick Kuba... Hotel Astor, N.Y. MBS
	7:00 Fred Waring... NBC
	7:30 Glen Gray... Meadowbrook... CBS
	8:15 Chico Marx... Blackhawk, Chicago... MBS
	9:30 Spotlight Band... Blue
	10:00 Xavier Cugat... CBS
	10:15 Art Kessel... Hotel Bismarck... MBS
	11:15 Frank Sinatra... CBS
	11:15 Baron Elliott... Bill Oreano's Casino, Chat Paroo, Chicago... Blue
	11:30 Sonny Dunham... Hotel New Yorker... MBS
	12:00 Joe Balchman... Palmer House, Chicago... MBS
	12:00 Tommy Dorsey... Hollywood... Blue
A.M.	12:30 Mitchell Ayres... Roseland, N.Y. Blue
	12:30 Vaughn Monroe... Hotel Commodore, N.Y. CBS
	12:35 Abe Lyman... Hotel Lincoln, N.Y. MBS
	1:00 Blue Barron... Hotel Edison, N.Y. MBS
	1:30 Horace Heidt... Casa Masana... MBS
SATURDAY	
P.M.	1:00 Vicent Lopez... Hotel Toff, N.Y. Blue
	2:00 Henry Jago... Pelham Booth Inn, N.Y. MBS
	2:30 George Duffy... Hotel Cleveland... MBS
	3:30 Henry Jago... New Pelham Heath Inn... MBS
	4:00 Matinee at Meadowbrook... Glen Gray... CBS
	5:00 Glen Gray... "Navy Bulletin Board" MBS
	9:00 Your Hit Parade... CBS
	9:30 Spotlight Band... Blue
	10:45 Shop Fields... Hotel Roosevelt, Washington, D.C. MBS
	11:00 George Duffy... Hotel Cleveland... MBS
	11:15 Eddy Howard... Chase Hotel, St. Louis... MBS
	11:15 Jerry Wald... Hotel Sherman, Chicago... Blue
	11:15 MacHite... La Conge, New York... CBS
	11:30 Abe Lyman... Hotel Lincoln, N.Y. CBS
	11:30 Ray McArthur... Hotel Biltmore, N.Y. Blue
	11:30 Johnny Manning... Hotel McAlpin, N.Y. MBS
	11:45 Dick Kuba... Hotel Astor, N.Y. MBS
	12:00 Freddy Martin... Ambassador Hotel, Hollywood... Blue
	12:00 Art Kessel... Hotel Bismarck... MBS
A.M.	12:05 Shop Fields... Hotel Roosevelt, Washington, D.C. CBS
	12:30 Charlie Spivak... Hotel Pennsylvania, N.Y. Blue
	12:30 Sonny Dunham... Hotel New Yorker, N.Y. CBS
	12:35 Glen Gray... Meadowbrook... MBS
	1:15 Herbie Holmes... Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco... MBS
	2:00 Horace Heidt... Casa Masana... MBS

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Notes BETWEEN THE Notes ... BY H.E.P.

Raymond Scott recently caught heck from various sharp parties who claimed that he was ruining the men working for him by making them play too much of his brand of music.

The immediate answer to this of course is: Baloney—if a man is a good musician, no matter what he plays, it may bore him, but it certainly can't harm his musicianship.



This isn't true. Give a good hot man music of a particular technical intricacy that keeps him on his toes reading all the time, and it may inhibit his ability to relax and play good solos. On the other hand, give him scores that are too easy and his playing may get sloppy and lack bite.

Scott has always been famous not only for the intricacy of his music, but for a peculiar nervous, staccato-like quality that made it extremely difficult to play correctly. As a result, he used to ride herd on the band's sections to get them to play properly—with the result that the outfit often sounded stale from over-rehearsal.

Now, however, he's given this kick up completely. He realizes that he can't expect men to swing under these conditions, and is falling over backward to give Emmett Berry, Cozy Cole, George Johnson, Al Lerner, Billy Taylor, and Stanley Webb a chance to play the way they feel.

Scott has said time and again that if they don't like the way something "lies," to change it to what suits them, merely tipping him so he can adapt the rest of the score. Mel Powell told me after he left the band that he had never worked for a leader before that tried as hard to make things easy for his sidemen as does Scott.

Also in all the broadcasts I've caught, Scott has usually used one old lib jump tune, one up "killer," one ballad, and sometimes one of his own originals. It usually averages out to about 20 per cent of the total time—and even if you don't like Scott's stuff at all, that's a much lower percentage of junk than the average big swing band plays on its broadcasts.

A lot of Scott's scores don't appeal to me, though often he comes out with a good one like When Cootie Left the Duke. But at least he is trying for something original, which is a lot more than can be said for many bands.

Also, look at it this way. Scott is a business man, selling a product. This product is a mixed band, very often playing straight hot jazz. It has been proven over and over again that straight hot jazz simply isn't commercial. It has also been proven that many of Scott's ideas are very commercial. If by using his name and rep, he can keep as good a band as this one working for CBS, I'll listen to a lot more than 20 per cent of his tunes, whether I like them or not.

Another example of Scott's sagacity is his new programming on CBS. He'll have Jazz Laboratory at 6:15 PM (Wed.) for the present, shifting the time after he gets it worked out the way he wants it. This will be a program devoted not only to strict hot, but also any innovations deemed worthy of air-time with guest stars and commentators. Then to satisfy the loyal following of Jitterbugs, there will be a CBS Academy of Jazz, which will be more or less conventional big-band swing stylings, with Scott's

Beat Helped Lucille Win Hollywood and Broadway



Down Beat is proud of the small part it played in the discovery of Pharahy Jo Ann Boileau, for that's the real name of Lucille Norman. It was a striking photograph of Lucille in the Beat column a year ago that attracted attention of movie scouts to the flaxen-haired 19-year-old beauty, then singing over station WLW in Cincinnati. A Hollywood contract fol-

lowed and she appeared in MGM's Me and My Gal with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly and George Murphy. Then Broadway beckoned and she was featured in Show Time at the Broadhurst theater, with George Jessel and others. Lucille was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, educated in Kansas City, Chicago and Denver. She is 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds.

Girl Vocalist Plays Heroine In Hotel Fire

Pittsburgh—June Robbins of Arthur Ravel's band at the Williams Penn. is credited with saving the loss of several lives and a more serious fire by her quick action when she discovered smoke coming from under the handstand the other night. She notified the head waiter and the room was emptied without any confusion. The fire did a lot of damage to the hotel's Chatterbox so Ravel's band will finish out their stay in the Terrace Room of the hotel.

Baron Elliott is one of the town's busiest bands. In addition to their WCAE staff job, the band is starting a new commercial show and are playing for dancing at Bill Green's Casino.

The service boys had plenty of music for the opening of their new canteen. The bands of Maurice Spitalny and Max Adkins were there in addition to the cast of George White's Scandals. Jimmy Spitalny's young band also has played for the boys.

Howdie Baum's band has been held over at the Washington Merry-Go-Round and Jimmy Spitalny remains at the New Colonial.

—Ray Washbough

Department of light moments: From Newsweek's December 28 issue: "This means that sales figures are running substantially over the million mark. Decca's previous champion was Tommy Dorsey's Maria Elena."

and a lot of typical Les Brown ensemble. Fine stuff if you like Brown—and who doesn't.

My Best to You

Published by Forster, Arr. by Fabian Andre

A melodic new waltz by his-writer Iaham Jones. After the intro and brace choruses Andre makes with a nice bit of voicing in the special choruses wherein he gives the lead to tenors with clarinet and alto below, accompanied by brass figures. Lead trumpet also comes in for his share of the chorus. The last is full brass with unison saxes playing against the lead.

Paradise Valley

Published by Atlas, Arr. by Charlie Hetherington

Pretty stuff by the brothers, Nick and Charles. Clarinet features the intro for 4 bars on top of an ensemble organ and the first of the repeat choruses goes to the brass with some excellent sax figures in the background. Unison saxes lead off in the special with muted brass in support and clarinet tops the reeds at the bridge. The last chorus comes in with a beat.

ALSO RECOMMENDED

Fuiste A Bohia, Pub. by Robbins, Arr. by George Cole.

If I Ever Got Back to Home, Pub. by Mutual, Arr. by Paul Weirick.

Take It From There, Pub. by Miller, Arr. by Paul Weirick.

Daddy's Lester, Pub. by Irving Berlin, Arr. by Jack Mason.

Hayfoot - Strawfoot, Pub. by Tempo Music, Arr. by Billy Moore.

Don't Get Around Much Anymore, Pub. by Robbins, Arr. by Toots Camarata.

ORCHESTRATION REVIEWS By TOM HERRICK

The Elk's Parade

Published by Robbins, Arr. by Will Hudson

An original riff tune from the book of the new Bobby Sherwood band. Played at a fast clip the arrangement opens with a Tom-Tom solo. Third alto, which stays on clarinet during the entire arrangement, gets on top of the other three saxes after the intro and continues on the lead through the short repeat at A. There's 16 bars of first alto jam at B followed by a written out tenor ad libbed at D. F is ensemble and G is for reeds. The ensuing 16 bar choruses pit brass against saxes and build up to a solid ensemble finish. Flashy and practical stuff.

Constantly

Published by Paramount, Arr. by Jack Mason

The slow ballad from the Crosby-Hope pix, Road to Morocco. After 8 bars of intro which build up nicely into the first chorus, comes ensemble with saxes in the repeat. Trombone gets the first 16 of the special with clarinets in the background, muted trumpet taking a solo at the bridge. The last chorus is on-the-beat ensemble.

present combination planted in the middle of an enlarged studio unit.

Thus he keeps both esoterics and hysterics happy—a fairly tough job in this business.

Listen in to Harry Kogen and his orchestra every Saturday morning playing the "Down Beat stock arrangement of the week." Blue Network, 10 o'clock, Central War Time. Sat., Jan. 16th—Piano Concerto, arr. by Bill Finegan; Sat. Jan. 23rd—2 O'Clock Jump, arr. by Will Hudson; Sat., Jan. 30th—Rockabye Basin, arr. by Charlie Hetherington.

Please Think of Me

Published by Witmark, Arr. by Leroy Holmes

Arranger Holmes comes up with a nice intro and opening special chorus on Please Think. He voices trombone lead with two of the saxes and gives a high unison figure to clarinets and cup-muted trumpets. Clarys and trumpets take over the bridge with a closely voiced effect and the last 8 duplicates the first. The sax figures in back of the brass on the second repeat chorus are nice as is the final cut chorus.

Pale Hands

Published by Decca & Hawkes, Arr. by Paul Weirick

A brand new stock on Kashmiri. Clarinet takes the solo in the intro and then join the rest of the reed section on clarinets in a uni-

son melody in the opening chorus backed up by muted brass. Brass share the lead into the second chorus which opens with saxes and develops, in part, into ensemble. Trumpets gets a chorus a little later on and most of the rest is flowing ensemble. Nice sweet arrangement and a good accompanying fiddle part if you need it.

Bizet Has His Day

Published by Mutual, Arr. by Ben Hauer

Les Brown's record arrangement which is based on Bizet's L'Arlesienne Suite. Piano and string bass establish the familiar theme in the intro with a clap hands accompaniment. Unison trombones continue in the first chorus at A which develops into a fugue with tenors at B with the rest of the band joining in later on. Follows ad lib solos for tenor, trombone and piano



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RAVINGS at REVELLE

By "SARJ"

It seems just possible that the boys out at Gardner Field, California, where uncle Sid Beller is one of the better privates, would be better off without a mascot than to go through all the red tape they do with theirs. They started off with Smokey, with whom they had slight difficulty in barrack's breaking.

