

Band Business Begins To Boom

Greatest Total Of New Bands Added To Biz

New York—The wave of optimism that is sweeping the band business is bringing with it the greatest number of new entries since the early post-World War II days. Heartened by the impact made by Billy May, Ralph Flanagan and Ray Anthony, at least a dozen new maestri have recently or are about to make a bid in the dance sweepstakes.

The hottest entry of the moment, of course, is May, of whom more is said on this page and, in pictures, on page 13.

In rehearsal at this writing, and due to hit the road on May 10 is the new Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne band. This, like May's and Flanagan's, was a band born in the recording studios. (See detailed story this page.)

Buddy's Pitch

Buddy Rich is making his third bid with a big band. Buddy feels there's plenty of money in the band business and figures that he's got the formula this time.

"I'll dance, sing, gag, stand on my head," says Buddy, "I'll do anything that will make a buck, and I'll have a legitimate dance band that's not going to try to prove anything, but will be a sound musical thing."

(More details in other story this page.)

Another veteran leader, Jerry Wald, has given up hosting in his Hollywood cafe to return to the band business with what he believes is a new sound.

"I'm back in the business for good this time," Wald told us. "I've

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Buddy Rich Is Budding Again

New York—Buddy Rich is back in the band business. After a short period of free-lancing and emceeing, the percussion personality kid has assembled a new 14-piece orchestra which will be booked by MCA.

Due to open last week at the Rustic Cabin in Englewood Cliffs, N.J., the band features Buddy as male vocalist, front man and part-time drummer, with Jean Weeks sharing the vocals.

Personnel includes Ed Badgley, Charlie Frankhauser and Gerry LaFern, trumpets; Eddie Bert and Eddie Ruso, trombones; Les Clark and Dave Schildkraut, altos; Allen Eager and Frank Montrose, tenors; Mel Rodnan, baritone; Tony Nichols, piano; Phil Brown, drums; Phil Leshin, bass.

Band will stay at the Rustic Cabin through May 19. Wynn Lassner, who handles Eileen Barton (Mrs. Lassner) and other acts, is Buddy's personal manager.

Billy, Shearing, Sarah To Tour

New York—A package headlining Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan and the George Shearing Quintet will take to the road for an extended concert tour if plans made here last week materialize.

The proposed tour would kick off in mid-September if the basic plan can be worked out.

Tour would be booked thru Shaw Artists Corporation in collaboration with the William Morris Agency. Sarah will be bought directly from the Gale Agency, which books the thrush.

DOWN-BEAT
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"WE GOT FIVE STARS!" says Coral Records' Jimmy Hilliard, rejoicing over the *Beat's* rave review of *Lonesome and Blue*, the latest release by Frances Wayne and Neal Hefti. The Heftis, shown with Jimmy here, go out next week on the first dates with their newly organized band.

JATP Registers Solidly Abroad

New York—Norman Granz and his Jazz At The Philharmonic troupe arrived back in New York Apr. 21 after a whirlwind tour of Europe.

All reports from a variety of sources both inside and outside the unit indicated that the trip had been an unqualified success. General opinion was that it was the biggest thing of its kind ever to hit Europe.

Figures on the grosses gave ample evidence of the triumphant results: Granz estimated that he had grossed over \$40,000 for promoter Nils Hellstrom during his week in Scandinavia.

In addition to 14 concerts in seven days in Sweden and Denmark, JATP grossed an additional \$40,000 by playing the closing night of the Jazz Festival in Paris, four dates in Holland, one in Brussels, two in Switzerland and two in Frankfurt.

Record Deals

In addition to 14 working days, the musicians had four days off in Paris. During that time Granz, Flip Phillips and Oscar Peterson relax enough time to spend 11 hours relaxing in London.

Another accomplishment achieved by Granz on the trip was the virtual completion of negotiations for the long-delayed release of Granz's Mercury catalogue in Continental Europe. Barring unexpected hitches, a deal should be completed very shortly that will bring JATP and

the other Granz disc projects to fans throughout western Europe with the exception of Great Britain, where no deal has yet been arranged.

A personal, detailed account of the experiences encountered by Norman and his ensemble, written by Norman Granz himself, will appear in the next issue of the *Beat*.

Heftis Almost Set For Road

New York—Final personnel of the Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne orchestra was due to be determined this week.

With numerous Coral record releases establishing the Heftis' names firmly in the pop market, the band will go out a little sooner than had originally been expected.

The first date is now expected to be played at Mitchell Field May 10, followed by several weeks of one-nighters.

MCA has been negotiating for a possible summer location at the Edgewater Beach in Chicago.

Spade's Cool!

Sheppard, Tex.—While playing a dance for the NCO club at the base here, Stan Kenton delivered himself of a statement, published in the local *Sentinel*, that caused local jazz tongues to wag in confusion.

"Stan Kenton leaned up against his piano and praised Western style music," wrote the reporter. He quoted Stan as stating that "Some of the Western bands today are playing better swing than Benny Goodman played ten years ago . . . you take men like Spade Cooley and Bob Wills, they're playing a form of jazz all their own."

Wald Back To Biz 'For Good'

New York—Jerry Wald, who has been an off again-on again leader between serving as a Hollywood cafe proprietor, is coming back to the band business "for good."

"I think I've got something new, a new sound," claims Wald. He wouldn't say what it was, but he was so enthused about the idea that he financed a record date to put his new band sound into grooves.

His agency, GAC at presstime, had completed a deal for Decca Records to take over the masters and, in addition, give Wald a disc deal.

Wald went into rehearsal with his new band on April 26.

Optimistic Biz Looks To TV, Hefty Grosses

New York—It's been said before, and it's been wishful-thought about ever since the postwar slump began, but this time it looks as though it may be true: the band business is on its way back.

Several developments in the past few weeks have provided strong beacons on the road to recovery. One factor that has been held by many observers to be a potentially valuable element for bands all over the country is the unfreezing of the television channels. Another is a general improvement in box office receipts in all phases of the dance business.

With TV ready to spread its wings and some 75 new channels to be made available in the new high frequency bands, it is estimated that within six to 12 months there may be anywhere from one to two thousand new TV stations readied for operation.

TV Remotes?

Many of these, placed in a position comparable with that of the small local radio station, can be counted on to turn to visual dance band remotes for a substantial hunk of their programming, since this will provide them with ready-made entertainment at relatively low expense with no production costs.

Spurred on by the excitement

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Billy May Blazes A Trail In Hot Manhattan Debut

New York—The Billy May orchestra only played one night in New York, but the smoke is still clearing away. Seldom has such a fire of enthusiasm been seen in postwar days as the welcome that greeted the brand-new May outfit when

it played a gig at Manhattan Center along with Frankie Laine, under the auspices of WNEW deejay Martin Block.

Described as the "Gandy Dancer's Ball" in honor of the similarly titled song waxed by Laine, the event drew 4,300 teenagers who had bought their \$1.50 tickets a week in advance—not to mention thousands more who had to be turned away at the door.

Block's power as a radio personality, combined with Frankie's following and the heavy buildup accorded May by Capitol Records, made a mighty combination of attractions. Those who did manage to gain admittance were provided with a solid evening of dancing and listening, not to mention a free paper gandy-dancer-type hat that came to them through the courtesy of the Columbia Records' distributor.

Symbol of Times

A significant symbol of the times was the sizeable portion of the crowd that stayed glued to the bandstand. Of course, Laine, during his brief appearance, got the biggest hand of the evening, but it was quite evident that May's followers were no less loyal. On several occasions they could be heard slurring right along with the sax section as it went through its characteristic giasandi.

The band stuck pretty closely to its familiar and as yet somewhat limited library of recorded arrangements. Willie Smith, Bob McKenzie, Chuck Etter and Ray Pohlman formed a vocal quartet, the Maytimers, and Willie was occasionally heard in a brief alto solo; but the predominant note of the band's performance was the ensemble sound.

Because the crowd was as noisy

as it was enthusiastic, it was difficult to form any musical conclusions about the band's value, but it could readily be discerned that it is a swinging outfit, and one that will keep the customers happy on any jobs where a good beat is mandatory.

Tour Starts Weakly

However, reports that trickled in during the next few days, when the band went out on its widely-heralded package tour with Laine, Patti Page and Illinois Jacquet, indicated that Maytime is not yet in full flower. Grosses were disappointingly weak on several of the dates, notably in Washington and Baltimore.

This was attributed to the fact that all pop concert units to date have depended heavily on Negro trade for a large segment of the audience, and Patti Page has virtually no following with colored audiences.

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Cover Subject

One of the many honors rained upon Billy Eckstine recently was the presentation of a plaque for good citizenship.

Willie Bryant, seen making the presentation, was himself honored recently in a testimonial dinner after he had been declared "Mayor" of Harlem.

A former bandleader and night club emcee, Willie for the past few years has had a popular night disc jockey show, which he shares with Ray Carroll, over WHOM, New York.

For the story of "The E in Back Of Mr. B.," an intimate glimpse of Billy and manager Milton Ebbins, see Page 6.

Things Ain't What They Ought To Be With Ellington's Band

By TED HALLOCK

Portland, Ore.—I wish ASCAP or the American people or the long-awaited National Academy of Arts or someone would give Duke Ellington the 25 or 50 thousand dollar gratuity which he so richly deserves and let the whole thing go at that. He deserves a substantial emolument because of his relatively rare attributes as a leader, his rather unique piano style, his unique showmanship, and the opportunities he has provided for talented sidemen. But not for any personal musical donation to modern jazz. And certainly not for (rather, in spite of) the caliber of his current orchestra.



The Duke

I hate to see anyone, yokel or dilettante, deprived of \$3.60 without due course of jazz. This is what happened to hundreds (not thousands; it was one of the worst houses in Portland history) at this city's auditorium during Ellington's recent concert. Willie Smith (who was set to cut out for Billy May) looked tired, everybody else played that way.

With the possible exception of Clark Terry, all other soloists (?) were either sad imitations of themselves or their predecessors or indulged in weighty displays of technique which have no value unless laced with an occasional idea.

Awful Sad

Gonsalves played loud, repetitive tenor, little better than Al Sears. Ray Nance was much too much concerned with clowning and being too, too clever in general to worry about trumpet, which he has played well on occasion. Jimmy Hamilton qualified as the most pre-occupied clarinetist extant; pre-occupied with something other than his playing. The fact that the other three trumpeters can play unison notes higher than Maynard Ferguson was squalled only in *unbecomingly* by trombonist Britt Woodman's facile exhibition of how to play too many notes in too many bars.

Denis as an emcee is on a new kick: modesty. He now thanks the audience "for" each performer, adding that each performer "loves you madly," when, from their obvious lack of concern Duke could have more subtly concluded that they all "loathe you with a will."

Don't Mean A Thing

No one could convince me in a thousand years that any band could have an "off night" to this extent. I said the thrill was gone with Ellington's orchestra four years ago and things haven't changed. He should give up experimentation (which is a vicarious thing in itself, handled by arrangers, not Duke) for a patently melodic band which would play nothing but "Sophisticated Lady," etc., to satiate the middle-aged clientele which was drawn to this performance by such compositions and nothing else.

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Bessie's Blues

New York—The entire song catalog of Bessie Smith has been acquired for publication and will be exploited anew thru a new publishing enterprise which will be called Empress Music.

The late singer's songwriting efforts total well over 100 compositions; most of them were recorded by her for the Columbia label. Songs were acquired thru her estate, which now is in the hands of her husband, Jack Gee.

Capitol Sets Jazz Albums

New York—Capitol Records is embarking on a full-scale jazz re-issue series. Discery will dig into its catalog and make up LP packages, each with a central idea—either featuring an artist, an instrument, or a style.

First sets due to hit the disc stalls include LPs featuring Bobby Sherwood's band, Woody Herman, Coleman Hawkins, and a group of collections of Dixieland, trumpet stylists, sax stylists, piano stylists, modernists, and small combos.

Mercury Gets Williams Quartet

New York—The Billy Williams Quartet signed a recording contract with Mercury Records which will begin the day after the group's current MGM dancing paper runs out early in May.

The Quartet, for the past year or so a regular feature on the TV Show of Shows, has developed into a valuable disc entity and has had a couple of moderately successful items on MGM.

Denzil's Best Leg Forward

San Francisco—Drummer Denzil Best will return to the George Shearing Quintet in "about five or six weeks," George revealed here at his Black Hawk opening April 17.

Best, recuperating in the East from the auto accident last January which resulted in a broken leg, is expected to join the group as they hit the middle-west late this spring. The broken leg was badly set in Chicago and had to be reset, hence the long convalescence.

The Shearing San Francisco opening was to a packed house.

Petrillo Faces Rebellion Of Los Angeles Local 47

Hollywood—The nearest thing to an all-out revolt ever staged against Jim Petrillo by his own AFMusicians has started here in Local 47.

Some 2,000 sidemen, leaders, contractors, and composer-arrangers have already signed petitions that are being circulated asking the removal of the 5 percent royalty, and other adjustments, in the union's current agreement with telefilm producers.

Of the more than 100 firms now producing films for the constantly-increasing TV market, only a handful have fallen in line with the royalty plan. Of the powers that have been employing musicians to any degree, such as Desilu (Lucille Ball and Desi Arnez), Gene Autry's Flying A Productions, Roy Roger's firm, and Lou Snader's Telescriptions, Inc., plus a couple of others operating on a spasmodic basis, most are said to be ready to drop out unless the setup is changed.

Cost Money

All qualified observers here are agreed that the royalty plan under which Petrillo, after a long delay, finally gave permission for the employment of AFMusicians to record for telefilms, has caused musicians thousands of dollars in lost employment.

Lou Snader, who "sold" the plan to Petrillo (it was even called the "Snader Plan" at the outset) is staying on the sidelines and seemingly taking no active part in the movement. It is known that Snader on a recent visit to New York asked Petrillo for a readjustment of the AFM's stand, which he believed would be necessary if tele-

films employing musicians were to remain in business.

The drive to knock out the AFM's royalty plan for telefilms started with a recent meeting of producers, conductors, musicians, and Local 47 officials at union headquarters. It was characterized by unusually strong talk against Petrillo and the AFM's national officials for assertedly "bungling up the whole business."

Serious

Hollywood musicians feel they face a genuinely serious situation. By next year, it is generally believed that the bulk of all TV shows will be filmed. There will be very little live music on most of these shows, it has been indicated, unless Petrillo comes up with a new deal.

Petrillo had been informed of the movement at presstime, but no comments had been received by Local 47 officials at this writing.

The leaders of the movement here were preparing to submit a plan of their own which they think might give Petrillo the "out" he needs. Their proposal is to put a 10 percent tax, payable to the Music Trust Fund, on the musicians who do the recording. The contention among the contractors, conductors, and musicians here is that the AFM will derive a greater revenue from this method than it is cur-

SONGS FOR SALE

•• Starring ••

STEVE ALLEN



This time I'd like to say a few words about Johnnie Ray. I've been sitting around Lindy's listening to the other singers explain why he won't last.

I've heard the boys at Charlie's Tavern saying that it's a shame that a guy with a freak talent can suddenly become the biggest thing in show business when capable singers like Alan Dean, Bob Carroll, and Herb Jeffries are having their up and downs, living from record to record, unable to hit the jackpot in spite of their superior ability.

I've heard them talking about Ray between sets at the Embers. They can't figure him out.

In the publishers' offices they're not looking for songs for Bing Crosby right now; they're looking for Johnnie Ray material.

Sound More Than Voice

The Morris Office, GAC, MCA, even the lesser talent agencies are looking for singers with a "sound" rather than a "voice."

Musicians, from those in positions of authority to the boys on the street, profess generally to be confused and disturbed at the phenomenon of Ray's success.

Well, like I say, I have a few ideas about Johnnie Ray. I saw him at New York's Copacabana last night. The place was sardine-packed. There was a card on my table that said "This table has been reserved only until 10:30. It is reserved for another party after that time." A friend told me that the Copa expected to do capacity business, but nothing like this. Nothing like the standing-room bit.

Rocked The Room

The young man who shouts and cries and talks about God came out and rocked the room. He didn't break any world's records. Jimmy Durante has pulled more people into the Copa. I saw Frankie Laine get more applause. But Ray rocked the room.

I think I know why. I'm a musician who would prefer to hear Perry Como or Louis Armstrong sing, but I think I know why Ray is turning the music-business upside down. And I think I know why musicians are puzzled by his success.

They're puzzled because they're judging him by the wrong standards. They listen to Nat. They say "Now, that's singing," and they're right. But it's wrong to compare the young man from Oregon to Nat Cole. O Frank Sinatra. Or Billy Eckstine.

He isn't selling voice. He's selling emotion. Put him in the class of a Sophie Tucker or an Al Jolson and a little of the mystery clears up. He isn't like Al or Sophie, any more than they were like each other. But, like them, he sells *hokum, heart, corn, schmaltz, excitement.*

How Phoney Can You Get

"But he cries," critics say. "How phoney can you get?" Phoney or not, Jolson did it. Al, down on his knees, calling for his mammy was phoney. Show business is phoney. It's acting, it's make believe, it's the land of let's pretend.

"But he shouts," it is pointed out. "There's no light and shadow. He knows nothing of dynamics. All the stops are open."

Jolson shouted. Frankie Laine shouts. An earlier generation of outstanding Negro singers shouted. Sophie shouts. It may not be great singing, but it's emotional.

"But that broken-tone gimmick he uses. It's not natural. It's not legitimate" a singer observes.

That same vocal trick made a success of Nellie Lutcher. Kay Starr has used it for a long time. Sunny Gale has, too. A vast army of talented colored singers have made artistic use of the thing. It's here to stay.

He's Got Something

"But let's face it," a musician insists, "the guy's talent is freakish." Since when did that stop a singer from getting to the top. Did Rud Vallee have a great voice? Would you figure Kate Smith as a good bet for stardom? Vaughn Monroe? Bill Kenny of the Ink Spots? John Mercer?

That's about all I wanted to say. I don't know if Ray will last, rather feel he will, even after the public's fever for him passes. He isn't a great singer. That's not the argument.

He's got something. It's mysterious. Nobody can measure it. But without it you don't become a star. —Steve

Who'll Buy My Violets?

New York—Press agency is taking on a new esthetic sense. The hoopla hollers are betraying their culture these days and are dispensing their wares in the form of poetry.

The most timely of these works of art (?) was circulated a couple of weeks ago by Nat Shapiro. It is labeled "Happiness Is a Thing Called Irving" or "Woe Vadis," a cantata in nine innings for echo chamber and orchestra.

The orchestra instrumentation is suggested as follows: flukes, bass sinets, strumpets, buggpipes, trombonicks, and cattle drums. Author credit is given Pandora Summerhalter. The masterpiece follows:

*The 'sound' today is wailing and sighing,
Despairing, bawling, fretting and crying,
Wimpering and weeping, clamoring and groaning,
Whining, lamenting, screaming and moaning,
Ailing, faking, panting and throbbing,
Suffering, ranting and uncontrolled sobbing,
Frowning, squawking, croaking and howling,
Snivelling, grieving, mewing and scowling,
Shrieking, grousing, mourning and aching,
Tortured hearts in agony breaking.*

P.S. The plugs follow.

Alley, Tjader Work As A Team

San Francisco—Two Bay Area bandleaders have joined forces to

recently getting from its 5 percent royalty on the rental of the handful of AFM soundtrack telefilms now in circulation.

form one of the most interesting small combos seen here in some time. Vernon Alley and Cal Tjader, both leaders of small groups during past years, are now working together billed as "Vernon Alley's Quartet with Cal Tjader." Cal, a vibist and drummer, is playing vibes only with the Alley quartet at Pack's on a two-month booking opening April 17.



Second Stroke Strikes Smack

New York—Fletcher Henderson, veteran bandleader-arranger who recently returned to New York after convalescing in Georgia from a cerebral hemorrhage suffered a year ago, was stricken with a heart attack last month.

In serious condition for two weeks, Smack was unable to be moved to a hospital. After showing a slight improvement he was taken to Harlem Hospital April 16. The Benny Goodman Trio reunion session, organized on Martin Block's WNEW show last year as a tribute to Fletcher, and sold as a record album on a limited-circulation basis, has been taken over for national release by Columbia, with Fletcher slated to share in the proceeds.



More Theaters To Try Jazz Shows

New York—The success of the jazz concerts run in neighborhood houses in the Loew's theater chain

Wha' Happen?

New York—Mitch Miller is the current whiz of the record men. He's the guy who's found a winning formula in the search for sounds and excitement-stirrers.

It will therefore be a most interesting something-to-look-for when Mitch slices some sides featuring a newly-welded duo—Rosemary Clooney and Marlene Dietrich.

here has cued the Fabian chain to attempt a similar project.

The Fabian jazz experiment was scheduled to go off initially on April 25 at the Hyway Theater, Fair Lawn, N. J. A second concert was set for the St. George theater in Staten Island on May 5. If the concerts prove successful, the Fabian chain will make use of jazz in other of its theaters.

The Fabian jazz package will be built around Jack Crystal's Jazz at the Central Plaza presentation. Big Chief Russell Moore will lead and the ensemble will feature Lee Castle, Hot Lips Page, Cliff Lee-man, Graham Forbes, Buster Bailey, and others.

