

Granz Tells Story Of Tour; Lauds European Jazz Fans

DOWN BEAT

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Spinning With Web

A Tribute To A Musician With Guts—Barclay Allen

By HAL WEBMAN

It's often been said that show business has no soul, and though it has been said, it can never be verified that it has no heart. There have been myriad instances of show business courage like that of Jane Froman, whose heroic attributes currently are being shown on screens across the country in a flicker called *With A Song In My Heart*. But examples like this one have become public property, sort of living specimens that the show will always go on no matter what.

It's a far more heart-warming thing to me to hear about the helping hand of show business being lent to comparatively anonymous members of the clan who are in great need. That's part of the reason why this is being written

to begin with. It's all about a musician who ran into some real bad luck. His name, Barclay Allen.

Bad Accident

Allen, about two and a half years ago, was in a serious auto accident. Just before the accident, he had formed his own band after spending some time as Freddy Martin's pianist. He also had just done his first few sides under a fresh Capitol recording contract. All this became totally inconsequential when the doctors reported that Allen stood less than a 50-50 chance of surviving the accident.

Displaying a powerful will to live, Allen was able to hold onto life itself, though he wound up totally paralyzed below his hips.

Even at that point, show business began to rally to the musician's aid. What little money Allen did have was spent rapidly in hospitals. Former boss Martin sparked a money-raising campaign that was

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French Noisiest—Swedes, Belgians Hippest: Norman

(Ed. Note: The following is an account of Jazz At The Philharmonic's tour of Europe as related by JATP's impresario, Norman Granz.)

For many years, I'd thought of taking JATP to Europe. We had had feelers from European promoters since 1948, but, mainly because of financial reasons, I was unable to take the show over. In fact, in 1950 I went to Europe determined to promote JATP there myself, but I was unable to do it; I tried again in 1951, but the difficulties connected with foreign exchange were just too great.

Finally, I thought I'd try one more time, 1952. I had several letters from European promoters, and in almost every instance, excepting one—Nils Hellstrom—there was only lukewarm interest. This is a curious fact about European promoters: they evince little, if any, interest via correspondence, but once you're actually in Europe, then they all have big eyes to promote you. Once we got to Europe and broke it up in Scandinavia, we were deluged with offers.

Newcomers

I took in the group; Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Flip Phillips, Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Irving Ashby, Ray Brown, Hank Jones, and Max Roach. With the exception of Roy, none had ever played all of Europe. Max had been to Paris, Ella, Ray, Hank, and Ashby to England, but only Roy had played all of the continent and Scandinavia.

We left from Idlewild Airport March 26. The trip was very smooth and uneventful, excepting that Oscar and Flip between them,

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NAT AND ED—CBS' *Toast of the Town* played host to Nat Cole again recently. Seen here with Nat is the popular syndicated columnist Ed Sullivan, who originated the program several years ago and built it into one of TV's biggest Sunday attractions.

Cinderella' Shaw Bares Soul In Provocative Autobiography

By LEONARD FEATHER

*How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!*

These lines, by Emily Dickinson, are used by Artie Shaw to introduce a chapter in his first book (*The Trouble With Cinderella*—Farrar, Straus & Young Inc., \$3.75). Perhaps they shed a little light on the reason for his virtual abandonment

of the music business and his decision to treat the admiring bog to his first literary effort.

There will be many verbal battles concerning Artie's intentions in taking up the typewriter, his ability as a writer, the validity of his thesis and the size of his ego. No matter what answers are found for these questions, one fact is indisputable: for the first time in the history of jazz, or of the dance band business, someone who has lived the business and been a major creative figure in it has personally documented his experiences at book length, without a ghost writer and without any pulled punches.

For this reason alone, the Artie Shaw book is the most significant of its kind since the beginning of the "music business" as we know it, and in many ways the most provocative. Described on the dust jacket as an "outline of identity," it is essentially an autobiography, though

it pauses often for philosophical and psychological excursions.

The trouble with the Cinderella legend as a concept for living, Artie argues, is that nobody really lives happily ever after.

"I've gone through the Cinderella business myself," he says,

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Bands Lose It At The Astor

New York—The Hotel Astor's Roof here, for many years noted as a plum summer location for the leading name bands, will go oaty this summer.

The Roof will go completely country style with the Grand Ole Opry company slated to spend the entire season atop the Astor.

The Wildest!

Chicago—The Blue Note's new show starting May 30 has all the elements to qualify as what might truly be called a "wild bill."

Bill of fare commencing on that date will consist of Wild Bill Davis' Trio and the Wild Bill Davison combo.

Or how wild can you get?

Cafe Rouge Is Shutting Down For Summer

New York—The Hotel Statler's Cafe Rouge, one of the two major name band locations in this city (the other is the Hotel Roosevelt Grill, which is the almost permanent home for Guy Lombardo), will close down its operation for the summer in the middle of June.

This marks the first extended shutdown of the room since it opened in the late '30s. Paul Neighbors, playing his first eastern engagement, currently is working the room, and Elliot Lawrence will wind up the season there.

The room will reopen in September and already has set Jimmy Dorsey, Ray Anthony and Ralph Flanagan for fall dates.

Liza To King

New York—Liza Morrow, former BG thrush, has been signed to a term recording contract by King Records. She already has cut her first session for the firm; the records are due shortly. Liza has been a house singer at WNEW here for the past few months.

Previn Discharged, Back With MGM

Hollywood—Andre Previn, young MGM music director, was released from the Army and is back at the studio. His first assignment is as music director on *Small Town Girl*, starring Jane Powell.

Previn is also known for his modern jazz piano via Victor Records.

Cover Subject

Pfc. Eddie Fisher, Labelled Jr. Jolson, Recruits For The Army

At the rare age of 23, Eddie Fisher, Pfc., U.S. Army, is probably doing the most upstanding job of transmitting general good will for that branch of the Armed Forces that any individual in the services has been able to turn in since the Korean emergency began.

Eddie, a most lovable youngster, after going through three months of basic training like any other Army draftee, has been working in behalf of the Army recruiting department for the past nine months or so. The Army did well by capitalizing on the youngster's fast-growing popularity in the younger sets, for his work in getting volunteers for the services has proved fruitful.

Eddie is constantly on the go for the Army. He's on the road much of the time, working from a Washington, D.C., headquarters. He was made into a disc jockey, under which cloak he is selling the Army weekly on a coast-to-coast hookup. He does numerous other Army broadcasts and shows.

Meanwhile Eddie's recordings, a flock of which were made before his

Columbia May Get Third Herd

New York—Woody Herman's Third Herd will be roaring for a new wax label shortly. At present, it appeared that Woody would return to Columbia. Outsiders in the running were Decca and Mercury. It's a certainty that Woody will leave MGM.

Columbia May Get Third Herd

induction, have kept his name very much alive with the general public. He has had a succession of hits, each of which lends just that much more credence to his value as a recruiter for the Army.

Eddie has about a year to go in the service. When he gets out, he will very quickly be a most-demanded property. There are those in the business who are completely convinced that the singer is a Jolson in embryo. No question that though he is in the service, Fisher is "in" in his show business career.

Credit this to a talent whose forte is a handsome blend of humility and sincerity.

The cover picture was taken during a broadcast of the service radio show, *Armed Forces Review*.

Down Beat's Five Star Discs

The following records, representing the cream of the past two weeks' crop, received five stars in the record review section of this issue (see page 10).

POPULAR

- LOUIS ARMSTRONG Kiss Of Fire (Decca 28177.)
- NAT COLE Somewhere Along The Way (Capitol 2069.)
- PERRY COMO Why Did You Leave Me? (Victor 20-4687.)
- AL MARTINO Here In My Heart (BBS 101.)
- BO STAFFORD Raminay (Columbia 39725.)
- KAY STARR I Waited A Little Too Long (Capitol 2062.)

RHYTHM AND BLUES

- THE DOMINOES When The Swallows Come Back To Capistrano (Federal 12059.)
- That's What You're Doing To Me (Federal 12059.)

Swingin' The Golden Gate

Shearing Does SRO, But A Disc Slip Is Showing

By RALPH J. GLEASON

San Francisco—During the last two weeks of April, the native Sons of the Golden West stormed the Black Hawk to stop, look and listen to the bop, jokes and standards of the George Shearing Quintet. There were lines outside the club even during week nights. Business was so good the proprietors could hardly believe it. At the last show on a Friday night, the house was loaded. And all this with a buck door charge.

Coming as it did, right on the heels of a miserable two weeks in Sacramento, it proved the Shearing group is every bit as good a draw in a big city without the well known sidemen, as it is with them. This is some solace to George who was considerably upset over the Sacramento fiasco.

He is also upset over another thing, as well he might be. The Shearing records are not selling. Even in a town like this where the combo is doing capacity business, their presence doesn't hypo the disc sales any appreciable amount. George is quite frankly looking for something as a solution.

Piano With Strings?

There is a strong possibility that he may record a batch of numbers featuring his piano with a string background in an effort to produce something more interesting for the record market.

And this brings up the question, "What's the matter with the Shearing records?" The answer, really, is nothing at all. The last one, *Swedish Pastry and Thine Alone* would have been sensational if it were the first disc by George. As it is, coming after dozens of bop-and-standard sandwiches, the disc hardly made a nibble. That's the virtue and the curse of such a stylized sound as Shearing's. You can tell it right away but the trouble is, can you tell which number?

It isn't anything that show busi-

Teddy Wilson Travels Again

New York—Teddy Wilson ended his long association with WNEB May 1 to go on the road for the first time in years.

The veteran swing pianist had been a daily feature on the New York indie radio station for most of the time since he joined it in 1947.

Teddy has temporarily assembled a quartet including Harold Baker on trumpet. He played his first date last week at the Rendezvous in Philadelphia and opens May 19 at the Colonial Tavern in Toronto.

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What, Again?

Hollywood—Charlie Barnet, who was signed to open May 6 with a sextet at the Royal Room here, longtime Dixie stronghold, will be back in the big band field again (17 men) with a date at Balboa's Rendezvous ballroom July 4-5. He'll follow with a coast-to-coast tour.

Mort Ruby, who will manage Barnet, says "I'm going to put Charlie back on top among the great bands, where he belongs."

Barnet was strictly a big bandman until he broke up his large crew in the fall of 1949 to go into the booking business. After that venture was out, he began a succession of combos and big bands that left even his closest followers confused.

Down Beat Prediction

Marterie Boasts The Best Midwest Band In Years

By JACK TRACY

Chicago—Ralph Marterie headed east after his two-week date at Melody Mill ballroom here and began a series of one-nights that will wind up at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook on May 27 and the Paramount theater stage on June 18.

He left well-equipped to do a great job at both places, sporting the best dance band to come out of the Midwest in many years. Though still a bit rough (the one-nights should erase that quickly), the band's class and ability stood out, and it shouldn't take much more than the eastern swing to establish it in the top brackets and solidify the excellent impression made by the band's Mercury releases.

Marterie is a standout trumpeter in the best Spivak-James tradition, with a gorgeous tone and a straightforward, lyrical style. He's at his best on ballads like *Tenderly*, *Boulevard of Broken Dreams*, and *My Silent Love*, as the reeds afford a warm carpet for him to walk on.

Good Jazz, Too

Up-tempo like *Perdido* and *Stompin' at the Savoy* are sprinkled liberally throughout the big book and get played rockingly, to the obvious delight of the younger dancers. Excellent jazz is played by trumpeter Corny Panico and tenorist Kenny Mann, with the rhythm section a tightly-knit unit pushing it all on.

Marterie has also added a new singer, who joined the band with the Melody Mill date. She's Nancy Thomas, a tall, attractive redhead who sings quite infectiously on up-tempo, falters slightly on the ballads, but who will become a valuable asset to the band when she picks up a little more polish and stage presence.

Occasionally she is effectively abetted by just the rhythm section and a flock of the sidemen singing.

Ralph has worked long and hard on this band and has finally pieced together a group of sidemen who can play anything at first sight, swing collectively, and make an excellent onstand appearance.

Marterie's trumpet, the band's ensemble sound, the fine, modernized book, and a danceable beat on all types of tunes gives this band a luster and sheen that spell success.

Prediction: The end of 1952 will find Marterie and Billy May owning the two hottest new bands of the year.

Sonny Burke Backs Peggy

Hollywood—Sonny Burke, signed as music director for the Peggy Lee CBS show with its move here from New York, has assembled an unusual (by radio standards) band to back the singer which will be marked with the Latin-American flavor Sonny developed for the big band he fronts on occasional dance dates here.

Format and personnel: Pete Candoli, trumpet; Ray Heath, trombone; Clint Neagley, alto & doubles; Ham Ruesum, tenor & doubles; Bob Lawson, baritone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Tommy Romersa, drums; Iggy Shevak, bass; Mike Pacheco, bongos; Corky Hale, harp. (See *Girls in Jazz*, this issue).

Paul Got Lobster, Put Crimp In My Shrimp, Hollers Pollack

Hollywood—Ben Pollack, veteran jazz man now operating the Streetcombers, Sunset Strip eatery, has filed suit for \$200,000 against Paul Mason Howard, Paul Weston and Walt Disney Music Co., Inc., based on the claim that he wrote the music used by Howard and Weston for the song *Shrimp Boats*.

According to the complaint on file in Federal Court here, Pollack contends that he originated the melody (the lyrics do not figure in the case) back in 1936, calling it his *Cajun Song* and taught it to Howard, zither player and folk music singer with whom he was acquainted at that time.