Then Snook took to wandering off in the wilds of central California and not returning for mess call. Now, although we are in a mental funk as to the unhappy or happy demise of Smokey, I, Smokey, mascot number 2, has lost himself (or herself, as the gender may be) and has the boys sitting up in their bunks all night worrying.

The guys in the band at Ft. Devens have a nice attitude, according to Pvt. J. Pilato, formerly with Mickey Alpert's band. The outfit is composed of half concert and half pop men, so they sit around and have the usual beefs about which type of music is better and why the other stinks, but they always end up with the theory that, no matter what, music, like democracy, is worth fighting for . . . and they're fighting to keep their right to both.

Speaking of bands that go all out for the service, take a look at the scattered personnel of Tippi's Jump Club orchestra as sent in by Symone 'Tippi' Dyer from the Cavalry school, Motor Transport Section, Fort Riley, Kansas: U. S. Naval Air Base, Olathe, Kas., Jarvis G. Woodley, trumpet, Bobby Little, Jesse Holliman, trumpet, Reginald Morgan, alto sax; Quartermasters Corps, Camp Myers, Va., Boyd Moore, scat singer and dancer; Harry Ross, bass, somewhere in Australia; Newman King, piano, also in Australia; Humphrey McCarter, guitar, somewhere in India; Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md., Tippi, himself; somewhere in the Solomon group, Jack Wadell, trombone; George Crowder, trombone, Camp McClelland, Ala.; Webster Lyman, alto, Chester Lyman, tenor, and Conklin Brown, tenor, to parts unknown; Fred Smith, Elmira, N. Y.; and James Carter, piano, Frenchy Townes, baritone, and Wallace Hawkins, trumpet, also to parts unknown. The Bruwn Sisters, vocalists, however, have not joined WAACs, WAVEs, SPARs, SPARKs, or WOWs.

A new band pops up at Camp Butler, North Carolina, and the boys are sadly in need of arrangements. We are just as sadly in need of them here in Sarj's Down Beat office, but as soon as we get them they go off to you bands in the service who ask for them. If you've written us, we'll do everything we can to send you orchestrations. To get back to Butler, though, Corp. Bonnie Cash is one of the leaders of the group brought together by Lieut. E. E. McIntyre. Our wishes, fellows, for a darn fine band after all the scraping for instruments and orchestrations is over. You're on our list.

Pfc. Bob Carroll made a hurry up trip to Hollywood from Gardner Field to fill in for Johnny McAfee when Harry James' band was delayed en route to Hollywood and was not on the spot for the band's regular Chesterfield show. James tried to get the entire Gardner Band (which has a setup pretty much like Harry's) to play the show, but the band wasn't informed in time to make arrange-

ments for the trip. Carroll formerly sang with Charlie Barnett.

Skipper Trovathan, the only commander in Houston to Peck Kelley's piano throne, has joined the army at Ellington Field, Texas, along with Kai Reid, former Rice Institute bandleader and trumpeter, Ed Sullivan, sax and flute, Ray Fliegel, KPRC and Houston symphony violinist, Frank Washburn, Houston symphony violinist, Darrell Tuck, drums, Francis Cruz, local saxist, and John Gottwald Houston symphony bass. They are all privates now in the 319th AAF band under Sgt. Hank Hoffman's dance baton and Master Sgt. McLaughlin's concert guidance.

And if you think that they don't kick it around down Texas way and you're not convinced by what Ellington Field has to say, hop on Sarj's light supply truck and truck on down to Fort Sam Houston and dig the 95th Division band and the 379th. They really come on despite the siesta encouraging weather (and don't let anyone kid you about that either). For the lad who emigrated from down there, Joe Bushkin was at Gardner Field, but, as Sarj racts his grey cells, he seems to recall that Joey made a switch a short time ago. Might contact Private Sid Beller in care of the Gardner Field band, California, and get the dope from him.

Getting back to that 18th Engineers orchestra up in the Yukon that we were digging on snowshoes at the end of Sarj's last issue. Some of the standouts in the band are Cpl. Elliott, who sax formerly with Johnny Scott Davis, is killing the cats in the Yukon; Sgt. Casey, formerly with the ex Bob Crosby band on trumpet; and the master of ceremonies and drummer who has been in the army for fourteen years, Cpl. Jordan.

The Merchant Marines finally have an official song all of their own. *Heave Ho, My Lads, Heave Ho*. The tune was written by Lt. Jack Lawrence of that branch, who was formerly a songwriter in civilian life. The song was introduced at Sheepshead Bay Training Station of the Maritimes.

Kurt Paul Nero is now leader of the dance orchestra for the United States Navy stationed at Washington, D. C. Kurt played violin with the house band at Radio Station WCAU in Philadelphia, and with the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra, and has made an album of solos for Decca.

After trying the Navy and Maritimes after being 4-Fed by the Army, Irving Dautsch made the

Star Trio in the Army



Fort Monmouth, N. J.—These three, now in the army signal corps band here, drew their pay-checks from Goodman, Berigan and Scot Davis respectively, in civil life. Tenorman is Sgt. Bus Bascsey, while Pfc. Frank Parker (seated) is dug by Sgt. Fred Waldner on the clarinet.

Maritime Service last month. He was formerly with the Quintones and Leeds Music. . . Bob Stephenson, Tommy Tucker trumpet man, went in last month.

Sgt. Arthur Barnett, who had his own outfit in the East several years ago, has been commissioned a 1st Lieutenant, and will be stationed with the Fort Dix Special Services Office. Barnett is a former drummer.

Frank Malone resigned some time ago from the directorship of Southern Methodist's famous Mustang band to become director of the Love Field Ferry Command band.

Bob Weiss, former Horace Heidt group man, is now handling radio production as a private at Randolph Field, Texas, announcing the band program every Thursday at 9:30 (EWT) over the Texas Network.

And that's it, chum, play reveille.

Victor Holds Boston

New York—The Boston Symphony has signed again with RCA-Victor records, continuing its long years with that company, as will the Boston Pops Orchestra. This ended rumors that Columbia records might successfully entice the orchestra after it joined the AFM last month.

Ain't No Symp

New York—Sir Thomas Beecham is not taking over the Detroit Symphony orchestra as several papers had it. And for the excellent reason that the Detroit Symphony was disbanded last summer and has never been reorganized.

With Hot Band



Somewhere in Hawaii, there's an aggregation of musicians that plays hotter than the tropical sun on coral beaches and sweeter than evening breezes through the hibiscus. It's the Armored Force band under the direction of Lucky Lunkenheimer, a former trumpeter for Russ Morgan. Although each member of the band is primarily a soldier, somewhere between driving tanks, handling guns, walking guard and doing K.P., the boys find time to rehearse and when they play their concerts or dances there isn't a still foot within hearing distance.

Considered "the best band on the rock" by one of the world's most critical audiences, this organization contains Ray De Silva (above), who used to swing his fiddle with Jimmy Grosso's orchestra before he entered the army; Tommy Loberg, hot trumpet; and Steve Valha, who used to swing and sway with Sammy Kaye on his tenor sax.

Marine Band Kills the Cats In Savannah

Savannah, Ga.—One of the units of the U. S. Marine band gave Savannah soldiers a real kick recently when they came over from Parris Island (S.C.) to play for a USO dance. Under the direction of the be-medaled S/Sgt. Andy Oleask, former WJAS (Pittsburgh) staffer, Local 60'er, and Baron Elliott altoist, the outfit includes:

Pvt. Eric Sequist, ex-Herby Kay-Ozzie Nelson-Will Osborne tenor; Cpl. Al Francesconi, ex-Ted Grande-Art Webster tenor; Cpl. Lawrence Hartfield, ex-Cliff Keyes-Glenn Brown saxist; Pvt. Flash (Al) Vesina, tpt, who had his own outfit in Far River, Mass.; Cpl. Lee (Dub) Masters, ditto from Local 784, Pontiac, Mich.; Sgt. Don Rhue, trombone who banged around thither & yon concentrating mostly on Ciney; Cpl. Joe Fink, pianist-arranger, former music teacher in an Erie, Pa., high school; Sgt. Bill Miller, former theater drummer; Pvt. Louis Zebello, converted longhair from the Hartford Symphony and Boston's former Coconut Grove, on bass. The leader of the unit, Oleask, also played symphonic at one time.

A marine musician is first of all a marine: These boys have to go thru a rigid boot-training just like any other marine, and for that period of time nobody knows or cares whether they are musicians or plumbers or bankers. They all have their share of medals for excellence in pistol, riflery, hand grenade, and bayonet. The band is a far cry now from the outfit that was first organized—when a fellow who had so much as played in a high school band was in. Now they are all pro, and have made a definite and excellent reputation in these parts.

Sgt. Pete Leonard, who is at present in England, writes that he's boogie-pancing with a jam outfit organized almost as soon as they arrived overseas. Quoting from his letter: "Are you dopey or what? Haven't you ever heard of Ambrose and his Orchestra?? He's the biggest and best recording band of Europe. Better than Harry Roy. He has a 45-piece outfit that is really solid. When I was with Mills Music we handled a lot of his stuff. He was in the States in 1937 and I spent a lot of time with him. His biggest recording in the last few years was *Night Ride*. Lennie Silverstein, 18-year-old drummer, is also somewhere in England."

—Charlot Slotin

Pueblo Air Base Rocks with Jazz

Army Air Base, Pueblo, Colo.—Jack, this joint rocks! But definitely. The base features two solid bands. The white band is under the baton of Staff Sgt. Charlie Quaranta, an altoist who is a jazz man from way back. The sepia outfit is led by Corp. "Hep Cat" McSwain, who blows a mean trumpet. Ray Kranze, former Monros, Pastor, Donahue trumpeteer, is the newest addition to the ofay group. Ray knocks the cats out with solo throughout Quaranta's version of *Boy Meets Horn*.

Right now both bands are having a little trouble getting orchestrations, and a little co-operation from the publishers would be very much appreciated. Sgt. Charlie has eleven pieces, four reeds, four brass, and three rhythm. McSwain has nine pieces, four rhythm, three reeds and two brass. Most of these cats are from S. Carolina.

Currently, both bands are being given plenty of work, three or four dances per week . . . and the Quaranta outfit is rehearsing their bit in a musical revue, that the base will present in the Pueblo Civic Auditorium during the early part of February. This opus is entitled, *Pass the Ammunition*. Music is being written by Pvt. Milt Shaffer, former 802 pianist.

—Pvt. Charles Abbott

College Men Form Seahawk Dance Band



Iowa City, Iowa—Twelve different midwest colleges have contributed men to the Iowa Pre-Flight Seahawk band at the naval pre-flight school here. It was formed during their boot training at Great Lakes by Chief Bandmaster J. J. Courtney, who auditioned several hundred midwest college bandmen. The library has been built around tunes featured by Miller, Shaw, Thornhill and Tommy Dorsey. Personnel includes: saxes: Robert Lowry, Morningside;

Robert Greenwell, U of Illinois; Wilbur Peterson, Augustana; Vladimir Lukashuk, U of Michigan; Leonard Brooks, U of Iowa; trumpets: Don Teisloff, Lloyd Foster, Eldon Parisek, U of Iowa; trombones: Keith Bowers, Iowa State Teachers; Richard Brightwell, Kearny State Teachers; pianos: Gordon Terwilliger, Northwestern; Doran Damita, Iowa U; drums, Arnold Bode, Iowa State Teachers; string bass, Don Graham, Iowa U; vocalist, Kick Koupal, Neb. U.