Ray Fractures Copa Record

New York—Johnnie Ray, who is discussed at length in Steve Allen's column on page 2, was credited with having broken the all-time income record for the Copacabana niter in his opening week at the club.

He grossed about \$75,000, which was some \$2,000 better than Martin and Lewis racked up during their last engagement.

Ray reopened the Oriental Theater in Chicago this week to a vaude policy and is due back in New York for a Paramount Theater date opening May 28.

Boston Pops Will Hit The Road

Boston—The Boston Pops Orchestra, for the first time in a half century, will leave its home grounds to make a national tour. Tour will run from January 19, 1953 thru March 23. It will cover some 65 dates. The orchestra's permanent conductor, Arthur Fiedler, will conduct for the tour.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

The name of Billy Eckstine's niter in Los Angeles, which opens this week, has been switched to The Crescendo on Copa. B's partner in the enterprise is Harry Steinman, boniface husband of Fran Warren. Room will be managed by Bernie Ebbins, brother of Billy's manager, Milton Ebbins. . . . Sid Fields, who manages the new Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne ork, last week signed veteran orkster Henry Jerome to a managerial deal and at the same time switched the maestro's booking affiliation to MCA from Associated Booking. . . . Ray Anthony renewed his booking contract with GAC for an additional five years.

Russ Case will lead the band at the Paramount Theater when Nat Cole plays there shortly. . . . Speaking of the Paramount, that house is beginning to reinforce its foundations in anticipation of capacity audiences for its May 28 bill. The show co-stars Johnnie Ray and Billy May's new band. . . . Beryl Booker, who closes at Birdland this week, where she worked with a quintet which featured ex-Shear-ingites guitarist Chuck Wayne and vibist Don Elliott, flies to Hollywood for a May 7 opening at The Haig, where she will work as a single.

Tin Pan Alley Jottings: Hottest songs on the street at this writing were *Kiss of Fire* and *I'm Yours*. Latter is a ballad which was written by its publisher, Bobby Mellin; Bobby's plugging schedule lacked a song, so he wrote one himself. . . . Hottest revival on the street is *Goody Goody*, revived via a Jane Grant record on the Dot label, and being sustained at the moment by a new Ella Fitzgerald recording on Decca. . . . Chick Kardale, veteran song plugger from Chicago, has settled down here to work with Goldie Goldmark in the Sheldon Music firm. He worked briefly for disc jockey Martin Block's music enterprises. Block replaced Kardale with his son Gene. . . . Scandal on the street is being drummed up against Ray Bloch, who is being accused by other music publishers of having first crack at the more likely of the entries on the *Songs for Sale* TV show. . . . Talk also is largely focused on the ASCAP pitch in Washington to put the blocks to BML. . . . Certain to get action anew is *Carrioca*. It's Les Paul's next Capitol record title. . . . Song publisher Ben Barton is the latest Alley recruit to take a fling at the record business. . . . Jack Lawrence and Sammy Fain were signed by Walt Disney to write the score for the latter's forthcoming flicker, *Sleeping Beauty*. . . . MGM has made a new flicker version of *The Merry Widow*, and has had new lyrics written to Lehár's music. . . . Puccini is the current melody writer rage of the street; his opera, *La Bohème*, just went into public domain and the tune pirates are at work, overtime.

With Bruce Wendell's recall into the Army, the night-shift Birdland show over WJZ (3 to 6 a.m.) has been taken over by Bob Garrity. . . . Ironically, Symphony Sid, for whom Garrity worked as assistant, is now in his fifth month off the air. . . . Bob Benton, youthful singer who has been described as a modern Russ Columbo, went to Chicago to cut a session with strings for Dee Gee Records. Benton is a protege of Oscar Goodstein. . . . Miles Davis back in town, 25 pounds heavier and healthier, working Birdland as a single.

Lionel Hampton now has a Cuban bongu player in the band, Yasuro Hernandez, added in Miami recently; also a new girl singer, Rosetta Perry, and a youthful trumpeter-arranger from Seattle, Quincy Jones. . . . Walter "Foots" Thomas, spreading his personal-management wings, has taken on Dizzy

Gillespie. . . . Jack Leonard, one-time vocalist with the Tommy Dorsey band, has been doing advance publicity work for Tommy. . . . Tyree Glenn doing some work in the house band at WPIX, New York TV station. . . . Milt Gabler flew out to Denver to record the Louis Armstrong combo. . . . Carl Ide, Jersey jazz jockey, running sessions at the Meadowbrook with a picked combo vs. Tony Pastor's band.

Eydie Gorme, ex-Beneke singer now working as a single, opened April 18 at Leon & Eddie's on 52nd St. . . . Ella Fitzgerald, back from Europe, left immediately to open at the Club Ebony in Cleveland April 24. . . . Benny Goodman went down to Florida a few weeks ago, played with the Miami Symphony; when the crowd called for jazz, he spotted Joe Bushkin in the audience and they wound up jamming together for 45 minutes. . . . Tony Martin and the Will Mastin Trio with Sammy Davis, Jr., are set for the Fourth of July show at Bill Miller's Riviera. . . . Teddy Charles' trio left for the Town Tavern in Toronto. Group moves to Chicago and points west in June.

BOSTON

The most unusual triple billing yet in a Boston jazz club astonished Storyville patrons for 10 days in April. Resonant John Carradine headed the bill with readings in all keys from Shakespeare to Baudelaire. . . . Josh White's protege, basso Sam Gary, sang folk songs and Johnny Windhurst's band played Dixieland interludes. . . . Even the club's publicity took on a new tone. In the ad, the usual jam session line was temperately changed to "Sunday afternoon performance". . . . Nellie Lutcher arrived at Storyville on April 17; Buddy Greco followed four days later. . . . Ella Fitzgerald will headline a week in May, but the date hasn't been set. . . . Nat Cole decided to cancel his April week and instead will probably open the Storyville season in September.

The Jimmy Archey band is installed at the Savoy for a long stay. Personnel remains: Henry Goodwin, trumpet; Benny Waters, clarinet and soprano; Pops Foster, bass; Tommy Benford, drums; Dick Wellstood, piano and Archey, trombone. . . . Danny Barker left the Wilbur deParis combo and is now working intermissions at the Savoy. Danny sings Creole and old pop tunes along with his own cryptic compositions, accompanying himself alternately on banjo and guitar. The former Calloway sideman plans to go on a full-scale folk song kick. . . . Dan's banjo chair in the deParis band was taken by Eddie Gibbs. . . . Wilbur deParis intends to record his band on his own label, Jazz Guild.

Recent one-niters had Illinois Jacquet at the Revere Rollaway and a Dinah Washington-Arnett Cobb package at the Symphony Ballroom. . . . Boston trumpeter Ruby Braff has been included in the Brunis-Russell-Sullivan all-star Dixieland band now touring the country. . . . Joe Gordon, who plays the best modern trumpet in town, is working with Hilary Rose's extrovertish eight-piecer in Lawrence.

Oscar Peterson replaced Earl Bostic at the Hi-Hat on April 21 with Stan Getz and Dizzy Gillespie scheduled for April 28 and May 5 respectively. . . . The Mayfair is now called Sugar Hill and the shows will be along the line of those featured at the defunct New York club. . . . Buck and Bubbles headed the first revue under the new policy. . . . After the usual Easter slump, music business in town is good. The Savoy draws its dependable grosses from the Dixie-struck collegians. . . . The other clubs have to guess.

(Turn to Page 8)

The Third Herd

New York—On the night of April 7 the Third Herd stormed into the Statler and Woody Herman let New York know that good music, big-band-jazz variety, was still with us, and that an earlier ecstatic report by Ralph Gleason in the April 4 Beat was justified.

It's hard to define what kind of a band Woody has, except that it's probably the best band around today musically. Certainly it isn't a mere second-hand version of the 1945 band, though it uses many of the originals that sparked the books of that fabled outfit. Nor is it a direct descendant of the 1948 Four Brothers band, though it uses the four-reed sound and its soloists almost invariably play (excuse the expression) bop.

No, it's more a blend of the best elements of both those bands. Still it defies firm definition, since we have the assurance of Woody and his boys that the band is flexible enough to present a different picture to meet the requirements of each engagement. On a one-nighter where the audience calls for it, it can be a very respectable commercial dance band. On another occasion (perhaps a concert) the guys may get a chance to blow the roof off.

"Clean Bunch of Cats"

"What's so wonderful about it," as Chubby Jackson told us, "is that the guys in the band all realize the conditions in the business today and they're willing to go along with the situation. They're respectful of Woody's responsibilities to the public, they're obedient—a real nice, clean bunch of cats." An opinion, one might add, that is happily shared by Woody and by manager Abe Turchen.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the band is that the Herd is again working up head arrangements. It takes a little team spirit and a lot of enthusiasm to put together the kind of unpapered product this outfit offers on *Perdido* and *Undecided*, and it shows off a happy bop.

After amazing the Statler management by going into percentage during what was supposed to be the Holy Week slump, Woody soon found himself free to let the band open up all he liked, in a room that has been scared, for several years, of anything more than cup-mutes.

The business results at the Statler prove an important point. If enough first class locations will experiment more broadly along the same lines, they will realize that you can still make good money with good music.

—The Editors
(Top left: Woody Herman. Top right: Chubby Jackson. Center: Bill Perkins (1.) and Arno Marsh; bottom, Sonny Igoe.) (Photos by Frank Barst.)

String Quartets Miss The Millenium—R. D. Darrell

By R. D. DARRELL

It's a beautiful spring morning, the heavenly music of the masters floods my ears, and there's murder in my heart!

I know the crime won't pay. Society, law, and long tradition are stacked against me. If they don't fry me for premeditated homicide, they're sure to jug me for 99 years at hard labor for aesthetic subversion, contempt, and indecent exposure. For I wanna kill Santa Claus . . . I'm whittling at a sacrosanct illusion . . . I'm blaspheming Euterpe's holiest inner temple! In short, I'm committing music's unforgivable sin when I advance the heretical notions that: (1) The string quartet is not an immaculately perfect tonal medium; (2) That string quartets are not the quintessence of tonal art, and (3) That most string-quartet connoisseurs are either professional lobbyists or pretentious impostors, while the rest are simpleton dupes of a carefully nurtured delusion.

Fie to 4-String Fones

The enormity of my crime can be grasped only by those well-versed in music history and *mores*, those who realize how successfully ivory-tower scholars and music appreciation hucksters have co-operated to establish the *Doctrine of String-Quartet Supremacy*. From their listening infancy, most music lovers are rigorously taught the *True Belief*—and the plain fact that many of them never honestly enjoy the caterwauling of four strings invariably is laid to their own insensitivity, lack of education, and cultural sales-resistance.

If you think anyone will admit that maybe the natural instincts are right and the pontificating wrong, that maybe the Emperor's New Clothes are imaginary—you're nuttier than I am. Why man, you'd be trying to swipe the pie in the sky that most music lovers dream of feasting on some day.

Yet, knowing it's completely futile, I still want to organize a one-man posse dedicated to hanging the masked marvels with their own G-strings. The strings themselves, as a matter of fact, make a good starting point, for while it's a natural error to call them catgut, they're really the intestines of sheep—which, when titillated by horsehairs, not unexpectedly utter the pleasant or painful squeals and moans that are the distinguishing characteristics of string-quartet "sonorities."

Self-Listening

Just listen for yourself and be completely honest for once in accepting the evidence of your own ears, which must be closed to the exhalations of countless writers, however famous, on the subject. Take even the acceptedly miraculous "last" quartets of Beethoven . . . or go down to the *Quick-style* sweepings of the literature in "The Heart of the String Quartet," dis-

sected by the Paganinis for RCA Victor's LM-1192. Listen carefully—then swear on your honor that this is the most thrilling experience you've ever had or hope to have in music. Swear that you find this an incomparable blend of exquisite tone-colors and sonorities that the dramatic power of the works is overwhelming, that you'd be perfectly satisfied to hear nothing but string-quartet music for

the rest of your natural life!

If you refuse to perjure yourself or let the written fables fuzz your thinking, my bet is you'll concede (however reluctantly) that this is highly specialized stuff for highly specialized tastes. Sure, you can cultivate the taste for such esoterism, as for ripe olives, but does it immediately and directly satisfy your natural, instinctive appetites. The stuff's just too damned thin for me. I like to vary my diet and relish a string quartet, as I would Chinese food, occasionally, but as day-in-and-day-out sustenance, it lacks—for me—the piquancy that can be supplied by wood-winds, the rich proteins of brasses, the nerve-tingly sparkle and intoxicating stimulus of percussion. I'll grant that string quartets may be the Music of the Spheres, but too often they're as glacially cold as interstellar space and too seldom are they music of the sun-warmed earth and of living flesh and blood.

History Is Bunk

But how come, you probably ask at this point, have string quartets achieved such universal acceptance as music's *sanctum sanctorum*? If they've reigned for centuries, if scholars, musicians, and discriminating amateurs unanimously pay them tribute,—mustn't it be my tin ears and dopey mind that fail to recognize or marvel at their magic?

The answers are simple. In the first place, the medium isn't really ancient. The string quartet, as we know it today, began with Haydn near the end of the 18th century and achieved dominance much later. A century and a half or so isn't long in the calendar of art and to aesthetic purists any vogue endorsed by the bastard-classic, romanticized notions of the 19th century should be automatically suspect. And despite the formal



ANDRES SEGOVIA will be back in the recording studios again soon. Recently signed to a term contract with Decca, he will cut some sides shortly for the company's gold label series.

homage paid to string quartets in recent years, creative activity in this field long has been on the down-grade as symphonic and chamber orchestras, mixed wind-and-string ensembles, etc., increasingly prove to be so much more satisfying—in actual performance—to both composers and audiences.

Snobs and Strings

Secondly, the exalted 4-string vogue primarily is a product of literary and musical snobs, who love nothing better than making a fetish out of a highly restricted religion—a mystery too refined and elevated for the vulgar mob, but one which in small carefully cloistered chapels allows everyone to be a high priest or an archbishop. Naturally, the intelligentia, the cognoscenti, and the megalomaniacs are special suckers for such mummery. And major credit for the spread of this cult among phonophiles must be given to such favorite bell-wethers of the literati as Aldous Huxley—whose passages on Beethoven's Op. 132 in *Point Counter Point* drugged innumerable listeners into a mystic ecstasy similar to that which inflamed the psychopathic murderer, Spandrell. But it's the third and final answer that's the clincher! String quartets offer the most convenient, practical solution to the problem musicians (both professional and amateur) share in finding some-

thing to relieve the tedium of solo practice and performance. There's no effective birth-control clinic for string players and the over-supply naturally coagulates in groups of four—for double-dates, bridge, or quartet playing. It's a vicious circle, of course. Given so many potential customers, composers and publishers inevitably turn out scores by the carload; given so large a repertoire, string players inevitably accept the easiest available literature. Besides, in groups of "just us girls, letting our hair down," fiddlers don't meet the standards of phrasing-finesse and intonation-accuracy any good wind-player or conductor would require. A few professional, concertizing groups do aim at—and some achieve—top-notch musicianship, but most string-quartet playing (public as well as private) remains on distressingly amateur levels.

Not Exaltation

Get me straight! Some of my best friends are string quartetists. Quartets are great fun to play, however badly it comes off. They're comparatively easy to write—which, with the excellent chances of frequent performance, makes them a favorite vehicle of composers. Some unquestionably great music has been written in this medium. There are some equally

(Turn to Page 5)

CLASSICS IN CAPSULE

Current disc and album releases with ratings and once-over-lightly commentary by classic specialist, R. D. Darrell. LP's only are listed. The ratings (separate for musical performance and technical recording quality) are: ***** Excellent, **** Very Good, *** Good, ** Fair, * Poor.

NOVEL SLANTS

DISC DATA	RATINGS	COMMENTS
STRAUSS, J. & J.: New York Concert Vienna Philharmonic—Clemens Krauss LONDON LP484, 12".	**** Performance **** Recording	• The two J's are King Johann (the younger) and his still younger brother, Josef, collaborating in the famous <i>Pizzicato</i> polka but operating with mostly unfamiliar (to Americans) waltzes, polkas, and a hi-fi-demonstrated Egyptian march. Tops perhaps is a superb <i>Tales from the Vienna Woods</i> , as writ, with haunting sither solo, deliciously played by Anton (3rd man) Karas. Prescribed listening for non-Viennese conductors—and for sheer pleasure!
FAURE: Sonata No. 2. Roth Pisselt, violin; Joseph Rezia, piano. FESTIVAL 70-203, 12".	*** Performance *** Recording	• Elegant French! Romantic; linked, drawn-out sweetness; silky fiddling, and liquid pianism. Oversight: Pisselt and cellist Samuel Mayer team in a gentle 'Alice-sit-by-the-fire' Haydn duo and a nervously intense, self-pitying dialogue by Martinu.
RAVEL: <i>Miroirs</i> Suite & <i>Capriccio de la Nuit</i> poems. Leonard Pennario, piano. CAPITOL 12".	*** Performance *** Recording	• Pennario's no <i>Clothes-in-a-bag</i> , but he's certainly one of the fast-climbing young keyboard stars, especially in 20th-century works. Maybe a bit perfumery with the muted, nostalgic lyricism here, he shoots real fireworks in the <i>Sard arabesque</i> and electrically-rhythmic passages.
ANSERMET HIGHLIGHTS (Ravel, Debussy, etc.). Suisse Romande orch.—E. Ansermet. LONDON LS503, 10".	**** Performance *** Recording	• <i>Alborado</i> (from <i>Miroirs</i> suite above) again, this time in Ansermet's intoxicating delivery of Ravel's own razzle-dazzle orchestration. Also the best <i>Faun's P.M.</i> on LP's, plus a Prokofiev-Stravinsky cocktail-hour (3 <i>Orange March</i> and <i>Circus Polka</i>) polishing off a day not to be missed.

STANDARD WARHORSES

DISC DATA	RATINGS	COMMENTS
ARENSKY: Variations and GREGG: <i>Holberg Suite</i> . Harold Byrn Chamber Orch. CAPITOL PM158, 12".	*** Performance *** Recording	• Byrn and his west-coast band (forecasting newcomers in Bartok and Honegger pieces) are just another ensemble with these makeshift variations on a nauseating Tchaikovsky Sunday-school song and Grieg's ode. The latter seems less devoted to Holberg than to some dung-pitching country bumpkin.
DVORAK: Symphony No. 4 in G. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orch.—George Szell. LONDON LP488, 12".	**** Performance **** Recording	• Noa culpa!—I once thought this dullish, conventional music until Walter's rich Columbia version converted me. Now I have to trade that in for Szell's more intensely dramatic eloquence, the Concertgebouw's golden sonorities, and this overwhelmingly spacious, live, realistic recording.
RINSKY: <i>La Coq d'Or</i> Suite & <i>Capriccio Espagnol</i> . French Nat. Sym.—R. Desormiers. CAPITOL PM155.	*** Performance ** Recording	• Variations from <i>Scherchenade</i> , you can visit the technicolor Granstark of King Dagon or follow this Russian Beethoven in an imaginary Spain. Desormiers gives them bright if over-expressive French treatment, but they're coarse (overbalanced at high end) compared with Beecham's Columbia disc.
KIPLING SONGS (Are. Black). Leonard Warren, bar. with RCA Victor Orch.—F. Black. RCA VICTOR LM 147, 10".	* Performance ** Recording	• I hope Warren didn't feel as silly singing this papier-mache, ho-man stuff as he, the arrangements and somberly lithe arch. all sound here. <i>Bag Lillie's</i> memorable "Faisles in the Bottom of Our Garden" polished off the feministic Victorian warbler; the halcyon-voiced variety (for God, for Empire, and for Eton!) still asks to be put out of its misery.

RARE VINTAGES

DISC DATA	RATINGS	COMMENTS
BIZET: <i>Carmen</i> Aires & Duos. Conchita Supervia, Michaletti, etc. with orch. DECCA DL 9522, 12".	*** Performance *** Recording	• The fabulous Supervia's harsh voice was no thing of beauty to begin with and the venerable French Odeon recording (although well LP'd) shows all its age, esp. with Cloer's orch. Yet underneath Conchita's excessive mannerisms is that extraordinary power of personality-projection.
POULENC, em.: <i>Solres</i> Francisco. Pierre Bernar, bar. & F. Pisselt, piano. COLUMBIA ML 4584, 12".	*** Performance *** Recording	• Rather precious, specialized fare for non-Deutsch-sprechen <i>Lieder</i> addicts, but good refutation to the charge that Poulenec is a musical jester only. His songs stand up well beside better-known Gahbler and Debussy airs . . . are topped only by Sattis's rollicking, ironical <i>Melodies</i> .
RENAISSANCE Choral Masterpieces. Various British unacc. choirs. PERIOD SP 535, 12".	**** Performance *** Recording	• Even more specialized (to modern ears only), but one of the best anthologies of pre-Renaissance. The Victoria and Gibbons works alone make this disc notable; it's exceptional with this refreshingly unmanicured singing by well-led Open Score, Nazareth, and French Circle choirs.