Pollack, who is represented by attorneys Samuel Arkoff and Gerald Kales, said that he was quite sure Weston was unaware of his

asserted part in the writing of *Shrimp Boats*. H said:

'I Got Witnesses'

"Paul (Mason Howard) never denied that he used the music from my song for *Shrimp Boats* and a few months ago he promised to make a settlement with me but never made good on it. I'm prepared to bring any number of witnesses into court—mostly musicians who know this was my melody—to substantiate my claims."

Mason could not be reached for comment. At the time *Shrimp Boats*, a major hit of 1951 on the strength of the Jo Stafford—Paul Weston Columbia recording, became popular, Howard said that the music was derived from a melody several hundred years old.



KISS OF FIRE administered by Georgia Gibbs via Mercury Records has turned out to be a major hit for the songstress, who has been around on records for several years but has never before had a seller of these proportions.

SONGS FOR SALE

♦♦ Starring ♦♦

STEVE ALLEN



The capricious nature that distributes talents so indiscriminately plays particularly puzzling tricks when she bestows the various forms of musical ability.

The man to whom music is foreign might suppose that the problem is of exceedingly slight proportions—either one has musical ability, or one has not.

Even a momentary analysis of the issue, however, leads to the realization that "musical ability" is a term that covers an extremely wide area. Some people exhibit musical ability that is creative. Others possess ability represented chiefly by mechanical mastery of an instrument. Still others may be gifted with a fantastic sort of auditory perception that enables them to listen to a symphony orchestra composed of 65 pieces and concentrate at will on one after another of the instruments.

To Read or Not to Read

There are talented singers who read music very haltingly and inferior singers who learn to sight-read in a matter of weeks. They are vocalists who have the organic equipment to make a very pleasant sound and yet lack the personality without which their tonal ability is useless. There are others able to make only a patently inferior sound, who can nevertheless create in the minds of their listeners the impression that their singing is highly praiseworthy.

Another fascinating fact about the phenomenon of musical ability is that rarely does an individual manifest it excellently in more than one way. Thus the great conductor is usually not the great composer. The composer is usually not the great instrumentalist.

Writers Needn't Play

As applied to the field of popular music this means that what is usually thought of as "musical ability" (the ability to play an instrument well, or to understand the mechanics of music), is not necessary at all to the composer. Irving Berlin's piano technique is artistically atrocious, but he has been for many years our most productive composer. Nor must it be supposed that he is an exception. Sam Coslow, who wrote *Sing You Sinners*, *Cocktails for Two*; Peter DeRose, composer of *Deep Purple*, *Wagon Wheels*; Jimmy Van Heusen, who wrote such successes as *Imagination*, *Heaven Can Wait*, *It Can Happen to You* and *Swinging on a Star*; and Johnny Green, writer of *Out of Nowhere*, *I Want to Be Loved, Body and Soul*, and many other standards, are all pianists of decidedly limited talent. Their lack of instrumental artistry has in no way affected their prodigious creative output.

One-Finger Sunny

So unnecessary is instrumental ability to the tunesmith that a considerable number of popular composers possess not one whit of it. Sunny Skylar, writer of *Waitin' for the Train to Come In*, *A Little Bit South of North Carolina* and *Besame Mucho*, has laboriously taught himself to play piano with one finger in order to demonstrate to an arranger the melodies that are in his head.

When one realizes that a melody must, after all, be created psychically before it can be written on paper, sung or played, it is not too surprising that a composer need not be an instrumentalist. Once the song is thought of, it doesn't matter who does the job of translating it into tangible form.

Perhaps even more surprising is the reverse side of the coin; just as most composers are poor instrumentalists, so most instrumentalists are poor composers. One might suppose that men with such extravagant talents as Harry James, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey or Art Tatum would be fairly bursting with creative melody impressions, but such, mysteriously enough, is rarely the case.

Dick Rodgers Is The Greatest, Declares Capt. Leroy 'Blue Tango' Anderson, USA

By HAL WEBMAN

"Richard Rodgers is the greatest man on the American music scene!"

This was the declaration of Capt. Leroy Anderson, himself no composing slouch having accrued such credits as the current hit, *Blue Tango*, and *Synco-ated Clock*, *Fiddle Fiddle*, *Plink Plunk Plunk*, *Jazz Pizzicato*, *Jazz Legato*, *Serenata*, and *Sleigh Ride* among some 100 others.

"Rodgers is original. His waltzes, for instance, are the first real American waltzes. They have a freshness and style which are purely American. More so than, let's say, Victor Herbert's waltzes. Herbert's were decidedly touched with European influences," concluded Anderson.

Anderson, who at 44 is gaining his first fame on the contemporary scene both as a composer and as a Decca recording artist, currently is working out a recall to the service. We spoke to him by phone at Fort Bragg, N.C., but as you are reading this, Anderson is settling in Washington, D.C., where he has been appointed Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2.

Movie Deal

Anderson, who expects to get his release from the services at the end of the year, is looking forward to working in Hollywood on the RKO lot. The studio has completed a tentative arrangement with Mills Music, Anderson's publisher, for the composer to write the background score for at least one film when he gets his discharge.

"I also would like to do a Broadway show," stated the composer, "but it would have to be a dramatic musical. You know, just like a good many others, I am somewhat stage struck and if the right vehicle came along, I would love to write music for it."

Music Secondary

A Harvard graduate, Anderson studied organ and double-bass, but the music studies were secondary. Leroy's schooling was preparation for him to become a school teacher, specializing in Scandinavian languages.

In 1935, the good Captain decided to turn to music as a profession and went to work as an arranger for the Boston Pops Orchestra, whose conductor, Arthur Fiedler, he had befriended in his Harvard days.

It was Fiedler, in 1936, who steered Anderson into the field of "pops" composition. Fiedler showed Anderson where this particular brand of composing had been completely brushed off in this country and that the field was wide open. So Anderson began to write his originals and had the Boston Pops at his disposal for initial performances.

Publisher's Role

In addition to composition, Anderson orchestrates his works both for special arrangements and for his music publisher's symphonic band series.

It was his publisher, Mills Music, which brought Anderson into

prominence by employing pop song exploitation tactics with his far more refined, instrumental writings. Mills got for Anderson his Decca recording contract, which thus far has resulted in two highly successful albums as well as the hit single faces, *Clock* and *Tango*.

At the moment, Anderson is rounding out his second year of work on a piano concerto, which he expects to complete soon.

No Jazz

"I'd just as soon write a serious piece, like the concerto, as do what I'm doing now, or the movie score or show. But, I think I should like very much to do some writing for ballet," Anderson told us.

"The only type of music that doesn't go far enough for me is jazz. It's a music form which favors the performer—the performer actually is the composer. His improvisations amount to the actual composition of jazz pieces. Not being a performer, I just can't become interested in jazz."

Teagarden Set In Movie Role

Hollywood—Jack Teagarden has called off his tour to take a band-leader role in the forthcoming Shane-Tors production tentatively titled *The Glass Wall*. Story deals with a European refugee's search for a musician and fellow-refugee in the United States. Many scenes will be shot in New York niteries. Pre-recording of music sequences is to start around May 23. Leith Stevens is the over-all music director on the picture.

Teagarden recently took over the music assignment on KTLA's *Dixie Showboat* series, replacing Nappy Lamare's combo.

Valdes Slated For Frisco's Fairmont

San Francisco—Miguelito Valdes opens June 10 at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room to bring names back to that spot for the first time in exactly a year.

Last name attraction at the hotel was the Jimmy Dorsey band. Since that ill-fated venture, the hotel room has been using local groups with Ernie Heckscher's band holding the stand since last fall. Valdes will be in the spot until September 14. He has played the location several times to good reception.

The Mark Hopkins is still planning to bring names to Nob Hill in June but the bookings are not yet set.

Is Sex On Its Way Out?

Hollywood—An early trend in the development of TV music shows here, in which it appeared that there would be a big demand in the new medium for all-girl bands, seems to be on its way out.

Ada Leonard, with her all-gal band, featured on a KTTV weekly series for more than a year, was dropped due to the lack of sponsor interest, and although Ada is still active with her band on one-nighters hereabouts, there doesn't seem to be any future for her in TV at present.

Ina Ray Hutton, whose two-year contract with KTLA expires next month, was not able, at this writing to give her girls any assurance that they would continue to have their weekly show on the Paramount studio's TV station this summer, though Ina's manager, Jack Philbin, was said to be working on a "terrific new video deal" for his client.

Interesting slant is that both Ina and Ada made every effort to assemble bands in which musicianship was placed ahead of glamor (though there are some real cover kids in both outfits and the overall line-up could supply plenty of cheesecake) but neither was able to produce a band that any honest critic could compare favorably with the average male ork.

Girl musicians of a really high calibre, of which there are plenty here, prefer not to work with all-girl orks if they can avoid it, a reason why it is hard to develop a first-rate dance band on an all-girl basis.

Paid But Idle, Nero Fiddles, Burns, Quits

Hollywood—Paul (Hot Canary) Nero, who unveiled an interesting new band at San Diego's Trionon recently, has resigned from his \$200-per-week job as concertmaster with the RKO studio contract staff orchestra, members of which have been sitting at home (or playing golf) while the mailman brings them their weekly checks.

RKO has been almost completely shut down for the past three months while boss Howard Hughes assertedly devotes himself to sweeping commies out of all the dark corners. Musicians in the staff orchestra, under the AFM's film studio pact, are on a play-or-pay agreement and get paid by the week whether they work or not.

Nero has recorded his unit for Rhythm Records with Chico Alvarez, trumpet; Dick Kenney, trombone; Bud Shank, alto; Bob Cooper, tenor; Bart Calderell, baritone; Don Trennor, piano; Tony Rizzi, guitar; Stan Fletcher, string bass & tuba; Billy Wilson, drums.

Air Blindfold

New York—The *Blindfold Test*, which has been a popular *Down Beat* feature for the past 15 months, will take on an added format May 26.

On that date at midnight George Hamilton Combs, who conducts WJZ's nightly chatter show from the Sherbrooke Park Avenue Restaurant, will present a radio version of the feature, with Leonard Feather, originator of the test, in charge.

Instead of a single interviewee there will be a panel of experts discussing each record, including two guest celebrities.

New Band Nitery Preems With Wald

New York—The Boulevard, an 800-seat Queens nitery, will convert to straight name band dance policy on June 1, opening the new deal with Jerry Wald's new orchestra. The spot until now has been using a straight floor show policy, employing mainly record talent for the vocal variety.

Wald currently is rounding up the men for his new band and will go into rehearsal shortly after presatime. His first record, under a new Decca deal, is due out momentarily. Wald's first wax pact with a big band, years ago, was with the same label.

Frances & Neal Are On Road

New York—The Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne band is on its way. After a week of break-in dates around New York, Neal went westward for ten days and returns to make his first Coral sides featuring the organized band, May 27, followed by an appearance May 29 with the whole band on the TV show *Star of the Family*.

Personnel comprises Julie Hochman, Spots Esposito, Dennis Roche, trumpets; Lee Gifford, Sonny Truitt, trombones; Benny Amerino, Al Thompson, alto; John Pelicane, tenor; George Weimer, baritone; Harry Wolf, piano; Benny Weeks, guitar; Lee Rockey, drums; Frank Marcy, bass; the Cavaliers (Eddie Stewart, Hugh Reynolds, John Barber), vocals.

Norvo Trio Back To L.A.

Hollywood—The Red Norvo trio is back in Hollywood and has returned to the Encore room for what will probably be a long stay. Tal Farlow and Red Mitchell are on guitar and bass.

In addition, Decca has signed the group to a two-year recording pact and will start cutting the first sides for an LP shortly.

Reports that Farlow was leaving the group were completely unfounded, says Red.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

Joe Ferrer played host to Woody Herman's bandsmen, wives and/or gals, a couple of matinees ago for a performance of his production of *The Strike*. This was in exchange for some musical assistance Ferrer was able to cull from the Herd's midst. . . . Barbara Nelson had been secretary to Dick Linke, Capitol Records promotion exec here. She heard Buddy Morrow was looking for a singer, submitted a recording as an audition. Dick no longer has a secretary, and Buddy has Barbara as his vocalist. Dick now is looking for a secretary who will take an oath that she does not sing.

Veteran piano duo Bartlett and Robertson were signed to an MGM recording contract. . . . Movie beauty Rhonda Fleming is turning wax talent under the aegis of the Columbia label. . . . William Morris, Jr., resigned as president of the agency which bears his father's name. Abe Lastfogel is expected to take the reins in title as well as in fact; Morris will continue as a director of the firm. . . . Johnnie Ray, who broke the Copacabana nitery's box office record his first week there, topping Martin and Lewis' \$73,000 by \$2,000, broke his own record successively in the second and third weeks.

Discers are seriously disturbed by station WNEW's considering to drop all mention of record labels on the air. The station is the pace-setter for a good many independent radio outlets thruout the nation. . . . The Weidler Brothers, each of the three former name band readman, have been doing well as a cafe act. They changed the name to the Wilder Brothers and just snared a Capitol Records' contract. . . . Freddy Slack returned to the Capitol label; he'll add vocalizing to his 88-ing for the new platters.

Mercury Records acquired its third domestic symphony orchestra. The Eastman Rochester Symphony orchestra joins the Minneapolis and the Chicago on the label. . . . Decca prexy Milton Rackmil is in England to confer with J. Arthur Rank, the British filmmaker, with regard to a plan for a merger of the Decca discery with the Universal-International movie interests. . . . Billy Bunn, who is being heavily touted by RCA Victor as a pop and rhythm and blues artist, also records for Atlantic Records as a spiritual singer. . . . Sportscaster Mel Allen has turned tunesmith. Has a ditty called *Play Ball You All* making the rounds.