They Fall Fast

Charlie Barnett's first trumpet man Irving Berger was drafted sometime ago. The Mab called on Lyman Vent to fill his shoes. Vank rushed east from the Crosby band, but a draft board letter beat him to New York! Without playing a date, he was replaced by Paul Cohen from the Herman Herd.

Strings and Swing Don't Mix, Says Cat Who Tried

by MIKE LEVIN

"I claim that strings don't belong in any band that pretends to swing—and I ought to know—I used them for ten years." That's Clyde Lucas talking, gentlemen, now tramping with his band at the Frolics Club in Miami, Florida. "Strings are fine for show work. When I played the Paramount theater with strings a few years ago, we knocked the older crowd dead. They were so used to hearing the BG boys scream that they couldn't believe there were any bands left that played the way we did—the only trouble was that it didn't swing."

"And I've learned that no band these days can be a success unless it plays both brands well—so I got rid of the strings. "Another thing: unless you've got the bankroll of a Dorsey or a James, you can't afford to have men that just play fiddle—they've gotta double. The average musician who doubles reads and fiddle either plays bad violin or society tenor—and neither work out very well when it comes to swinging. "I decided to make a complete change when just after Pearl Harbor, my new lead fiddle, who played swell alto, left for the army—the war finished the change I'd already decided to make."

Band's Beat Important

"After all the most important thing in a band is its beat—and there's no questioning the fact that a string section slops up the beat. Not necessarily because its beat is bad—I know plenty of fiddlers who have just as good a sense of jump time as the best takeoff men."

"It's simply that a fiddle section phrases differently and plays a different beat than the other sections no matter how good it is—it's like having two bands in one—both hauling and shoving to see who'll set the beat. You've either got to play sweet and have the strings, or else junk them and go after good swing."

"The reason I junked mine was that I knew that I couldn't play swing with them—whereas without them, I was sure I could still play good sweet music, and have a fighting chance at decent swing as well."

Has New Vocalist

"In the few months that we've really been working at it, I think we've come a long way. My band isn't perfect I know—but it's better than a lot I've heard. My new vocalist, Patty Ross, is the best I've ever had—everywhere we've played the crowds have really been crazy about her. My brother Lynn, who does some of the vocal work, does

as well as he always did—the only trouble is that he's a tenor and the fashion this year is baritones. You can't very well expect him to slice his larynx just to be fashionable, can you?"

No, I guess you can't. But as a matter of fact, Lynn does something with the band that strikes me as being much more useful and commercial than his vocals. When I caught Clyde's outfit, they were working at the Roseland Ballroom (NYC), which has a crowd that wants only rumbas all evening long. Lucas did a far better job at satisfying them on this score than many of the outfits that have played there before. During all this Latin merriment, I caught a couple of choruses of Lynn playing flute, much in the manner that Cugat's sideman does: good, dirty tone plus some ideas. It's unusual and if built up, could add a lot of Lucas' Latin Lads.

The band generally is much better than I expected it would be. Acting on a tip from Boss Burra, I went in and heard them and was agreeably surprised to find good section work, considering draft replacements, and a couple of good up tunes, done by Cleveland brassman Al Rusa. The rhythm was uncertain, since drummer Leo Braun had just joined.

Interesting tale about bassist Andy Lambert, mustered out of the navy for a disability suffered at Pearl Harbor when his leg was hit and the nerves desanded in such a manner that he has a wound that won't heal permanently. Doesn't seem to have hurt his playing any. Best solo kicks are from tenor man Loren Heiberg, who often includes some pretty Haymerish ideas in his passages.

Commercially vocalist Patty Ross is the nuts. A cute blonde youngster, she sells like a million bucks in the O'Connell manner, causing much favorable comment from the dancers around me, especially the femmes.

This is very important for a singer just starting out. If you don't like an act and your gal or wife does, you still go. But if she doesn't and you do—guess what

It's Lynn, Patty and Clyde



Here's the featured trio of that new Clyde Lucas band which Mix discusses in adjoining column. Left to right: Lynn Lucas, with the flute which Mix admires; Patty Ross, whom he admires even more, and Clyde himself, who says that fiddlers ain't nowhere in a swing band. Roy Lewis Pic.

New Broadcast From Hartford By Coast Guard

Hartford, Conn.—WTIC recently began transmitting to a red NBC network of twenty-eight stations, a weekly concert by the coast guard band, out of the New London base. The show is produced by George W. Bowe in cooperation with coast guard bandmen and officials. The band's personnel includes many big-name musicians.

Raymond Scott's band, at the State theater for a one-nighter, featured particularly, the trumpeting of Emmett Berry and the drumming of Cozy Cole. . . . The trio at the Morgan, between arguments, likes to swing out with the classics. The combo includes: Percy Nelson, sax-leader; Oris DeLoach, piano; and Raymond Hardison, drums.

Earl Russell is the new drummer for Sully's group at Walsh's. —Hal Lowry

Two Davenport Musicians, Both Trumpets, Join

Davenport, Iowa—Uncle Sam has claimed two more local musicians; both fine trumpet men. Al Broedel, of the Ken Pirrman band, left January 4 for the army and his place is being taken by Walt Anthony, who is folding his own band. The navy is calling George Freeland, trumpeter with the Hal Wiesse jivesters. Al Nielsen, of the Jack Willett crew, will fill Freeland's chair and Frosty Meyers replaces Nielsen in the Willett organization.

Johnny Jehring and Kenny Clark home on holiday furloughs and Clark will be transferred to an army band in the near future. June Haver, former Wayne Rohlf thrush, now making a tour of army camps and canteens under the sponsorship of 20th Century Fox Pictures, recently appeared on the same program with Harpo Marx and Dinah Shore. June is being groomed for feature roles in musicals and is rapidly coming to the front.

The Rock Island Arsenal Employee's band of 70 pieces is now broadcasting a weekly program via WOC and is being very well received.

Maurie Bruckmann is looking for a good 1st trumpet man to replace the ailing Ray Winegar. . . . Andy Anderson, well known local sax man, has packed his horns and

Coca-Cola Show Off But Army Makes Records

(Jumped from Page 1)

band, when it is organized at Atlantic City.

On the same afternoon that Coca-Cola received the word from Washington which caused them to cancel plans, Lieut. Harmon Nelson of army special services in New York arranged a transcription date, with the army paying regular scale, for all members of the Eddie Condon unit, the Teddy Wilson band, Jimmy Dorsey, Helen O'Connell, Milton "Mezz" Mesirov and others.

Numerous sides were cut for shortwave broadcast to troops abroad, and later shipment of records themselves to all fronts. The sides included the Bud Freeman trio, Bobby Hackett trio, Mel Powell with the Wilson band, O'Connell singing several tunes, and a huge jam session with the entire group.

These will be used on the regular Yank show *Your and My Broadway*, with Deems Taylor dubbed in as commentator. The theme of the show is *Lullaby of Broadway*, which no one remembered, so they sent Mesirov in a taxi to dig it out of the Remick warehouse. Three different jam versions were cut of the number.

is heading for Texas and a defense job. . . . Hal Wiesse will play the huge Defense Dance, at Danceland, January 3. . . . Jimmy O'Dette and his four piece stroller band is gaining popularity. This outfit is comprised of Otta Voita, sax and clarinet; Norm Hoffman, guitar; Leon Hoffman, string bass, and Jimmy O'Dette, accordion, violin and trumpet. . . . The Four Legionnaires are in their seventh month at the Davenport American Legion Clubrooms, located in Snug Harbor. . . . It is rumored that the Al Bauman ork is folding for the duration. —Joe Pitt

Betty as Tex Guinan

New York—Betty Hutton, mad jitter-bug sister to singer Marion, is scheduled to play the role of Texas Guinan when the life of the famous night club owner is filmed.

If your favorite newdealer does not handle the BEAT ask him to get it for you, or write direct to DOWN BEAT, Chicago.

Trudy Erwin Is Troops Favorite



Los Angeles—Other singing gals may quibble about the honor, but Trudy Erwin, who is featured with Kay Kyser and his orchestra, probably has sung for more troops in more different camps from coast to coast than any chirper. Most of Kyser's itinerary for the last few months has involved a tour of various camps and training centers.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT

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DOWN BEAT

A COLUMN FOR RECORD COLLECTORS.....

THE HOT BOX

By GEORGE HOEFER, Jr.

Paul Barbarin belongs to the coterie of New Orleans musicians that can now be classed as the pioneers of jazz playing. Since 1918 Paul has been using a drum beat on the top of the cymbal originated by him and now has become standard drum technique. Such drummers as Cozy Cole and Gene Krupa listened to Barbarin during the sojourn of the Luis Russell orchestra at the Saratoga Club in New York City. (See picture of this great band in adjoining column.)

Paul was born in New Orleans in 1902 and played his first professional job with the famous Tom Anderson band pictured along with the January first Hot Box. It is interesting to note that Barbarin came to Chicago in 1918 long before King Oliver or Jimmy Noone. At that early date he worked as a laborer in the Union Stock Yards and played drums with a small band after working hours. Other members of the band were Clarence Johnson (pianist) and Edith Wilson (vocalist).

The latter became well known later when becoming associated with the late Johnny Dunn. They played in a joint at Cottage Grove and 39th Street and constituted one of the earliest of jazz bands. Barbarin went back to the Crescent City only to return to Chicago shortly thereafter to work for King Oliver with Al Nicholas and Luis Russell. Barney Bigard also came up to join them at the old Plantation. It was at this time that Paul first appeared on records with King Oliver and his Dixie Syncopators playing *Snag It*. He was with the King on the Savoy-New York short lived triumph and was one of the first to leave to again return to New Orleans where with Red Allen he joined Walter "Fats" Pichon and band at the Pelican Cafe.

This was in 1927 and within a year both Red and Paul went back to New York City to work with Luis Russell at the Nest Club and later the Saratoga. Barbarin's career since then has been closely allied with Luis Russell and the band fronted by Louis Armstrong. About a year ago Paul left the Armstrong unit and was replaced by Big Sid Catlett. After a short stay in N.O. he joined Red Allen's band at their recent stand in Chicago.

DRIVEL JAM—Victoria Spivey blues singer contemporary of the late Empress Bessie Smith is still singing the blues in the show at the Club De Lisa in Chicago.

Frank Snyder, drummer with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, led one of the three bands playing New Year's Eve at Chi's Paradise Ballroom.

John Ringling North, circus owner, plays a tenor sax and while in Chicago recently went down to the *Garwick* to dig Don Stowell with Red Allen. Admitted Don's work on alto, but thought he himself had a few licks up his sax that would cause the professional.

Harry Lim is starting off '43 with a new series of all star jazz sessions on Saturday afternoons from 4 to 7 P.M. to be held at

Omigawd Dept.

Department-of-abyssal-pres- agency: From the New York Post: During a bus ride between the cities he was touring, Benny Goodman heard a rumor that the Nazis had landed 700 parachutists behind the Russian lines in Stalingrad. Goodman, who somehow missed reading the papers that morning, walked to the front of the bus, where sat a musician who is a roofer smoker. "Did you," Goodman anxiously inquired, "read anything about 700 Nazi parachutists landing behind Stalingrad?" . . . The roofer smoker rolled his eyes, clicked his tongue and replied: "Solid, Jackson."