Scherchen Kayoes Kubelik

Working easily under an age handicap of some 23 years, Hermann Scherchen, old-time Swiss conductorial coach and writer, doesn't raise a sweat in giving young Rafael Kubelik a baton-beating in their Tchaikovsky Fourth Symphony match (Westminster WL5096 vs. Mercury "Olympian" MG50002, both 12").

Rafe is in there all the way, but fighting strictly by the book, while the old man is the real fancy Dan as well as the jolting punch-packer. Since Scherchen made some of the rules, he has the nerve to bust them when he feels like it—and many experts are going to be shocked out of their striped pants by the "liberties" he takes with tradition. But his stunts come off, and as you study them in slow-motion re-takes, you begin to wonder why no one else ever hit on them before. Neither battler's corner-men are quite top-notch, but Scherchen's Viennese orchestra (except for a weak-kneed first oboe) get their backs into it better than Kubelik's unpushed Chicagoans. In recording, too, the smoothly rich and live Mercury discing has the bad luck to be up against Westminster engineering that's produced something of a miracle, even for today, in electrifying super-sound and prismatic color definition. With the right pickup and speaker system, Scherchen's Tchaikovsky transports the hi-fi ringersiders (me first!) right out of this world into an ecstatic Fourth if not seventh heaven. —dar

Mercurial Minneapolis

After a big band opening with the Moussorgsky-Ravel *Pictures*, Mercury's "Olympian" (Telefunken-miked) series trailed off a bit in Chicagoan Kubelik's Bartok, Dvorak and Tchaikovsky. But the engineers were back on the beam for the first platter of a new Minneapolis Symphony-Antal Dorati recording season: Borodin's Second Symphony and Stravinsky's *Firebird* (Second) Suite (MG-50004, 12").

Here is gummy, solid sound with bass drum and timps (especially in Borodin finale) that'll jar your back teeth. Yet overall sonority is nobly spacious and clean, too, except for a touch of hi-frequency shrillness (*Firebird*) that will may be more the Minneapolis players' fault than a knob-twister's miscalculation.

Ex-ballet-batoner Dorati has grown up considerably since his earlier Victor and Columbia phono-days, but he still can't polish Ansermet's or Stokowski's sticks in the Stravinsky suite. Against poorer competition in the symphony, he shows up well, with plenty power and drive, if a paucity of imagination. Anyway, this is the only good LP of Borodin's incomparably virile, barbarically colored Second—a work that gets and holds you from the very first hearing. —dar

Classicadenzas

By R. D. DARRELL

Pending the Coleman-Ross publication of Nikky Slonimsky's definitive *Lexicon of Musical Invective*, here are some critical cracks I've always remembered (at least the gist of same) and wished I'd thunk of first: Jim Hunecker's "There's no disputing tastes—with the tasteless" . . . B. H. Haggins' "Mitropoulos has the feeling for music that a butcher has for meat" . . . Philip Hale's "Bruckner has his great moments, all right, but also his dreadful half-hours" and "The celebrated soprano was greeted by an appreciative and bronchial audience" . . . Also our friend Anon's diagnosis that a certain critic suffered from "constipation of ideas and diarrhea of style."

Any hi-fi fans who weren't permanently defensed (or put in strait-jackets) by the titillation at New York's Audio Fair probably are hitching their way to Chicago for the first of a new series of sonatomic explosions—23 and 24 May at the Conrad Hilton Hotel. Midwesterners who didn't have their windows open last fall to catch the goings-on in New York, now will have a chance to feel the real shock-blast of a full-frequency-range clambake. Come early and bring your ear-plugs!

At last, this record-reviewer's dreamboat release has been announced (in the pages of my favorite reading, *Audio Engineering* magazine). It's a twelve-inch, single-faced, LP acetate—complete with grooves containing plenty of nothin'. An "unmodulated" test disc, the Audio-Video Co. calls it, and asks only the bargain price of \$4. I can't wait for mine (gratis, of course, for review) and already I'm dredging my mind for pertinent commentary. "Remarkably sustained, but a bit monotonous" . . . "absolutely free from pitch deviations" . . . "something for every taste" . . . "quiet surface."

If you think *silence* is an odd recording choice, it shows you're no connoisseur of phonographic oddities. This well may be as valuable a test disc as Emory Cook's memorable master of "white" (thermal to you) and "gray" noise . . . Cook also has done some nifties for the non-technician's library in his "Sounds of Our Times" series, which stars railway trains, summer thunderstorms, music boxes, and bagpipe bands. And he gets stiff competition from Folkway's current *Sounds of the Sea* (featured solos by snapping shrimps, drumfish, and croakers—although I'd thought the latter were under contract elsewhere) and the outfit that recently put out a frog and peeper concert on discs. It goes to prove that if your voice is neither up or down to Met standards, you still can dream of a recording career, provided you can sustain note, under water.

At a matter of fact, LP's still have a way to go to match some of the real lulus of 78 days. Columbia once listed an album of *Heart Sounds, Murmurs and Arrhythmias* (probably edited by Dr. Gillespie) . . . and duck-call discs still are best-sellers in the shotgun set. Various series of 78 sound-effects discs included almost everything from walking on duckboards in the mud to Aeroplane Motor Idling (May be Used for Motor Boat). But my own favorites were two pre-war Telefunken: *Motorenge-rausche und Stoerungen* (for garage apprentices, I suppose) and the formidable *Rundfunk-Empfangstoerungen, mit Winken fuer ihre Beseitigung* (to teach radio servicemen how to recognize various types of interference, from *Rueckkoppler* and *Wackelkontakt* to *Staubsauger*, etc.).

And that reminds me that the language-teaching records are enjoying a new boom, what with the upsurge of "tourism" and the lively competition Linguaphone is getting from Holt and others. So now's the time to brush up on Bengali, holler for Hindustani or aspire to Afrikaans. But make sure you don't fall down on your Erse . . .

String Quartets

(Jumped from Page 1)

unquestionably great performances in occasional concerts and recordings. Despite (or perhaps partly because of) their lack of color, force, and momentum, string quartets are ideal in many ways for home listening by individuals or small groups. What I object to is calling a bloodless, parlor-pastime the supreme experience music has

to offer. Making a fantastic cult of a fine, if limited, medium is what burns me. It would normally be only silly but intensive promotion has made it actually dangerous to neurotic, susceptible, and gullible listeners.

If this be treason, degut me. If it makes some sense, how about helping me establish a String-Quartets Anonymous? What music needs today is more non-compulsory listeners who can take their strings or dislike them.

Discollectors

New York—Jazz record collectors from all over the world are invited to attend the Jazz Record Collector's Convention in Appleton, Wis., all day Sunday, May 25.

The registration fee of \$1 entitles the collector to a day of buying, selling, trading, and participating in an auction of rare records at the Appleton Hotel. There will also be an exhibit and various contests. Prizes for the latter include the \$26 Jazz Scene album and records donated by Capitol, Columbia, Coral, Decca, Mercury, Victor, and MGM. Short speeches by prominent collectors have been scheduled.

Brandeis Arts Festival Will Feature Jazz

Boston—Jazz will play an important part in Brandeis University's Festival of the Creative Arts, June 12-15.

The festival, under the direction of composer-conductor Leonard Bernstein, who is professor of music and the director of the School of Creative Arts at Brandeis, is being held in commemoration of the university's first commencement.

On Friday afternoon, June 13, there will be a jazz symposium with Bernstein as moderator. The participants have been listed as John Mehegan of the faculty of Juilliard School of Music; George Simon and Barry Ulanov of *Metro-nome*; George Wein, pianist-owner of Boston's Storyville; and Leonard Feather and Nat Hentoff of *Down Beat*.

The symposium will be followed by a concert in which Lennie Tristano will head a group exemplifying modern jazz, while John Mehegan will illustrate the Dixieland idiom.

Other features of the festival will be the premiere of Leonard Bernstein's opera, *Trouble in Haiti*; and a performance of Stravinsky's choral ballet, *Les Noces*.

Kenton Draws NBC Remotes

Chicago—The National Broadcasting Co. will follow Stan Kenton across the country this summer, sending out network remotes on the band every Friday and Saturday night on a sustaining basis.

Kenton did airshots on those nights the two weeks he was here at the Blue Note, doing all the announcing himself, and the shows met with so much favor it was decided to continue them.



"SHOOT ME WHILE I'm happy!" says Frank Sinatra to a group of amateur photographer fans who gathered, under the sponsorship of WAAT deejay Paul Brenner, for a lens-happy party backstage during The Voice's recent engagement at the New York Paramount.

Counterpoint

A Point Of No Return

By NAT HENTOFF

At 23, Eddie Phyfe is already one of the ablest of the younger jazz drummers with extensive experience in backing both modernists and traditionalists. He is also one of the most concerned—cerebrally as well as emotionally—with both improving the quality of jazz and extending the range of its audience.

Or, as he put the problem pragmatically in a recent communication, "How can we best sell something new, healthy and happy—whether it's a fresh traditional, modern or advanced experimental form (the latter in any style)?"

Eddie continues, "There is a vast untapped audience for jazz that could be reached if our music were presented in the right way." Eddie then struck on one of the basic faults in the present day structure of jazz.

Night Club Entertainment

"Jazz is mainly a night club form of entertainment. If only most of these night club owners could be convinced that by making certain improvements, they'd increase their patronage, make for better music from the musicians they engage and thereby, make more money.

"The average club in which jazz is played has atmosphere in only the negative sense of the word. The decor is usually tasteless and far from successful in providing the customers with a sense of relaxed atmosphere.

"The worst fault, and one you find in almost all clubs, is that of horrible acoustics. Few people new to jazz can be sold on music when they can't hear it properly. And the musicians themselves play less well when the balance is such that distorted decibels reverberate from the walls. I know some spots where musicians have given up trying to create anything out of the ordinary because if they did, who could hear it?"

Staging Stinks

"Improper staging is another obstacle in the way of jazz reaching its potential audience. Bad lighting on a handstand, which is usually tucked into some out of the way corner so more room can

be made for extra tables, doesn't make any one—musicians or customers—feel that something worthwhile is being presented.

"While music becomes background for drinking and loud conversation. In any other form of art, the subject is given a key locale and creative lighting. If only bandstands were placed where every one in the room had a good view and if they were lighted somewhat like a theatre stage. So many dramatic highlights of a man playing jazz and enjoying himself are lost.

"I also feel that beside the physical improvements that can be made in clubs, there should be more variety in choosing shows. If every musician in a club plays in the same style, the result can become quite boring to the average listener."

Schizophrenic Sound

Eddie has other pertinent ideas on means of strengthening of jazz, and I'd like to examine those in a future column. The ones he has already listed make eminent sense to me. True, Phyfe's suggestions would seem to be elemental, but how many clubs come anywhere near the reasonable norm he sets?

How often have you subjected yourself to murky surroundings and schizophrenic sound systems while you strained your ears and eyes to dig a musician or combo you like? And how long can the average unoriented listener, who is willing to listen and perhaps like the unfamiliar, be expected to concentrate on music in a place where everything seems deliberately designed to prevent absorption. If more owners would change their clubs from discouraging obstacle courses into pleasant, comfortable rooms, everybody would be happier and the music business as a whole would be healthier.

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Spinning With Web

The 'E' In Back Of 'Mr. B'

by HAL WEBMAN
(Editor-in-chief)

My very dearest friend in or out of the music business is a guy named Milton Ebbins. Milt is one of those guys behind the scenes in the music business who wield a mighty stick, yet is rarely heard from or about in public places.

Now Milt is a rather erratic person. He is noted far and wide in the trade for his failure to meet appointments. He's late many times, sometimes he doesn't even make an appearance. Despite this and other foibles and quirks, Milt is one of the best loved and most respected guys in his trade.

He's a personal manager. He manages Billy Eckstine, Count Basie, Hugo Winterhalter, and a new movie starlet-singer, Barbara Ruick. His business is in his hat. He's never had an office. His headquarters has often been Lindy's or the William Morris office or the Copa Lounge or the Brown Derby. Yet Milt has made a marked contribution to the music business, not only in having helped his major clients reach the top rungs in their profession, but in breaking down racial barriers to pave the way for general public recognition of his clients.

The Eckstine Story

The story of how Milt pulled the strings which eventually carried Eckstine into his current comfortable position as one of nation's five top singers is in itself quite a fascinating tale.

Milt became Billy's manager in 1947. The association was made thru Billy Shaw, then head of the one-night department at the William Morris Agency and now proprietor of his own very successful agency business. Shaw, for the two years previous, had beat his brains in to sell Eckstine as a band leader. He did so with only moderate success. Still, Eckstine, who was fronting the first and probably the best big bop band, wound up in 1947 in hock to the tune of \$19,000.

That's when Shaw decided Billy ought to try a single. And that's when Shaw figured that Milt, who was managing a then highly successful Count Basie, would be the right guy to guide Eckstine as a single.

Milt Takes Over

Milt actually took over several months before the band finally was put on notice. Eckstine and band were recording for National Records and had several hits on that label including *Prisoner of Love* and *Cottage for Sale*. But Milt figured that National wasn't strong enough an outfit to sell Eckstine outside of the rhythm-and-blues wax market.

So he stimulated a grapevine rumor that Billy would be available for a record contract. Harry Meyerson, who just had taken over the new-born recording department at MGM Records, was one of those who bit. Harry figured Eckstine would give him a leader in the rhythm-and-blues market, little knowing that he was being sought to provide Billy with an entree into the pop field.

Money And Strings

At any rate, Milt finally landed the MGM deal and got for Billy a healthy hunk of annual guarantee, something like \$35,000 a year. Milt then went in and rocked the very foundations of MGM. He wouldn't allow Billy to record unless he did pop songs and he did them with a large orchestra with strings. It took a lot of talking and power tactics to convince Meyerson that strings were for Billy—Meyerson knew that strings amounted to a slow death in the rhythm and blues field.

Finally, Billy made his first session with a large orchestra—with strings—conducted by Sonny Burke. The first date produced one of B's anthems, *Everything I Have*

Is Yours. For his second date, Milt made a meld that was the making of Billy on wax. He talked Hugo Winterhalter, who then was arranging for the Kate Smith show, into writing and conducting for Billy on his records.

Hugo Conducts

At that point, Hugo had never touched a baton. He knew only of his five-tone organ and sheets of scoring paper. Milt sent him to school for some quick lessons in conducting and Hugo became a conductor. Of course, the association of Winterhalter with Eckstine produced electric results. The hits started flowing and Eckstine was on his way. At the time, in a lesser way, so was Hugo, but that's another story.

When the MGM Records started flowing—*Caravan*, *Fool That I Am*, *Bewildered*, etc.—Milt found a New York "home" for Eckstine in the now defunct Royal Roost nitery. On his second trip into the Roost in 1949, Milt figured this was the time to start moving Billy from out the jazz joints into the greener fields of the pop market. This was a big decision, for never before in the history of show business had there been a widely successful Negro crooner.

The Grapevine

Milt started the wheels rolling. He figured the quickest route to the pop public would be to get Billy into the Paramount Theater, still the key house for the making of pop music attractions. Milt made use of the grapevine again. He had everyone talking about non-existent offers from the Roxy and the Strand on Broadway. He had them going around strong enough so that the offers became fact.

Then Milt went to Harry Levine, the house booker at the Paramount, and advised him that he'd better not pass up Eckstine; Billy was getting hot and the Paramount couldn't afford to let Mr. B go by. It was a quick deal. Billy was to go in in May, with Duke Ellington's band, as an extra added attraction at \$2,000 per week.

From that point, Eckstine's career has become a matter of public record. The price and his popularity skyrocketed. Still there was one thing missing that a normal top attraction would draw automatically—the leading night clubs.

During Easter of 1951, Billy was back at the Paramount for his third trip. On a Wednesday night, Milt got a frantic call from Jack Entratter, manager of the Copa. Frank Sinatra, who was then appearing at the Copa, had suffered a hemorrhage of the throat and wouldn't be able to make the big midnight show. And, said Entratter, Frank said there was only one singer in New York who could substitute and that guy was Eckstine.

So an act of God brought Eckstine into the Copa that night, and working only with pianist Bobby Tucker, he fractured the customers who came to see Sinatra, despite the fact that Billy contracted the only case of nerves I have ever seen him suffer. Billy doubled between the Copa and the Paramount for a week, and collapsed directly afterwards.

No Segregation

But Milt had a stick to wield. Eckstine proved he could capture a Copa audience, one of the toughest in the world. And Milt was able to go into Entratter and get for Billy a regular engagement at Billy's regular price, \$6,000 per week. He also was able to get a rider put into the contract: that the house would exercise no prejudice in seating customers, that the bars would not be up for Negroes.

Billy played the date and scored a resounding success. He'll be going back into the Copa on May 29 for his second appearance there.

And that's only a small idea of how much a role the man behind the star plays. That role is just as small or as large as the guy who acts it wants to make it. And Milt is the kind of guy who makes it as big as it can be made. That's one of the reasons why you can't help but love the guy, despite his eccentricities.

God bless him!



HIS SECOND ROLE as a movie star gives Vaughn Monroe the title part in *Toughest Man In Tombstone*, which the studio says "is a top budget picture filmed in Trucolor, and not a run-of-the-mill western." The gal is Joan Leslie. Locale is the Arizona territory, time 1881. Vaughn is honest, but deadly, deputy U.S. Marshal Matt Landry.

Jimmy Jones Seriously Ill

New York—Jimmy Jones, accompanist for Sarah Vaughan for the last four years, was rushed to Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn early in April suffering from a lung cavity.

Weakened by 76 one-niters last fall while touring with the Big Show, the pianist was felled by a virus condition recently when he played the Apollo with Sarah, but insisted that the show must go on. He lost 24 pounds in 15 days before being admitted to the hospital.

Jimmy is expected to spend up

Laine Set For European Trip

New York—Frankie Laine will make his first European jaunt this summer. *Gandy Dancer* Frankie has been set for the Empire Theater in Glasgow and also will likely work the Palladium Theater in London.

No dates have been announced for his bookings, but the trip appears to be a definite commitment.

to a year convalescing. His place has been taken by John Malachi, former Eckstine pianist.

Merv Griffin Gets Greeting

New York—Merv Griffin is the latest of the young crooners to receive his greeting papers from the draft board.

Griffin, tho he still was working as a band vocalist with Freddy Martin, had embarked on a build-up campaign with the help of an RCA Victor recording contract, was called for a physical a couple of weeks ago and should be inducted shortly.

He'll join Vic Damone and Eddie Fisher in the service.

SPOTLIGHT ON JO JONES



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Freddy Martin Back To Grove

New York — Freddy Martin heads back to Los Angeles for his long-time stomping ground in the Coconut Grove of the Hotel Ambassador, where he will play a 16 week engagement beginning early in June. Martin just completed a three-month stand in the Grill of the Hotel Roosevelt here, standing in for the touring Guy Lombardo.

Following the Grove stint, Martin will go into the Palladium in Hollywood for a four week stand.

Red Caps Will Play Riviera

New York—Steve Gibson and the Red Caps, featuring thrush Damita Jo, a group which proved to be the sensation of the recently finished Miami season having spent

Comics On Wax

New York—There seems to be a small trend among record men to put in the groove comedians.

RCA Victor most recently inked ventriloquist Paul Winchell and dummy Jerry Mahoney. A few weeks previous the same firm signed Danny Thomas to a term pact.

Not to be outdone by the competition, Decca Records signed and recorded Lou Costello and Bud Abbott. The famous comedy team was signed primarily to put to wax some of the items in their current movie, *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

the winter in the Black Magic Room of Copa City, will open at Bill Miller's Riviera here on May 6 for two weeks.

Gibson and group have been in business for a decade but this is the first time the unit has moved into the important money brackets. They record for RCA Victor.

Krupa Jumps For Japanese

New York — In a last minute change of plans, the Gene Krupa Trio, which had been scheduled for an April 18 opening at the Say When in San Francisco, was re-routed by the Associated offices here and sent on a two-week tour of Japan.

The tour, consisting of one-nighters in key cities throughout the islands, is expected to set the precedent for a series of similar bookings by Joe Glaser involving American jazz attractions.

Krupa, Ventura and Napoleon, who left for this trip April 17, were due back in California this week.

Mercer Returns To Front 8-Piecer

New York — Mercer Ellington will return to the band wars with his own eight-piece group. Mercer, whose last activity was as a sideman for his eminent father, will play E-flat trombone and feature a front line of trumpet, alto, tenor and baritone saxes and three rhythm.

Mercer is writing the library himself and will go into the Savoy Ballroom here shortly.

DID YOU KNOW that Milt Ebbins, personal manager of Billy Eckstine, once played trumpet in the late Jack Jenney's orchestra?

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Getz Gets Going At NBC, Spurs Road For Studios

New York — "I'm sorry, Stan isn't home," said Beverly Getz. "He's at a rehearsal for the Kate Smith show."

It seemed odd to think of the *Beat's* award-winning tenor star as an anonymous sideman on a commercial radio program, and as we hung up the phone it struck us that Stan's fans know nothing of his new double life.

It's a strange and impressive story, this chronicle of a musician

only musician on it. There I was, all by myself, playing bass clarinet. I had to create some themes—mood music to hold the sequences together. I got leader's scale—\$125.