Elliot Lawrence conducted the NBS Symphony orchestra recently on a program commemorating the fourth anniversary of the State of Israel. . . . Tommy Reynold's takes his band into Roseland May 23. . . . The Four Keys, managed by John Levy (Shearing's p.m.) have been set for MGM Records and for a date at the Chez Paree in Montreal June 10. . . . The Willie Bryant-Ray Carroll deejay team has added an afternoon program to its schedule, from 1 to 2 six days a week over WHOM.

CHICAGO

Kirby Stone's quintet, the *Broadway Open House* boys, took over the Preview bandstand on May 14 for two weeks with options. Upstairs in the Omar room the agile pianistics of Chamaco and his band provide rumba rhythms. . . . Georg Brunis came back to town and rejoined Johnny Lane's crew at the 1111 club last week. His last stretch there went on for months. . . . Excellent recent bill at the Capitol had the Three Peppers and the fine Cecil Young quartet, from up Seattle way.

Georgie Auld's quintet and Anita O'Day (backed by Roy Kral) closing at the Blue Note May 30. . . . Danny Thomas bombed at the Chicago theater. . . . Ahmad Jamal's Three Strings continue to play in quite wonderful fashion at the Pershing lounge, from whence also emanates the splendid Sid (The Real) McCoy disc jockey show. . . . The new Red Saunders release on Okeh, *Zek!, Zek!*, looks like another winner for the redhead, who just clicked with *Hambone*. . . . Danny Alvin's Dixielanders still held over at Helsing's, ditto for Miff Mole at Jazz Lad. And Cy Touff's trio at the Spotlite. Touff still has Red Lionberg, drums, and Billy Green, piano.

The Jay Burkhart big band is back in action Monday nights at Nob Hill in conjunction with a rather unique idea started there May 12. All music school students and faculty members have been invited to submit their best popular compositions. The four best received each week are arranged and played by the band. It's probably the only outlet in town for songwriters to hear their music professionally arranged and played for free. . . . A date to file away for future reference: Les Brown plays an Aragon one-niter on July 30. . . . Joe Daly continues his swinging weekend sessions at the Grove Circle. Eddie Baker, piano, and Hal Russell, drums, aid the tenor man.

The Sun-Times' Irv Kupecinet had more talent than you could point a camera at on his annual Cerebral Palsy telethon May 10-11. . . . Longhair (and hands) Dept.: Leopold Stokowski will spend two weeks at the University of Illinois School of Music in the fall working with various student instrumental and choral ensembles. . . . Hard-working (Turn to Page 8)

Lazy Listeners Louse Up 'Live-Wire' Musical Lives

By R. D. DARRELL

Few of us ever miss the kiss-of-death implications when one gal concedes of another "... but she has, of course, very pretty hair." ... Yet too many fail to catch the more subtle backhanding in a typical music critic's carefully delimited praise for a performer's charm of "sheer" tone production ... or in a connoisseur's grudging admission that certain music (which he doesn't think amounts to a row of pins) indeed "sounds" very nice.

Maybe it's an old Puritan streak in some of us that shrieks "Beware!" whenever it sniffs out any hint of the frankly sensuous. Whatever the psychiatric explanation may be, it's an alarming fact that far too many contemporary listeners, professional and lay alike, manifest either a prissy mistrust or a bluestocking outright disdain for the naked physical aspects—the very bones and flesh and red blood—of music.

Music "Lovers"

I don't get it and never have got it! Why should our era of electronically disseminated "music for the millions" be characterized so often and so markedly by the jelly-fish passivity of its self-named music "lovers"? The essence of any real love (whatever Dr. Freud may say) surely is in response ... yet these lousy (musically) lovers either aren't able or won't even try to make any kind of direct, active response to the most elementary and theoretically irresistible musical stimulus—the color, sonority, and dynamic energy of living sound.

Santayana's famous crack now seems no more than a half-truth: today's listeners are willing enough to fall back in a nice hot tub of music's "drowsy reveries," but too seldom are they "enlivened by its nervous thrills."

It Talks

They're usually so entranced by the simple miracle of audios and phonographs actually "playing"

that they imitate the more justifiable naiveté of the 19th century Emperor of Brazil, who yelped in astonishment when he first heard a telephone, "My God! It talks!"



TCHAIKOVSKY'S "THE MONTHS" as interpreted by Morton Gould (seen above) is reviewed in this issue in the Classics in Capsule department.

Take it from me, it's high time someone wakes up these innocents to the plain facts of phono-radio life! And I'd say the very first one is the basic truth that no machine can talk or sing or play at all. Whatever Joe Dope may think, his favorite set has not got "such a good tone." The only tone of its own is one not even he wants —60-cycle power-line hum! The so-called "tone" is in reality a (Turn to Page 6)

Classicadenzas

By ROB DARRELL

Lavender and Old Brass Dept ... Critics are frustrated artists, according to reliable legend, and I might be a balked 'n' bilked trombonist, at that. For though I grew up with my old man's trombone just beside my cradle (which was his double-bass case), he must have been a seer as well as a doubler in brass and strings—and never would teach me either instrument ... Later, when I grew up to realize the piano wasn't all it was thumped up to be, I was successively and briefly a stumblebum of sorts on clarinet, bassoon, and (yep!) bass harmonica. But I never did get to satisfy my yen for the grand old siphorn ...

Maybe that's why I get such a kick out of the Rimsky concerto (see Capsule reviews) and from Davis Shuman's magisterial playing on the new-angled trombone of his own invention. I'll have to go back to his earlier waxings of a Beethoven Sonata and Equasi on Renaissance X-31. Hindemith Sonata, etc., on Circle 51-100 (any others?) and I'm hoping he'll disc the new Serly concerto he's preeming this summer—for his polished-brass tone is just what stringed-up quartets ain't got for me!

After first checking the spillings of my own "bright incalculable soul" in the Beat for May 7, I was fascinated by Johnny Hammond's Cootie Williams piece ... Cootie on the high trumpet in the Bach Brandenburg No. 2 is something I'd give a lot to hear—although it might not be as much fun for Paolo Longinotti and Wm. Vacciano, who fly the brass stratosphere in the London and Columbia (Reiner) recordings respectively ...

As a matter of fact, I once nominated King Louis for the job, but with no more success than John had with Cootie. Such crossing the old-fashioned jazz-classic race lines has long been frowned on, and only a few like Benny Goodman and Reggie Kell have made the grade and lived to tell about it ... But like any amateur a. & r. man, I can dream, can't I? My timeliest natural la Vesti la Giubba from Pagliacci with whatisname?—you know—John Bray, is it? ... And how's about the Ritz Bros. as Ping, Pang, and Pong (or would it be Plunk) in Tarentos? ... Maybe the Andrews Sisters as three little maids from school in The Mikado? ... Or, jumping the fence from the other side, would poor Bix rise from his grave to hear Gieseking side-slipping over the 88 in a Mist? ... Mightn't a multi-taped Segovia break Les Paul's heart? ... And what would or wouldn't Met-soprano (Selome) Ljuba Welitsch do with Rocks in My Bed? ... Bright ideas like these give us all something to live for.

Dept. of Addenda, Abuse, and Utter Confusion ... My own Beat opening wasn't cold in print before a flood of squawks (well, two, anyway) poured in to protest my calling Decca's 1939 78's the phono-first of Gerahwin's Cuban Overture ... That was an abbreviated version, sez one complainant; only a disarrangement, argued another. Checking up on my never-completely-reliable little gray brain cells, I timed the new Kostelanetz LP side at about 12 minutes as vs. three of the old Whiteman 78 sides totalling 13½—and the latter seemed complete enough, although played more slowly. Critic's-eritic No. 2, however and in my chagrin, had handed me the right dope-sheet: Whiteman or some tonal lamebrain had completely loused up the scoring to fit a small band with solo piano (Rosa Linda) ... So I'll belatedly give Kosty his due (all two-cents' worth) for a first rec. of the echt Gerahwin score. But I still say K's envelope-annotator muffed in claiming "the First Recorded Performance," in caps like that, without some qualification ... And I still say the performance is spinach and to hell with it! ... What do you still say?

Anyhoo, with each replaying of both versions (and Whiteman's is lousier, if possible, than K's), what I once called an "intoxicatingly rhythmic worthy moment" to G. C.'s art began to seem more like good wine gone flat. I'm beginning to think that persistent rhythmic schemes such as used here too often sound their best on first hearing and tend to grow tiresome on repetition, no matter how ingenious they may be ... Another case in point is Milhaud's saucy evocation of the "jazz age" in Paris, circa 1919, Englished as The Nothing-Doing Bar instead of the literal Bullcock on the Roof. Unfortunately, it too is available only in a hard-boiled phonographing (cut, at that), this one by butcher-boy Mitropoulos, Columbia ML-2032 ... My guess is that both these works are miscast, misconceived, or misbegotten as straight concert pieces. Where they'd really come into their own is on the tracks of appropriate films ...

Back at my interrupted reading (you gotta do something besides listening to discs or the men in white coats will be knocking at your door), I caught a note that Ted Heath's band had won some kudos or other in a British best-of-the-year contest ... That rang a bell, for I'd profited by a tip at the Audio Fair last fall to try a Heath medley on London PB-374 as one of the best non-classical recordings for wide-range sound-system demonstrations. What he plays certainly ain't jazz, at least to these cauliflowered ears, but it sure is first-rate pop-ork playing, recorded with tops in cleanliness, punch, and presence. His pieces I use most as Roumanian Roundabout and Cuban Crescendo on side 2. If you haven't heard 'em, they won't hurt your ears at all.

Incidentally, my serious jazz-listening days are so back-dated, I have a tough time digging up LP's in this field that are suitably impressive (recording-technique-wise) for knock-'em-over audio system displays ... Tops for me is the Ellington foursome of well-named "masterpieces" on Columbia ML-4418. But after that I'm scratching around—if jazz can be stretched to include them—with Les Paul's New Sounds, Ray Anthony's Arthur Murray Favorite Fox Tots, and Pete Dailly's Dixieland Band medley (all Capitol). And except for the deep-bowelled Sousaphone and genuine barrelhouse pianny in Dixieland Shuffle (side 1 of Capitol H-183), there isn't much I can exploit effectively for technical demonstration purposes. What I'm after is cellar-deep lows, rooftop-highs, and especially ultra-clean transients (not paying guests here, but clatters, thumps, crashes, and the like) ... Any helpful suggestions? from my adoring public? After all, you should owe me something—but don't tell me what! ...

Where was I, readin' again? Next news item peeped (on the Herald Trib. editorial page, of all places to wander) was W. C. White's colyum on the 100th anniversary of Peter Mark Roget's gift to writers, the Thesaurus, or at least the only one most type-tappers know ... And that rekindled an old vanity of mine that whatever else my paper-and-ink sins may be, I've never—Scout's oath!—owned or used a Roget. So do me no favors by presenting me with a second-hand copy, even postage paid ... I've been happy for years with the supreme authority on words and how they should be slung: the late, great, and quite incomparable H. W. Fowler. I concede his gospel of Modern English Usage might miss a beat or two when it comes to dishing up handy household hints for these family-journal pages, but otherwise it makes Mr. Roget seem tongue-tied.

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.