Holding Bobby



New York—This lassie, Bobby Duane, is to be found singing currently at the Onyx club here. She's been there practically since the spot opened, only singer held over every time the show changes.

BANDS DUG BY THE Beat

LES BROWN

(Reviewed at the Chicago Theater)

We have seen a lot of bands go in and out of the Chicago theater and seldom have we seen one that was able to fill the place or to completely capture the audience. Bow now to Les Brown who, with a new name and a young band, did both and did them so well that you were on the edge of your seat with amazement throughout the stage show.

The band is employing some of the cleanest, best thought out arrangements in the field today. Not necessarily showy, they are attractive to musician and John Doe alike. Excellent little trumpet, alto, clarinet, rhythm passages build a lilt for the full band to later attack savagely with the audience in a receptive and appreciative mood. Full treatment of well selected tunes will put this band on your customer's hit parade.

Roberta Lee has a fine full voice and handles the light tunes like *Five by Five* and *Touch of Texas* aptly and well. Her reception, as her delivery, was good. Butch Stone injected his usual touch of comedy into the show and, although we are definitely not admirers of that sort of personality, the audience usually is. Give me the Willie Smith version of such tunes as he did . . . *Knock Me a Kiss*, etc. Hal Durwin's ballads are nice and the Town Criers are excellent.

The band has spark and charm. Their chords are full and their rhythm light but steady. As for arrangements, there will never be a *White Christmas* like Les'.

LIONEL HAMPTON

(Reviewed at the Regal theater, Chicago)

Lionel has something here that he's never had before. For the first time since the band's incep-

TIPS FOR TUBMEN

By GEORGE WETTLING

A Happy New Year to all and may the New Year bring you all much happiness. To start the new year off with a real bang here's that good old question of whether to play two or four beats to the bar? This question comes from Frank Hornington of Rye, N. Y.

The use of four or two beats is arrived by the way one feels, what the tempo of the tune is and what style the band plays. Then of course there's the night, after driving a 150 or 200 miles in the blizzard of the season, you arrive on the job late, the piano is out of tune, the bandstand is too small, the guy on either side of you asks you if you could possibly give him a little more room, the leader comes on like Mr. Keene and then hardly any one shows at the dance. The boss of the joint has an expression on his face that makes you think it's the band's fault. I wonder how many beats you would play on the bass drum in a case like this?

Miriam Ross, of Kansas City, writes me she got a set of drums from Santa Claus, and that she wants to take lessons and become a drummer, she also has hopes of having her own band some day. But Miriam's mother seems to think a gal drummer has about as much future as a cake of ice. Well, Miriam, mother doesn't always know best, so keep the drums, get a good teacher, and beat it on out.

Barney Kassel of Muskogee, Okla., writes me he is twenty-seven, and that he got married, just when he should have been

tion it sounds strangely like the men in the band all have a good idea of what the other fellow is doing and what they are supposed to do. For years I felt that Lionel was wasting his time with his own band, now I can see his way clear towards showing me that I didn't know what I was talking about.

This band is composed of a fine bunch of musicians, many just kids in the business, who are playing music because they want to. There is a lot of spontaneity in the band and a lot of spirit. BUT . . . the greatest addition isn't there. The newest revelation is that the band can and does play together. Their unit work is clean and clear except when the trumpets try playing in octaves over their heads.

Arnett Cobb will be the solo standout in the band. He is to our way of thinking, the sincerest saxman in the field with few if any exceptions. He has technique, ideas and tone. He has always been my boy. He still is.

Hamp is getting over to the sextet ideas that he learned with Goodman and is making good use of few men on such tunes as *Sunny Side of the Street*. If he doesn't lose the full-band feeling that he now seems to have gained, Lionel has hit it now. I hope that he has.

thinking of his career as a drummer, and that after he was married he was always so broke that he could never scrape enough money together to join the union, and wants to know if I think it's too late for him to join now, and try to get work with some orchestra?

Well, Barney, like most musicians, I too am broke most of the time, the reason at present being that Santa really got into me this year, and there's also big doings at Tropical Park right now.

As Willie the Lion says "Your future is ahead of you," so join the union and try to get a job. Your action in getting married is a very common one, the only advice I can offer on this is to stand your ground and make an effort to get with a band you think can play, especially if they happen to be good fellows.

Perplexed Mix Satisfies Urge

Demon reporter, slightly soiled, one-half off:

Seems that RCA Victor sent our Mike Levin a one-sided recording of part of Wagner's *Liebestod* by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony as a Christmas present. Levin noted that the record was unbreakable, very light, and easily bent. He knew that Victor had had for some years a substance like this called Victrolac, which it used at \$3.50 a shot to make up special pressings for collectors—but figured that this couldn't be it, since the record was quite scratchy, and Victrolac famed for its lack of same.

So he got on long distance phone to Victor in Camden, and after much headscratching, the boys allowed as how it was Victrolac (scarcer than shellac), and was noisy because the records had been pressed in such a hurry.

The phone call cost \$5.50. Levin is still trying to talk the auditor into charging it off to experience. That worthy is currently figuring out where to charge Levin off.

Jazz Unit Hits Without Piano

Hartford, Conn.—One of the first bands to feel the shortage of pianists is the small combo at Johnny Mack's. The piano-less group, however, manages to give out with some fine jazz, with a personnel that includes: Red Serantino, trumpet; Sal Ierna, tenor; Johnny Spinetti, guitar; and Tony Corcio, drums.

On Sunday afternoons, also at Johnny Mack's, this same group forms the nucleus for weekly bashes. Recent sit-ins were Bill Cully, trombone; Merrill Krane and Teddy Page, tenors; Bob Tamkin, alto; Jack Collins, piano; Bob Toole, guitar; George Soroko and Earl Russell, drums.

Tootie Failla's band from Judy's broke up because Tootie couldn't get a replacement for Ray Casarino, pianist, who left for the army . . . Jack Sullivan, former arranger-pianist for Art Kassel, is doing a solo at the Colony . . . Bob Halprin has added a soloist to his orchestra.

—Hal Lowey

Small Band Aired

New York—Third small band to get regular network airtime is The Townsman, foursome which works at the Hotel Sheraton's Sattire Room (NYC) over the Mutual net. Other groups working similarly are the Milt Herth Trio and the Three Suns.

Kelly's Stable on New York's 52nd Street.

Audio-Scriptions, Inc., 1619 Broadway, New York City, has in its library the recording of the late Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton's famous interview on "We, The People," October 31, 1939.

Under King Oliver on page 22 of Hot Discography is listed a record by the Moonlight Revelers on Grey Gull 1775. The tune is *Alabama Shuffle* and the record is listed as a possible Oliver item. Frank Adams of Muskegon, Mich., writes in asking for the personnel on the record as he has a copy. This is the first copy of this record to turn up as far as the Hot Box knows. Adams believes the band to be the Red Onion Jazz Babies as he spots Armstrong, Bechet and Charlie Irvia. This record should bear investigation.

Jimmie Lunceford at one time coached football around Memphis. There are six early sides by Jimmie made under the name Chickasaw Syncopators for the Columbia label that are not listed anywhere. Among them a recording of *Tiger Rag*.

COLLECTOR'S CATALOGUE—

Elizabeth Whitaker, Box 184, Greenville, Mich. Plays bass as well as collects records. Emphasis on Tea, Bix, Berigan, Ellington and Bessie Smith.

Clarence O. Godwin, 1701 Euclid St., N.W., Washington, D. C. Miscellaneous with a nod to Louis Armstrong.

Paul Kelley, 3948 N. E. 7th St., Portland, Ore. Specializes in Tommy Dorsey recordings.

R. H. Cowie, 521 Linden Ave., Victoria, B. C., Canada. General interests. Desires old copies of Jazz Information.

Chet Snow, 13918 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Interests are Bix, Berigan and Armstrong.

MINOR CORRECTIONS TO DELAUNAY'S HOT DISCOGRAPHY:

Page 81. Correct serial number of Ellington's piano solos on Okeh is 8636 not 8436.

Page 173 Date (1922) on Mound City Blue Blowers *Hello Lola—One Hour* incorrect. Should be Nov. 14, 1929.

Page 187. Red Nichols Stompers *Sugar* and *Make My Cot* is on Victor 21056 instead of 21560.

Draft Blows Hard

New York—Paul Cohen, trumpet, has left Woody Herman to join Charlie Barnet. He replaces Lyman (he got his draft notice) Vunk, who replaced Irving (ditto) Berger.

Luis Russell Orchestra in New York, 1932



Just before Louis Armstrong took over the band, and shortly after J. C. Higginbotham had left the brass section, this is the band of Luis Russell in New York in 1932. Left to right: Bill Coleman (trpt), James Archey (trb), Bill Johnson (git), Luis Russell (piano), Paul Barbarin (hides), Al Nicholas (alto and clar), Henry "Moon" Jones (alto), John Lindsay (bass) and Greeley "Change-Reed" Watson (tenor).

by THE SQUARE
STRICTLY
AD LIB

Ray Levitt Hocus-focus Lad to Music Biz, Enlists

New York—Ray Levitt, music business photographer, has given up the world of late hours and cheese-cake shots for a berth in the navy. Ray, who has been staff photographer for *Down Beat* and has done work for many other newspapers and national mags as well, left

two weeks ago for Great Lakes, Chicago, where he started his four week basic training period prior to being stationed as Specialist Photographer, 2nd Class, at the Navy Photo-Science Laboratory in Anacostia, D. C.

Ray got his start in the music biz by singing tenor in the glee club at Commercial high school in Brooklyn. Admittedly not much of a start, the experience at least showed Ray that he wasn't cut out to set the world on fire with chest tones, so he did the next best thing and went into the trucking business.

Came the depression. The only trucking that went on for the next few years was up in Harlem's Savoy ballroom.

Decides on Camera

At 23, Ray found himself the possessor of an empty office and a few memories of pianos moved. He was sitting in his office one afternoon, staring at the naked electric light bulbs when he got an idea. Why not buy a camera, attach it to the bulbs, which weren't doing anything anyway,

and start taking pictures?

Ray has taken pictures of all kinds of musicians, singers, people who want to be singers, press agents, movie stars, people who want to be movie stars, radio comedians and people who want to be radio comedians, and singers and movie stars who never should have left home in the first place.

Ray figures that he has taken over 10,000 pictures of personalities in the music game including all the top-notchers like Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Harry James. So successful has he been that at one time, he had as many shots in the music trade papers each issue as all the other photographers put together.

Always Willing Worker

The *Down Beat* staff can understand why. Not only has Ray done the best work available but he is one of the few guys around who never griped about his job. Often a phone call at three in the morning would take Ray out of his comfortable bed and way over to the other part of town for a picture. Ray would arrive, and the girl supposed to be photographed had just left. "Could Ray come back tomorrow night at the same time?" Things finally reached a point where he had to combine his business and social life.

Ray Knocks Himself a Print



New York—This is Ray Levitt, lens-lad who has catered to band leaders and celebrities of the music world, at work in his studio here he joined the navy. Read about Ray in the article in adjoining columns.