"As soon as I have about five shows a week steady at NBC, they'll put me on staff. It won't work out as well per show, but it'll be security—those jobs last for years."

Foot in the Door

Stan was introduced to Dr. Roy Shields, director of music at NBC, by guitarist Johnny Smith. It often takes an aspiring radio house musician years to crash the golden gate, but Stan soon found himself called for all kinds of work. One show, the *Saturday Night Revue*, on which he works with a 56-piece orchestra, features one number per program by a jazz group drawn from the larger outfit. Known as the Johnny Smith Quintet, it features Stan, Johnny, Bunny Shawker on drums, and a bassist and pianist who, among other chores play with the NBC Symphony.

"One of the nice things about this job," Stan adds, "is that I get to hear the NBC Symphony at work. I'd like to play bassoon in the Symphony. I'm going to start playing bassoon on some of the pop programs as soon as I've studied some."

Utopia At NBC?

Stan hopes to get Al Haig into the picture at NBC—"then, with Ed Safranski and Don Lamond and Johnny, we'll have a perfect rhythm section right inside NBC. Some of us have been trying to work up a sort of modernized version of *Lower Basin Street* so we can have a jazz show."

And what does all this do for Stan that his jazz career failed to accomplish?

Certainly there's no immediate financial benefit. On the contrary, he was netting a cool thousand a week for himself in theaters, around \$300 a night on one-nighters, and up to \$500 a week for locations with his quintet. But, he says, you don't get to practice on the road, and Stan, now just 25, has been traveling with bands on and off since he was 15. He has a wife and two children, a home on Long Island, and a desire to stay close to them.

Jazz Dates

"Besides, it's great for my general health and state of mind. I don't feel as sensitive as I used to about my playing. And I can still play plenty of jazz dates; I have a deal to work Birdland six months out of the year; and if I take an offer that came in to play the summer on the French Riviera, I can take a leave of absence from NBC. But I've turned down plenty of jobs, at good money, to build up this radio connection."

The picture you get of the new Stan, so healthy in appearance and in mind, differs greatly from the frantic kid who made musical history as one of Woody Herman's original Four Brothers. It's a picture that has caused great rejoicing among those close to him, even including Roost Records' Jack Hooke, who has something to lose financially by Getz's reluctance to go on the road.

"I'm glad to see it happen," said Hooke recently. "Stan knows what he's doing, and I say good luck to him."

Second the motion.



Stan Gets

who, after achieving international recognition at 24, has decided to sacrifice tens of thousands of dollars in order to build a long-range career for himself in New York City.

"Things look pretty good," Stan said when we caught up with him the next day. "I did four programs last week, and I have three set for this week."

All Kinds Horns

"I can imagine some guys finding this kind of work dull, but to me it's great. On the Kate Smith show, for instance, I had to play baritone, tenor, clarinet and bass clarinet. On the Jane Pickens show I played clarinet only. Once I even played some jazz clarinet."

"The other night I did the *Cameo Television Theater* show. I was the

(Advertisement)

SPOTLIGHT ON CHARLIE PERRY



Charlie Perry says, "the best tip I can give any drummer who wants his cymbal rhythms to sound really great is this: Make sure you're using the best cymbals you can buy. Personally, I wouldn't use any but K. Zildjians. And dig that "K" That initial means "Made in Turkey"—where the only true Turkish tone and quality comes from. K. Zildjians are available in all sizes and weights, so get yours now. But remember, always mention the "K" before the Zildjian!" FREE—Charlie Perry tells and shows you how to make beat use of your cymbals in modern drumming. Just write for "Charlie Perry Cymbal Tips" c/o The Fred. Gretsch Mfg. Co., 60 Bwy., Bklyn 11, N.Y. or 218 S. Wabash, Chicago 4, Ill.

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IT'S PLAYBACK TIME for the Gene Krupa Trio, caught listening to one of their latest sides after they sliced it for Mercury recently. L. to R. Charlie Ventura, Gene, and pianist Teddy Napoleon. See story this issue regarding the trio's trans-oceanic activities.

Swingin' The Golden Gate

Courtney Comes Back In Big Way Via Frisco TV

By RALPH J. GLEASON

San Francisco—Del Courtney, the bandleader who quit the music business three years ago, has got back into it so solidly that for the first time in local history a band is being booked direct from an engagement in one Bay Area hotel into another.

Del opened April 23 for six weeks at the Claremont Hotel here, atop the Oakland-Berkeley hills, after closing the night before at the St. Francis in downtown San Francisco, where he had been since the first week in January.

Courtney, who has been a fixture on Bay Area TV since the first station went on the screen three years ago, said he had so many demands to play dates with his, then, non-existent band that he formed one expressly for the purpose of playing casuals. MCA then called him and asked was he available. Courtney's corner on the local hotel market actually was a triple play. He broke in his band at the Mark Hopkins during the Christmas-New Years week, then went into the St. Francis for four weeks and stayed four months. Meanwhile, he has continued his daily TV show and the operation of his three East bay television stores.

No One-Nighters

Although the band has received several offers for out-of-town location jobs, Del says "you couldn't drag me out on the road again with wild horses. I had 15 years of that and when I saw the handwriting on the wall, when the one-nighters started to drop off, I got out." However, this won't prevent Del from accepting an upcoming two-week tour of Hawaii if it comes through. He figures he can take a leave of absence from the TV show for that.

The Courtney band is, obviously, a good hotel unit. The usual fiddlers are absent, the book has lots of Latin numbers and plenty of pops. Bob Moonan is featured on several piano specialties and the book has been scored by Jack DiMello to sound like more brass than there is.

Line-up of the unit, all out of Local 6, is as follows: Saxes: Ken McCaulau, Alex Massey, Don Smith, Bub Hooven; trombones, George Smith; trumpets Jack DiMello and one to be added; piano Bob Moonan; bass, Pete Eastman; drums, Jack Turner.

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Palladium May Buy Singers

Hollywood—Sterling Way, manager of the Palladium, is mulling the idea of bolstering the dance spot's summer boxoffice potential by adding name singers to the regular dance band offerings. Way said the project was strictly speculative at present.

Feeling here is that if such a move is made it probably will be in conjunction with engagement of Benny Strong, booked for a four-weekers stand starting June 17. Strong isn't figured to be as strong a draw at the Palladium as others now up on the board—Jimmy Dorsey, current; Tommy Dorsey, opening May 13; Strong, June 17; Ray Anthony, July 15; Les Brown, Aug. 12.

Kilbert To Duke

Los Angeles—Porter Kilbert replaced Willie Smith in Duke Ellington's orchestra when Willie left to join the Billy May band.

Kilbert, a member of the Chicago local, was featured with Benny Carter's orchestra and has been heard on records with Coleman Hawkins.

DID YOU KNOW that Georgie Auld appeared momentarily in a non-musical acting role in the recent Judy Holliday hit, *The Marrying Kind*?

Strictly Ad Lib

(Jumped from Page 3)

CHICAGO

Georgie Auld, who opens with his quintet at the Blue Note May 16, has had his option picked up by Coral for another year. Success of his *Manhattan* and *Please, Mr. Sun* sides, cut with the Jud Conion Rhythmaires, spurred the move. His latest pressing in the same vein is *Room with a View*... Drummer Arthur Taylor left the Buddy DeFranco quartet in St. Louis. Art Blakey exited Earl Hines to take his place... Kenton drew full houses night after night during his Blue Note stay. Sarah Vaughan followed, then Muggsy Spanier and Dinah Washington.

Phil Spitalny's femmes take over at the Edgewater Beach hotel May 9 for four weeks. No band yet set to open the Beachwalk on June 13... Big May 16 show at the Chicago theater has the Four Aces and Margaret Whiting heading the bill. Fingers Carr (Lou Busch) also skidded. Barney Kessel and bassist Morty Corb were with Bob Crosby when he played there the middle of April... The Regal gets Ella Fitzgerald and Erskine Hawkins' band on the 16th.

The Gene Krupa trio does three more days at the Silhouettes on May 9, 10, 11 following its tour of Hawaii and Japan. Plays the Milton Berle show the 13th. Club also has Earl Hines' combo set for May 1-4... Henry Brandon's band back at the Blackhawk, playing for dancing and backing the new Six on a Honeymoon revue... Dave Brubeck's quartet will probably play here before opening at Birdland on Sept. 4.

Ray Anthony did great at the Aragon, opening to 3,500 people on a rainy, miserable night... Tiny Hill leaves his midwest stamping grounds to play the Pacific Northwest in June... Buddy Greco opens at the Gay Haven, Detroit, for two weeks on May 19... Ralph Flanagan broke the house record at Denver's Rainbow ballroom in a three-day stand in April. House sold \$2,300 worth of pop corn and soft drinks (no hard stuff allowed) alone... Red Ingle has split with the Silhouettes and is taking back singer Lee Whitney. Does two weeks at the Commodore in Windsor starting May 12.

Jimmy (Dancing Shoes) Palmer started a four-weeker at Melody Mill on April 30... Johnnie Ray comes back to town after his current Oriental engagement on Sept. 5. Goes into the Chez Paree... Lee Collins had a big welcome home celebration at the Victory club following his Europe trip... Bill Russell's Saturday night New Orleans jazz sessions, with Natty Dominique and Baby Doddo, still trying to find a permanent home after a couple of shifts in location... Regulars in town still include Lurlean Hunter and Les Strand at the Streamliner; Johnny Lane at the 1111 club; Miff Mole at Jazz Ltd.; Cy Touff at the Spotlite, and Danny Alvin at Helsing's.

SAN FRANCISCO—OAKLAND

Marie Louise St. Gaudens, intermission pianist at the Black Hawk, has cut a tape of piano solos for Fantasy Records... Maynard Ferguson and Kay Brown combined business with pleasure on a vacation trip to the Bay Area in April. They hit several disc jockey shows in addition to rubber-necking... Cactus Jack Alexander, long-time Oakland Western disc jockey, has added a daily 20-minute dixieland show to his KLLX schedule... Debbie Reynolds

Jazz Experiment

Schenectady—The Union College chapel was the scene of a pioneering college-approved jazz concert Monday evening, April 28. The concert was free to the public, getting sponsorship from the Union College concert and lecture fund, the student activities fund and the Jazz Appreciation Club of Schenectady.

Two groups were featured. The Billy Taylor trio played some modern jazz and a swing-Dixieland combo was headed by former Ellington cornettist, Rex Stewart. With Rex were Willie "The Lion" Smith, trombonist Munn Ware and Bob Gilbert of the Castle Jazz Band.

planned in from L.A. for personal appearances in conjunction with the opening of "Singin' in the Rain" early in April... Paul Speegel resigned as program director of KNBC to devote his full time to a nightly disc and chatter show at 6 P.M. on the station.

Good Time Jazzmen Nesuhi Ertegun and Ray Avery revealed the label is planning to issue modern jazz on another label, Contemporary, with a Shorty Rogers date their first effort... Pat Henry, all night KWBR disc jockey with a heavy jazz tinge, has acquired a sponsor. Local automobile dealer, Trader Scott, bought the whole show... Jimmy Lyons, KNBC disc jockey, back up to a full-hour show nightly at midnight. He's doubling as flack for the Paramount Theater... Bill Bullard, pianist, now the only regular live music at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, though the Peacock Court will bring back names in June with Joe Reichman as a starter.

Misca Novy still at the Palace Corner... The Fairmont, employs more musicians than any local radio station, almost, that is. They have Ernie Heckscher's band in the Venetian Room, the Jack Ross combo in the Cirque Room and an Hawaiian band led by Joe Kealoha in the Tonga Room... The Day Dreamers did a stint in April at the 365 Club Gloria Craig at the 316 in Oakland... Pee Wee Clayton, Tab Smith and the Roy Milton band were the Easter parade package at Oakland and Richmond April 12 and 13... Frank Denke, KNBC staff pianist, had a classical composition played by Pierre Monteux... Cal Tjader's bassist Jack Weeks slowly recovering from an auto accident that had him in the hospital.

Spike Jones set for an April 25 appearance at the Richmond Auditorium... United Music, M-G-M distributor here, sending out a news letter to disc jockies and station librarians... Michael Donn Random has taken over as librarian at KLLX and Dave McEllhatton at KCBS... Don Barkdale has returned to KROW from his basketball season in Baltimore and resumed his *Harlem Holiday* chores. Jim Tharpe, who subbed for him, is now on after midnight... A Golden Gate Fields' jockey (race horse, not platter) told Harry James "I don't tell you how to blow that trumpet, don't tell me how to ride a horse"... Russ Morgan's March opening at the Claremont was a big affair with out-of-towners like Harry James and Coral's Joe Perry attending...

Vernon Alley's Quartet back into the Black Hawk between the Johnny Hodges engagement and the George Shearing Quintet opening April 17... Earl Hines' small combo being offered on the coast for late this spring... Two Beaux and a Peep (Walt Ullner, guitar; Roberta James, piano and Bob Bates, bass) off to the Medford Inn for the summer... Mickey Walsh took over the piano chair in the Chuck Travis big band... Joe Alexander at Slim Jenkins' 7th Street club... The Emanon Trio featuring Travis Warren on piano at the Clef Club... pianist Jimmy Sheldon now part owner of the Vanguard on Pine street...

Gene Morris, former Hampton tenor and recently a bandleader in Sacramento, has left the music business and returned to his native Bakersfield... Four Jokers replaced the Mambo Devils at Ciro's... The Four Naturals at the House of Blue Lights... Frank Evans of Standard Transcription flew here in April to record the Vernon Alley Quartet, doing 10 numbers.

Chords And Discords

Wyer Was Wrong—W.C. Handy

To the Editors:

New York City

My attention has been called to an article by George Hoefler in the April 18 issue of Down Beat, captioned Tales of Two Jazzmen: One True, Other False, and may I add, ALL FALSE. He writes:

"Onah Spencer, former Down Beat correspondent covering Chicago's south side, learned the Wyer story from Jasper Taylor. It dates back to around 1916 when kid drummer Taylor was playing with William C. Handy's band in Memphis."

Onah Spencer and Jasper Taylor have read my book Father of the Blues, which gives the true story of Paul Wyer and his brother, Ed, who were the first violinists in my Memphis Orchestra and clarinet and baritone in my Brass Band. Paul made on his clarinet the first jazz break, which I incorporated in the original score of the Memphis Blues.

I have never worn patched pants and never had to wear them. I could, however, paint you a most delightful picture of the only time I didn't have sufficient clothing, which happened in East St. Louis after I had pawned my watch to my employer for food and lodging. This man took my two weeks' wages and kept my watch for the board and lodging and wouldn't let me have my laundry and clothes. I went to the police for redress and they threatened to take me in for vagrancy if I pressed the charge.

It's A Lie

Your statement beginning with this—"According to Taylor the

Spanish Habanera rhythm in St. Louis Blues came from an arrangement of the tune made by Wyer, etc." is false. My Minstrel Band played Havana, Cuba on the Prado in 1899—10 years before I met Wyer, and if you read my book, you will see how I hung out with the natives, caught the rhythm of the rumba from them 30 years before it reached Broadway. In my minstrel band in the late '90s I played compositions that had the Habanera movement.

The Tango was taken from an African word 'Tangana' which influenced the Moors who influenced the Spaniards, and the Spaniards influenced South Americans, who introduced that movement which I incorporated into my blues as the call of the blood.

Mr. Hoefler says—"According to Taylor the Spanish Habanera rhythm in St. Louis Blues came from an arrangement of the tune made by Wyer, etc." also, "It is said William Grant Still, who played in the same early Handy Band, learned from Paul Wyer some of the musical ideas he later used in his compositions." Such statements are malignant falsehoods that take from the Negro creator credits in ragtime and all that he has contributed to American music.

I wrote every note in St. Louis Blues, didn't allow anybody to dot an 'I' or cross a 'T' or even read my proofs.

Still's mother and father before him were musicians and he did not have to ask Wyer anything about music because he made the first band arrangement of St. Louis Blues and finished Wilberforce University and Oberlin Conservatory (music scholarship) before he ever saw Wyer.

W. C. Handy

Frankie And Johnny

Holland Patent, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Down Beat has been my favorite magazine since its first issue and one almost never encounters a factual error in your publication.

I was somewhat shocked and dismayed to collide with a tremendous error in a recent article: "They Done Frankie Wrong," by Ted Hallock.

Frankie Baker had nothing what-



Good Old Mountain Music!

ever to do with Frankie and Albert (Johnny), as to either tune or lyrics. She never, before being committed to the asylum, claimed any part in the song's creation. She loathed and detested this ballad. Children cruelly tormented her by chanting it in her hearing. She would never conceivably have fashioned anything to keep the killing alive in the public mind. What this pitiful and ill-starred woman fought for so hard was to suppress the words of this song from circulation.

Sued Republic

Frankie, indeed, always complained that the lyrics weren't "even right"—that the details described were far from accurate.

She sued Republic Pictures for defamation of character "in using that lying, evil song." She said it would revive memory of the fatal event, that the public would identify her with the Frankie of the song.

The song is altogether traditional and anonymous. There's no evidence of any individual writing words or music or collaborating thereon.

Republic Pictures produced several experts, including Joe Howard and Sigmund Spaeth, who declared "the song was popular long before Frankie Baker shot her husband." Spaeth declared "the ballad was sung before the Civil War."

I hope that in the future you will check any research data produced by Hallock.

Peter Radley

Patti—Cake

Finley, North Dakota

To the Editors:

Bouquets to Mr. Don Freeman for his recent article on Patti Page! Met Patti in November, 1950 while I was stationed near Baltimore. I can honestly say he is 100 percent correct in his "judging" of her. Patti is probably the most genuine person in show biz. She was and still is about the greatest girl a fellow can meet.

P.F.C. John Lektorich

Hoo—Ray

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors:

I want to thank you for all the write ups on Johnnie Ray. All his fans down here really appreciate them.

Johnnie just finished a week stay here in Washington, D.C. I'm sure Washington has never seen anything like it since the Andrew Jackson inaugural. One mournful note from Johnnie and the audience shrieked in animal ecstasy. This "Crying Ray" is a shock entertainer and his heartbreak songs really raised the Capitol's roof. We all love him and believe me, we let him know it.

Arlene Saum

Vindication

N. Hollywood, Calif.

To the Editors:

Just a note of thanks for the many kind words concerning Tex (Beneke) and myself in a recent issue of the Beat (April 4).

Just a word about S'Wonderful. It was thrown in on a date to cover the tune, which was in An American in Paris. Another point of interest is that this arrangement, which is five years old, was presented for recording while Tex was with Victor and was turned down cold by Victor. After five years of wondering who was right, I have finally been vindicated.

Hank Mancini

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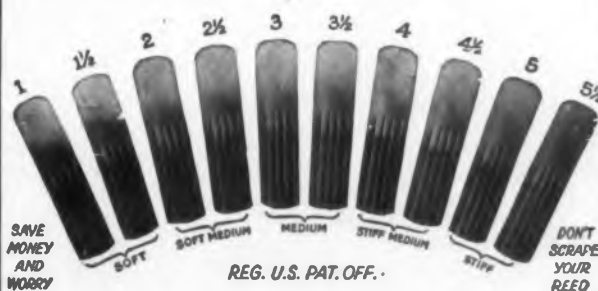
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RECORD REVIEWS

Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. Records in the jazz section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections of interest from the musical standpoint are marked with a sharp (§), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (§§).

Ratings

★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

POPULAR

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with a sharp (§), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (§§).

Kay Armen

- ★★ *Mean to Me*
★★★ *Jealous*

Two more musically good sides by a gal who always sings competently and deserves to come up with a hit sooner or later. The two standards are deftly handled, with Larry Clinton's ork adding a tick-tock effect on *Jealous* (there's a clock in the lyrics, remember?). (King 15169.)

Georgie Auld

- ★★★ *A Room With a View*
★★★ *Forgive Me*

By now Georgie has established a pattern from which he probably won't want to escape, since it sells records; tenor sax solo, slow tunes, vocal group background. The Jud Conlon Rhythmaires get a fine hand, especially on the intro of *View*. *Forgive* is the more likely side, though, since the group gets a chance to sing the lyrics, instead of just oohing and aahing most of the way as they do on *View*. (Coral 60718.)

Champ Butler

- ★★★★ *Meet Me on the Corner*
★★ *Two*

Corner is a close relative of *In The Mood*, peppered with some catchy lyrical gimmicks. Butler belts it out free and easy to a slick Percy Faith backing, an above-average studio ork job. Reverse spots a weakened Butler doing a routine ballad. (Columbia 39717.)

Lily Ann Carol

- ★★★ *Raindrops*
★★★★ *Lonesome and Blue*

Lily Ann makes her Victor debut with a bright reprise of an oldie, *Raindrops*, done to a crisp studio orking. Reverse is the Benjamin-Weiss follow-up to their *Wheel* that was fortunate; Lily Ann contributes an adequate reading. (Victor 20-4658.)

Rosemary Clooney

- ★★★ *Half As Much*
★★★ *Poor Whip-Poor-Will*

Rosie gives her whole to *Half As Much*, a plaintive, corny, country plea, then multi-doubles with herself for the coupling, a tear-jerking waltz. (Columbia 39710.)