| DISC DATA | RATINGS | COMMENTS |
|--|--------------------------------------|--|
| NEW DIRECTIONS | | |
| MAHLER: 8th Symphony, Vienna Soloists, Sym. Orch. & Chorus—H. Scherchen. COLUMBIA ML164, 3-12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • I've long hankered to see the term "stature" in a record review—and here's my golden chance. And if you're perverse enough to endure over an hour of masochistic aural flagellation, here's your chance! This grandiose "symphony of a 1000," with all its elephantine forms, fatuous mysticism, and screaming hysteria, adds up to a splendidly ridiculous mine-scare. |
| BEETHOVEN: A Set of Piano Concertos, Franz Liszt, 2nd & 3rd—Van Beethoven. VEB PL369, 10". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • Unless I'm prejudiced as an annotator for this phono-discovery, it's a significant historical document and a hell of an effective 2 x 88 display piece. Brightly played, if rather thickly and earnestly recorded, it proves that Felix hit his peak before 16 and suggests that if he'd gone on in the style of this war-'em finale, he'd have out-virassed even a Tchaikovsky. |
| BRUCKNER: 7th Symphony, Vienna Soloists, Sym. Orch. & Chorus—E. F. Scherchen. COLUMBIA ML164, 3-12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • Pete Bart's pellucid recording, Shuman's pure ardor (on a trombone that's "angular" in design, but not tone), and neat accompaniments by Phil-Sym. boys make this notable as well as novel. The music's apprentice stuff, but it's naively attractive and there's a bonus batch of Rimsky's pianist woodwind folk-song settings, plus 3 doll string-qu. "moods" by R.-K. Glazunov & Lisov. |
| TCHAIKOVSKY: The Months, Op. 87a, arr. Gerald Martin Gould, piano & orch. COLUMBIA ML4487, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • A nifty commercial idea that gets hot nowhere. This Russian Petty-girl calendar of piano pieces has nice sales value, but they aren't stacked-up enough even for piano-club-bambor orch blow-ups. Ultra-brilliant recording doesn't atone for the lethargy and monotony and lack of truly useful vitality in both Gould's lachrymose scoring and performance. |
| STANDARD WARHORSES | | |
| BACH: "Royal Instrument," vol. 3. E. Power Biggs, organ (Sym. Hall, Boston). COLUMBIA ML4596, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • The collection's title is phony pretensions, the playing indefatigably pedestrian, but the richly conscious Symphony Hall organ is magnificently captured in this 3rd of a series—featuring the D minor Toccata & Fugue, C minor Passacaglia, D minor Violin Concerto, "Fandango" & "Little" fugues. |
| BRAMMES: 1st Symphony, U.M.A. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, arr.—Adrian van Duijn. LONDON LP494, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • A 1st-rate phono-performance, but unthinkably close on the heels of the Ormandy-Columbia great one (Down Beat, May 7, 1952). Van Beinum has more lyric warmth and delicacy (especially in 2nd & 3rd mvts.), but falls short of the overall breadth, solidity, and spacemanship of the Ormandy version. |
| BAYDN: "Surprise" Sym. & MOZART: 33rd Sym. Concertgebouw orch.—Van Beinum. LONDON LP491, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • Short of Beethoven's (which I haven't heard, but guess to be more individual), this is the best LP "Surprise"—greatful yet unobtrusive, lifting but never obviously sentimental. And overall Van Beinum's is easily the best LP of the two auld heard, but very lovable, homopausal Mozart K. 319. |
| SCHUBERT: Impromptus, Opp. 90 & 148 (complete). Rudolf Birkmeyer, piano. COLUMBIA ML4527, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • I wouldn't have thought Firkmeyer's bold style particularly Schubertian, but if not as poetic as Altkon or as expansive as Schnabel, he brings lilting wit and lyric warmth, as well as liquid delicacy, to the 1st integral LP'ing of all 8 little gems of Schubert's most expressive melodist. |
| ROMANTIC FAVORITES (List, Chayta, Debussy, etc.). Constant Koma, piano. MERCURY MC10112, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • After several disc-dates as Mrs. Chayta in two-piano works, Miss Koma laces alone in a batch of the most hackneyed showpieces, creditably refurbishing them to some of their original glitter. She has bright recording, deft virtuosity, sweet expressiveness—everything but depth. |
| TAUBER FAVORITES (Leonovilla, Tondelli, etc.). Richard Tauber, tenor & orch. DECCA DL9897, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • Felix Lema can well afford to buy this disc and to devote prayerful study to the voice-control and masterful personality-projection revealed even in these ancient Odessa recordings of the incomparable Tauberian transmissions of such bona fide ones as the Bohemo Lieder into pure vocal gold. |
| RARE VINTAGES | | |
| BACH: Cantatas 85 and 82. H. Fischer-Dieskau, bass, with Stuttgart Orch. & Chorus. DECCA PL9892, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • The artist's voice is smoother than his name. Singing with fine restraint and feeling, he's given superb support by H. Tschircho's delicate shoofing, T. Wagner's harp-orcharding, and Stuttgart's skillful little ensemble. Best it's the profoundly moving, sensually Bachian music that wins top honors. |
| BEETHOVEN: 1st and 2nd Symphonies, Op. 12, Nos. 1 & 2. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DECCA DL9885, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • Perhaps just to be contrary, I'm a lukewarm fan-Beethovenian, but red-hot for his early works. Yet even I'd forgotten the gentle yet masculine appeal of these first concertos until reminded by this latest addition to Kempff's magnificent series—here sheer perfection in intimate simplicity. |
| BRAMMES: 2nd Quartet, A.M.S. Op. 81, No. 2, Hollywood Soloists Quartet. CAPITOL PP168, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • Anything for intellectual relief after playing for 50 minutes! The Hollywood four (Slatkin, Shura, Robyn, Allen) work like dogs here, as Brahms did, trying to make this basically sterile music meaningful. "A" for effort (except for the dry recording), but it's too much intense straining for me. |
| GAZTEL: Cello Sonata & Classical Spanish Suite, Vicente Gomez, cello. DECCA DL9817, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • If the annotations didn't indicate these are LP-transferred 78 albums A17 & A69 of 1938/9, I'd never believe it, for the Gatzel's vibrant string-punching is admirably realistic. Side 1 is conventional dance-stuff; 2 has more substantial & varied fare by Sora, Marin, Tarrago, Tóroba, Aguado, & Gomez himself—scored off with bland ease but perhaps excessive coloring. |
| LOEWE: 4 Ballads & SCHUBERT: 4 Ballads, Franz Liszt, piano. DECCA DL9810, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • The two boxes are not too thin, except for already Tchaikovsky over-dramatization, in Edward and less familiar ballads, but Liszt's Hongkong (score actually in the love-life vein) and Ford. Lettner's piano ones, just think along, unparaphrased regardless of the music's bogus apostle & context. |
| MOZART: Sonatas No. 9, K. 125 & "Piano" No. 11, Salmo Rosenthal, piano. LONDON LP542, 12". | Performance ***** Recording ***** | • Twist my arm and I'll admit No. 9 hasn't the fascinating color-variety of No. 10 (13 vinyl instruments). The unexcited performer (bass triplet) plays here only 2 brief solos and Wang isn't the most magical of Mozartians. Nevertheless, this is such delightful, sunny and verdant music that it's guaranteed to unfreeze the latent heart and soul! |

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Lazy Listeners Louse Up Live Musical Kicks

(Jumped from Page 4)

mote in his own ears, a kind of aural astigmatism. It results from his sound-system's individual constellation of distortions, which through long familiarity has come to be accepted as a despotic quality criterion. And it not only makes for fortuitous and usually quite bogus standards of tonal values, it also strongly encourages the lazy, timid, inhibited listener's innate instinct to escape from reality.

The Hi-Fi Boys

Well, we hi-fi boys have been crying in the wilderness for some years now and at last our evangelic efforts are beginning to attract a few true as well as many potential converts. It's our claim that the contemporary prevalence of non-listening, of "tin" ears, and general unresponsiveness to the physical aspects of music is due to long years of unwitting addiction to the juiceless "meatiness" and windy "boom" of shoddily counterfeited musical tones. (And don't blame the juke boxes alone—too many live performances have come to imitate the juke boxes and any self-respecting juke box wouldn't be caught dead in the company of the phono-radios in some of our best homes!)

Millions of otherwise reasonably sensible people, listening to a Sunday Philharmonic broadcast, say, on midget radios (with the volume and "tone" controls all the way down, of course), nourish the infantile delusion that just because they can recognize instruments and compositions, they are truly hearing the orchestra and the music. Little they ever know about real hearing, let alone feeling music right in the pit of the stomach!

Disembodied Grin

Blissfully unaware of all they're missing, as far as honest, physically present sound is concerned, they're like a multitude of Alices in their own dream wonderlands—firmly believing they see a Cheshire Cat (no hep-cat, he!) before them . . . when all they actually perceive is no more than the evanescent puzzy's identifiable but quite disembodied grin!

Now, sweet or wry, a faceless grin isn't much fun or very desirable company. Such music-lovers must be moronic indeed to be satisfied by so tenuous and remote a relationship (it certainly can't be called any kind of contact) with their beloved.

Yet do they find genuine satisfaction in just being tone-teased?

The way the "high-fidelity" audio craze is flourishing and mushrooming lately may hint that in the reproduction of recorded music—if not of radio broadcasts—there are plenty of Oliver Twists who are learning to demand "More!"

The Future

Of course, if the Huxleyish *Brave New Worlds* and Orwellian *1984's* are reliably prophetic, everybody'll get less, not more. Even the Cheshire Cat's grin will vanish too. TV'll gobble up music and your eyes will relieve your ears from doing any work at all. It may even come to pass that the coming age of literacy will include musical notation . . . and musical "performances" will be limited to the page-turning of a televised score that the "listening" public must read mentally.

If that's to be the grim prospect.



MELODY MAKER POLL was won again this year by Ted Heath, the British trombonist who rose to become leader of the country's No. 1 orchestra. Readers of the *Beat* weekly are no less enthused about Ted than the *Beat's* reviewers, who reported on his London LP recently. Heath's records draw some laudatory remarks from Rob Darrell in *Classicalness* on page 4.

it's foolish to worry about getting more natural sound reproduction—there won't be any sound except as an intellectual concept. The cat will follow its grin into limbo and never will come back.

This Cat Lives

But don't bet on that! A bunch of us can't be anaken in our belief that this cat has several lives yet to go. We are confident that a Gresham's law for sound is the reverse of that for money: that the listener who just once hears music both produced and reproduced with gleamingly clean brilliance and sonorously spacious "presence" never again will permit Confederate notes to be palmed off on his ears.

Meanwhile, we, at least, relish above all music that has guts as well as soul. We echo the Santayana paean to sound's vindicating its natural function of "sweeping through the body and making felt there its kinetic and potential stress." We want our truly sounded music to hit us and hit us hard. Whatever the shrinking Milquetoasts may protest about a symphony orchestra's being too big for a living room, we'll bring it right in and live with it.

"Wallpaper" music has its place, but render unto Musak the things that are Musak's! The "essence" or disembodied grin of music may satisfy the prissy Alices of this world. . . . But any true soundman wants his musical experience to be electrifying, not passive . . . no box-top cardboard facsimile, but the real McCoy—tonal presence and reality that's round, firm, and fully packed.

Turn up the volume, Wilbur! I wanna hear more!

Mildred Memorial

New York—In the April 18 *Beat*, reviewing a tribute to Mildred Bailey released on a Decca LP after the singer's death, our record review department commented: "Too bad Columbia fumbled the ball on a memorial album."

Turns out it was the *Beat* that fumbled. Columbia was already engaged on a Bailey memorial project so big that the research and re-recording work involved made it impossible to release so soon.

George Avakian is now completing plans for a Mildred Bailey Memorial series that will encompass four 12-inch LP discs.

At least 48 of the great sides made in the 1930s by Mildred, many of them with Red Norvo, will be included in the set.

Dark Horse Shows Top Form

Bill Steinberg's one conductorial dark horse I've been keenly aware of for some years now, as he worked his way slowly up from the Buffalo-Musicraft dirt track and around the concerto-accompanying circuit for RCA Victor's stable. There's promise of real speed here. I see, and one of these days he'll prove a sensational sleeper. And then the time came when he headed for the Pittsburgh tracks and got measured for Capitol's colors. And now he's away, valiantly carrying a fantastic overweight—for the cruel handicappers have saddled him with top loads in Beethoven's "Pastorale" (SB159) and Schubert's "Unfinished" (along with the Schubert *Second* on SB162).

Even his most hopeful backers can't dream of an outright win over such formidable opposition as Toscanini, Scherchen, and Walter in the Beethoven *Sixth* race, or over Krips, Beecham, and Toscanini in the Schubertian stakes.

But our pick shows mighty fine form at that. He's got wonderful drive in the "Pastorale" (he almost succeeds in convincing me that after all this may be more than a sound-effects background for a Disney de-sexed centaurian film caper) and while Krips remains unbeatable for a romantically songful "Unfinished," Steinberg reminds us that this jaded work still has some true vitality left in it.

Forgetting about mythically definitive "best" versions, both these are well worth hearing and having—primarily for Steinberg himself, but also for some first-rate Pittsburgh playing and powerful FDS recording. But I plug especially for the Schubert disc, for it includes the wonderfully brash and zealous 2nd Symphony. And here Steinberg hits the wire with his nearest competitor (a clumsily running Munich in RCA Victor silks) lengths behind.

Let George Do It, Not Feodor

Big-bassed George London has been drawing such rave stage notices and knocking my disc-overly colleagues into such a dither, that I couldn't wait to bend my ears to his first important solo release, the Russian and French operatic scenes on Columbia ML4489. But even with his Bronko Nagurski tones crashing through my ear-drums' first line of defense, my tailbacking mind wandered off in an ancient memory of an (Okeh, was it?) platter by one Jack Purvis, yclept *Copyist Louis*. Purvis, as best I remember, wasn't bad, but he certainly was no Armstrong. And London, with all his incredible gifts, just ain't and never will be a Chaliapin.

That's hardly to his discredit. The number of other non-Chaliapina, like non-Armstrongs, is staggering. On his own, George has an unmistakably great voice, superb in its potentialities, impressive even in its present stage of control-development. It's a joy to hear in splendid LP'ing and it's worthily accompanied by a better-than-usual sounding Metopera orchestra under Morel (Massenet *Don Quichotte* death scene and Act V air from Paladilhe's *Patrie*) and Adler (Borodin's *Prince Igor* No Sleep air and *Do Not Weep* from Rubinstein's *Demon*).

But the unforgettable Feodor did these in his own inimitable way years ago—and that was enough. I don't blame his idolator for learning those unique performances by heart. . . . What I can't condone is his unwillingness to forget Chaliapin's inexcusable (even for him) mannerisms and quirks—including the senseless trick of singing both the Don's and Sancho parts in the Massenet . . . his unwillingness to tailor these roles to his own shape and personality. Be, and sing for, yourself, boy! In your next record, at least, let George—not Feodor—do it!

(Advertisement)

Spotlight on BILL JENNINGS



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NYC Conservatory Sets Annual Bash

New York—The New York Music Center Conservatory will hold its third annual Town Hall concert June 11 at 8:30 p.m.

The program, which will be held as a benefit for the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, will comprise selections by a concert band, a glee club and several name guests, with the second half of the show dedicated to a capsule history of jazz, from Dixieland to bop.

The *Beat's* Leonard Feather will emcee the jazz portion of the show. Deejay Ted Brown of WMGM will be the other emcee.