He hired a room at the Hotel Abbey in New York, which is a combination dark-room, studio, press agent's club-house and sleeping bag. Probably all of music's notables and most of their satellites have their careers affected in one way or another by the large permanent picture file which Ray keeps in this room. Quiet, efficient and something of a wit, Ray definitely will be missed. Our only regret is that he never got around to doing that cheese-cake shot of Broadway Rose.

Roberta Lee, singer with Les Brown, received a belated Christmas present during their engagement at the Chicago theater—a wire-haired puppy, which now occupies her full attention off-stage . . . Hal McIntyre's band played their first show with borrowed horns and faked all four shows sans a library the first day at the Hippodrome in Baltimore. Transportation tangle, of course.

That *Look* article on Peggy Lee, BC's vocalist, shows her occupied with a fancy bit of embroidering. But they had to run out to the corner to purchase materials for the business before they could shoot the pic . . . Songsmith William (I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep) Horn received a medical discharge from the army—but not on account of insomnia.

Eliase Cooper, Ben Bernie's new honey-blonde singer on CBS, is expecting a critique from England shortly on her broadcasts. One of her four brothers (and she has two sisters) hears the shortwave edition to the army in England. That's Johnny, 18. Ronnie, 21, already has wired his okay from the air force technical school in Biloxi, Miss.

Harry James knocked himself out inducing Maria Kramer to release him from his Lincoln hotel engagement so he could rush the band to Hollywood for MGM's Best Foot Forward. You guessed it—shooting didn't start for a month after they arrived. But their salaries did! . . . Morris Secon, brother of Paul Secon of *Variety's* music department nixed an offer from James to tout French horns, took a chair with the symphony in New Orleans instead.

Cozy Cole's sister, Irene, is singing at the Onyx in New York . . . Believe it or not, the only music at the recent painting exhibition of Local 802 of the musicians' union in New York was supplied by Muzak, a piped-in transcribed music service . . . Speaking of James again (as who isn't these days?) did you catch the deadly parallel between the intro to his *Sleepy Lagoon* and the opening to Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloé* No. 2?

Ginny Simms rumored set for the lead in the Abbott and Costello picture . . . Helsinki Jan Sibellus celebrated his 77th birthday in New York last month. The aged Finnish composer is reportedly working on his 8th and 9th symphonies . . . One of the companies making band shorts is ruining their films and the bands' tempers by recording and shooting at the same time.

Seabee takes its name from the phonetic C.B., initials of Construction Battalion, newest branch of our fighting navy. They also are the initials of Charles Brinckly, leader of the Seabee swing band at Camp Endicott . . . All of Bing Crosby's profits from his recording of *Silent Night* go to Helen Keller's Foundation for the Blind.

Corporal Gil Rodin writes from a coast artillery station in the San Francisco bay area to state that he and Ray Bauduc are very happy, now that they have adjusted themselves to military life. Their band played for the Christmas ball and, sure enough, Ray did a fan dance with a couple of other fellows.

Pvt. Johnny Wood, who used to play at the Arcadia in New York, and whose tune *Opecheso River Lullaby* has been cut by Cab Calloway, is fronting the dance orchestra at Camp Rucker, Alabama . . . Jack Leonard, who used to sing with TD, has been promoted to staff sergeant at Fort Dix, where he is on reception center duty . . . The OWI has shipped abroad to service men a recording of a violin duet starring Jascha Heifetz and—hold your hats—Jack Benny! FLASH: Oron Welles will act as master of ceremonies at the Duke Ellington concert at Carnegie Hall in New York on January 23rd!

Blue Gardens Burns, All Escape Injury

New York—Blue Gardens, a roadhouse in suburban Armonk, N. Y., burned to the ground on December 26. All of the patrons and employees escaped without injury, when an exploding oil-burner set the club ablaze. Until six months ago, the spot operated on a nameband policy featuring bands like Carl Hoff, Red Norvo, Raymond Scott and the McFarland Twins.

Sammy's Poems

New York—Sammy Kaye's Republic Music firm surprised the trade with an unusual Christmas present to acquaintances of Kaye's. It was a bound collection of the poems that Kaye reads on his NBC *Sunday Serenade*!

WHERE IS ?

- BETTY BONNET, Vocalist, formerly with Leo Brown
- IRVING COTTLER, Drummer, formerly with Claude Thornhill
- LARRY COTTON, Vocalist, formerly with Horace Heidt
- PAULA KELLY, Vocalist, formerly with Glenn Miller
- JOHNNY WHITE, Xylophonist
- DON HARVER, former orb. leader
- BUDDY STUART, Vocalist, formerly with Claude Thornhill
- JULES ALBERTI, former orb. leader
- ANDRE TALOFF, former orb. leader
- EDYTHE WRIGHT, Vocalist, formerly with Tommy Dorsey
- "BLAKE" STEIN, former orb. leader
- MAX SAEZAR, Trumpet, formerly with Carl Hoff
- TERRY ALLEN, Vocalist, formerly with Hal McIntyre
- HENRY WELLS, Trombone, formerly with Andy Kirk
- BILL MADDOGALL, Sax, formerly with Sonny Dunham
- MARTY BLITZ, Sax, formerly with Claude Thornhill
- ART PERRY, Vocalist, formerly with Gray Gordon
- LEE HARRIS, former orb. leader
- TONY STRINO, Alto Sax, formerly with Leo Harris
- DON WARD, former orb. leader
- CHARLES CASTALDO, Trombone
- BUDDY SAFFER, Sax, formerly with Horace Heidt
- GUY MOREYNOLDS, Sax, formerly with Sonny Dunham
- GEORGE WILLIAMS, Arranger, formerly with Glenn Miller
- RUSSELL DURFEE, Tenor Sax, formerly with Ben Wilde
- GEORGE ARMSTRONG, Drummer, formerly with Bill Bradley
- BOB HOUSTON, Vocalist, formerly with Johnny Long
- BILL NICHOLS, Alto Sax, formerly with Tommy Reynolds

WE FOUND

- CHARLES BECHLING, former orb. leader, now at 817-14th Street, Santa Monica, California.
- S/SGT. ED. ZANDY, former fan Ray Weston Trumpeter, now with the 77th Div. Artillery Band, Ft. Jackson, S. C.
- SCOTT HAREOW, Vocalist, now with Shep Field
- EDDIE SHEA, Drummer, now at Garden Field, California



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"DOWN BEAT is awfully popular around here. Everybody stands in line to read it."—Pvt. Harold Davis, Hamilton Field, Calif.

"Our Post Exchange up here just received 50 copies of DB, and they're going like hot cakes in the mess hall in the morning. More power to the BEAT . . . especially to the record reviews."—Bob Andrews, Seattle, Wash.

"Thank goodness DOWN BEAT has not been rationed yet."—Pvt. Geo. S. Everly, Fort Benning, Ga.

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DOWN BEAT
ALL STAR ORCHESTRA

(Editor's Note: The following is a profile of the men who make up Down Beat's Sixth Annual All Star band as listed in the January 1 issue of Down Beat. This is the band that the majority of you have picked as the ideal swing band had you your choice of the entire nation's sidemen. We doubt that you'll ever hear them play together, but these short biographies will at least acquaint you with their collective lives. The only bandleader in the group is Harry James, who has the honor of leading the mythical band because of his winning the favorite soloist's chair in the contest, the only chair open to bandleaders.)

HARRY JAMES . . . trumpet leader . . . 26-years-old, Harry was born that many years ago under the big top in Albany, Ga., his mother a trapeze artist and his father a circus bandleader. His musical career started in his father's band where he played drums first, later switched to trumpet. His crowning glory in the circus routine was when he finally led his own circus band through the streets.

When the family settled down in Beaumont, Texas, Harry, then fifteen, started jobbing in small local bands until he finally moved into name position with Ben Pollack in 1937. Benny Goodman, also a Pollack alumna, heard Harry featured on a record of *Deep Elm* with the Pollack band and hired him for his topnotch band of the day. Harry's popularity was immediate and in 1939, Benny advised him to start his own band. He did and did well from the start but really crowded the ace bands following his record of *You Made Me Love You*. Now he is probably the biggest name in the business. He likes Duke Ellington's band as his favorite and admires the soloing of Louis Armstrong and Benny Goodman. He is a rabid baseball fan.

JOHNNY HODGES . . . alto . . . The Rabbit once again has dusted off the first sax chair of the nation's number one All Star band. Johnny was born in Boston and is married and the father of a daughter five months old. He joined Duke Ellington some fourteen years ago at New York's Cotton Club when the band was enlarged in 1927 to go into that job. He is still with the band and going strong. Benny Carter, Willie Smith and Toots Mondello are his favorite alto men. *Warm Valley* is the record he likes best that he has made with Duke. He has also made many sides under his own name and under those of other Ellington soloists. Rabbit is a character and a nice guy.

TOOTS MONDELLO . . . alto. Born in 1911, Boston, Mass. Went to Parochial school there. Worked with Mal Hallett 15 years ago. Later joined Joe Haynes and finally the original Benny Goodman band. Played with Goodman on and off several times, in between doing a great deal of radio work. Was on the CBS Saturday Night Swing Club. Likes Johnny Hodges, spaghetti, plays good outfield and wrote an original sax tune called *Beyond the Moon* which

Benny recorded three years ago. Is married.

TEX BENEKE . . . tenor . . . Born Gordon Beneke in Fort Worth, Texas on February 12, 1914, Tex took the nickname of the state of his birth and probably wouldn't know to whom you were talking if you called him Gordon. He started playing sax in the high school band and, after graduation, started working in one of the local bands on Saturday nights. He worked with Ben Young's large orchestra in 1935 as his first good job. After three years with Young, Glenn Miller imported him for his sax section where he stayed until the band broke up with Miller's accepting a captaincy in the army. Besides his tenor he sings and whistles in a nicely solid groove.

BEN WEBSTER . . . tenor . . . another Duke Ellington sax star, Ben was born in Kansas City. He took up legit fiddle at a tender age but dropped it in favor of tenor. He has been with Duke for almost three years now, having previously played with Carter, Stuff Smith, Jap Allen, Gene Coy, Fletcher Henderson and Cab Calloway. His favorite record date is *Dream Lullaby* with Carter. With the Duke it was *Conga Brava*. Top saxman in Ben's league are Johnny, Benny and Willie (Hodges, Carter, and Smith), with Coleman Hawkins and Illinois Jacquet coming in for tenor honors. Ben was married last March. Another character . . . and a terrific saxman.

PEE WEE RUSSELL . . . clarinet . . . Born Charles Ellsworth Russell, Jr., March 27, 1906, in St. Louis, Mo., Pee Wee was in no position to dig the righteous from the riverboats because the family, inconsiderately, moved to Oklahoma while he was still too young to understand such things. He started taking up music at an early age, moving swiftly and easily from violin, piano and drums to clarinet, upon which instrument he finally settled. He attended the University of Missouri and, upon his return to his home state, learned much about riverboat jazz. Pee Wee did his first real work around Chicago, although he has played throughout the country with every type, size, and shape band imaginable, and is considered a 'Chicago style' musician. Most of his work has been with small groups such as his most recent with Bill Davidson. He was with the Eddie Condon Coca-Cola overseas group, plans for which have been cancelled.

ROY ELDRIDGE . . . trumpet . . . Eldridge, who got his musical start playing trumpet in a carnival, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1911. In 1928, he got his first taste of fame when he worked as a side-man with Horace Henderson's band. After working with many bands including the Chocolate Dandies and Fletcher Henderson, he formed a small combo of his own with Zutty Singleton on drums and opened in Chicago. He formed his own band again some time later in New York besides doing record dates with most of the top musicians in the country. Roy joined Gene Krupa two and a half years ago and is one of the band's big features.