§ Perry Como

- You'll Never Walk Alone*
Black Moonlight
If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You
Summertime
While We're Young
My Heart Stood Still
I Concentrate on You
Over the Rainbow

Album Rating: ★★★★★

Perry was in rare voice in making up this package of eight superb songs, which are accredited as *Como TV Favorites*. Tastefully supported by Mitch Ayres' studio ork, Perry actually seems to have hit the zenith of his recorded career in this album. Collectively, he has never made such a splendid demonstration of warmth, feeling and lyrical sympathy.

Of course, the meat he has to bite into is of course of the rare red type, running the

gamut from superb Rodgers-Hart to Alec Wilder to the almost forgotten beauty of *Black Moonlight*, a Johnaton-Coslow ballad from 1933. As the boys in Lindy's might say, this album was a standard before it was issued. (Victor LPM3013.)

Xavier Cugat

- ★★★ *Jungle Flute*
★★ *Blue Tango*

The flute side is one of those weird, slightly exotic affairs for which Easy Morales set such a successful precedent. *Diabliito* is the soloist. The tango side is melodic in the best Cugat manner. (Mercury 5817.)

Bob Eberly - Les Baxter

- ★★★ *Green Grow the Lilacs*
★★ *A Day Away from You*

Baxter's chorus and orchestra join Bob to make the fast Tex Ritter-adapted floral waltz moderately appealing. The other side lacks both the chorus and the appeal; just a fair ballad record. (Capitol 2053.)

Tommy Edwards

- ★★ *Piano, Bass and Drums*
★★ *My Girl*

Only solo work on the up side, despite its title, is a spot of clarinet. Rest is a mild performance of a little rhythm song from Warner's *About Face*. Reverse is a ballad, with nice lush string backing by Leroy Holmes, but it's hard to avoid sensing how much warmer a job Nat could do with the same material, though Tommy is very pleasant. (MGM 11209.)

Eddie Fisher

- ★★★★ *I'm Yours*
★★★★ *Just a Little Lovin'*

Pfc Fisher should sustain his run of hits with his sincere, open-throated reading of *Yours*, a standout ballad. Hugo Winterhalter paves the way with some potent, Hollywood-type orking. Eddie on the backing tries to follow-up *Anytime* with another Eddy Arnold country opus; Hugo matches the original's sort of support—a touch of sugared Shearing and trombone choir. (Victor 20-4680.)

Eddie Fisher

- Just Say I Love Her*
Sorry
A Little Bit Independent
I Remember When
Thinking of You
If You Should Leave Me
I Love You Because
Am I Wasting My Time on You
Album Rating: ★★★★★

Victor, obviously to capitalize on Fisher's sizzling disc-selling pace, has put together for an album eight of Eddie's early recordings. It will provide his fans with plenty of delights; they'll wonder how come they missed these deliberately commercial sides in the first place.

Hugo Winterhalter, who has guided Eddie musically from his first record date, provides the tasty backgrounds for the collection. (Victor LPM3025.)

§ Ella Fitzgerald

- ★★★ *Air Mail Special*
★★★★ *Goody Goody*

Air is another of those wordless wonders; sensational the first time you hear it, decreasingly diverting later, though Ella's control is still fabulous. *Goody* is more of a lasting thing, however; decked up with special lyrics, hand-clapping and a two-beat Sy Oliver arrangement, it can hardly miss. (Decca 28126.)

Ralph Flanagan

- ★★★ *Singing Winds*
★★ *Honest and Truly*

Flanagan finally has got around to

etching his theme for immortality. Reverse is an old-timey current pop, sung by Harry Prime and vocal group; not much to recommend except that it's danceable. (Victor 20-4656.)

Stan Freberg

- ★★★★ *Try*
★ *Pass the Udder Udder*

Printed for the record. By now the deejays must have familiarized you with Stan's hilarious satire on Johnnie Ray, which the weepstakes winner himself finds highly comical. Nobody will buy this disc for the other side, a fairly dull analysis of the milking of a cow. (Capitol 2029.)

Paul Gayten

- ★★★★ *Happy Days*
★★ *Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Love*

Gayten sings happily of his romantic reunion, egged on by a loud, swinging outfit that rocks but never squeaks. *Liberty* was done beautifully many years ago by Mildred Bailey, doesn't suit Gayten's low-down approach too well. (Okeh 6870.)

Ann Gibson

- ★★★ *Wrong*
★★★ *I Can't Stop Loving You*

Simple, softly-sung ballad has running commentary by Jerry Shard's wah-wah trombone. Gal sounds soulful and sincere. Other side is much more modern in bluesy material and band background; could coax some nickels too. (Capitol 2049.)

§ Ted Heath

- Entry of the Gladiators*
Casey Jones
The Hour of Parting
I Want to Be Happy
Limehouse Blues
Turkey in the Straw
A Kiss in the Dark
Black Bottom

Album rating: ★★★

With the invitation to *Listen to My Music*, Heath's English crew provides eight pleasant reminders that his is one of the world's finest dance bands. The Heath band has made more sparkling musical efforts than these, but these provide a cross-section of the band's commercial aspects and still are not lacking in musical lustre.

There's an occasional solo (some pretty alto on *Hour of Parting*, nice muted trumpet on *Happy*, fluffy tenor on *Limehouse*) fitted into the generally tasty dance arrangements, much of them reminiscent of the later-day Miller band, which are played with snap and crackle. A fine dance collection. (London LPB 511.)

Burl Ives

- ★★ *This Time Tomorrow*
★★ *One Hour Ahead of the Posse*

Ives applies his charming delivery to a pleasant country-ish waltz on one side and stays ahead of the posse until the last eight bars of the other. Needless to say, Burl didn't quite make it. (Decca 28079.)

Harry James & Kitty Kallen

- ★★★ *To Be Loved By You*
★★ *When I Dream*

The Horn blows sparingly and to commercial effect on these sides, which reunite him with a former canary who did well. Kitty sings both songs directly. *To Be Loved* is an infectious light rhythm opus, flip is less interesting. (Columbia 39715.)



"CAN'T FIND THAT note in the score," murmurs RCA Victor musical director Hugo Winterhalter as he conducts the orchestra for the Eddie Fisher record of *I'm Yours*, which earns a five-star plaudit in these pages.

Herb Jeffries - Les Brown

- ★★★ *Basin Street Blues*
★★ *Flamingo*

This is Herb's second trip along Basin Street, and at least his third with the long-legged bird. His performance is pretty much as before, and the Les Brown band supports him well, with a good (Ray Sims?) trombone interlude on *Basin*. (Coral 60717.)

Stan Kenton

- ★★★★ *Delicado*
★★ *Bags and Baggage*

Described as a "South American Haio," *Delicado* has some member of the balalaika family in a solo role, plus the Kenton brass getting a good blowout and plenty of Latinesque percussion. The coupling is a bass solo by Don Bagley, written by Johnny Richards; for nostalgic Kenton fans it may recall *Concerto for Doghouse*, which featured Howard Rumsey—no: was that really 10 years ago? (Capitol 2040.)

Frankie Laine

- ★★★★ *That's How It Goes*
★★★★ *Snow in Lover's Lane*

Laine socks across a couple of ballads with more than his customary ham, with Paul Weston providing the ork-choral forces. *Goes*, a Percy Faith composition, combines simple melody line with some pseudo-philosophical sentiment and should attract lots of customers. (Columbia 39716.)

Peggy Lee - Gordon Jenkins

- ★★★★ *Forgive Me*
★★★ *Be Anything*

Peggy kicks off her Decca career effectively. Co-billed with Gordon Jenkins, she the chorus and strings give full-bodied assistance on both sides. Both songs and settings suit her soft, subtle style; but she's a little late with *Be Anything*. (Decca 28142.)

Gisele Mackenzie

- ★★★ *I'm So Easy to Satisfy*
★★ *What'll I Do?*

Gisele sounds so robust she almost belie the first title, but it's a fairly hip, slightly bluesy opus. Sounds like a Carol Channing vehicle. The Berlin battle-ax gets a medium-bounce treatment. Accompaniments have Buddy Cole's piano blended with guitar for neat effects. A few switches of melody make it something a little better than just another version of the same old standard. (Capitol 2059.)

Bernie Mann

- ★★ *Waitin'*
★★★ *Ecstasy*

The All American Band in two performances that may have some saleable value. *Waitin'* has Tommy Hughes backed by a swing choir in unison a la Tommy Dorsey; the band plays well. Name of the vocal group, as you might almost expect, is the Yankee Doodlers. Hughes is better served on *Ecstasy*; this superior ballad by Fred Weimantel has class, but alas, not too much wide appeal. A trumpet interlude adds a little Spivak-ack fire. (King 15173.)

Mantovani

- ★★ *El Choclo*
★★★ *Tango d'Amore*

Even if they had called it by its new title *Kiss of Fire*, it seems unlikely that London would have another *Charmaine* on their hands. It's a slightly anemic performance, compared with the red-blooded vocal versions with which it has to compete. The other tango, though less familiar, has more charm in its stringsome performance. (London 208.)

Tony Martin

- ★★★★ *Kiss of Fire*
★★★ *For the Very First Time*

Tony does a blazing job with the *El Choclo* adaptation; Henri Rene provides a rich ork background. Song should be a Hit Parader and Tony, though Georgia Gibbs made a strong opening splash with her version, should collect mucho royalties. He croons a plaintive new Irving Berlin ballad for the backing. (Victor 20-4671.)

Clyde McCoy

- ★★★ *To Be Loved By You*
★★★★ *I Love to Hear a Choo Choo Train*

This is the "new" McCoy—a surprisingly full-sounding, non-mickey, semi-swing band. *Loved*, a frothy rhythm ditty, is sung well by Liz Tilton. Reverse is a pleasant, albeit slight novelty. One thing hasn't changed, by the way, that's Clyde's wah-wah trumpeting. (Capitol 2045.)

Glenn Miller Concert (Vol. 2)

- Anchors Aweigh*
- My Buddy*
- I Got Rhythm*
- Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair*
- On Army Team*
- On the Alma*
- Limehouse Blues*
- Vilia*

Album rating: ★★★★★

The neophytes of the current neo-Miller era would do well to listen to the Master himself anew. Victor is supplying adequate opportunity with this second in an apparently endless series of off-the-air recordings made of the Miller band in the 1940-41 Chesterfield era.

These air checks represent the Miller band in its best light on wax. The band was free of record studio stiffness and played with a good deal more abandon, relaxation and feeling than it was able to do on formal record dates.

The result is apparent: greater jazz feeling, uninhibited if not brilliant solos, hard-hitting ensembles, looser and driving rhythm section, and a greater amount of swing.

This and Glenn's still-fresh arrangements, rich and full, a decade old, are vital reminders of the paleness and musical deficiencies of the modern-day imitations. (Victor LPT30.)

Jerry Murad

- ★★★ *What Is This Thing Called Love?*
- ★★★ *Frenesi*

In collaboration with Ralph Marterie's orchestra, the Harmonicists turn in two sides that should do fairly well, limited only by the slightly-too-familiar standard material. Cooperation between band and combo is effective, never over-busy. (Mercury 5824.)

Chico O'Farrill

- ★★ *Carioca*
- ★★★ *Flamingo*

The Cuban Irishman, after stretching his arranging chores from Benny Goodman to Machito, bows with a big recording band of his own. *Flamingo* is the more interesting side musically. The melody is first expounded by Bill Harris' trombone, develops well through some good alto, high-flying brass and expert orchestration. *Carioca* is less original in orchestral sounds and harmonic ideas, but is boisterously played with elaborate percussion underlining. (Mercury 8966.)

Sir Hubert Pimm-Ellen Sutton

- ★★★ *Back in the Good Old Days*
- ★ *A Broken Engagement*

Pimm is Jimmy McDonald, co-author of both of these tavern ditties. He grinds out the barroom piano while Miss Sutton sings red hot mama style. Designed for tavern juke boxes, *Days* is the likelier coin attraction. (Kem 2711.)

Tito Rodriguez

- Mambo Gee Gee*
- El Mambo Hop*
- Pop'N Mambo*
- Earthquake*
- El Mambo*
- La Renta*
- La Rumba No Se Acabo*
- Maina Go!*

Album Rating: ★★★

Three vocals and five instrumentals, all with an authentic 110th St. sound. First four titles listed above were arranged by Chico O'Farrill. Of these, the first two are O'Farrill originals, the next pair composed by Billy May and Moises Vivanco respectively.

The band may not be as big or as clean as others that have jumped on the mambo-wagon, but, notably on the O'Farrill items, it gets some interesting sounds both harmonically and rhythmically.

Fans of the mambo and related music will find other interesting items in this catalog by Tito Puente, Machito, Miguelito Valdes et al. (Tico 102.)

The Squadronaires

- ★★ *Slow and Easy*
- ★★ *Mistakes*

A deliberate, mechanical English carbon-copy of the Billy May sound doesn't figure to do more than stir some blood pressures and create resentment. (London 1201.)

Toots' Quartet

- ★★★★ *High School Cadets March*
- ★★★★ *Birds 'N Bees*

The Belgian guitar virtuoso, whom you may have read about as a great jazzman, stays strictly away from the stuff here. He plays only harmonica, with organ and rhythm accompaniment pretty much in the Three Suns vein. His material is a Sousa march on the first side, a very



"QUIT HOGGING MY ACT!" says Jerry Mahoney, as he tries to monopolize the microphone on his first RCA Victor record session in conjunction with his noted partner, Paul Winchell.

Frankie Carle-like original on the second. He is variously billed on the label as Jean "Toots" Thielemans, composer, and Jon (Toots) Tilmans, performer. It's the same Toots who toured Europe with the Goodman Sextet, but there the similarity ends. (Decca 28111.)

JAZZ

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Benny Carter

- ★★★★ *You Are Too Beautiful*
- ★★★ *Surf Board*

Once against the mystery of Webster masquerading as Carter. *You* is a tenor solo by Ben throughout, almost as thrilling as his recent *You're My Thrill*. *Surf* might have been written by Benny—it's his kind of gentle riff tune—but again Ben is the solo soloist. Anyway, two good sides. (Modern 865.)

Teddy Charles

- ★★★ *The Lady Is a Tramp*
- ★★ *I'll Remember April*

Teddy, the young vibes man whom you may have heard on records with DeFranco and Chubby when he was Teddy Cohen, has a Norvo-type trio here: vibes, guitar and bass, the latter pair being Don Roberts and Kenny O'Brien. Neat arrangement on *Tramp*, with Teddy trying some four-hammer work and Don acquitting himself well on a solo. (Prestige 838.)

Billy Eckstine

- ★★★★ *Kiss of Fire*
- ★★★★ *Never Like This*

It doesn't seem to get singed by the fiery embrace. He sings it dead straight, as if deliberately avoiding any attempt to phrase it interestingly. He has a better chance, and no competitive versions, with *Never*, a good ballad. (MGM 11225.)

Duke Ellington

- ★★★★ *Bensonality*
- ★ *Blues at Sundown*

Bensonality, dedicated to Chicago deejay Al Benson, is a medium blues with the sound of real Ellington trombones, of Gonsalves' tenor and other exquisitely Ellingtonian effects. But *Sundown* is a bring-down. Duke's lyrics are so amateurish in perhaps they deserved this amateurish interpretation—certainly the worst vocal Ellington side ever released. Mercifully for him, the singer is given no label credit. (Columbia 39712.)

Erroll Garner

- ★★ *Oh Lady Be Good*
- ★★★★ *Ja Da*

Easy medium tempo for *Lady*, surprisingly slow speed for *Ja Da*. Nothing unexpected happens, but then, with Garner who wants it? (Columbia 39713.)

Pete Johnson

- Holler Stomp*
- Barrelhouse Breakdown*
- You Don't Know My Mind*
- Vine Street Bustle*
- Some Day Blues*
- Kansas City Farewell*

Album Rating: ★★★

Six numbers, originally on 10-inch singles, are combined into one 12-inch LP featuring the boogie-woogie pioneer from

Kansas City, with Ulysses Livingston on guitar and Abe Bolar on bass. A good space-saver for eight-to-the-bar collectors. (Blue Note LP 7019.)

Mabel Mercer

- Remind Me*
- Little Girl Blue*
- You Are Not My First Love*
- Hello Young Lovers*
- Just One of Those Things*
- The End of a Love Affair*
- Ivory Tower*
- The First Warm Day in May*
- Autumn Leaves*
- Sunday in Savannah*

Album Rating: ★★

A warm mitt to Atlantic for putting Miss Mercer between covers (LP, of course) after many years of neglect from the record companies. An English girl whose life has been divided between Britain, France and the U.S., she applies her ultra-refined, super-sophisticated approach to a wonderful assortment of songs.

If you've ever sat in the dark recesses of her plush East Side night club, you'll thrill to every rolled r and hang on to each dignified phrase. Even if you've never enjoyed her unique personality in the flesh, some of it will filter through. *Autumn Leaves*, by the way, is sung in French, in Mabel's charmingly imperfect accent.

Although there's not a Wilder song in this bunch, Alec is such a fervent Mercer fan that he wrote the apt, articulate album notes. (Atlantic LP 402.)

James Moody

- That's My Desire*
- Bonnie*
- More Than You Know*
- Deep Purple*
- I Cover The Waterfront*
- Bird Song*
- Moody's Mood*
- This Is Always*

Album Rating: ★★

Moody plays alto. On the slow tunes he has what might be termed a nervous vibrato; on the jump things he is full of ideas, none of them first-hand, and his style never quite escapes from the bird-cage. *Bird Song*, by the way, is *Lover Come Back To Me*. Moody is backed by four Frenchmen who could use a year in Sweden.

Album notes state Moody toured England (he didn't), and a place called, we quote, "Belgium." Also, "Charlie Parker had to move over and make room for this budding young stylist."

Charlie, move back in. (Roost RLP 405.)

James Moody

- Workshop*
- Tin Tin Deo*
- Tropicana*
- The Fuller Bop Man*
- Mood's All Frantic*
- Moodamorphosis*
- Cu-Ba*
- Oh Henry*

Album Rating: ★★★

- Loving You The Way I Do*
- So Very Pretty*
- Autumn Leaves*
- Singing for You*
- Hedelia*
- Shade of Blond*
- September Serenade*
- Jackie My Little Cat*

Album Rating: ★

The first eight titles were cut before Moody went to Europe. At that time he was playing only tenor; Walter Fuller wrote the tunes and arrangements, and the late Chano Pozo was present with his



MICKEY KATZ' KITTEN is Joel Gray, talented son of the noted Capitol Records Yiddish comedy specialist. Seen here with his pop, Joel is heard on the new Katz release, *Schlemiel of Fortune*. (Rothschild Photo.)

bizarre conga drum effects. Some of Fuller's themes are attractive, and the other hornmen (Dave Burns, Elmon Wright, trumpets; Ernie Henry, alto; Cecil Payne, baritone) help considerably. These are Moody's best records.

The second eight titles were cut while Moody was in Paris. By that time he was playing mostly alto, and with a mousy, lackluster tone. He was called upon to play a group of French songs with which he was clearly unfamiliar, and he was surrounded by strings, woodwinds, harp and what have you. This works out as well as if Birdland were to insist that all its customers wear tuxedos.

Andre Hodeir wrote the arrangements and conducted the orchestra. He was probably as baffled as the listener will be in trying to make sense of this chaotic project. (Blue Note LP 5006, 5005.)

Fats Navarro

- The Squirrel*
- 52nd St. Theme*
- Lady Bird*
- The Chase*
- Double Talk*
- Dameron's*
- Our Delight*

Album Rating: ★★★

A carefully selected memorial album for the man many considered bop's greatest trumpeter. Three groups are involved: the Tadd Dameron Sextet, the Howard McGhee Sextet and Bud Powell's Modernists. All but two of the numbers are Dameron originals. It's a little early to be nostalgic about bop, but it's hard to avoid feeling that the freshness of these sessions would be impossible to duplicate today. (Blue Note LP 5004.)

Herbert Nichols

- ★★★ *Who's Blues*
- ★★★ *'S Wonderful*

Two piano solos by somebody who, though not startlingly original, at least copies nobody. The medium-paced blues rolls along smoothly, with nice punctuations from a good rhythm section led by bassist Chocolate Williams. Backing has a neat combination of cocktail piano and jazz ideas. Two agreeable sides. (Hi-Lo 1403.)

Bud Powell

- Un Poco Loco*
- A Night in Tunisia*
- Ornithology*
- You Go to My Head*
- Wail*
- Bouncing with Bud*
- Over the Rainbow*
- It Could Happen to You*

Album Rating: ★★★★★

Two piano solo sides, four trios and two numbers by a quintet (Fats Navarro, Sonny Rollins and rhythm) are here combined into an LP, justifiably entitled "The Amazing Bud Powell."

Cynics who are inclined to sneer at bop and belittle its accomplishments are hereby advised to spend a few hours browsing over this disc. Congratulations to Blue Note's Alfred Lion for catching Bud at his fabulous best, and to the artist, name of Bacon, who conjured up that brilliant likeness of Bud for the cover. (Blue Note LP 5003.)