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LUCKY ON WAX lately is Don Cornell, seen here with musical director Norman Leyden. Don's recent achievements have included two records of hit proportions, *I'll Walk Alone* and *I'm Yours*.

SONOMATIC STRINGS . . .

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Gibson

By John Hammond

Two Kings And A Joe

Ever since the death of the big band business, the trade papers have periodically announced a premature resurrection. First it was Flanagan who had produced the miracle; then Anthony, Billy May, and finally the new Woody Herman Herd. Despite the fanfare, big bands are still scuffling, while the singing stylists and small jazz groups continue to bring in the dollars at the box office and on records.

Of all the large groups playing in the East today, there are two with real musical excitement: Woody Herman and Count Basie. Woody has a good chance of making it commercially, providing his band is properly recorded and his payroll remains at its present level. The future of Basie is more of a question, since the problems confronting the all-Negro band have never been greater than they are right now.

There has been so much ink splashed about the revitalized Herd that the following comments may seem unduly reserved.

Great Bones
The trombone section is one of the greatest in jazz history, and certainly the finest to be heard today. It boasts two superlative soloists: Urby Green and Carl Fontana, who play with taste and real imagination, while brother Jack Green, a fine improviser in his own right, remains discreetly in the background. But the trumpets are pallid, having neither the drive nor soloists to compete with the 'bones.

Woody, as always, is an ingratiating leader who still lacks the spark to ignite the band musically. His vocals and solos are ever pleasant, but it is obvious that one must look to the sidemen for excitement. It is, however, always a question as to how much a band can transcend its leader's capabilities, and this may be a factor limiting the Herd's ultimate box office appeal.

Weak Pops
There is one serious shortcoming which can be easily and quickly corrected. Commercial tunes are played drably and without inspiration, even though Dolly Huston's vocals are expert. There is none of the life which Benny Goodman was

able to infuse into the tawdriest of ballads. Woody's arrangers seem to reserve their talents for the standard and jump numbers, forgetting that the larger percent of the band's broadcasts must necessarily belong to the plug songs.

Despite these minor reservations, this is a really first rate ensemble band. It has excitement, showmanship, fine intonation, and the most important quality of all: enthusiasm. Hotel Statler in New York has been excellent, and if Mitch Miller can capture the sound of the band in the forthcoming Columbia records, box offices should be jumping throughout the country.

Not Enough Basie
Count Basie's band is another matter. Here is a group abounding in good soloists like Paul Quinichette, Henry Coker, Joe Newman, and Marshall Royal, plus a drive which Woody's will probably never achieve. It is unquestionably his most musical postwar group, but it is still a far cry from the hungry bunch of Kansas Citians that revolutionized the business in the Thirties.

There is almost unlimited brass power, a questionable asset except in the larger auditoriums. Like Woody, Basie has all but deserted pop, which should increase the size of his potential audience. But the band is not the best showcase for what should be its greatest feature—the Count's own playing. Either from lack of assurance or personal frustration, he fails to impose his own personality on the outfit, which means that it becomes another loud, driving band. It may be the greatest large jazz group in the country, but it cannot realize its potential without exploiting its leader's capacity for musical innuendo and understatement.

Count's Recent Wax
Recently the Count made some records with his own sideman, the wonderful Paul Quinichette, on which he is featured alternately on piano and Hammond organ. He is nothing less than superlative in the first two sides to be released: *Sequel* and *I'll Always Be in Love With You*, in which he provides the spark for the five man group. At the same time, he and the big band made some records for the same company (Mercury) which fail to capture his elusive personality,

despite their many virtues. The public is responding by buying the Quinichette discs in greater quantity. The answer for Basie ought to be obvious: form a small group of topflight soloists who can complement his own unique virtues as leader and pianist. After all these years in the business, it should be clear to him that he and the big band arrangers are natural enemies, and that he has been defeated by them far too long.

Bushkin for Kicks
While the spotlight is being focussed on the big bands, it is a quartet headed by little Joey Bushkin that is providing the greatest musical thrill in New York. After experimenting with innumerable sidemen, Joe has come up with as nearly a perfect small group as can be found today. He rescued Milton Hinton from 13 years of obscurity as bass man with Cab Calloway, whisked Buck Clayton away from the Dixielanders, and provided Jo Jones with the necessary security to return to him the title of "world's greatest drummer." The music these four guys produce every night at the Embers has the quality of give and take which consistently eludes even the greatest of big bands. The surroundings don't seem to matter; for these men stimulate each other to such a degree that even the drunkest and squarest of audiences are infected by the excitement. The cheers and shouts after every number are something that has been missing from the business for many, many years. One can only hope that the group will become permanent, and that no amount of race prejudice in television or films can induce Joe to change a single member.

No Prejudices
Some evidence of Bushkin's commercial appeal can be gleaned from an incident which just occurred at the Embers. Columbia Pictures has shot a film short at the club, using the quartet as the musical feature, and also as a background to Dorothy Louden, a commercial singer. George Barnes on guitar and Peanuts Hucko were added for the occasion, making it an equally mixed band. It was only a few months ago that the same producer, Harry Foster, did a film at Eddie Condon's Club, at which time they attempted to replace Edmond Hall with a white musician. But at the Embers there wasn't even a suggestion of changing a single man. It is quite possible that Local 802's militant stand in the former incident may have been a contributing factor, but the real credit must go to the musical and commercial potency of Bushkin.

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Cugat Set For The L.A. Statler

Hollywood—Xavier Cugat, who recently broke off his long association with MCA, has been set by Lew & Leslie Grade, Ltd., locally represented by Henry Dunn and Hal Gordon, as opening band attraction at L.A.'s new Statler hotel, formal opening of which is expected to take place around Sept. 15.

Hostelry's elaborately appointed supper room, which will mark addition of another keyport to local night life scene, will also have an ice skating show and other entertainment.

Cugat nosed out Guy Lombardo and Russ Morgan, who had been running neck and neck for the honor (and big money) of opening the new room.

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Jim Lounsbury and Mindy Carson

Turning The Tables-III

The Lounsbury Tale: From Hot Clarinet To Hit Discs

By AUNT ENNA

Chicago—The belief, widely-held, that "anyone can be a disc jockey," is substantially supported by the multitude of ex-carnival pitchmen, untrained blatter boys who "know somebody," running-off-at-the-mouth salesmen, and misfits who flunked radio schools now crowding the airways.

Thus it's always refreshing to run into someone who is eminently qualified to be a deejay and who believes the position carries a responsibility to the listeners as well as to the sponsor.

Such a person is Chicago's Jim Lounsbury, who not only has a thorough background in radio that includes newscasting, covering sports events, and regular announcing chores, but possesses a bachelor's degree in music, was himself a working musician, and is not at all bashful about playing jazz records on a show.

Yet, almost strangely, he is one of the most popular and potent record-selling forces in town.

And he has no delusions of grandeur. He doesn't drive a leopard-lined Cadillac, isn't noted as an eccentric, doesn't refer to anyone whose record he plays as "my good friend," doesn't predict that just about every side he plays is going to be a hit, then make known that claim when one of them happens to get lucky, and isn't on the payroll of a record company.

Perfect Fit

He just happens to be a chap who is admirably equipped to spin records and talk about them, and who does an excellent job at it.

The careful manner in which he goes about his work is probably best illustrated by his daily 8 to 9 a.m. show, though he's on the air four hours a day. Seg is called *Chicago's Top Tunes*, and preparations involve calling about 10 record shops each day (out of a working list of 60) to find what five sides are selling best. Much more accurate than the "I'll say it's a hit and make it one" approach.

Tasty Mixtures

The five top sides are mixed with specials and biscuits on their way up, which gives Jim a chance to play a tasty jazz item or three.

He was almost strictly a jazz jock when going to Drake university and working at a Des Moines station in 1943. And he was also a jazz clarinetist, working with a band that included present Kenton trombonist Bob Fitzpatrick.

In 1946 he moved to Louisville,

where he worked at WHAS, the CBS outlet. For a year he did the *Kentucky Calls America* platter show, from midnight to 6 a.m., and had a huge listenership, as the station was one of the few clear channels broadcasting all night during wartime.

Night Watchman

He moved to WIND in '49 and soon thereafter took over the midnight to 6 *Night Watch* show, which became justly noted as the only nightly local record show that intelligently interlarded good jazz with good pops.

Since Lounsbury has shifted to strictly a daytime schedule, however, he has regretfully had to cut down on jazz, play more pops, and become more of a salesman. It's in line with the station's policy to play the records people are buying—a policy which took it out of the weak sister class and made it the strongest local independent, with 24 hours of airtime sold each day, and has the rest of the city's stations busily compiling surveys and swinging into the same groove.

Ames Straight

Lounsbury is not content to ride with winners, however. He was the first spinner in the area to go out on the limb for the Ames Brothers' *Rag Mop* and the Four Aces' *Tell Me Why*, to name a couple. He played them hard and was a big factor in their successes.

Yet you'll also hear Shearing and Armstrong, Ellington and Kenton on his shows. Which seems to us a pretty intelligent way to compromise between his own discriminating taste, station policy, and public demand, yet remain just about the most-listened-to disc jockey in town.

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(Jumped from Page 3)

deejay Daddie-O Daylie takes an all-star benefit package to Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium on May 23.

HOLLYWOOD

Korla Pandit, the be-turbaned Hindu whose Hammond organ technique won him a feminine following in TV even greater than Liberace's, follows the latter's lead with concert dates, starting at the Long Beach (Calif.) auditorium May 23. Pandit, who dropped off his daily TV series on KECA-TV here to develop a new one-hour weekly show (it will probably be telefilmed) is managed by Lou Snader's Telescriptions, Inc. . . . Meredith Willson coming home to Hollywood for the summer and starting a new *Music Room* (records and chatter) Monday-thru-Friday (2:15-2:30 p.m. PST) via NBC from here. . . . Page Cavanaugh trio tagged to background for Doris Day on the first of her new transcriptions (she'll do a total of 40 numbers) for Standard Radio. Standard also has signed Billy May.

MGM's Johnny Green heads for Europe soon with producer Arthur Freed, where Freed plans to do a ballet picture, *Invitation to the Dance*. . . . Benny Carter put together a solid combo for a music sequence (visual and sound) in 20th's forthcoming *Cash by Night* (Linda Darnell, Gary Merrill). He had Jerry Wiggins, piano; Ben Webster and Bumps Myers on tenors; Keg Johnson, trombone; George Jenkins, drums; Charlie Drayton, bass; Ulysses Livingston, guitar. Latter present on soundtrack only, Benny's quintet, current at Sardi's with some of the same boys, looks like a long hold-over.

There's warfare among the westerners in these here parts. Jimmy Wakely raided Spade Cooley's band and rustled three of his ace sidemen, taking steel guitar star Noel Boggs and two of Cooley's top hands from his fiddle section—Billy Wright and Billy Hill. . . . Ozzie Nelson took over the baton on his radio series with the departure of Billy May. Lot of kids around today who probably don't recall that Ozzie was a very successful bandleader in his pre-Hollywood days.

BOSTON

The Hi-Hat has largely taken the jazz play from Storyville for the month of May. Stan Getz, Tiny Kahn and Al Haig opened there on April 28 and on May 5 Dizzy Gillespie returned. The new *Jumping with Symphony Sid* package arrived on May 12 with Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson, Milt Jackson and Eddie Davis. Teddy Wilson opened with a combo

on May 19, marking Teddy's first club date in Boston in a long while. . . . Erroll Garner has a relatively new clause in his contract which reads, "It is understood and agreed that the operator is to furnish a baby grand piano properly tuned and in good working order." After his recent Hi-Hat appearance here, Oscar Peterson firmly intends to have a similar clause inserted in all his future pacts.

SAN FRANCISCO

Eddy Howard, in town in April to visit his ailing mother, made a few disc jockey appearances as well under the aegis of Tony Valerio of Melody Sales. . . . Paul Naden, young cornettist from Boston, organized a dixieland band to play a series of May dates at the Emporium, local department store. Group included Bob Meilke, trombone; Bill Erickson, piano; Bob Olney, clarinet; Lloyd Davis, drums and Fran Ashman, bass. Latter doubled as vocalist. . . . Lefty Frizzell did several one-nighters for Longhorn Joe & Co. during April in San Pablo, Sacramento and other Northern California spots. . . . Cal Tjader leading the band for the Sunday afternoon jam sessions at the Black Hawk and Chuck Travis taking over for the off-night. Spot continues with Ben Light followed by Dave Brubeck. Latter played one-nighters all the way up the Valley prior to his May 4 concert with the Krupa Trio in Berkeley. Brubeck, incidentally, is being wooed by various record firms as his Fantasy contract runs out this year.

The Vernon Alley Quartet and the Cal Tjader trio did a Sunday afternoon concert in Vallejo May 4 for Sy Symonds, KVON jock. Cal used Jack Weeks, bass, and Johnny Marabuta, piano. Vernon and Cal continue in their Fack's booking until the end of June. . . . Local Herman fans are in an uproar because NBC's outlet here, KNBC, is not carrying the remotes from the Statler Hotel. . . . The Piano Parade package is definitely out as far as the Bay Area is concerned and may not hit the coast at all because of low guarantees. . . . Nancy Andrews, fresh from Cafe Society in New York, opened at the Chi Chi. . . . The piano team of Art McRae and Al Arriola left the It Club for a date at Maundrell's in Honolulu.

The Downtown Theater where Kenton and Frankie Laine drew good houses last year is now for strippers only. . . . Pianist Ernie Lewis took a band to Portland late in April to back Pes Wee Crayton at the Club DeLisa for two weeks. It featured Teddy Edwards, tenor; Frank Butler, drums and Skippy Warren, bass.