Roy is happily married and his wife tours with him. He expects, some day, to once again have a band of his own. He is also an accomplished drummer, pianist and vibes man.

ZIGGY ELMAN . . . trumpet. Born in Philadelphia, 1914. Real name is Harry Finkelman. Moved to Atlantic City when he was two years old. Got the name "Ziggy" in his early teens because his sidemen claimed he was a little Zigfeld, always digging the opposite sax from the word go. Has perfect pitch. Can play every instrument

Bunch of the Utah Boys



Ogden, Utah—Jerry Jones and his orchestra spent the summer at Lagoon Park near Ogden, and opened the fall season at Rainbow Rendezvous in Salt Lake City. The personnel: Jerry Jones, Carl Sandberg, Mill Rawlins, Don Young and Howard Holding, saxophones; Junior Rampton, Miles Epperson and George Engar, trumpets; Jack Rampton and Rollo Wilson, trombs; Shelly Hyde, piano; Bill Reese, drums; Paul Miller, bass and guitar, and Jack Adams, vocalist.

in the band and did conduct the TD band when Tommy was off the stand. Was married for 3 1/2 years to Blanche Hammerer, who divorced him because she claimed he played trumpet in his sleep, without the trumpet. First worked in a night club when he was 13. Played as a house musician at Atlantic City Steel Pier, from where he went with Goodman, leaving Goodman last year, when Benny got sick, to join Tommy Dorsey. Some of his best work is to be found on Mildred Bailey's Vocalion records—before he joined Goodman—Someday Sweetheart and More Than You Know. His initial fame came due to his adaptation of *And the Angels Sing* which Benny recorded. Now in the army.

BOBBY HACKETT . . . trumpet. Born in Providence, R. I. Is 28 years old. Went to Commercial High School along with his wife, Edna, whom he has known since he was ten years old. Has a four-year old daughter, Barbara Lee. Played fiddle until he was 12. Unknown to most jazz bands, he still plays a terrific Venuti style fiddle. Then went on to ukelele. Graduated from that on to guitar and finally cornet. When he was 18 years old, started a small band at Boston's famous Theatrical Club. In 1938 he went to Nick's, where he was for 16 months and where he increased his combo to a large band which he took on tour through New England but folded it after eight months. In 1940, he joined the Horace Heidt band. Then quit and jobbed around New York and joined Glenn Miller in 1941, where he stayed for a year. He is currently an NBC house musician. Likes to read current newspaper stuff. Bowls a fast 97 and thinks Louie is tops.

JAY C. HIGGINBOTHAM . . . trombone . . . Nicknamed Jay, J. C. and Higgy, has been top among train sidemen for the last four years—now where the Down Beat poll is concerned. Higgy was born in Atlanta, Ga., in 1906. He picked up his brother's trombone at the age of 11 and learned to play it himself by "neaking it out of the house and playing it. He attended Morris Brown University in Atlanta and while he was there used to sneak out to play jobs with Neal Montgomery's Atlanta band. He later worked with such bands as Luis Russell, Fletcher Henderson, Lucky Millinder, Louis Armstrong and now with Red Allen's small combo despite tempting offers every other day. He refuses to leave Red's band unless Red leaves with him. They are two inseparable fine fellows. Duke is his favorite band, and Dicky Wells, Tommy Dorsey and Sandy Williams are his favorite trombones. Jay has been married for 11 years. Has made more records than you can count.

LOU MCGARITY . . . trombone . . . Lou was born in Atlanta, Ga., also, but in 1917. He played strictly long hair violin for 10 years from early youth, but switched to trombone when the high school band needed a siphorn man. He played with Kirk Devore in Atlanta and came to New York with Nye Mayhew in 1937. He played with Ben Bernie for two and a half years before going with Goodman in 1940. He left Benny this year in favor of a steady spot with Raymond Scott's CBS crew in New York. He is married and the father of a two year old son,

Bob. Lou is a great admirer of Jack Teagarden.

JESS STACY . . . piano . . . Christened Jess Alexandria Stacy, the fair-haired boy of the piano was born in Cape Girardeau, Mo., August 4, 1904. After digging the real jazz going constantly pass his house on the Mississippi river boats, Jess got his first job on one of the boats himself, playing with Tony Catalano's band. In '35, after having played with many bands, he was signed by Benny Goodman. Jess stayed with the clarinetist until '39 when he quit to join Bob Crosby. He has recorded jam sides (besides discs with Goodman and Crosby) with Bud Freeman and Eddie Condon and has done solo work on Commodore records. He has recently rejoined BG.

BUDDY RICH . . . drums . . . Buddy's mother and father were both vaudeville actors and hopped around the country so much that Buddy didn't start going to school until he was fourteen. He finally got in a little of the three R's in his home town of Brooklyn. His first name is Bernard although nobody ever calls him anything but Buddy. A Superman comic strip fan, a non-drinking, non-smoking musical rarity who can't read a note. He likes swimming, horseback riding, and his very expensive custom built car. Before joining T. Dorsey, whom he left to join the marines in a non-music capacity, Buddy worked with Joe Marsala, Artie Shaw and Bunny Berigan.

EDDIE CONDON . . . guitar . . . Eddie Condon, who was 37 last November 16, was born in Goodland, Indiana, and educated in Chicago Heights, Ill. He got his first job at fifteen with Hallie Peavey's Jazz Bandita, a mid-west outfit. One of the first white musicians to make hot jazz records, he put out a classic, *Nobody's Sweetheart* and *China Boy* on Okeh when he was 19 and the oldest guy on the date. His first job was in the pit of the Commercial theater in Chicago, then with Red McKenzie. Following a panic in New York, Red and Eddie formed the Mound City Blue Blowers which went on to earn jazz fame. Since then, Eddie has worked in most of the top spots in the country both with his own band and with others, has organized great record dates and jam sessions and for the past two years has put on jazz concerts at N.Y.'s Town Hall. His favorite guitarists are Bobby Hackett, Segovia, Eddie Lang and Dick McDonough in that order. Famous for never playing solo melody on the guitar because he feels it's purely a rhythm instrument, he broke the rule just once while playing a show date with Artie Shaw's first band.

BOBBY HAGGART . . . bass . . . Bob is twenty-eight and was born in Douglaston, Long Island, N. Y. He worked with Bert Brown and Bob Spurling's band before joining Bob Crosby's Dixielanders where he remained until the band's break-up recently. A composer (he wrote *What's New*) and arranger, Bob's present plans call for him to arrange for the new Eddie Miller outfit as well as other orchestras. He's married, likes to play golf, listen to Delius, Ravel, Debussy and Scriabin.

FRANK SINATRA . . . male vocalist . . . Born December 12, 1917, in Jersey City, N. J., Frank went to high school there and then on to Sinton Hall College. His first am-

Holiday Saves Spots in Cincy

Cincinnati—The hot spot operators, who were about ready to throw up the sponge because of the lack of biz, now have renewed hopes after the best New Year's Eve since back when. They got a good shot of Vit. B-3 in the arm and in most cases it was enough to hold them over for some weeks. Every spot was a sell out several days before and in some cases many regular customers were turned down trying to make a last minute reservation at their favorite spot.

Vocalist Joe Binder back on the job at Mariemont Inn after an operation. . . Phil Brito doing a swell job at WLW. . . ditto Joe Lugar's band. . . Eddie Eberger off to the army. . . his job at the Gayety theater filled by Wilbur Shook of the Sammy Leeds band. . . WLW slowly but surely moving into their new studios in downtown Cincy. . . Attention New York and Chicago bookers—Sylvia Rhodes of radio station WCKY (Cincinnati) ready for the big time. . . Dancer Bill Robinson recently injured while playing here replaced by Joe Frisco who flew in from N.Y. . . Robinson will be laid up for sometime, his 64 years being against him.

—Bud Ebel

Sammy Kaye To Play Old Gold

New York—Sammy Kaye starts an Old Gold show via CBS at 8:20 p.m. on Wednesday, with a switch of guest stars weekly. Inability to make the quick switch means that Sammy must drop his Coca-Cola air shot at 9:30 on the Blue Network.

It was to be a reporter and he worked for a while on one of the Jersey City papers. At the same time, he formed a great admiration for the singing of Russ Columbo, tried to sing like him and, at the urging of some friends, entered (and won) an amateur singing contest. Cinching the contest, apparently cinched things for Frank because he went on to radio work on WAAT in N. J. and, later, WNEW and WOR in New York. Four years ago, Harry James heard him, signed him up and Frank stayed with the band for a year and a half before going with Tommy Dorsey. He had been with Dorsey for over two years when he left the band last year to do picture and radio work. He has recorded for Victor and has a new contract with Columbia records. Married, his wife and two and a half year old baby daughter are both named Nancy. Frank spends his spare moments reading and at all sports.

HELEN FORREST . . . vocalist . . . Helen was born in Atlantic City, N. J., April 12, 1918. She attended Atlantic City high school and Tilden High in Brooklyn (Okay, Tildenites?) and did some singing in school. She got her first job with Artie Shaw and stayed with him for the '38 and '39 seasons, following which she transferred clarinetists to the Goodman band. She left BG after two years and has now been with Harry James for over a year. Ella Fitzgerald is her favorite singer and she likes Jimmie Lunceford's band next to Harry's. She considers *But Not for Me* her best record. She likes swimming, dancing, colors blue and grey, and reads novels avidly. She blames her success on sheer luck, a definite insult to her ability.

SY OLIVER . . . arranger. Born in Michigan, 1910. Played four years with Zack White, the same band as Herman Chittison, well-known pianist played with. Moved to Ohio, where he was a teacher and arranger for a few years. He started in 1935 with Lunceford. Arranged—*Stomp It Off*. Later joined trumpet section and did vocals. In 1939, went with Tommy Dorsey as arranger. Among first few successful swing arrangements was *Easy Does It* in 1940. Likes ribs, plays a good game of baseball. Thinks Duke's band is terrific. He is the guy that does the vocals with Jo Stafford on TD's recording of *Yes, Indeed*.

Beat and Readers Come of Age

Results of Annual Poll, Compared With First One, Show Higher Discernment

by MIKE LEVIN

1937		1942	
Swing Band Winners	Sweet Band Winners	Swing Band Winners	Sweet Band Winners
Benny Goodman 3548	Hal Kemp 1877	Duke Ellington 3453	Tommy Dorsey 3708
Tommy Dorsey 1280	Casa Loma 1354	Benny Goodman 3302	Glenn Miller 3435
Bob Crosby 981	Guy Lombardo 588	Harry James 3088	Charlie Spivak 3298
Casa Loma 561	Tommy Dorsey 556	Woody Herman 1674	Harry James 1660
Duke Ellington 428	Freddy Martin 548	Count Basie 1649	Duke Ellington 1659
Jimmy Lunceford 310	Wayne King 309	Tommy Dorsey 1638	Claude Thornhill 948
Jimmy Dorsey 368	Herman Hoidt 235	Glenn Miller 1353	Jimmy Dorsey 897
Count Basie 207	A. Kostelanetz 202	Casa Krupa 1023	Hal McIntyre 744
Chick Webb 186	Will Osborne 196	Glenn Miller 895	Benny Goodman 636
Red Norvo 170	George Olsen 170	Jimmy Dorsey 834	Casa Loma 504

Down Beat Poll Must Be Nuts!