Bud Powell

- ★★ *Just One of Those Things*
- ★★ *The Last Time I Saw Paris*

Mut have been one of Bud's off days. His left hand just can't keep pace with his right mind on *Things*, and even on the less frantic-tempoed *Paris* he never gets going. (Mercury 11083.)

Paul Quinichette

- ★★★★ *Sequel*
- ★★★★ *I'll Always Be in Love With You*

These are virtually duets between Quinichette's tenor and Basie's organ. *Sequel*, an up blues, shows off Paul's Lesterized horn and Count's elliptical, swinging box in some unpretentious improvisation. *Love* is slower, less original, almost as agreeable. (Mercury 8272.)

RHYTHM & BLUES

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with a sharp (♯), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (♯♯).

Gene Ammons

- ★★★ *I'll Walk Alone*
- ★★★ *Old Folks*

Gene's Decca debut sets him off on the right commercial foot. There's a beat to the first side, a mood to the second. Both are tenor solos throughout, with the heavy (Turn to Page 18)

The Blindfold Test

Jenkins Digs Goodman The Most

By LEONARD FEATHER

Although his present associations have taken him pretty far afield from the dance band world in which he had so much of his musical grounding, Gordon Jenkins still retains some of his old associations; as can be heard on his recent Louis Armstrong records, he even keeps a toehold on the world of jazz.

Not having the slightest idea what listening, Gordon is able to do in his spare time, if any, I loaded the turntable with everything from classics to pop to bop, and the following comments by Gordon were diligently perpetuated by the tape recorder.

The Records

1. This sounds to me as though I had done it, because I don't understand that beat, and this doesn't sound authentic. Borders on monotony, too. But I really shouldn't pass on this; I have a kind of neurotic aversion to any Latin music. I don't think the harpsichord did anything to further the record or the use of the instrument. I don't find any excitement here. Two stars.

2. The introduction sounded like it got misplaced from another tune. This sounds like the arranger was trying so hard that he thought he'd put everything in that he could think of. Trumpet doesn't move me at all, I don't like that kind of trumpet playing. I don't find any charm on it; he has no beat, he's not playing any chord, has no bearing on the tune. Every once in a while these bop things come in—at least, I guess they're bop—give this whatever your lowest rating is. Zero. It didn't even have a good tempo.

3. I liked that one. Wonderful beat, played well, lot of imagination. And the parts that are written down—or worked out in the head, whichever they were—I liked too. I don't have any idea who it is, but I'd give it about three and a half.

4. The lyric kills it for me; I think it's very bad. I kinda like the tune. Through the years I've enjoyed Billie a lot more in other things. I don't like the word "cheat" in a song. A hard, unnecessary word. Background doesn't do much to hurt or help the melody. As I say, it's a good melody, but those sort of lyrics spoil it for me. One and a half.

5. Pretty good record; I kinda liked the girl. It's a little exaggerated, but that's the way the band is trying to play, the way the style of the band is set up. I think I'd give it two.

6. I like that. Possibly because it sounds a lot like a band I was identified with, the old Isham Jones band. Even to the trombone tone, which sounds a little like Jack Jenney in a couple of spots. Maybe I'm just being nostalgic. Tenor was an awful lot like Eddie Miller. I like the tune; I'd like to hear it a few seconds slower than that, but I liked the approach, unpretentious and in good taste. They showed considerable restraint in not trying to beat their brains out against all the other versions. Three stars.

7. I love that one. That's the kind of music I like. . . . Something puzzles me: was that Benny singing? Sounded more like him singing than it did playing, in a couple of places. I never thought the day would come when I'd be in doubt whether I was hearing Benny Goodman or not, but . . . the vocal had a good beat; the whole thing had a wonderful beat. Didn't care for the piano too much; didn't sound like the kind of piano Benny would have on a record. But on the whole it's great. Four stars.

8. I have an idea if I heard this a few more times I'd like it better . . . it's a lot to assimilate at one hearing. There's one theme at first



Gordon Jenkins with Peggy Lee

that they come back to in the end, but in between it seems to wander around formlessly . . . also sounds like it might be a section out of a larger composition. It's not particularly melodic, and where they bring in the jazz it doesn't match up very well. I give it two, but as I say, I don't think it should be judged until you've heard it three or four times.

9. That's extremely well orchestrated. Beautiful, and well played. It had what the record before this didn't have: a line that you can follow after hearing it for the first time. I've never heard the composition to my knowledge, but I like it very much. Three and a half.

10. Now there's one I'm really too old for. I find no charm in that at all. I assume it's Stan Kenton. To me, noises and sounds just for their own sake don't justify calling it progressive. It's just a mish-mosh of effects and discords without any reason. It has nothing except effort. I can name you ten guys can write something like that in a half hour. That kind of writing is the easy way out, just discord for discord's sake. Maybe it's over my head, but I don't get it. I approve of the thought behind it, of trying to do something different, but it should have some sort of melodic form or construction.

It may be that the young kids sit around and play this the way I used to sit and play *The Planets* . . . but at least in *The Planets* there is some melodic line and some construction. We used to think that was real hot stuff. But this, I don't see what pleasure you can get from it unless you're real neurotic, or else loaded.

To me this isn't good, bad or anything—it's just not music. No stars.

Afterthoughts By Jenkins

Sometimes I wonder whether I've lost touch with things . . . there's a trumpet player back home in St. Louis—you've never heard of him,

Records Reviewed by Gordon Jenkins

Gordon Jenkins was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the Blindfold Test.

1. *Ferry Faith, Delicado* (Columbia). Stan Freeman, harpsichord.
2. *Diary Gillespie, Million Dollar Baby* (Discovery). Ar. Johnny Richards.
3. *Duke Ellington, FIP's Boogie* (Columbia).
4. *Billie Holiday, Don't Explain* (Decca). With Camarata Orch. Comp. Billie Holiday and Arthur Herzog Jr.
5. *Ray Anthony, Singing In The Rain* (Capitol). Marie Miller, vocal.
6. *Paul Weston, How High The Moon* (Columbia).
7. *Benay Goodman Sextet, Bohava Yourself* (Capitol). Goodman, vocal & clarinet. Mel Powell, piano.
8. *Frank Sinatra conducts the Columbia String Orch. Theme And Variations* (Columbia). From LP, Sinatra Conducts The Music of Alec Wilder. Comp. & arr. Wilder.
9. *Debusay, Petite Piece* (Columbia). Played by Artie Shaw, clarinet, with orch. conducted by Walter Hendl. Arr. Harshy Kay.
10. *Stan Kenton, Mirage* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Pete Rugolo.

but he used to be around with Sonny Lee and Bix and Trumbauer—always played with the right people. And I go back there, and this guy's playing bop records! I thought, jeez, this is the last stronghold . . . and this guy starts selling it to me!

We got in a hell of an argument about it. But recently I asked someone who'd seen this guy not long ago, asked him did he still like it, and he said no, he's gone back to Louis like he always did.

I'm not too consistent; I love Shearing, whether that's pure bop or not. I dig him the most. But over at Bop City I heard drummers playing everything but an after-beat. Even Davey Tough, towards the end, was playing triplets on the bass drum; I never knew when to put my foot down.

I'm a real diehard with jazz. My idea of the way music should sound is down at Nick's right now, with Phil Napoleon and Tony Spargo. Tempo stays the same, there's a good steady after-beat—I could listen to that all evening!

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Book Review

Heinsheimer's Tome Termed "Must" Reading

If you can read print as well as notes, you've lost one good bet if you didn't catch H. W. Heinsheimer's (G. Schirmer symphony and drama repertoire director) first book. Don't miss out on the repeat performance of this verbal-virtuoso's soloing in the new *Fanfare For Two Pigeons* (Doubleday, \$2.75).

As in the 1947 *Menagerie In F Sharp*, H's Viennese music-pub background gives him a fresh perspective on the U.S. scene, but unlike some transplants, he's really taken root here. No good-old-times, good-old-country vapors for him. Says he, "Most of the wonderful opera performances in Wuppertal, friend, look and sound wonderful only in our memories. While we were sitting there . . . listening to the miserable crew of singers yodeling on stage, we knew they stank."

Sentimental Tears

His linguistic dexterity and high-tension mind sometimes tempt Heinsheimer into over-flashy pyrotechnics. He may ooze a sentimental tear too readily. When he's taken his teeth in raw meat, he

doesn't always bite as deep as he could, and his faith in music in America sometimes verges on boy scout optimism. But discount all that and you still have a heck of a lively, funny and heart-warming guy—with a book that's really a piece of him.

If for nothing else than its unforgettable portraits of the late Alban Berg, Kurt Weill, and especially the tragic Bela Bartok, *Fanfare* is a "must" for anyone at all concerned with what happens to music and musicians in the U.S.A. today.

DID YOU KNOW that Jule Styne, Hollywood hit song writer who wrote Rhode Island's official state song, is a native of London, England?

Vet Noble Sissle Sustains Injury

New York—Veteran bandleader-songwriter Noble Sissle was taken to Bellevue Hospital in serious condition after injuring his spine at a rehearsal here.

Sissle was at the Public Theater on Second avenue when he slipped while stepping down from the stage. He was reported to be in fair condition and expected to be released from the hospital this week.

DID YOU KNOW that Nancy Hamilton, who wrote *How High the Moon*, once understudied Katharine Hepburn in a Broadway show?

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Billy's Great Band Brings May-In-April To Manhattan

It was May in April when WNEW deejay Martin Block (lower right, with Billy) presented the Billy May band in its New York debut at Manhattan Center, drawing a sellout crowd. Full story of the event is on Page 1. Top pix show, l. to r., saxes: Charles Deremo, Eddie Freeman, Willie Smith, Joe Spang, Bob Dawes; rhythm section: Cliff Fishback, piano; Ray Pohlman, guitar; Remo Belli, drums; Ted Hammond, bass. Below are trumpets Stuart Williamson, Conrad Gozzo, Al Stuart, Tony Faccinto, Bob McKenzie; trombones Bob Robinson, Bob Reisinger, Charles Etter, Karl De Karske. Center pic below shows Willie Smith. (Photos by Popsie.)



Miller Memories Paralleled By Growing Lunceford Legend

By Leonard Feather

New York — James Melvius Lunceford left the music cosmos a little sadder and a lot poorer when he passed away in Seaside, Oregon, on the thirtieth day of July, 1947, at the age of 45.

Glenn Miller had died two and a half years earlier. After what may possibly have been considered a decent interval, the whole neo-Miller cycle started. By 1950 it was clear that Glenn's memory was being perpetuated in several unexpected ways, and many pockets were being padded in the perpetuation.

The Lunceford bandwagon, it seems, has taken less time to get rolling. Less than five years after Jimmie's demise, a healthy number of Lunceford alumni and Lunceford imitators are noodling around in the musical market place, most of them to good financial effect.

Actually the Lunceford cycle began to work in duplicate in Lunceford's own lifetime, for when Sy Oliver left Jimmie to join Tommy Dorsey in 1939, the TD band began to acquire more and more frequent overtones of the style that has been called Jimmie's, but is to a large extent Sy's.

Big Business

Sy has broadcast far and wide the fact that he gave Lunceford the arrangements of *Margie* and many other big hits for \$2.50 apiece (he's never explained how the union felt about this), but there's no doubt that what started as a penny-ante game has zoomed into a big business for him.

After gradually drifting away from his Dorsey staff job, Sy was with MGM Records for awhile, then hit his real stride when Decca signed him as a musical director. He has been on this job for several years now, making vocal dates for some of Decca's biggest stars as well as cutting numerous sessions under his own name. In addition to his sizeable salary, he has built up a good royalty income, and from time to time has organized a band for a few theaters or locations.

An audition of Sy's Decca LP, *For Dancers Only*, points up the fact that most of the Lunceford emulators are really borrowing from Sy. An even more striking illustration is a comparison of the Sy Oliver record of *When My Sugar Walks Down the Street* with the Billy May version issued recently. This, mind you, is a tune never recorded by the Lunceford band.

Still Available

Sy had been at Decca for some time before he started cutting new versions of Jimmie's old hits (many of which, oddly enough, are still available in the original cuttings on Decca, or its Coral or Brunswick subsidiaries). But the Lunceford trend may be said to have started in earnest immediately after Jimmie's death, when two members of the band, tenor saxman Joe Thomas and pianist Eddie Wilcox, decided to hold the band together as a joint property.

This venture didn't last very long. I remember hearing the band in 1948 at the Royal Roast, and sensing that this hollow shell of the old tradition could not hold together.

After the breakup of Joe and Eddie, each went his own way with a small combo. Though he had to sacrifice a lot of the old personal charm of his singing and soft warmth of his playing, Joe managed to hit commercially before very long. Recording first with King Records and more recently with Mercury, he has toured steadily with pretty consistent success.



Jimmie Lunceford

Wilcox, who had worked with Lunceford from June 1929 until the end, took a little longer to hit, but when he made it, he made it the most. Drifting awhile with Victor, and scoring a mild reaction with one of his records on that label (*A Touch Of The Blues*), Wilcox later moved to the small Derby company.

Last November, he was asked to include a girl singer named Sunny Gale for a couple of sides on his upcoming session. As any of you who own a radio, and perhaps even a few who just have a phonograph, might know, that was when *The Wheel Of Fortune* started to spin. Wilcox soon found himself credited for the first hit record of the country's No. 1 song.

Wilcox at last reports was playing the colored theaters with a band augmented to 13 pieces, one of that he proudly proclaimed to be a Lunceford style band.

Great though the Oliver influence was, the importance of Wilcox in the original Lunceford scene cannot be underplayed when you look at a list of some of his arrangements for Jimmie: *Sleepy Time Gal*, *Like A Ship At Sea*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Walking Through Heaven With You*, *Blues In The*

Night, *Outskirts Of Town*, *Impromptu*.

Of the other key Lunceford sidemen, the majority have made out reasonably well. Willie Smith, ironically, just quit a job with Ellington to join the neo-Lunceford band of Billy May. Jimmy Crawford is free-lancing successfully in New York. Trummy Young is living peacefully in Hawaii. Gerald Wilson is with Duke. Several others have drifted out of the music business.

The biggest Lunceford news of the past year has been the swing away from Miller into the JL groove on the part of Ray Anthony, and the emergence of the Billy May band. As several observers have pointed out, these two have taken more from Lunceford than from each other.

George Williams, an arranger who did a little work for Lunceford a decade ago, has injected the Oliver touch into the Anthony book. He might thus be called the Ralph Flanagan of the Lunceford trend (in the same sense that Sy Oliver is the Jerry Gray and Eddie Wilcox the Tex Beneke).

Where will all this end? Will the Lunceford bands begin to cancel one another out, forcing an abandonment of policy by those most entitled to retain it? Will Sy Oliver have to stop writing like Sy Oliver because it will make him sound like a second-hand Ray Anthony?

The outcome is in doubt; but in the meantime the Lunceford legend lives on.

Dorothy Collins Inked By Decca

New York — Dorothy Collins, one-time Raymond Scott vocalist who has become a national name in the past two years as TV's "Sweetheart of Lucky Strike," has signed a recording contract with Decca.

Miss Collins previously was with MGM Records. New deal was set by Joe Glaser.

Sidemen Switches

Jerry Wald—Jimmy Knapp, trombone; Sonny Russo; Nick Capazuto, trumpet; Al Stewart (to Billy May); Bobby Funk, trumpet; Al Porcino; Joe Albany, piano for Jack Medoff . . . 82 Club band—Mirkey Rosa, piano, for Shorty Allen (to Bud Freeman).

Tony Bennett—Gene DiNovi, piano for Jack Medoff . . . Buddy King (Jimmy Kelly's) — Ziggy Schatz, trumpet, added . . . Van Smith (La Vie En Rose)—Bill Goodall, bass, for George Shaw.

Noro Morales—John Bello, trumpet; Al Muller; Sal Iardi, trumpet; Paul Cohen (to Lucky Millinder); Fred Reyes, drums; for Ramon Munoz (to Tito Rodriguez); Ismail Ish Ugarte, bass, for Rudy Richto; Sabu Martinez, conga for Johnny Rodriguez.

Tony Pastor—Mike Sotire, baritone; Porkey Caruso . . . Ray Anthony—Bobby Lee, trombone & trumpet; for Marty White . . . Ralph Flanagan—Buddy Karboski, trumpet, out; Skippy Coluccio, alto, for Cliff Hoff, who left to continue music studies.

W. C. Handy Cuts LP For Archives

New York — W. C. Handy has recorded a 12-inch LP for the Audio Archives label.

Each side of the disc, entitled *W. C. Handy, Father of the Blues*, features the 78-year-old composer narrating, singing, playing the guitar and trumpet, with Dr. Charles L. Cooke at the piano.

Included in the album will be *St. Louis Blues* as sung by Handy's daughter, Katharine, with the New York Choral Ensemble; and *I See Though My Eyes Are Closed*, a poem dedicated to Handy by Lazarus A. Aaronson, recited by Handy.

The 50 minutes of nostalgia will be packaged with many photographs, an article on Handy by Robert Arnold, and excerpts from the blues veteran's autobiography.

DID YOU KNOW that Andy Razaf, lyricist who wrote *Honey-suckle Rose* with Fats Waller, is a nephew of the former Queen of Madagascar and was born Andre-amentania Razafinkeriefio?

Ellington Lament

(Jumped from Page 2)

It's the old and new story of making way for the young man. Evidently young men like Billy Strayhorn would rather make it with Duke, than experiment on their own. But the picture of Ellington . . . a rather gross, old man . . . is not the highest visual ideal with which to confront today's budding jazzman, already fairly disillusioned. It's more a Portrait of Dorian Gray. Ellington's excesses are his business, but when they affect and dilute the commodity he's selling and the "jazz" he professes to believe in, then it's time for a change, for a return to pasture.

Subtle Slough?

In addition, and conclusion, I would like to pose this thought, brought on by learning that Jimmy Hamilton had penned the melodic background for *Monologue*, without receiving credit: I wonder how many "Ellington compositions" are Ellington's own.

This isn't being naive. Sure, almost everybody knows how Dave Matthews' wrist was slapped for plagiarizing Duke and how Charlie Barnet is a famous credit-grabber on labels as far as authorship is concerned. But, with Ellington it's always been a serious thing . . . most of "his" compositions in the past warranted respect, and virtually all of the acclaim for his band went to Duke, with a soupçon reserved for Strayhorn or Mercer Ellington, but very little.

Is it possible Duke Ellington is a musical myth, a man with a great talent for holding talent together, giving them free rein and money and accepting full acclaim for their efforts? Many, many musicians have remained in anonymity because they were content just to hear their music given public performance, asking for little else.

If Ellington is Shakespeare, then I am beginning to wonder if there isn't a Roger Bacon somewhere in the woodpile.

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THE HOT BOX

Dixie, Dixie Everywhere—Barely A Drop Of Bop

By GEORGE HOFFER

Dixieland jazz concerts are sprouting up all over the New York metropolitan area like dandelions in Kansas. You can catch the big name jazz stars in a "free wheeling" session from the sedate stage of Town Hall all the way through the various night club levels to the Second Avenue wedding hall.

The following locales, not usually identified with the New Orleans style, are now re-sounding to *The Saints Marching In*:

The Circle in the Square (Greenwich Village's Sheridan Square) is a theater that is currently following nightly dramatic performances with jazz concerts until 2 a.m.

The Childs flagship restaurant on Times Square features nightly jazz concerts by Max Kaminsky and cohorts with a special bash in-

cluding guests on Sunday afternoons.

The Embers, a club known for the modernity of its jazz entertainment, features a Sunday night Dixieland affair with Jimmy McPartland doing the honors in the Beiderbecke tradition.

Jack Crystal's *Jazz At The Plaza* seasons will expand to the Fabian theater chain in outlying Jersey and Brooklyn houses to supplement their trio of performances at Central Plaza.

One night dance dates at the Menora Temple in Brooklyn have been played by an all-star Dixieland band made up of names like Freeman, Kaminsky, Joe Thomas (trumpet), Munn Ware, Charlie Queener, and Charlie Traeger. There are weekly jazz get-togethers at a place on the Concourse up in the Bronx.

Regulars, Too

This is all in addition to the regular operations like Nick's, Condon's, Stuyvesant Casino, and Terrasi's. The Dixieland Jazz Concert frequency gives the names an opportunity to free lance their talents without the need of a steady spot job. In fact, we overheard Willie "The Lion" Smith say, "Who plays clubs any more?" The Dixie bonanza not only gives the out-of-work guy a job, but offers a chance to the well paid studio musicians to sit in for "kicks."

Two recent Town Hall twilight Dixie jazz concerts offered a would-be promoter ample lessons in what to do and what not to do in order to have a successful concert financially and musically. The first session featured the Jimmy Archey Band, pianist Don Frye, and Beassy Proffitt, Hartford, Conn. blues chanteuse. Concert was put on by Robert Mantler of Flushing, operating as an organization named Jazz-Purr. Deal was very poorly attended and the music uninspiring.