Frank To Play 1st Chi Nitery

Chicago — Frank Sinatra will make his first Chicago nitery appearance when he opens at the Chez Paree on June 5, in the midst of national convention time.

Sinatra is off on a string of club and theater appearances this summer before returning to TV in the fall. It's rumored that the net will pair him with Milton Berle next season, in addition to some 15-minute shots of his own.

Stan's Big Biz Cues Repeat

Chicago — Stan Kenton, who broke any and all records for gross take at the Blue Note in two April weeks, will return to that club on Aug. 29 for another pair.

Band did two one-niters here in the month following the Blue Note stint, at the southside Grove ballroom and the Aragon. Stan is being picked up by NBC for regular weekly remotes.

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Terry Scores In Philly Blue Note

Philadelphia — Terry Gibbs' recent two-weeker at the Blue Note in Philadelphia was so successful that the young *Beat* vibes poll winner has already been invited back.

The management of the spot has signed a contract with Gibbs that will bring him to the Blue Note for a total of 16 weeks during the next year.

Terry is currently at the Rhythm Room in New York.

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To the Editors:

I wish that you will get me straight with that lowly bokking agency business that I went into sometime ago. I am all thru. With that. Man I never had so many headaches in all my natural life. Man man every where I go musicians and all kinds of acts crowd me for bookings. They were waiting in line when I open up. Man some cat wanted me to book a seal act. Thats the end. The thing I want straight is that to tell the night club owners. That I didn't put the horn down. I was just doing this on the side. To catch up with my alimoney! Thats seven months pass due.

I am going to the caynon today wher I ran all those bookers in. And take 'em out so they can live again. I booked a thousand acts and musicians. And I only collected \$10.00 plus loosing 50 nights sleep. Never no more will I book an act or a band. Nobody wants to pay. No wonder all the agents are broke. I am tareing down all my drapes, telephones, carpets, 500 photos of all kinds of acts. And put them in my dog house out in the valley. So if anybody else wants to get booked go and see him, he has a few bones he'll give ya.

Please inform the night club owners that I am available with the finest six piece band that I ever had in my life. And I am ready for any club.

Wingy Manono

P. S. There is about ten night club owners who owe me commissions and if they still don't can't pay me. At least they can give me a job and I'll be glad to work it out.

DID YOU KNOW that Peggy Lee's original name was Norma Jean Egstrom?

Dedicated To Darrell

New York City

To the Editor:

I wish to congratulate you on acquiring R. D. Darrell as your classical review editor. There is nobody better in the business or more competent to do the job.

This issue interests me very much despite the fact that I personally am not very much interested in or conversant with jazz music.

It seems to me that your typical jazz enthusiasts would not be too much interested in a classical repertoire, but, of course, I admit that I may be all wet on this and that on the contrary, there may be a very intense interest in this type of music. I only have a tiny doubt as to just how effective this column will be amongst the public it reaches. I must say that I admire you for the attempt, however.

Henry L. Gage
Vice-President
Westminster Recording Co., Inc.
New York City

To the Editors:
Bob Darrell is doing an excellent job for you.

I think it will certainly stimulate a much broader readership for *Down Beat* and you are to be congratulated on your efforts in the classical record field.

Alan Kayes
Commercial Manager
Red Seal Records
RCA Victor
New York City

To the Editors:

The new *Beat* is great. Darrell knows the classical record business thoroughly and, what is more, he can write.

David J. Oppenheim
Music Director
Masterworks
Columbia Records, Inc.

Deejay's Problem

Alliance, Ohio

To the Editors:

The new era at *Down Beat* is a solid achievement. The May 7th issue contained more information and comment than anything I have read in some time. With Yalman Hammond providing excellent views on the music picture; with Hentoff giving Blesh the shivers; and with Len feathering everyone's musical nest, things are indeed looking up.

The two stories which particularly interested me were the ones on Dave Garroway and Bill Randle. There was a certain similarity which immediately struck me... in Garroway's "I'm not doing all the things I want to do either," and in Randle's "I didn't care what it was, I wanted to make hits."

Both of these cases seem to point up the same thing: What is a serious lover of good music (classics or jazz) to do when he is confronted with the inevitable choice of compromising his personal tastes to suit the unknown quantity called the public?

Both Compromised

Both these men have compromised; Garroway to the extent of participating in that Easter Sunday TV fiasco, and in playing the most flagrant examples of the current hit crop on his early morning TV show; and Randle to the extent indicated in the article.

The point is this: how can a normally intelligent and sincere individual say things on the air about records he personally dislikes that will be acceptable to the people listening? What shall he say: "Here's a lousy side. I'm just playing it to buy myself a Jaguar like Bill Randle's?" The problem is more intricate than it seems at first glance.



GORDON JENKINS SIGNED a new five-year agreement with Decca recently, thus silencing rumors that he might follow his good friend Dave Kapp to Victor. Seen with him, in the usual order, are Mike Conner, public relations chief; Milton Rackmil, president, and Leonard Schneider, executive vice-president of Decca. Jenkins is currently featured on TV's *Royal Showcase*.

Both of these men came from solid musical backgrounds. Both of them know good music. They both occasionally DO try to do something worthwhile: Randle by playing more jazz on his afternoon show than the article gave him credit for (this observation made from a weeks' casual listening to WERE); and Garroway by slipping in the Red Norvo group on his A.M. radio program. But essentially, the compromise continues.

Personally Concerned

My main reason for wondering about these things is that they often concern me personally. I'm also 19 (as Randle was when he started); I seriously like good jazz; I have been doing both jazz and pop shows for several years; I too want my share of the loot; I'm a college English major, try-

ing to learn the roots of good taste; I think I have a pretty good idea of what's worthwhile; and I've already compromised to the extent of pushing Jimmy Wakely to the limit.

Right now, I'm wondering. Can there really be a personal double standard? What to do? Any suggestions gratefully accepted!

Donald Williamson
WFAH

Dizzy In Zurich

St. Gall, Switzerland

To the Editors:

Since the end of the war we had the opportunity to hear a lot of well-known American Jazz musicians such as Duke Ellington, Nat Cole, BG, JATP. As they brought over their original formations, all performances have been staged to our entire satisfaction.

On the other hand, quite a number of American soloists visited our concert halls, accompanied by European musicians, generally French, selected in Paris. So, Sidney Bechet, Bill Coleman and Don Byas, Buck Clayton, Wallace Bishop, Dizzy Gillespie formed their orchestra with French musicians.

Those concerts were by far under the level of the above-mentioned All-American shows.

Failure

On April 4, 1952, Gillespie played a concert in Zurich, Switzerland with Don Byas and four Frenchmen. This performance turned out to be a complete failure as everything sounded completely amateur-like. Dix was so embarrassed that he couldn't do his actual best.

Why couldn't it be possible to have a selection of English or Scandinavian musicians, who'd be up to the task, such as Johnny Dankworth, Ralph Sharon, Ted Heath, Vic Lewis, Reinhold Svenson, Simon Brehm, Arne Domnerus, Putte Wickman; or, if it had to be France, Aimé Barelli, Michel de Villers etc?

Jazz in Europe has to face a lot of difficulties, and if agents in Europe proceed to release other performances under similar conditions, it wouldn't help at all to raise the standard of jazz music on our continent.

Francis Burger
Hans E. Tschudy



Gene Krupa

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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 (§§).

Laurindo Almeida

Serenades by Schubert, Drigo, Tchaikovsky, Toselli, Bizet, Moszkowski, Romberg, and Drdla.

Album rating: ★★★

What a decided pleasure this album affords! Imagine hearing a solo guitar—no gunk, no tapes, no dub-in. Ex-Kentonia Almeida's approach to these evergreen melodies is largely classic in conception; result is a splendid demonstration of technique and some refreshing listening to delicate musicianship.

Of course, the mission of the album is a deliberately commercial one. Evergreen though they may be, the tunes are overworked. It is to be hoped for that in a future set Laurindo's sizeable talent is framed in a more imaginative manner. (Coral CRL56049.)

Leroy Anderson

★★★★ *Plunk, Plunk, Plunk*
★★★ *Serenata*

Decca has raided Anderson's second album again to issue *Plunk, Plunk, Plunk*. Company's first raid on that volume produced an item called *Blue Tango*. The new entry, being widely recorded and well plugged, stacks up as a strong contender. It's a light-hearted pizzicato instrumental of the flash variety, recorded at a high level with a large studio orchestra.

Serenata is one of Anderson's earlier pieces built around a couple of sweeping, hummable, soundtrack-type themes. (Decca 28168.)

Andrews Sisters

★★ *Music Lessons*
★★ *Dreams Come Tumbling Down*

The sisters hit some sort of low on *Lessons*, as ridiculous a "soundie" novelty as has been put on the market. George Cates' studio band provides a real razzmatazz backing. *Dreams* is still another adaptation from a traditional Yiddish melody; it makes one realize *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen* was a masterpiece. Sy Oliver at least saved us from another *freilach* chorus in providing the orking. (Decca 28116.)

Andrews Sisters-Russ Morgan

★★★ *Wabash Blues*
★★★★ *Linger Awhile*

The gals get together with Russ' Scran-ton Seven, singing the veteran blues straightforwardly, with a measure of Morgan's usual corn trombone. *Linger*, done fast, is the side that should doubtless do well in the juke-boxes. (Decca 28143.)

Louis Armstrong

★★ *C'est Si Bon*
★ *I Got Ideas*
★ *La Vie En Rose*
★ *Because Of You*
★ *Maybe It's Because*
★ *Cold Cold Heart*
★ *I'll Keep the Lovelight Burning*
★ *A Kiss to Build a Dream On*

Album Rating: ★★★

Satchmo Serenades is the title of this LP, though it might well have been called *Satchmo's Tribute to Tin Pan Alley*. The world's most famous symbol of jazz is very far afield from jazz in the string of pop song hits he tackles here.

As single releases at the time of the

songs' popularity, they provided a stimulating contrast with the other versions around. Linked into one disc, some months after the demise of the tunes as short-lived hits, they show up their weaknesses.

In particular, the band backing is almost without exception stiff, stodgy and unimaginative.

However, Louis injects enough vocal adrenalin (plus touches of trumpet digitalis) to bring them back effectively to life. The most live item, and the most likely to become a Satchmo standard, is *Kiss*, from his picture *The Strip*, an established top seller for many months on 78. (Decca DL 5401.)

Louis Armstrong

★★★★ *Kiss Of Fire*
★★★★ *I'll Walk Alone*

Decca's use of Louis to cover on current pop hits hasn't produced any side to date that's quite as wonderful as *Kiss Of Fire*. Satch sings up a storm and, as a bonus, blows his best half chorus on wax in some time. He is almost as effective in singing and blowing the revived standard on the reverse side. Should make for Louis one of the most successful commercial couplings in his remarkable history. (Decca 28177.)

Toni Arden

★★★ *I'm Yours*
★★★ *Kiss Of Fire*

Tiny Toni's teeth grasp these two pieces of currently hot material firmly. The results are two dramatically effective performances that should do a fairly impressive job of battling the considerable competition on both tunes. Percy Faith helps a lot. (Columbia 39373.)

Blue Barron

★★★ *All By Yourself In The Moonlight*
★★★ *Funny Melody*

Blue gives *Moonlight* the 'how-staccato-can-you-get?' treatment, with vocal by the Blue Notes. *Melody* has Betty Clark and the ensemble taking advantage of the song's simple lines, emphasizing the thirds to good commercial effect. (MGM 11208.)

Harry Belafonte

★★★ *Chimney Smoke*
★★★ *A-Rovin'*

Aided by Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra and chorus, Harry Belafonte gets off to a promising start in his record career as a folk singer. The first side, a lilting waltz, is the likelier hit. It is short and to the point; the coupling is a little over-long, but agreeably folksy. (Victor 20-4676.)

Bell Sisters

★★★ *Rutza, Rutza*
★★★ *Boo Hoo*

The teen-age duo become embroiled in a mitch-mash production of an adaptation of a *horah-freilach* novelty that sells pseudo-excitement. The kids fashion a charming bounce reading of *Boo Hoo*, a familiar evergreen, on the reverse with a skillful assist from Henri Rene's studio band. (Victor 20-4665.)

Johnny Bothwell

★★ *Street Of Dreams*
★★★ *I'll Remember April*

Reissue of a pair of Signature sides made by the alto stylist with members of the great Boyd Raeburn band of some half-dozen years ago. They'll recall that Bothwell is a persuasive altoist and what a pity it was that the Raeburn band never did quite make it. *April* could stand a chance commercially in our sax-conscious era. (Brunswick 80176.)

Teresa Brewer

Old Man Mose
I Beeped When I Shoulda Bopped
Jazz Me Blues
Copenhagen
Grizzly Bear
When The Train Came In
A Man Wrote A Song
You've Got Me Crying Again

Album rating: ★★★

Eight of Miss Brewer's less important single releases have been reissued, apparently with an eye out for the thrush's admirers. *Mose, Blues, Copenhagen*, and *Bear* are done with a studio-bred Dixieland combo. (London APB1006.)

Nat Brooks

★★ *Number Mambo*
★ *Mambo Blues*

The "Number Song," as it is subtitled, gets a good mambo beat while creating suspense with innumerable numerals. (Turns out, as if you hadn't guessed, that the number was 69.) Reverse is a fair instrumental with a solovox solo, according to the label. Sounds like a flute. (Rainbow 173.)