Recently, in an interview with the *New Yorker* magazine, Archduke Otto, one-time Austrian resident and now living in New York for obvious reasons, gave out that he was a jazz fan.

"The real jazz, you understand," said the Hapsburg hepcat. "It is an art in itself. Personally, I would vote for Sammy Kaye any time, even against Guy Lombardo."

even place in the swing division—this from the band that carried the ball through the years of Lombardo goo—and would have finished about 26th in the combined totals!

None of the "corn" bands, nor any band played either exclusively swing or sweet, held onto their places.

Ellington's superlativeness was enough to put him at the head of the list, despite any beefs about his danceability. Anybody who thinks he can't play ballads should twist his *My Greatest Mistake* (Victor).

Charlie Spivak is the first of the new bands, cracking the combined totals for fifth, really astonishing for a band that has only been hitting slightly over a year.

Tommy's Ups and Downs

A perfect example of how a band went to the top on one style, slipped, and came back to stay with both sweet and swing is seen in Tommy Dorsey's varied showings. In '37, he didn't finish in the swing, was fourth in sweet. In '38, he still didn't show for jump, but up to third in sweet. In '39, he hit the jackpot for sweet, but still was nowhere in swing. In '40, Miller walloped him in sweet, and Sy Oliver joined the band, adding his famed brand of Lunceford-style arranging, giving the band an eighth place in swing—thus its overall showing was just as good as in '39, even though his sweet was no longer viewed as tops by dancers the country over. Comes '41, and Dorsey is second in both sections, giving him the top all-around rating. This year, Ellington's series of terrific records plus Harry James' bombastic rise was just too much, and he had to retire to a tie for second place—which isn't bad hunting for a band that's been around for over seven years!

All-Around Balance

This shows that Dorsey is a shrewd showman. He has combined ace vocalists, plenty of powerhouse, smart tune-picking, a touch of hot jazz now and then, plus fine dance tempos to give him an all-around balance that only James, Herman, and Spivak can touch.

The acid test is this: In '39, musician after musician walked out on the band, disgusted with the unending succession of sweet tunes all played in the same style. Now, while there may have been plenty of untasteful moments in TD's wax and airtime, nevertheless, a musician could hang around all evening and find plenty to listen for at all times.

This to me, sloppy as the statistics may be, shows that given time, the public taste is the same as the all-around musicians' taste. Ellington may have been king years ago, but the kids, the dancers, and the record buyers eventually got there and that's what counts.

Lombardo Is Legend

Which forces you to think that any leader who builds his band on corn, unless it's a comedy unit, sooner or later is going to have trouble. Sure, I know that Lombardo still makes a lot of dough—but there are a lot of older people around who like to preserve the legend that he plays well. Lombardo is a legend—he will always draw well. There will always be a group that thinks he plays sweet-

er, quieter, and better dance music than anyone else. But that doesn't mean that young bands are going to be able to get away much longer with copying him and make a go of it. Unless a bad band is already established, I don't think it stands a chance these days. And even the ones that are established will have a tough time keeping going.

The public wants good music. It wants it played increasingly with better taste and more ideas. Above all, carbon copies of what was good five years ago won't pay off. Sure a lot of bands are getting away with murder—but that doesn't mean they always will. The public is getting hep—and don't let anybody tell you the kids don't know—because they do. You can thank hundreds of disc jockies for this.

Getting Better Fast

Oh sure, they may still think that Elman screaming is better than a tasteful horn solo by Williams, Hackett, or Kazebier. But the percentage is getting less and less. Look at the men who won the individual contests. With the exception of Condon, Russell, Stacy, Bencke, and Rich, there aren't too many arguments. Elman, Hackett, and Eldridge can play good jazz whenever they want. The same goes for McGarity and Higginbotham. Webster, Mondello, and Hodges don't need any introductions from me.

For the exceptions: some of the guys in a top name band were yipping about them to me the other day. There's nothing I can say. You either like Condon, Stacy, Russell, and the tradition they represent or you skip the results. One group says they're musically reactionary, another that they represent the only men left playing true hot jazz. At any rate, there's enough honest difference of opinion to make their presence on the all-star band just that, rather than any lack of public taste as these 802 boys were screaming.

Forrest and Sinatra

Bencke, despite his buildup, plays sax well quite often, as does Buddy Rich drums, when he forgets the theatra. With all the bad musicians around who are highly publicized, these two are certainly not too hard to swallow.

I take no arguments whatsoever on Forrest, and by actual count Sinatra has turned out some excellent records.

In every one of the side-man polls, you will find that while you may disagree with the particular winner, the list includes in good order most of the men you prefer. And compared to the way winners finished in earlier years, it indicates so much wider knowledge and discrimination that it's nothing short of amazing.

Public Knows Its Stuff

And the public doesn't vote blindly for that it hears most either. Goodman has had lots of airtime, theaters, and records—and got slapped down practically all the way, save for the small combination award. He was even licked for favorite soloist, a position he has held every year for the past five years. This doesn't mean the kids think Benny has forgotten how to play, or that sidemen think that he has suddenly turned corny. It strikes me more as being a gesture of resentment against the King doing wrong, against the King's having a bad band. The King took it lightly in the neck this year because he was on the wrong path. Watch what happens to him next year if he doesn't heed the warning!

There's another angle of interest to the poll. Teddy Powell expressed his inability to understand why he hadn't finished higher when I told him of the poll results. He has a legitimate beef—and his problem is the same as Les Brown's. Brown finished 21st cumulatively, while Powell came in 25th.

May Lack Right Style

Both have good bands. Brown is a playing leader, while Powell is a known songwriter. Both have had lots of airtime in the past year

and records. Neither has been lucky enough to have recorded a big hit or swing number, but still they finished lower than lots of bands in the same boat.

Powell has a strong vocal department: Peggy Mann and Tommy Taylor don't have to take a back seat to anybody. Indeed Mann is one of the best in her field. Brown isn't as strong in this respect, but at least he has good singers and his new vocal group, The Towncriers, shape up well.

But nothing of real note has happened to either band. They are good outfits, well-arranged, with good soloists, and fine blend.

As far as I can see, there is only one answer—neither outfit has a distinctive style. I know personally that when listening to late-hour dance remotes, these are two of the toughest outfits to spot just by listening to them.

Need Distinctive Sound

In other words, despite the fact that they play very well, neither band has any distinctive "sound" about it that immediately labels it as Powell or Brown. Without this, or a hit record of the hundred thousands proportions, it seems to me that both Brown and Powell would not only do far worse in the poll than they deserve, but also would have trouble at the box-office for the same reason. If I have a tough time remembering them, how can you expect the average ticket-buyer who listens much less to the radio, to remember to mark his "x" for Powell-Brown, or to smack down his dough for that matter.

Teddy got mad at me when we discussed this, said that he felt Bickie Main's and Irving Fazola's playing were enough to label his band, along with Peggy Mann's excellent chirping. All three are swell—but I claim they aren't enough either to identify the band or give it that extra color it needs to make it really commercial. When Goodman, McIntyre, Herman, or any of the rest hit the air, you know who they are instantly. Not so with Powell and Brown.

Poll Matches Dices

The remedy? I'll be danged if I know. You don't just go picking styles out of a hat. It takes a lot of thought, confabbing with arrangers, and what have you. The important point is that this is what's wrong with Teddy's band, rather than "the horrible luck" which he has built into almost a phobia. Certainly Powell has had bad break after bad break. But even if he hadn't, it seems to me that he would have needed something more than he has now to really cash in.

One more interesting slant: the way the *Beat's* poll correlated with the bands turning out what we thought were the year's best records. The record list of about 103 really noteworthy records found Duke Ellington on top for all divisions followed by Tommy Dorsey, then Harry James tied with Woody Herman and Benny Goodman, with Charlie Spivak, Glenn Miller, Count Basie, and Jimmy Dorsey following. The only spot completely out of line seems to be Hal McIntyre, who tied for third in the records, but tied for tenth in the poll.

Some Kid, Fun!

New York—Somebody has finally thought of a new angle for floorshows. Alan Courtney, WOV record-tweeter, opened at Louise's Monte Carlo on January 6 as the "Prosecuting Attorney." The gag is for Alan to get some hapless visiting fireman from the club audience, handcuff the unhappy wretch to a chair and then start throwing embarrassing questions at him.

If the guy says, "No, the girl with me isn't my wife," a bell rings, a light goes on and Alan goes, "Hah!" If the guy says, "Yes, the girl with me is my wife," a bell rings, a light goes on and Alan still goes, "Hah!"

Maybe you don't think the above figures are interesting, but I think they say that *Down Beat* and its readers have come of age—not just as a select group of partisans, but as a whole group. That dance music in this country has become better and better as the years roll by, and that once and for all, the old slogan "You've got to be corny to make dough" can be thrown out the window. Instead, you can paste up on the wall "You can't be corny for any length of time and get away with it—sooner or later the public catches on." Or to put it tersely: "This year's sensation, next year's stagnation—unless it's really good!"

Take a look at the 1937 swing figures. If TD and Casa Loma, had better bands than Duke, then Henry Busse swings! Benny at least had the semblance of a good band then, and he had the quartet, capable of fine jazz. Jimmy Dorsey certainly doesn't pretend to have a band that swings like Basie, while Chick Webb is of course now out of the running.

Swing Bands in There

Now dig the new poll results. Every band on the swing list, with the off-and-on exceptions of Goodman, Krupa, and Lunceford, plays good swing. Don't forget that none of the list are small bands, and therefore aren't expected to play good hot jazz. Big bands, they are expected to have good soloists, interesting arrangements, beats, and good presentation. Goodman was up there on the basis of his outfit's playing early in the year plus his own clarinetting, while Krupa's Eldridge helped Gene no end. Lunceford, who has always had a good band, has been hit hard by losing Willie Smith and other men, which accounts for his finishing no higher.

There can't be much argument about Duke's winning. He not only is this year's king—he's writing things that the boys will be trying to cut ten polls from now.

Change in Sweet Taste

But what's really interesting is the change in the sweet lists—reflecting the change that has taken place in dance likes and dislikes all over the country. In 1937, with the exception of Casa Loma and Dorsey, not one of the top ten swing bands even placed anywhere in the sweet list. A band was expected to swing, and that's all. No finesse—nothing other than sheer powerhouse (and often tasteless at that) was expected. The only swing band (other than the top two) that placed in the sweet list was Woody Herman's young crew, which even then was giving evidence of its versatility by finishing in the teens in both divisions.

Also, get the bands that the boys liked for hoofing: Lombardo, Martin, King, Heidt, Osborne, and Olsen! Now I like to amble around a floor with something lovely in my paws as well as the next man, and I claim these outfits are, were and always will be rotten dance bands. I don't question Lombardo's ability to put older folk in an *Auld Lang Syne* mood, or Martin's showmanship, King's ability at dirges, Heidt's showmanship, and all the rest. All I say is that these bands are nowhere when it comes to dancing. Their tempos are unsteady, monotonous, and often their vocal stylings make dancing impossible.

This Tells a Tale

This year's list tells a vastly different tale. Every band on the list, with the possible exception of Ellington and Casa Loma, play good dance music. Ellington is bad only in that his complex phrasings often make his basic beat difficult for a lot of people to follow. But all the rest present ballads with color, taste, and often real originality. I would defy the heppiest musician to pick a much better list than this.