Poor Showing

In this instance, although newspaper ads and placards were used, the necessity of using a disc jockey tie-up was indicated by the poor audience showing. Jimmy Archey himself handled the MC chores in a rather lackadaisical manner. Sometimes it is advantageous in a concert session to have a unit together that is performing regularly. Some specially assembled all-star groups get into a bedlam state musically. Archey's band, made up of Jimmy, trombone; Henry Goodwin, trumpet; Benny Waters, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Pops Foster, bass; and Tommy Benford, drums, has been playing at Jimmy Ryan's on 52nd for the past several months. The difficulty here was that they gave out with the same repertoire at Town Hall that anyone could hear at Ryan's more comfortably and for less money.

Intermission

The intermission attraction, consisting of solo piano by Don Frye, also a Ryan's entertainer, and several torchy blues renditions by Beassy Proffitt, an unknown singer from up Hartford way, didn't produce any exciting results. It should be pointed out to both these performers that jazz concert-goers are not particularly interested in "blue" lyrics or mannerisms. High spots of the Archey concert

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Things To Come

These are recently-cut records and their personae. Though not all jazz sides, many may be of interest to *Down Beat* readers because of some of the sidemen in the groups. Do not ask your dealer for them until you see by the *Beat* record review section that they are available.

PEGGY LEE with **GORDON JENKINS' ORK** (Decca, 4/3/52). String section; reeds — Milt Vaner, Tom Parishley, Jack Greenberg, Art Drelinger; piano—Bernie Leighton; drums—Harry Jaeger; bass—Jack Leberg; guitar—Art Byerson; vocal group—*Forgive Me; Be Anything*; two other titles withheld.

GEORGE BARNES & MARTHA LOU HARP (Decca, 3/21/52). Multiple recording.

DON CURNELL with **NORMAN LEYDEN'S ORK** (Coral, 1/28/52). String section; reeds—Hymie Scherzer, Milt Vaner; solo — Art Drelinger; clarinet—Al Klink; piano — Jerry Carretta; drums—Johnny Blowers; bass—Frank Ray; guitar—Carmen Mastren. *That's the Chance You Take; I'll Walk Alone; I'm Yours; My Mother's Pearl*.

GORDON JENKINS' ORK with **CLARA DENNIS** (Decca, 3/26/52). String section

were the leader's trombone playing and Wellstood's piano. Waters, remembered as a tenor sax player on some of the older jazz records by Clarence Williams, Charles Johnson, Claude Hopkins, and Jimmie Lunceford and their bands, played several numbers on soprano sax without threatening Bechet's status. Pops Foster furnished his usual firm foundation.

Maltz and Money

A week later Bob Maltz produced a Town Hall bash with an opposite result. The house was seven-eighths full and the stage was packed with name talent. It was a farewell party for Wild Bill Davison and the new maestro contributed his share of driving horn.

At "Jazzbo" Collins, WNEW deejay, did an admirable job of coordinating and keeping the crowd advised as to what was happening. He stuck to his prefatory remark, "the talk will be the least, the music the most." The talent cost must have been tremendous. There were at least 16 names involved during the two-hour stretch. Here's the roster: Wild Bill, Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, trumpets; Edmond Hall, Gene Sedric, clarinets; Frank Signorelli, Joe Bushkin, Marian McPartland, pianos; Jimmy Archey, Vic Dickenson, trombones; George Wetting, Tony Spargo, Jo Jones, drums; Pops Foster, Max Wayne, Milton Hinton, basses.

In addition to these men, split into three groups, there was the added attraction of a very fine vocal interlude by Lee Wiley, singing a set of songs accompanied by Bushkin, Jones, Hinton, Sedric and Dickenson.

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piano—Bernie Leighton; drums—Harry Jaeger; bass—Jack Leberg; guitar—Art Byerson. *It Only Takes a Moment; If They Ask Me*; two other titles withheld.

TOMMY DORNEY'S ORCHESTRA (Decca, in Chicago, 3/31/52). Tpts.—Art Heger, Art Tamerodi, George Chorb & Charlie Chavers; trco.—Tommy Dorsey, Nickie DeMalo, Vahay Takvorian, Sam Hyster; alto — Ed Seals & Marvin Korol; tenor—Gene Cipriano & Sam Donahue; baritone—Taddy Lee; piano—Gene Kutsh; bass—Mort Oliver; drums—Ed Grady; guitar—Earl Bachman; vocal—Frances Irvin & Charlie Shavers. *I Got Big Eyes; Homing Pigeon*; two other titles withheld.

DON CHERRY with **TUTTI CAMARATA'S ORCHESTRA** (Decca, 4/14/52). String section; piano—Donny Vaughn; drums—Don Lamond; bass—Frank Carroll; guitar—George Barnes. *My Mother's Pearl; Wander*.

EVELYN KNIGHT with **SY OLIVER'S ORCHESTRA** (Decca, 4/9/52). Tpts.—Bernie Levin, Carl Paule, Taft Jordan; trco.—Frank Saunders, Bobby Byers, Henderson Chambers; tenor & celeste—Dick Jacobs; baritone—Art Drelinger; piano—Don Abney; drums—Buddy Taylor; bass—Sandy Hook; guitar—George Barnes. *Lonesome and Blue; Heavenly Father*.

VICTOR YOUNG'S ORCHESTRA (Decca, 3/21/52). String section; French horn—John Barrows; alto—Carl Frager; bass—Jack Fulton; English horn—Harold Comberg; piano—Lou Stein; drums—Jack Saunders; bass—Mar Shupnick; harp—Laurie Newell. *A Place in the Sun*; other titles withheld.

VICTOR YOUNG'S ORCHESTRA (Decca, 3/23/52). French horn—Joe Singer; bass — Jack Fulton; English horn—Harold Comberg; piano—Stan Freeman; drums—Jack Saunders; bass—Frank Carroll; string section. *Spotlight*; other titles withheld.

JERRY GRAY'S ORCHESTRA (Decca, 3/28/52). Tpts.—Conrad Gunn, Tom Patton, Frank Beach, Whitley Thomas; trco.—Jim Fridly, John Halliburton, George Arus, Herbie Harper; alto—Billie Schwartz & John Rotella; tenor—Ted Nash & John Jacobs; accordion—Tony Gray; piano—Sid Harowitz; drums—Alvin Stoller; bass—Harry Bahama; guitar—Barney Keisel. *Patiburg, Panama; Samba; Along the Way*; 12 other titles withheld.

GENE AMONS' BAND (Decca, 3/24/52). Tenor—Gene Ammons; piano—Sonny Saito; tpt.—Bill Mason; trco.—Louis Johnson; alto—John Hancock; drums—Bob Wilson; bass—Ernest Shepard. *I'll Walk Alone; Old Folks*.

CY COLEMAN TRIO (Decca, 4/20/52). Cy Coleman, piano; Jimmy Crawford, drums; Sandy Block, bass. *In a Little Spanish Town; South*; two other titles withheld.

THE BLENDERS with **ERNEST BROWN'S BAND** (Decca, 3/6/52). Piano—Bill Doggett; drums—Jimmy Crawford; bass—Trigger Alpert; guitar—Ernest Brown; The Blendens—Abel DeLuca, James De Loach, Ollie Jones; Ernest Brown & Tommy Adams. *Just a Little Walk With Me; I'd be a Fool Again*.

GEORGE BYRON with **DICK HYMAN**, piano (Decca, 1/9/52). All-Garshwin LP. *Isn't It a Pity; Three Times a Day; By Strauss; Loretta*. Name as above (4/10/52). *I Love to Rhyme; Blah, Blah, Blah; Rock My Folks; The Half of It, Dearie*.

DIZZY GILLESPIE QUINTET (Atlantic, 2/29/52). Tpt.—Dizzy Gillespie; baritone—Bill Graham; bass—Percy Heath; drums—Al Jones; vibro—Milt Jackson. *Love Is Here to Stay; This Is Happiness*.

THE SATISFIERS with **RUFUS SMITH'S QUINTET** (Rudder, 3/3/52). Cl.—Phil Hinder; piano—Dick Hyman; bass—Rufus Smith; drums—Dick Rosengarten; guitar—Allen Hanlon. *Up in the Country Rainbow Street; That Loudness Mama from New Orleans; What Do You Think My Heart Is Made Of?*

CHICO OFARRILL'S ORCH. (Mercury, 3/24/52). Tpts.—Dick Sherman, Bernie Glow, Al Porcino, Nick Travis, Al Stewart; trco.—Eddie Bari, Ziggy Elmer, Fredita Zito; alto—Lennie Hambro & Charlie Kennedy; tenor—Flip Phillips & Eddie Warrerman; piano—Danny Bank; drum—Don Lamond; bass—Gene DiNovi; bass—Clyde Lombardi. *It Ain't Necessarily So; Heat Wave; Guess What?; Cry Baby Blues*.

FARL BOSTIC'S BAND (King, 4/7/52). Tpts.—Gene Redd Jr. & Joe Mitchell; reeds — Earl Bostic, John Coltraine, Pinky Williams; piano—Joe Knight; guitar—Jimmy Shirley; bass—Ike Isaacs. *Falset Sweets; Moon Glow; Linger Awhile; Ain't Misbehavin'*.

FRAN WARREN with **RALPH BURNS' GROUP** (MGM, 4/13/52). Guitar—Billy Bauer; bass—Frank Fishkin; piano—Lou Stein; drums—Don Lamond; group of 10 voices. *Heavenly Father; Fine How Do-Do; Leave Them Alone*.

DID YOU KNOW that the family of musical instruments includes such members as the rebec, the theorbo, the psaltery, the tarogato, the samisen and the bombardon?

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dinah Washington's presence on the last *Beat* cover, indicating that she has become a symbol of the rhythm-and-blues field just as Bing is symbolical of pop music, was peculiarly gratifying to us.

Dinah's stature today bears out our theory that the most successful rhythm-and-blues music can be, and often is, that which qualifies as good jazz. Decades ago, Bessie Smith's multi-million sales testified to this principle; a few months ago the sales figures on Johnny Hodges' *Castle Rock* proved it again.

Dinah's is a curious story of an artist who, at 27, has lived virtually in four musical worlds, traveling from church music to jazz to blues to pop. Like Sarah Vaughan, she grew up around religious music. Born in Tuscaloosa, raised in Chicago, she had show business eyes even while directing and playing piano for the church choir.

Won Contest

Her career got its effective start when, at 15, she won an amateur contest at the Regal theater, singing *I Can't Face the Music*. But for three years after that she had a succession of nightery jobs paid with almost invisible loot—and then, tired of it all, she went back to church, playing piano for a group called the Sally Martin Singers.

"Then," Dinah recalls, "I was playing piano at the Three Deuces in 1942, and one night Martha Davis took me over to hear Billie Holiday at the Garrick Stage Bar.

"That was the night I met Joe Sherman, who ran the Garrick. Billie was singing in the downstairs room. I sang *I Understand* for Sherman, with the Cats and The Fiddle, who were playing upstairs. He hired me right off; I worked there almost a year." It was Sherman, too, who gave Dinah her new name—until then she had been Ruth Jones.

Sherman to Glaser to Hamp

"Then one night Sherman brought Joe Glaser in to hear me. The next night Glaser came back, with Lionel Hampton. Lionel had me sing on his first show at the Regal for a tryout. A few weeks later I bought two traveling bags, on time—some friends signed for me; I was getting \$50 a week at the Garrick. It was the first time I'd ever been to New York alone."

Lionel, who started Dinah at \$75 a week, had a fantastic band in 1943, the one that spawned all the tenor men who today have their own combos. But the record ban was on, and even when Decca signed with the union, the outlook for Dinah was bleak, since both Lionel and Decca were interested in cutting instrumentals.

New Era

That was when Dinah and this writer began an era of mutually beneficial cooperation (i.e. we've been lucky to each other). Feeling badly that a unique voice was going unrecorded, we approached Key note Records. Keynote was planning to embark on a jazz catalog to supplement its folk music lists.

Lionel, who was working Christmas week of 1943 at the Apollo, gladly volunteered Dinah's services. We enlisted six men from the band to support her, including Arnett Cobb, Joe Morris and Milt Buckner, and booked a small studio in the RKO Building for midnight.

Hamp wasn't flying home that night. He flew down from the Apollo, insisted on playing drums on *I Know How to Do It* and piano on *Homeward Bound*. Dinah gleefully supervised while Dinah sang *Evil Gal Blues* and *Salty Papa*. His teen-aged girl singer had become a blues-shouting recording star! We got through at 4:30 a.m., to beat to know whether we'd produced anything of value.

Oddly enough, only one of the songs on that date (*Homeward Bound*) was written for Dinah; we had written the others in 1940 and recorded them with other artists, but nothing had happened.

Unhappy New Year

By New Year's Day all hell had broken loose. Decca denied Lionel's contention that he had a right to play on the date. Everybody (including Mrs. Hampton, who'd been at the session) wanted our head, and the masters. Finally it was settled: Hamp's name was removed from the labels and the records were unleashed.

The juke boxes, already a surging business in 1944, began to eat up the discs. Soon, Dinah found herself unofficially what she is today in her official billing, the Queen of the Blues. But she still couldn't get on a Decca record.

"One day I got up very early to rush over to a session; Hamp had promised to let me record *Million Dollar Smile*. But somehow it wound up being a vibes solo. I still don't know whether Decca or Lionel was to blame."

Dinah finally cut one side with the band, *Blowtop Blues*, in May 1945. Lionel, unhappy with us because he couldn't get the publishing rights, and feuding with Dinah about other matters, didn't let the record out until many months later, after she had worked her way up to \$125 a week and finally quit the band. Dinah then cut 12 sides for Apollo, for \$1,800, and late in 1946 signed with Ben Bart, still her booking agent today, and with Mercury Records, who had taken over the Keynote sides.

Pop Kick

Mercury got Dinah on a pop song kick, alternating her between the Hit Parade and the blues. Dinah likes to sing both, varying her routines greatly according to where she's working. Happily, too, the blues still sell; recently, when the new *Blowtop* she had cut for Mercury began to show in the best seller lists, Decca reissued the original, recorded so reluctantly seven years earlier.

Today Dinah Washington, who sang for \$50 a week at the Garrick and envied her idol, Lady Day, in the room downstairs, is a big commercial property, a gal who can sell in six figures on *The Wheel of Fortune* and turn around and make a superb *Trouble in Mind*.

When they recorded her with strings recently, one tune that Dinah chose was *I Can't Face the Music*—the very song with which, as an unknown 15-year-old, she began her career by winning an amateur contest in Chicago. For little Ruthie Jones, the wheel of fortune has come full circle.

Mesners Go Longhair

Hollywood—The Mesner Brothers, who have built into a successful business the Aladdin and Intro labels, are planning to take a fling at the longhair field with a new label, Orfeo. Source of material for the new label is some 50 sets of masters the brothers picked up in Europe in exchange-of-masters deals.

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Perils Of Ruth

Ruth Brown rescued two men from drowning while vacationing with her family in Virginia. Motoring between Suffolk and Portsmouth, Va., on a foggy night, Ruth noticed an automobile tail light off to the left of the highway in a stretch she knew to be a treacherous bog. Stopping her car to investigate, Ruth discovered two men clinging to their car which had swerved out of control and was rapidly sinking into the muck.

Lying flat on her stomach, with her father holding her by the ankles, Ruth was able to reach the first of the two men and pull him up out of the swamp. The second man was beyond her reach, so she floor-boarded her Cadillac back to a service station for help and a tow rope.

With these, she directed the rescue of the second man just as the sinking car disappeared into the mud. State highway patrolmen took over from there and Ruth daubed the mud off her dress front and continued her drive into Portsmouth.

Mingus Starts Own Record Company

New York—Charlie Mingus, ex-Norvo bassist recently free-lancing in New York, has formed his own record company. Known as Debut Records, the outfit made its first session recently in Lennie Tristano's East Side studios.

The date featured a quintet with Mingus as leader and arranger. Sidemen were George Kozmar, cellist from the NBC Symphony; Lee Konitz on alto, Phyllis Pinkerton on piano, and Allan Levitt, drums.

Jackie Paris and Bob Benton each sang one side on the session, the remaining two numbers being instrumentals.

Burns 'Sequence' Set For Movie

New York—The MGM movie factory has acquired the flicker rights to Ralph Burns' suite, *Summer Sequence*. The flickery bought the rights at the behest of Gene Kelly, who will make use of the score as the foundation for a sequence in his next movie. The composition is published by *Charling Music*, a firm owned by Woody Herman, for whose hand the piece originally was penned.

DID YOU KNOW that Ray Bloch, CBS-TV music director, began his career as a boy soprano in his native Alsace-Lorraine?

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Roy Milton's One Squeal Shy Of Jordan, A Beat From Hamp



Part of the spirited Milton crew shown in action. L. to R. Johnny Parker, Roy Milton, Charles Gillum, Eddy Taylor, Jack Kelton, Claude Williams, Red Prysock. (Photo by Frank Barst.)

Portland, Ore.—Impresario Fred Baker has re-named his Ozark club the Club De Lisa, is within hailing distance of obtaining a rare (in this city) liquor license, and is mulling a string of names which could spell success.

More recently, Fred imported Roy (Mr. R. M. Blues) Milton, a man just one squeal shy of Louis Jordan and a beat away from Lionel Hampton. Milton's is a good, uncomplicated, yet exciting blues style. Roy's band could be classed as a talent review.

Tenor man Red Prysock handles Eckstine-like vocals; Lilly Greenwood expends more energy than la Hutton while chirping; guitarist Claude Williams doubles fine jazz

Dizzy's European Trek Successful

New York—Dizzy Gillespie arrived back here on the *Liberte* April 17 after a highly successful European tour.

On most of his dates Gillespie was accompanied by a French combo.

Diz played dates in France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Italy; all booked by Charles DeLaunay. He was asked to stay over long enough to make a movie in Rome and play some dates in Scandinavia, but had to return for commitments here.

Dizzy will continue to record for his own Dee Gee label. He states that the sides he cut for Atlantic were a one-shot deal.

violin; Roy sings the blues, likewise Pee Wee Clayton; Camille Howard comes on like a bulldozer with a piano and voice which match, and altoist Jack Kelton and trumpeter Charles Gillum break it up with some very un-cool and pro-funny routines.

Frantic Riffing

Mostly it's frantic riffing, fair drums from Milton, heavy and repetitive ensemble behind screaming (or whistling) soloists. The excitement is engendered by nothing more than a beat, still considered an intangible by some. Impressed by the band's seemingly endless happy spirit, we asked Roy about it. "Man, no matter how beat and tired we feel, we all believe the old saying 'the show must go on' and as long as we're on the stand we give out. The people don't know and don't care how you feel. All they know is that they paid their chips to get in and hear you, and brother, you'd better give out."

There is a kind of true family spirit within the group, which has its own softball team, offers boxing competition, and holds Sunday school in its traveling bus every Sabbath while on the road, with a different member acting as instructor each week. Too few know that Milton has received several awards for his civic work around Los Angeles with underprivileged children.

Group opened at the New Alabam on April 16, followed by a Specialty cutting session and a vacation. Then they'll trek east.

—Ted Hallock

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(Advertisement)

Spotlight on DICK SHANAHAN



Dick Shanahan, former Les Brown and Charlie Barnet drummer, is one of the busiest radio and recording artists on the West Coast. Does a lot of teaching, too. Like other name-band artists, he uses Gretsch Broadkaster Drums, and his reason? "I haven't heard anything



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like that great Gretsch sound," says Dick. If you'd like to sound better than you ever have before, drop in to see and try a Gretsch Broadkaster set-up at your dealer. And right now, send for interesting catalog material on Gretsch drums and drummer accessories. Write Dept. DB-552, The Fred. Gretsch Mfg. Co., 60 Rwy. Bklyn 11, N.Y. or 218 S. Wabash, Chicago 4, Ill.

Pianistics

Freeman's Versatility Runs Musical Gamut

By SHARON A. PEASE

Chicago—Stan Freeman is the most versatile musician to enter the national limelight in many years. Those who have been enthralled by his refined performances, with a classical flavor, as presented on the ABC network program *Piano Playhouse*, were amazed to learn that this same tall, good-looking fellow did the gutbucket harpsichord background for the Rosemary Clooney series of records that started with *Come On-A My House*. This same astounding artist, who has fulfilled guest appearances with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and Rochester Symphony, has also been featured in the bop presentations

of the *Charlie Parker With Strings* album.

These extremes in style illustrate the versatility of this outstanding young artist. His great talent and flexibility have created a phenomenal demand for his services in the radio, television and recording studios of New York. Inasmuch as Freeman's biographical material



can be found in a story by John Wilson in the August 11, 1950 issue of *Down Beat*, this column has decided to omit the usual biographical sketch and present a complete chorus of Stan's work to fully illustrate his process of thematic development.

The accompanying example was taken from one of Stan's unique improvisations recorded as part of the Columbia *Piano Moods* series (LP Album CL6158-78 RPM Album C228). Freeman's rendition of the popular standard *Cabin in the Sky* is an advanced developmental pattern that follows the classical art song form. In place of the usual eight-measure sentence formula with rhythmic and melodic repetitions, Stan injected a classical continuity that carries the melodic surge with an unfolding of interesting and satisfying figurations.

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Record Reviews

(Jumped from Page 11)

accenting that has made Gene a popular attraction. (Decca 28094.)