Mindy Carson

★★★ *Come Out, Come, Out Wherever You Are*
★★ *Ho-Ho*

Two good novelties. The first, based on the old children's rhyme (*All-ee-all-ee-In-Free* etc.) was co-authored by Rita Colton, TV's blonde Mennen model; the second by Bob Merrill. Earl Sheldon's orch assists. Both are divertingly handled by Mindy. (Victor 20-4681.)

Don Cherry

★★ *Wonder*
★★★ *My Mother's Pearls*

Don wonders if you know he's crying his heart out for you during a routine ballad, then contends that mother's pearls are her boys and girls through an old-timey beery waltz. He does both in his strikingly straightforward style; a vocal group contributes a gem or two to the second side. (Decca 28153.)

Nat "King" Cole

★★★★ *Somewhere Along The Way*
★★★★ *What Does It Take To Make You Take To Me*

This is Nat's most effective coupling in some months. With Nelson Riddle providing a tasty stringful background, Nat projects with warmth and sincerity a lovely new ballad, *Somewhere*.

Billy May's band sets the medium rocking pace for the flip, a most attractive little Burke-Van Heusen bouncer which Nat tosses off in an almost too casual manner. There's a brief breathy tenor bit between choruses. (Capitol 2069.)

Sambas by Emil Coleman

Tico Tico
Brasil
Cas Cas
Carinhoso
Cacaquinho
El Carameleiro
O Frevo E Assim
Parisian Samba

Album rating: ★★★

Society maestro Coleman delivers a spicy collection of sambas, played spiritedly if not with imagination, which should tantalize the hip-swaying set. (Victor LPM3009.)



SHOW OF SHOWS, the biggest Saturday night television feature, on NBC, has built up a loyal following for these two regular members of the cast, Bill Hayes and Judy Johnson. They are seen here at their first MGM recording session.

Perry Como

★★★★ *Why Did You Leave Me?*
★★★★ *Lonesome, That's All*

Perry puts muscle behind his reading of *Leave*, a ballad described as "a big song" in music circles, and his effort should be rewarded handsomely. The Canonsburg barber reverts to his more familiar subdued, relaxed style in reviving the charming oldie on the reverse. Mitch Ayres backs tastefully. (Victor 20-4687.)

Alan Dean

★★★★ *You'll Never Be Mine*
★★★ *Do You Care*

Mine may be the side that will put Alan over the top into the big time. Aided by a vocal group and Leroy Holmes' good arrangement, with George Barnes' guitar featured on the ad-lib verses, he makes a powerful thing out of this minor-key folk song adaptation. *Care* is a finely sung revival of the 1940 hit. (MGM 11226.)

Fontane Sisters

★★★ *I Grabbed For The Engine*
★★ *When I Dream*

Grabbed is one of those fast-stepping novelties with a whole flock of lyrics. Mildly entertaining, though the accompaniment is a little skimpy. *Dream* is an Arthur Altman-Dick Manning novelty with occasional intrusions by a male comedy Mexican. (Victor 20-4667.)

Four Aces

★★★★ *I'm Yours*
★★★★ *I Understand*

With leader Al Alberts carrying the vocal lead, the Aces come up with a bright cover dicing of *Yours*, a quick-breaking hit ballad with strong recordings by Don Cornell and Eddie Fisher showing the way. Strong as the performance is, it will have to play third fiddle to the two leaders. *Understand*, a strong ballad of a decade ago, is revived most convincingly by the group, operating in front of its familiar light semi-shuffle beat. Could stoke up attention. (Decca 28162.)

Jan Garber

★★★ *Zither Blues*
★★ *Honky Tonk Blues*

Paul Mason Howard plays the zither throughout the top side. As far as the material and treatment are concerned, though, the general feel is that of an old-time banjo, with the band capturing most of the rhythmic qualities of dance bands of the 1920s. Roy Cordell sings the Hank Williams opus overleaf. (Capitol 2068.)

Jane Grant

★★ *I'll Sail My Ship Alone*
★★ *Doodle De Do*

Jane is an average pop singer who, at least for the present, will stand or fall on her material and her orchestral accompaniment. Neither factor offers her much support here, though the happy pseudo-Dixieland atmosphere comes through tolerably on *Doodle*. (Dot 15016.)

Martha Lou Harp-George Barnes

★★★ *No Love, No Nothin'*
★★★ *Farewell Blues*

Martha Lou debuts on wax as a multi-dub vocal mate for Barnes' stab to catch up with Mr. and Mrs. Les Paul. *Farewell* expands Miss Harp into a chorus and Barnes virtually into a symphony. It's a potent entry in the multi-dub sweepstakes, the best turned out by the Paul imitators.

Martha, recorded only as a duo on *Love*, gets an enticing raspy sound which could augur well for her future on records. (Decca 28144.)

Ink Spots

★★ *Under The Honeyuckle Vine*
★★★ *You May Be The Sweetheart Of Somebody Else*

The Spots tackle a couple of ditties uncovered on the *Songs For Sale* TV show in the group's inimitable style—Bill Kenny solo, guitar, humming, and recitativ. *Sweetheart* is a real beer-jerker, could snap up some nickels. (Decca 28164.)

Burl Ives

★★★ *Diesel Smoke, Dangerous Curves*
★★ *The Little Green Valley*

With Grady Martin and his Slew Foot Five as engineers, Burl rounds the dangerous curves at high velocity. There's a gang of lyrics here, most of them pretty colorful. *Valley* is much more easy-going and folksy. Alto and guitar have solos. (Decca 28161.)

Joni James

*** Let There Be Love
*** My Baby Just Cares For Me
Joni is a hip-sounding girl from Chicago who makes a lot out of the first side, with efficient orchestral work led by Lew Douglas. She's less expressive on the faster backside. (MGM 11223.)

Snooky Lanson

* Stay Away from Dixieland
*** Time
Snooky, a vocal group and a more or less New Orleans type band help to put across the unoriginal morsel of southern propaganda. Time is a westernish ballad, simply and effectively handled. Given some distribution, this side might have a chance. (Tennessee 816.)

Ben Light

** Mexicali Rose
** Rosalie
California State Senator Jack Breckinridge Tenney, the former Metronome editor, should be happy with this treatment of Mexicali Rose, which he wrote many years ago. It's just melody with flourishes, featuring Light's piano accompanied by organ. Cole Porter, who is no State Senator and never edited any jazz magazines, will like Rosalie because of its similar loyalty to the tune. (Capitol 2074.)

Guy Lombardo

*** More Than Love
** Come Back
A lesser Lombardo effort couples Love, an adaptation set in a beguine and chanted coldly but cleanly by Kenny Martin, and Back, an American version of a French waltz also warbled by Martin, is not particularly attracting. (Decca 28132.)

Art Lund-Anita Gordon

*** Frenesi
*** Pigtales and Frickles
Art takes Frenesi alone, and a little too fast; he does Pigtales as a cute duet with Anita Gordon, playing the once bepigtailed and freckled youngster who is now "his new gal." Leroy Holmes allows a couple of soloists to step out momentarily on both sides—alto, trombone and guitar. (MGM 11207.)

Mantovani

*** I Love You Truly
*** At Dawning
*** Love Here Is My Heart
*** My Moonlight Madonna
*** Mexicali Rose
** Lovely Lady
*** It Happened In Monterey
*** Was It A Dream?
These are the eight sides that are being keyed to London Records' "Mantovani Month" promotion. All are graced with the English recording quality that alone gives them a distinctive sound. Strings predominate throughout, with occasional interludes for other sounds such as sub-tone clarinet. (London 1170, 1173, 1174, 1205.)

Victor Marchese

*** You'll Never Walk Alone
*** Jeannine
Marchese, a powerful tenor, belts the daylights out of Walk. There's only a shade more restraint in his warbling of the pretty revival on the flip side. Like Mario, this cat sings loud; let's not say anything about it being good. Jeff Alexander accompanies faithfully. (MGM 30583.)

Dean Martin

** I Passed Your House Last Night
** Bet-I-Cha
Dean sings well, not sounding as much like a second-hand Perry Como as usual, on the Don Raye-Lew Spence ballad. Bet-I-Cha is set in the jungles of Africa, according to the lyrics, though the rhythm might be direct from Havana. An impressive piece of minor-mood material. Dick Stabile's band backs well. (Capitol 2071.)

Al Martino

**** Here in My Heart
*** I Cried Myself to Sleep
Here is a record from out of Philadelphia that is zooming into the best-seller lists, though both artist and label are unknown. Martino belts it out in the good old Street Singer tradition on Here in My Heart. Unlike most singers on sleeper small-label hits, he's substantially accompanied by a big orchestra, directed by Monty Kelly. The other side will get plenty of plays too, but only after the Heart grooves are worn thin. (BBS 101.)



MISS JUDY LYNN is one of the brighter and prettier young things on the vocal horizon. Recently pacted by Coral, she expects to have a hit with her version of Phil Moore's novelty Blow Out the Candle.

Billy May

You're Driving Me Crazy
When Your Lover Has Gone
Perfidia
My Last Affair
Diene
Please Be Kind
Tenderly
Orchids In The Moonlight
Album Rating: ****

Big Band Bash! is the excited title of this LP, and in the light of everything else that's been happening with the big band, the bash should be a highly lucrative one.

Seven of the eight items start with the inevitable sax section sound. (The lone- some exception is When Your Lover Has Gone, and don't worry, they get to it in the second chorus.)

All are good, danceable instrumentals, largely ensemble. The tunes fit the idea well, aside from Tenderly, which can't achieve the requisite tenderness in this style. All in all, there will be no kicks about this album except the licks May fans will get from it (Capitol 1-329.)

Billy May

*** When The Swallows Come Back To Capistrano
*** Honest And Truly

Both sides follow the established May pattern very closely, with the reeds doing their slurs in thirds on Swallows. Trombone section and muted trumpets are skillfully employed on both numbers. Willie Smith gets the release of the last chorus on his way to Capistrano, and a couple of others have brief solo appearances, but it's the ensemble sound that will rake in the cash customers. (Capitol 2054.)

Clyde McCoy

Basin Street Blues
Sugar Blues
Blues In The Night
St. Louis Blues
Memphis Blues
Webash Blues
Farewell Blues
Limehouse Blues
Album rating: ***

Loading off with his umpteenth slicing of his Sugar Blues trademark, McCoy has produced an album of the most standard of the standard blues to provide a showcase for his still saleable wah-wah trumpeting. He's backed by a surprisingly virile band; the ensemble plays the simple, uncluttered arrangements with vigor and cleanly. (Capitol H311.)

Mitch Miller

*** Horn Belt Boogie
** Serenade for Horns

A commendable experiment featuring French horns and rhythm, with Stan Freeman's harpsichord also prominent throughout.

Unfortunately the two pieces written by Alec Wilder are far below Alec's level. Boogie, the faster side, is a blues, and its high spot is a 12-bar ad lib solo by Jim Buffington, whose jazz French horn strongly resembles a bop trombone. (Columbia 39727.)

Marion Morgan

** The Little Train A-Chuggin' In My Heart
*** There's A Cloud In My Valley Of Sunshine
Marion sounds agreeably confident on the second side, from Son Of Paleface. Nice guitar work (George Barnes again?) in LeRoy Holmes' support. (MGM 11219.)

Ella Mae Morse

*** Love Ya Like Mad!
*** Oakie Boogie
Love is a fair vehicle into which Ella injects as much life as possible. But she really gets going on Oakie, a fast blues by Johnny Tyler with prominent western-style interludes from a guitarist in the Nelson Riddle accompaniment. Not another Blacksmith, but a sure seller. (Capitol 2072.)

Ray Noble

*** Whistle My Tune
*** I Hear The Bluebells Ring
Noted for his good taste, Noble displays same to the nth degree in handling a rather charming ballad from the soon due Disney Robin Hood score and a breezy, albeit lightweight, rhythm novelty, Bluebells. Art Morton renders both pleasantly, if without color. (Victor 20-4668.)

David Rose

*** On a Little Country Road in Switzerland
*** Harlem Nocturne

Starting with a suggestion of yodeling and some trotting-hoofbeats, Road goes into a jolly, ambling little ditty that could catch on. The strings are brightly featured.

Nocturne, like so many other versions of this minor melody, is done as an alto saxophone solo. The alto man here is a guest star, Woody Herman, and he makes a gracious guest, proving again that this is the instrument he should feature with his own band too. (MGM 30582.)

Barbara Ruick

*** How About You
*** I'd Wanna Walk Right Out Of This World

You swings in a delightfully refreshing manner. Miss Ruick, an MGM starlet, has a Doris Day-ish way with a song; she delivers the Ralph Freed lyrics with an appetizing charm that's hard to resist. Incidentally, Freed produced a special second chorus for the occasion and Skip Martin backed up with an easy-swinging dance arrangement that's played by the studio crew with drive and body. Should draw plenty of deejay attention and could connect for major returns.

Reverse is a pleasing new ballad, sung in a pleasant manner by Beez (that's what her friends call her), though she could have done better without the tricks. (MGM 11231.)

Frank Sinatra

*** Walking in the Sunshine
*** My Girl

Axel's band jumps on Sunshine and Frank does an adequate job on the fluffy lyrics. Girl is the kind of thing Frank would have taken at a slower tempo a few years ago, with more quality and better intonation, not to mention bigger sales. Nevertheless, it's one of his better recent ballads. (Columbia 39726.)