There are some more interesting things to dig. No band can survive for any length of time unless they play both good sweet and swing—and that means good, not just loud *One O'Clock Jumps* and ricky tenor saxes on the ballads. You'll notice that not one of the syrup outfits on the '37 sweet list has survived—you have to go all the way to 13th place in this year's poll to find the first of them: Swing and Swayer Kaye. Kay Kyser must have noticed this too—he's been adding crack sidemen all the time. You'll note that every swing band finished in the sweet division (Herman, 11th; Basie, 21st; Krupa, 25th; Lunceford, 13th)—even such power outfits as Basie finding some of their best records in ballads rather than jumpers.

BG and TD Hold Own

Now for some more interesting angles: notice the combined lists for both years. This was made up by giving each list place band 10 points down to 1 for tenth place, and adding their totals in each division up. Thus we find that Goodman and TD are the only bands that have held their places for the past six years; that Casa Loma has taken a very bad nose-dive in popular favor—it didn't

Panassie Reverses Self, In Book, 'The Real Jazz'

Eight years ago a young Frenchman, Hugues Panassie, gave the music world its first book-length evaluation of the most prominent orchestras and instrumental giants of hot jazz. It created a considerable furor among critics and musicians alike, and the arguments it caused have not yet subsided entirely.

On the whole, that book was remarkably accurate in its judgments, revealing an acute appreciation and a wonderful analytical capacity on the part of the author. If, when he decided to write a second look on the subject, Panassie had determined to shock his legions of admirers out of their senses, he could not have done so more thoroughly than he will with *The Real Jazz*, which has just been released by Smith & Durrell.

Repudiates First Book

The Real Jazz offers an amazing turnaround in the opinions of M. Panassie and practically repudiates a large portion of his first book. He has gone over to the side of the colored jazzmen completely, nearly omitting favorable comment on even the greatest among the white musicians.

This attitude is not difficult to understand in itself, for the Negro musicians are assuredly in a class by themselves, especially those from New Orleans of whom Panassie is so fond. But this new approach has so little that is consistent with his earlier ideas, that one is both perplexed and gratified by it, perplexed by the reversal in the direction of his criticism and gratified that Panassie is willing to admit the mistakes of his youthful enthusiasms.

Tosses Chicago Jazz

The fact remains, however, that now Panassie is a follower instead of a leader, insofar as jazz criticism is concerned. Since his first book many writers have forsaken the white musicians entirely, to concentrate wholly upon the New Orleans type of jazz.

Many critics have knocked the Chicago style, Panassie's own baby, and finally he too has seen fit to toss the Austin High group overboard. If at first he thought a little too highly of their work, he certainly underestimates it now. Such a complete and conclusive denial of Chicago jazz (one has to call it something) is scarcely conceivable and hardly commendable.

Stands by Armstrong

It is interesting to note that Panassie defends Louis Armstrong in all the stages of his development, just as he did in his first book, right up to the present. This is fine, for Louis has been harassed too long by the jibes of critics who cannot understand that a man need not stay forever the same to remain a master musician. Indeed, Panassie's presentation of Armstrong is one of the strong points of the book.

There are scores of comments on individual musicians that will rile thousands of jazz lovers, such as:

Red Allen: "his reputation seems largely unjustified"

Bix Beiderbecke: "was never able to assimilate the spirit of the negro musicians"

Jack Teagarden: "influence has indeed been very regrettable"

Lawrence Brown: "sins through an excess of refinement"

Frank Teschemacher: "the influence which Bix . . . had on him, harmed his work considerably"

R.U.R.?

An interesting movie will be made sometime later this winter when a full-length musical comedy with an all-puppet cast opens on Broadway. Pushing the idea a little further, how about supplying polite robots to replace grouchy bar-office attendants and some hip juke-boxes for those corny pop orchestras? But leave the audiences alone. They're wooden enough, Equity knows.

Indiana Leader Plans Promotion Of Dance Series

Bloomington, Ind.—Stan Sterbens, bandleader and bandbooker here at Indiana University, recently announced plans to start dance promotions. The town's few niteries and motion picture houses are swamped to over capacity. With six hundred Waves and six hundred Yeomen in training at the university in addition to a scheduled three thousand soldiers set to arrive early in February, the dances should be welcomed.

Dances were scheduled to start the ninth January with Sterbens' band playing the opener. Later on various "names" will be brought in and other campus bands will fill the weekly card. Location for the dances will probably spot the large armory.

Dick Jurgens' band played to over five hundred couples for an RCA Corporation here, December 28. Dick Peirce's campus band, on tour through the midwest, arrived here early in January to start the second semester at Indiana University. —Don Sawyer

Benny Goodman gave jazz music as a whole just because he dislikes his clarinet work. True, Benny does not approach Noone as a soloist, but neither is he so bad as Art Shaw, as Panassie insists.

The most stunning blow of all, he mentions Bunny Berigan and Harry James in the same breath, the same sentence! How could anyone with Panassie's insight into hot jazz put Benny in the same category with such an exhibitionist and sentimentalist as Harry James?

Worried About Future

All in all, the book is interesting if upsetting. The chapter on "Jazz and Classical Music" is colossal, the chapter on "Blues and Swing" is a splendid technical disertation, and "Jazz—From New Orleans to the Present Day" is a very fine condensation of the history that one may obtain at greater length in *Jazzmen* or *American Jazz Music*. The last chapter, "The Future of Jazz," is an excellent treatment, showing that Panassie, too, is troubled over the shape of things to come.

Throughout, Panassie contends that we should give jazz back to the Negroes, or that it has never actually been taken from them. His basic idea is correct. If he over-emphasizes it a bit, he may be so doing just to get his point across. It might be well to give him the benefit of the doubt. —Jackson

Bopped Teacher

New York—(Occupation hazards: Mrs. Marie McDonald, high school music teacher here, was in the hospital recovering from injuries suffered while rehearsing the school's orchestra. There being no other place, they used the gymnasium. So were some boys playing basketball. So—

Pee Wee Russell: "his use of a grinding sonority . . . replaced all melodic inspiration and rendered his work tiresome"

Edmund Hall: "swings in the so-called modern manner . . . which detracts almost totally from the charm of the clarinet"

Eddie Lang: "swings in a mediocre way and lacks imagination in his solos"

Joe Jones: "has an unfortunate tendency to misuse the high-hat cymbal"

Sidney Catlett: "has made concessions to the 'modernistic' style"

Ray Bauduc: "hasn't the class of the better Negro drummers"

Joe Turner: "I cannot bring myself to rank him as high as James Rushing"

The most miserable section of the book deals with the saxophonists, although in his first book the same territory was covered very well. Panassie berates Chu Berry and Lester Young and Ben Webster, praises Eugene Cedric and Joe Thomas, and takes Bud Freeman through the cut.

How Thomas and Cedric ever got as far as they did seems amazing to this reviewer. Chu and Les and Ben, on the other hand, are three of the greatest stylists the tenor has ever known, especially the latter two. Then Panassie rates Willie Smith as high as Benny Carter and even as high as Johnny Hodges, and claims that Smith swings more than either of those two supreme alto men!

Fluff Off Benny

Panassie seriously overpraises Lionel Hampton and Jonah Jones as soloists and the Lunceford band as an orchestra. He fails to take into consideration the impetus



We have spent the last two issues of *Down Beat's Band Box* in discussing the part our clubs can play in the war effort. Now let's discuss another kind of play . . . the play that we can have within our clubs for the entertainment of ourselves and our members. After all, that is one of the main reasons that fan clubs are organized. The other, and slight should not be lost of this objective even in our play, is promoting our band.

I spoke once before of photo books that we can sponsor within the club. We can invite our members to take pictures of our band, its members, and anything relative to it, and we can give prizes taken from treasury funds for the best photos taken in. Out of town members can submit pictures of themselves or other members . . . pets, families, anything of interest to other club members. From the photo collection we can print a photo booklet for sale to members.

There are many parties that can be held as long as your club members are centralized in certain towns. Parties attended by band members on their night off or during the daylight are of special interest to

your members who are interested, always, in meeting their favorite bandmen and girls. It isn't so easy when your club members are in other cities. We'll take that subject up next issue. But now, back to business.

It warmed the cockles of Bill's old heart to receive the many, many Christmas cards from all of you kind readers. Thanks to Bill Beattie, Vincent Lopez Fan Club, Box 9 St. Joite Sta., Que., the officers of the Vaughn Monroe Fan Club, the Ralph Young Fan Club, pres. Jean Adkins, 165 Bradley Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y., Agnes DeWitt, Buddy Moreno Club president, 6466 N. Newcastle Ave., Chicago, Juanita Foote's Tommy Dorsey Club, Lloyd McDonald, Harry James prexy, 6510 2nd Ave. N.W., Seattle, Washington, my hep chicks, Dot and Dolly Pickert (with a cute card, too), and Col. Buddy Braunstein, Red Norvo Fan prexy, Rochester, N. Y. And thanks to all others for your

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Earl Schults, Fan Club publicity man, and Bob Corrado and the Bob Crosby Fan Club want nice cards, too. Incidentally, the Col. Buddy Braunstein Red Norvo Club mentioned above is looking for new members for the young club. With ambitions and friendly Col. Buddy as proxy it should be a killer. His address is 1430 Monroe St., Rochester, N. Y. The Solid Set, 64 Clarence Ave., S.W., Minneapolis, Minn., presidents Jack Myers and Bill Smith. Their club paper is a killer for sure.

Lila Rae Schaefer, 1249 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, wants members for her Ronnie Kemper Fan Club. Dick Jurgens Day Dreamers, 1406 Hart St., Akron, Ohio, secretary Mary Rogots, announces that the club newspaper, *Here's That Band* again is due out about now. Marilyn Millman, 250 E. 96 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is starting a fan club for Roger Kaye, the Egyptian glamor boy and his band.

Sadie Messina, 40 Beaver Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is president of a Leo Sisters Fan Club. The Leo's sing with Vaughn Monroe. The Marilyn Duke Fan Club, 103 Howard Street, Newark, N. J., celebrated its first anniversary last November and is on the way for its second big year. The Bix Beiderbecke Club has moved to 82 Norman Avenue, Waterloo, Ontario. The club president is Ed Moogk, who is having a terrific time knocking himself out on the first edition of the club paper.

Well, gang, that's all for this issue. If your letter is still overdue, be patient. You should see the bulge in our mail bag. It looks like the bags under Fred Allen's eyes.

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Friends Hail Local Cat in Reynolds Ork

Bridgeport, Conn.—Jim Barton and ork at the Cafe Howard are doing a fine job and featuring lovely Ruby Reed . . . Abe Moss at Walters is drawing fine comments and is now featuring Pete Henry . . . at the Fairway, the Frank Zorr band sounds fine.

At Milford's Seven Gables, Roland Young and his crew are now in the twentieth week. Several changes in personnel recently, Harvey Nevins in on alto and clarinet, vocals of Cordy Russell a new feature and other newcomers are Ziggy Rubin (horn) and Tom Nesnek on tenor. Tenor man Bill Slaus in the army while drummer Lou Vitale headed for service early in January.

Plenty of local friends on hand to greet Al Yost, local tenor man, featured with Tommy Reynolds, while the Reynolds crew did a week-end at the Lyric. Watch the piano man in this band, Ken Fredrickson, a Denver boy!

—Roland Young

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