Roy Brown

**** I've Got the Last Laugh Now
**** Brown Angel

The Mighty-Mighty Men back up the powerful Mr. Brown in a rocking blues, and a slower blues that also rocks. Typical blues lyrics add to the might of it all, giving Roy yet another pair of potent sides. (De Luxe 3323.)

Arnett Cobb

** Without a Word of Warning
** Jumping the Blues

The Gordon-Revel standard follows the familiar Cobb pattern. His breathy tenor is backed by celeste for a chorus; then George Rhodes switches to piano and they share a chorus; the band comes in very slightly, near the end. Rhodes wrote the blues, also typical of Arnett's routines, a good excitement-type blues with Dickie Harris' trombone taking 12. (Okeh 6872.)

Larry Darnell

**** Boogie-Dogie
**** Darlin'

With a band sound that suggests a capsule version of the old Bradley-McKinley outfit, Boogie goes from vocal to tenor sax to a series of upward modulations that build excitement and should build corresponding sales. Warm treatment of the Lucky Millinder ballad, too, with brash orchestral assistance. (Okeh 6869.)

Flo Garvin

**** I'm on the Outside Looking In
**** Let Me Keep You Warm

Flo is a rhythm-and-blues soprano with pretty good intonation, doesn't seem to copy anyone. Top deck is a ballad, coupled with a slow shout blues. Two very different grooves, either of which could click. Good alto man in the neat accompanying bunch. (King 4518.)

Dizzy Gillespie

**** Nobody Knows
**** Love Me Pretty Baby

If you can find a pressing that isn't off center like ours, you'll be highly amused by Joe Carroll's singing of the Lucky Thompson blues. Overleaf is an excellent minor ballad sung by Melvin Moore. With enough help from deejays and distribution, this might be made into a winning r & b item. (Dee Gee 3609.)

Lloyd Glenn

*** Yancey Special
*** After Hours

Two of the classic keyboard jazz pieces are run down mechanically with a honky flavor by pianist Glenn. (Swing Time 292.)

Ace Harris

**** Two Wrongs Never Make a Right
**** Sentimental Tears

The former Erskine Hawkins pianist now becomes a surprisingly successful vocalist, bowing as Coral's Cole in two good sides. Wrongs has a neat blend of strings, Cole trio sounds and muted trumpet a la Shavers in a pleasantly swinging ballad. Ace could do for Coral what Tommy Edwards has for MGM. (Coral 60666.)

Johnny Hartman

*** I Feel Like Crying
** Black Shadows

Though Johnny got a bum steer from the wheel of fortune, he still sounds like a singer who will make it some day; but he should stop short of the borderline between pathos and dreariness. Howard Biggs and Joe Thomas wrote the first song and supplied the band for the date. Shadows is a somber opus to which Johnny lends a folksy quality by means of a deliberately cracked note here and there. Though this may be the lesser side commercially, it's interesting musically. (Victor 20-4637.)

Bill Harvey

* I Hear You Knocking
*** Walk Right In

Knockin' is the old, old opus, given a new twist with some opening dialogue by Mr. Harvey and a lady billed as Bonita, who thereafter sings a chorus. Neither she nor the arranger ploughs any new fields. Walk is a jump blues with a novel lyrical twist a la Sweet Violets. Not recommended for disc jockeys, but oh, those juke boxes! (Apollo 438.)

Erskine Hawkins

*** Down Home Jump
**** Lost Time

Suggestion to King and all other companies: please give the soloists label credit on records like Down Home Jump. They deserve it, and it might help to revive interest in the bands and their personalities per se. (Save us reviewers some headaches, too.) This side is a jump blues with lots of gusto, apparently two trumpet soloists, a tenor man, a Sammy Lowe arrangement.

Lu Elliot, who used to sing with Duke, has the vocal on Lost Time, and she's improved so much that this side, which has striking big-sounding effects from the band too, has possibilities. (King 4522.)

Mahalia Jackson

**** I'm Getting Nearer to My Home
**** He's the One

Mahalia has been more impressive, both lyrically and musically, but she never fails to impress with her power and fortitude. Piano and organ accompany. Second side, incidentally, is in waltz time, but doesn't sound any less authentic for it. (Apollo 258.)

Moose Jackson

**** Nosey Joe
** Sad

We can't reproduce the lyrics in a fam-

ily magazine like this, so we can't show you why it will be a hit. All we can say is that Moose has a marketable hunk of bull in Nosey Joe. It's actually a cutely-constructed lyric, but not recommended for jockeys or for the old folks at home. Sad is a fair ballad, sung by Moose. (King 4524.)

Louis Jordan

**** Never Trust a Woman
**** Slow Down

Both sides are easy-going blues, sung in the casual, infectious manner at which Louis is unbeatable. The Tympany Five, accompanying, is at least as effective for these purposes as was the big band. (Decca 28088.)

Jimmy Liggins

*** Low Down Blues
**** Stolen Love

Liggins leads the combo through a series of free-and-easy medium-paced instrumental blues choruses on Blues. The reverse alternates vocal and tenor sax passages with some blues piano at medium-fast tempo. Starts out with a Honey-dripper feel. Both sides credited to "Jimmy Liggins, His Guitar And The Drops Of Joy Orchestra." (Specialty SP 427.)

Little Esther

**** The Storm
**** Summertime
**** Better Beware
**** I'll Be There

The thunder-and-rain sound effects running through The Storm have a terrific impact. It's a slow blues, Little Esther's colorific vocal being interrupted for a guitar solo (presumably the same guy who's on the Otis Mercury sides). Summertime features a harmonica for intro, obbligato and solo. Heavy, slow shuffle-rhythm drums throughout. Shouldn't have ended instrumentally, though.

Beware is a fast shouting blues; and for gosh sakes, look who's here—Ben Webster again! And the guitarist! By now the picture becomes clear—it is the Otis band. He's even part author of two of the tunes. There is the kind of simple ballad of which Esther has shown she can sell hundreds of thousands. (King 12063.)

Melvin Moore

** I'll Be There
** While I'm Gone

Melvin sings a momentary duet with himself on one side, has flute and all kinds of fancy embroidery on the other. He's a good singer, but neither side has the earmarks of a sensation either in material or interpretation. (King 4519.)

Harold Nicholas

** Give a Broken Heart a Break
*** Corn Jug Boogie

Don't play this Nicholas brother cheap; he can sing, too. Heart is real slow, a little too heavily cluttered with vocal group, arrangement, etc. Boogie is the kind of song you expect from the writers of Cow-Cow Boogie. (But Howard Biggs and Joe

Thomas wrote it.) Here the vocal group is effective, not intrusive, and piano-plus-band eight-to-the-bar touches make it a convincing side that might go better in the pop than the rhythm-and-blues field. (Victor 20-4649.)

Johnny Otis

**** Goomp Blues
**** One Nighter Blues

Label doesn't tell you, but here's Ben Webster again! Playing more roughly here, he shares honors with a twangy guitar and an after-hoursish piano, with Otis' vibes also occasionally apparent. Goomp is the fast one, with shuffle rhythm and boogie-woogie cliches, plus a baritone solo. (Mercury 8273.)

Debra Robinson

* Please Don't Blame Me
** He's Funny that Way

Debra sings what purports to be the story of a teen-ager on Blame, but doesn't fit the youthful-sounding role. She's a mature-voiced contralto. John Simmons leads the orchestra. Overleaf, George Gordon's orchestra backs her in a performance that seems slightly Vaughan-influenced, and we don't mean Monroe. (Hi-Lo 1404.)

Bobby Smith

** My Horoscope
* Stolen Love

Two heterogeneous sides, not quite rhythm-and-blues and not quite jazz, though Horoscope is a praiseworthy alto performance. Bobby Smith, who wrote and plays it, resembles Benny Carter both on manuscript and in performance. (Apollo 812.)

Dossie Terry

*** When I Hit the Number
*** My Love Is Gone

Dossie applies his vocal chords energetically to the medium paced blues about his good fortune. Good guitar and tenor sax underlining. Lyrics are less impressive but tempo is slow and groovy on the coupling, with guitar again very effective. (Victor 20-46848.)

Bob Williams

** I'm Yours for Tonight
*** Baby You're Wrong

Bob is one of those lump-in-the-throat balladeers, with commercial possibilities. One side is a ballad, the other a blues-tinged 32-bar opus with a beat. Both sides have a tenor solo; on the first it sounds like (but isn't) Lucky Thompson. (Victor 20-1636.)

Chuck Willis

** Loud Mouth Lucy
**** Here I Come

Chuck shouts his blues, the tenor flips his reed and the rhythm section shuffles its beat on Lucy. The slow backside, with piano tremolo-ing and Chuck wailing of his return to Louisiana, gets a much warmer feel, could well catch on in the south. (Okeh 6873.)



TIED NOTES

BROWN-HAUSER - Lou Brown and Gretchen Hauser, recently in Boston, Mass. Lou plays piano and mugs with Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin.
CAROL-TROBEE - Norman Carol, concert violinist, now in service, and Elinor Barbara Trobee, April 6 in San Francisco.
CONOVER-LARAQUE - Willis Conover, disk jockey with WJZC-Mutual, Washington, and Jacqueline Laraque, daughter of the Haitian ambassador to Washington, April 1 in Washington.
ELISON-INGERHAM - Johnny Ellison, bassist, who heads a trio at Jay's Little Club in Miami Beach, and Lois Ingerham, model, July 14 in Miami.
KARBOSKI-SUTTON - Buddy Karboski, to Shirley Sutton, March 10, in Hollywood. Cel. Buddy played rpt. with Flanagan.
MEDOFF-CARLIN - Art Medoff, piano teacher, and Lyn Carlin, actress, May 12 in Boston, Mass.
PAUNIS-KALMAN - Allan Paunis and Lil-

ian Kalman, scripter and lyricist, and daughter of composer Emmerich Kalman, recently in Paris.
WILLIAMS-DENNIS - Skippy Williams, leader and tenor of The Rompin' Rajabs under name of Shafeek Kareem, and Mary Dennis, Jan. 23, in Harrisburg, Pa.

NEW NUMBERS

ADAMS - A daughter, Susan, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Adams, April 1 in Philadelphia. Dad is accordionist with the Ted Forrest Trio.
FAIM - A son to Mr. and Mrs. Larry Faith, March 29 in Pittsburgh. Dad is landleader.
MAGLE - A son to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nagle, March 2 in Philadelphia. Father is sax player with George Sommers' orchestra in that city.
STAVIRAS (Grant) - A son, Glenn Thomas (7 lbs. 10 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Gus Staviras, April 5 in Jersey City, N. J. Dad is head of Progressive Records.
SUTTON - A son to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sutton, April 8. Dad plays intermission piano at Eddie Condon's.

FINAL BAR

AUSTIN - Frederic Austin, 80, British operatic singer and composer, April 10 in London.
BARDO - George M. Bardo, 80, former musician and father of William P. Bardo, orchestra leader, March 29 in Lowville, N. Y.
BART - Victor Bart, 78, former concert pianist, conductor and lecturer in connec-

tion with N. Y. Philharmonic concert, March 26 in Norwalk, Conn.
CAREY - Katherine Carey, musical agent, April 8 in St. Clare's Hospital in New York City.
CAVALLO - Peter A. Cavallo, Sr., 77, Chicago conductor, April 14 in Chicago.
CHATERTON - Mrs. Rigmor Julie Chaterton, N. Y., and contralto soloist with the San Francisco Opera Co., March 31 in Hollywood.
CHIPMAN - Mrs. Beatrix Williams, 68, former member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, N. Y., and contralto soloist with the Cincinnati Symphony Orch. a number of years ago, April 3 in Cincinnati.
CONNOR - Rev. Joseph P. Connor, 56, leader of West New York, N. J. parish and composer of church songs and pop tunes, March 31 in Teaneck, N. J. Used pseudonyms Pierre Norman and John Openshaw on his published songs.
COBYIS - Antonio Cortis, 61, opera tenor, April 3 in Valencia, Spain.
CUTTY - Thomas Cutty, 83, former member of the six Original Musical Cutties, family musical group, April 4 in Baltimore, Md.
GRAY - Robert Gray, Jr., 61, former orchestra leader, recently in Providence, R. I.
KLETTER - Max Kletter, 51, playwright-actor-composer for the Yiddish theater, April 7 in Lakewood, N. J.
MALIN - Bernard Malin, 44, pianist-composer, April 9 in New York. He played in the Roxy pit orch. for about 6 years, and was recently freelancing on radio and television.
MARTIN - Gail E. Martin, 62, one of the founders of the Utah Symphony Orchestra, April 2 in Salt Lake City.
MAZZOLENI - Mrs. Winifred Rosa Mazzoleni, pianist, April 7 in Toronto. Her husband, Ettore Mazzoleni, is principal of Toronto's Royal Conservatory of Music.
NEWSTEAD - Arthur E. Newstead, 70, member of the piano faculty at Juilliard School of Music, N. Y. and former concert pianist, April 1 in New York City.
RAEL - Milly Rael, 62, mother of Jack Rael, manager of Patti Page, April 7 in Miami.
RAYMOND - Mrs. Clara L. Black, 75, former music-comedy actress known professionally as Clara Raymond, March 30 in Greenwich, Conn.
ROSEN - Raymond Rosen, 51, president of Raymond Rosen, Inc., RCA Victor distributor in Philadelphia, April 8 in Philly.
SCHUMANN - Prof. Ilya M. Schumann, composer of religious music and father of the late Henrietta Schumann, concert pianist, April 9 in Syracuse, N. Y.
SHEBLE - Robert Sheble, 29, landleader known professionally as Bob Sheble, and his wife, Martha, 23, April 6 in an auto accident near Falcon, N. C.
SILBERG - Samuel Silberberg, 75, former drummer at Harmonia Bleecker Hall in Albany, April 11 in that city.
SUTOR - Adele Sutor, 86, piano teacher, March 26 in Philadelphia.

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WALKER - Mrs. Jeanette S. Walker, 87, oldest of the six singing Smith Sisters, March 31 in Columbus, Ohio.

Cab Back To Four

New York—Cab Calloway has reverted back to the quartet formula for a series of location gigs on the West Coast. Cab had been working with a big band again for stints in South America and for theater jobs. He still is being booked by GAC.

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Turning The Tables—II

Battle Of Boston

By AUNT ENNA

If there were any such animal as an objective onlooker in the music business, the Battle of Boston between DJs Bob Clayton and Norm Prescott might seem like adolescent horse-play between two slightly maladjusted college boys. Unfortunately, the feud is for real, and lots of nice people have been getting hurt.

Clayton, of WHDH's Ballroom, has for several years been the most influential jockey in New England. Prescott, who started on a small station in New Hampshire, got his first Boston stint on WHDH at Clayton's request, now handles the musical chores at WORL, a smaller Boston indie station.

Prescott is an ambitious youngster out to get the Boston market away from the entrenched Clayton. Using controversy as a gimmick, he addresses "open letters" to everybody in the music business (especially Clayton), telegrams, news letters to the trade and open warfare in getting exclusives from the companies.

Exclusives

Clayton has long prided himself on getting records first in the area, and has proven to most companies that his "going all out" on a platter pays off. Several sleepers have started in the Hub territory as a result of Clayton's plugging; among them Jet, which he took out of Victor's *Perfume Suite* album, and Kenny Roberts' *I Never See Maggie Alone* on Coral.

Woe to the poor recording artist who tries to make both Prescott's and Clayton's shows on the same day. Neither will accept an artist after he or she has appeared on the opposing program. This usually puts the artist in the spot of offending one of the jocks and losing plays on his or her record, or even business in the club in which the act is appearing.

Prescott's Cocky

Clayton, less vociferous than Prescott, still gets primary attention from the record companies, but is personally giving evidence of the strain. Prescott, a somewhat cocky and extremely talented lad, despite frequent lapses in taste, seems to be breaking into Clayton's territory. A major record company recently bought time on both shows on a mail-phone-order pitch and Prescott outdid Clayton by a considerable amount.

Other Boston platter spinners have been none too happy about the carryings on, and have let their audiences know it. Some Boston music men feel that the feud stimulates interest in popular music and is good for business, but most recording men, publishers, promotion men, artists' reps and the artists themselves are caught in the middle and think the whole situation stinks.

New York—Bill Harris, only regular member of the JATP unit who did not accompany Norman Granz on his European tour, has been working with Oscar Pettiford's all-star unit at the Rhythm Room on West 54th Street here.

New Names Form Bands

(Jumped from Page 1)

got something new and I think now is the time to sell it." (More about Wald in a detailed story this page.)

Solomon and Shard

Hendler and Woods, the managerial firm which promoted both the Flanagan and the Buddy Morrow bands, have a couple of new band projects in the works. One is being worked on by Red Solomon, an eminent and longtime studio trumpeter. It will be a trumpet band that will attempt to stay away from the Harry James formula. The other is being drawn up for Jerry Shard, whose recording studio trickery on trombone has resulted in a hit recording on Capitol for him, *Washington and Lee Swing*.

In California, Capitol Records' musical director Les Baxter is turning his hand toward the band field and is currently preparing a crew for several experimental dates. Capitol's fiddler artist, Paul Nero, also has in rehearsal a dance-type band.

Ferguson At Bat

Former Kenton trumpeter, Maynard Ferguson, is expected finally to go about the business of putting together his own crew. This effort has been in the works for almost two years.

Out of Chicago, and in action for the past couple of months, is the Ralph Marterie band, a record-born crew.

There are other new crews on the horizon. All of them represent evidence of a rebirth of faith in a business which has too long been in the doldrums.

Carlos G. Corral's Carroll's Three

New York—During a recent whirlwind one-week fling in New York, Carlos (Man-Mountain, Gork), who guides the destinies of Nat Cole, Mel Torme et al., signed a personal management pact with Barbara Carroll.

The pianist recently closed at the Embers and took her trio into the Mermaid Room of the Park Sheraton Hotel here. Gastel will set a record deal for her immediately. Her last cutting was an LP for Atlantic.

Cesana's "Ecstasy"

New York—Otto Cesana, active for many years here as a teacher, composer and arranger, landed his most important recording break to date when he cut 24 minutes of original music for a Columbia LP featuring a 60-piece orchestra.

Titled *Ecstasy*, the LP will present the product of many months' writing by Cesana, performed by 35 strings, eight woodwinds, four French horns, seven brass, harp and rhythm.

Optimistic Biz Looks To TV

(Jumped from Page 1)

of this possibility, and by the apparently bright prospects of the new bands mentioned elsewhere on these pages, the booking agents and operators of night clubs and dance halls have been spreading the spirit of orchestral optimism.

One major booking agency, General Artists Corp., has even gone out on a limb by starting an official drive to stimulate a nationwide rejuvenation of interest in dancing and dance bands. GAC is conducting this campaign on a non-partisan basis to benefit all its own and other agencies' orchestral properties.

Lombardo Jackpot

The figures from other agencies are no less encouraging. MCA recently had Guy Lombardo out on a three-month tour of one-night stands. Now reaching completion, the tour is estimated to have grossed well over a half million dollars.

"I haven't seen things look this good in years," a sideman told the *Beat*. "It's like the early 1940s back again."

With the added stimulus of the concert field, another important outlet for bands is spreading like wildfire. Started as a jazz promotion, the concert presentation idea has now reached into the field of pop bands and vocalists and is expected to add millions of dollars to the band business' revenue this year.

All in all, it adds up to a pretty lively picture, as bright a horizon as we've noticed since V-J Day.

May Blazing A Hot Trail

(Jumped from Page 1)

ences. The pull of Jacquet, May and Laine apparently was not strong enough to fill the large arenas and halls where the package had been booked.

On the last couple of dates before presstime, however, things were looking up as the package moved out of the South and it seemed likely that the tour would wind up with a tidy profit.

Flip Flips French Fans

Paris—The second Salon du Jazz, held here the first week of April, proved highly successful.

Dizzy Gillespie's two concerts were very well received. At the first date Dizzy played with Don Byas and Hubert Fol's combo. In the second he worked with Aime Barelli and his orchestra.

The Norman Granz concert, held at the Salle Pleyel, was more than a success; people at the door were offering 10 to 20 times the price of your ticket.

Big hits of the concert were the Oscar Peterson Trio, Max Roach, and surprisingly, Flip Phillips. The big disappointment was Lester Young, whose playing was a letdown to everybody. But Flip, the only white musician in the unit, amazed the jazz fans. They could be heard whispering, "Do you really believe he's white?", "You would swear he had Negro blood!", "He's the greatest saxophonist in the world!" etc.

Other highlights of the Festival were the appearances of Sidney Bechet, Claude Luter, Ronnie Scott's British combo and the Italian modern outfit Quarteto Di Roma.

—Marcel Fleiss.

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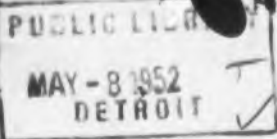


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MUSIC & DRAMA
Merry Month Of Billy May

DOWN BEAT

May 21, 1952



Band Biz Booms

(See Page 1)

★ ★ ★

Duke Lays An Egg

(See Page 2)

★ ★ ★

Steve Allen

(See Page 2)

★ ★ ★

Classics

(See Page 4)

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