THE SOUTHERN EXPOSURE of Jeri's vocal talents via Decca Records has produced some eminently pleasing sides in recent months. Miss Southern is seen here with musical director Victor Young.

Jo Stafford

**** Raminay!
**** Within Your Arms
Raminay should be another very sizeable source of revenue for Mrs. Weston. Described as "the New Orleans Chimney Sweep Song," it starts with the same street-cry atmosphere that made Herb Jeffries' Basin Street a hit. Arms is Sunny Skylar's adaptation of French ballad Dans Ses Bras. Weston's orchestra and the Norman Luboff Choir lend their sturdy arms and throats to both sides. (Columbia 39725.)

Kay Starr

**** I Waited A Little Too Long
*** Me Too
Waited is as near to a cinch as you'll find. The slow, simple old-timey melody has Kay backed up with an unobtrusive vocal group and a moment or two of guitar; second chorus doubles up. The coupling is an oldie (Ho, Ho, Ha, Ha, Me Too is the full label) delivered with Starr-eyes zest and a rousing beat. Both faces should maintain Kay's status as a steady seller. (Capitol 2062.)

Three Suns

My Reverie
Moon Glow
Intermezzo
Smoke Rings
My Silent Love
Moonlight Sonata
April In Paris
Laura

Album rating: ***

The Suns, specialists at pleasing the elders of the family, should do just that with plenty to spare with this half-hour of "here's-the-melody" readings of eight super-standard items. The threesome here becomes four with the addition of harpist Marga Hanson. Good music to drink tea by! (Victor LPM 3012.)

Danny Winchell

** Two
** Why Did You Leave Me?

Winchell, a song plugger turned crooner, shows some pleasant qualities on his debut slicing; particularly when he heads in Frank's direction. His songs are typical Tin Pan Alley ballads. Leroy Holmes backs up simply, tastefully. (MGM 11218.)

Victor Young

*** A Place in the Sun
*** Spellbound

These instrumental sides are, of course, from two similarly-titled movies. Place is pretty mood music, with brief solos from Jack Zayde's violin and Carl Prager's alto, the latter suggestive of the old Wiedoft school. Pianist Stan Freeman, for some reason given label credit as Stanley Freedman, is spotlighted in Spellbound. Both sides should get plenty of play from disc jockeys. (Decca 28115.)

JAZZ

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

Milt Jackson

*** Love Me Pretty Baby
** Heart and Soul
Love is the original which Milt cut for Diz on Dee Gee. Now it's a vibes solo, unpretentiously and agreeably performed. Heart moves up to medium tempo, with Milt putting it through its changes charmingly; our copy, however, is off center. (Hi-Lo 1405.)

Jam Session At Commodore

A Good Man Is Hard to Find
Carnegie Drag
Carnegie Jump
Basin Street Blues
Oh, Katharine!

Album Rating: ***

First side consists of a reissue of the four parts of Good Man, cut in March 1940. Twenty minutes of the same short (22 bar) chorus becomes a little wearing, but there are some of the best Dixieland soloists: Muggsy, Maxie, Miff, Brad Gowans, Pee-Wee, Joe Marsala on alto and clarinet, Bud Freeman, with Stacy Condon, Shapiro and Wetling.

Other side, cut December, 1943, has Maxie, Benny Morton, Pee-Wee, Bushkin, Condon, Catlett and Bob Casey. The whole thing makes a compact compendium for Dixiepiles. (Commodore DI 30006.) (Modulate to Page 18)

The Blindfold Test

Johnnie Ray Crowns Sinatra 'King'

By LEONARD FEATHER

Many fabulous things have happened to Johnnie Ray in the past months. His environment, his future, his salary, his whole world have undergone the protean upheavals that can only occur in show business.

One thing about Johnnie, though, has not changed. He retains the deep and sincere love of music that brought him into this business, and still reflects it in expressing his opinions.

As Johnnie scribbled his southpaw notes on a pad, listened closely to the records and then spoke his piece, the tape recorder inscribed his comments and his ratings—made, by the way, on the *Beat's* new rating system of a five-star maximum. Here's how it shaped up:—

The Records

1. I've heard this voice before somewhere . . . this is a jazz blues thing, the kind I used to do a lot myself. The girl suffers from poor material; it's just a prototype of seven million other things just like it. You'd probably get the effect of a song like this if you were in a club watching it, but as far as I could see, it's just average chanting. She does a fairly good job with what little she has to work with. She reminds me a little of Mabel Scott . . . and the girl I worked with in Detroit at the Flame Showbar, Chubby Newsome . . . Two stars.

2. It's a beautiful song. At first I had difficulty distinguishing whether it was a male or a female. But it is a man. This type of voice is very foreign to me. This is highly over-arranged: I just don't like this record. What did you say one star stood for—poor? One star.

3. This is a new record that I definitely go for—Armstrong; real great . . . I go for it three quarters of the way through; near the end something happens that doesn't quite jell with me. In the beginning I loved the trumpet, and the way the strings and the trumpet toss it back and forth. There was a piano thing in there that I liked very much too. Louis is only the greatest, what can you say after that? Four stars.

4. It's too bad you had to play this for me, because Tony and I are such good friends . . . but I can see that this blindfold test is done very honestly, so I won't be back enough to cover up my feelings. *It Tunes* reads this. I hope he'll take it for what it's worth, because it puts me on a great. Sounds like Percy Faith did this; all I can say is somebody goofed. They recorded Tony very flat; they gave him a song that has nothing, not even a commercial value, leave alone musical quality. It's released? I'm sorry, for Tony's sake. I don't think it has anything. I hate to say this, but I've got to give it no stars at all—not even a one for effort.

5. The only thing that keeps Dolores Hawkins and the Four Lads from getting five stars in my book is strictly that it wasn't the best job of engineering. Dolores was really singing up a storm. I appreciate the originality of the Four Lads in supporting her. But because I'm very familiar with her style I know Dolores can sing even better material and sing with a lot more feeling; but considering the material she's using here I think a supreme effort on everybody's part has been contributed, and the result is a good four star record. I am particularly pleased with the Four Lads; I am very familiar with them, of course, from what they do on my records. This is a fine combination of everybody's efforts.

6. I was very impressed with the trumpet in the introduction . . . a very, very



Johnnie Ray

pretty thing. And this girl reminds me of Little Miss Sharecropper; however, I doubt that it is she. Unfortunately I don't think this song has any merit at all, in any capacity; but I do believe that everybody there made the best possible effort to get something out of it. However, the girl singer, I would like to hear her on some other things like some real good blues. I think that for what everybody tried to do considering the lack of material, this deserves three stars.

7. I'm very surprised at this record. I can't imagine what Perry and Mitch are trying to prove . . . I get no message from this song. This is surprising, coming from me, because this man is one of my idols. Just because of that I've got to give it three stars, but I can only repeat, I don't understand the song. To be frank, I don't like the song!

8. This is the first five-star record you've played for me. And I don't give it that because of the musical merit of the record. It's just because I'm a damn sentimentalist. Thinking about the beautiful times that I've had in the past, watching Al being perched on the stage, watching him let go—and me so completely entranced by the whole thing, I forget I've got a beer in front of me . . . and of the good times I've had with people when he was there, and the laughs and the fun that I'll never forget. As I said, I'm a damn sentimentalist, so I've got to give it five stars.

9. This is a very interesting record for more reasons than one. I take it for granted the title is *Helpless Blues*; and I know Billie and love Billie so well as a friend that the lyrics in this song interest me. She says, *I'm helpless and confused and my friends all know it's baby* . . . I know why she's singing it. I know why she's feeling it. It makes the record all that much more interesting. I imagine it's something she perhaps even wrote herself. I don't know, but—a very expressive song, and Billie does an awful lot with it—as much as

can be done with a standard blues. I love her. I love her very much. She gets four stars.

10. This is another very interesting record. But I can't listen to Kay Starr without recalling *Good For Nothing Joe* as a parallel. That was my first introduction to her. She has been singing consistently great ever since, and she is one of the greatest today. As far as this particular record is concerned, she is singing real wonderful . . . I like the song very much. The only reason she doesn't get four stars is because the arrangement is too spotty in its support. It comes through and then it drops back, and it's not fair to Kay, because the song is strong and she's singing great. The record has an awful lot, but the arranger goofed, so I can only give it three stars.

11. I hope Frank Sinatra will read this, because I'm about to say some very beautiful things about him. First of all, this is the second five star record you've played for me today. This song, the way Frank sings it, is only part of the reason why he wears the crown of king. No one can touch a guy like that for what he can put into a song, the way he does it . . . I have to lose two pounds a show to try to get across to the people what he does by waving his fingers . . . This particular side, which is one I've always enjoyed listening to, is one reason why he is king and he will stay king. Of course I'm carried away with Frank's singing, but the accompaniment is just positively the end. You can't even call it accompaniment really, because it's just as much a part of the record as Frank. All around, there has been spun a web of almost ethereal mood and warmth. It's probably one of the greatest records I've ever heard in my life. And I repeat and repeat and repeat, five stars, five stars, five stars!

Afterthoughts by Johnnie

This has been a very interesting session. I've had a variety of material, and right along with it a variety of moods . . . Other five star records? Well, we'll go way back to the beginning. The first five star record I ever heard—*Boy Meets Girl*. Rex Stewart was really blowing his heart out. I think the next five star record I heard was Peggy Lee singing *Why Don't You Do Right*. After that, there were several—*Fake The A Train* by Duke, *Opus #1* by Tommy Dorsey—and a very beautiful record, James Rushing with Count Basie, *Rusty Dusty Blues*. That completely fractured me.

Erroll Garner's *I Can't Get Started*, when he wove *Tea For Two* into the release of the chorus—that was great . . . And Sarah Vaughan's *Don't Blame Me*. Then we have Ivie Anderson. As far as I'm concerned, anything she did was five stars.

Records Reviewed by Johnnie

Johnnie was given an information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Ruth Brown. *Standing On The Corner* (Atlantic).
2. Marie Leman. *Tempestation* (Victor).
3. Louis Armstrong-Gordon Jenkins. *Indian Love Call* (Decca).
4. Tony Bennett. *Sceptics* (Columbia).
5. Dolores Hawkins with the Four Lads. *Rocks In My Bed* (Okeh).
6. Jimmy Scott. *They Say You Cry* (Caval).
7. Perry Como. *Black Moonlight* (Victor). With Mitchell Ayres Orch.
8. Al Hibbler. *True* (Mercury).
9. Billie Holiday. *Be True To Me* (Aladdin). Comp. Darnell.
10. Kay Starr. *Seemingly* (Capitol). With Frank De Val Orch.
11. Frank Sinatra. *I've Got A Crush On You* (Columbia). With Bobby Hackett and small group.

New 47 Trustee Is Mum On Merger

Hollywood—Bob Kimic, trumpet player from radio field (he works the Jack Benny, *Fibber McGee & Molly* and *This Is Your F.B.I.* shows) was elected to position of Local 47 trustee (equivalent to board member) to fill a spot on the board vacated by the recent elevation of Bob Hennon to financial secretary.

Kimic, backed by the administration, was opposed by Joe Mulendore, arranger, who was backed by the American Society of Music Arrangers and by the Committee for Amalgamation of Local 47 and Local 767 (AFM's Jim Crow union here). Usual small turn-out of Local 47 (membership close to 15,000) attended the meeting at which the election was held. The vote was 217 to 185.

Won't Talk

Asked where he stood on the proposed merger of the white and Negro unions here Kimic told *Down Beat*: "I would rather not commit myself until I have studied the situation."

Local 47's board of directors has gone on record as favoring—in principle—the abolition of the segregation set-up which exists here as in most large AFM locals (with exception of New York's 802).

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Things To Come

These are recently-cut records and their personnels. 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.

BILLY TAYLOR JR'S BAND (Mercury, 4/18/53). Taff Jordan, tp.; George Bartz, tr.; Doc Clifford, George James, clari.; George Berg, sax.; Bill Doggett, organ; Billy Taylor Jr., piano; Earl Hare, bass; Charlie Smith, drums.
Paradise (comp. Lucky Thompson); *To Be Or Not to Be* (Comp. Lucky Thompson); *Louise and Blue* (Alex).

MARLAN McPATERLAND (Savoy, 4/21/53). Marlan McPaterland, piano; Mel Zelnick, drums & bongo; Max Wayne, bass.
If It's Gypsy in My Soul; You Love to Burn to Stay; It Rains or It Pours; You're Up the Road.

THE SATINERS with RUFUS SMITH'S BAND (Rodeo, 4/16/53). Phil Bodson, clarinet; Dick Hyman, piano; Rufus Smith, bass; Allan Hanson, guitar; Bob Rosenberger, drums.
Choose Your Partner; You're The One I Mean; Please Be Kind; You Do Things to Me.

JERRY SHARD, instrumentalist with RHYTHM (Capitol, 4/16/53). Jerry Shard, tr.; vib.; piano; tylophone, saxes & tin whistle; Dick Bonuff, bass; Nick Perito, accordion; Allan Hanson, guitar; Irving Goldberg, drums.
Ain't She Sweet?; Cochoo Waltz; By the Sea; Hot Lips.

BILLY TAYLOR JR'S TRIO with ADDED RHYTHM (Rodeo, 5/2/53). Bill Taylor Jr., piano; Earl Hare, bass; Charlie Smith, drums; Frank Colon, songs; Manny Oquendo, bongos; Chuck Wayne, guitar (on first side only).

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Contino Set For Induction

Hollywood—Dick Contino was slated to report for induction in mid-May at a Los Angeles induction center.

Contino seemed happy about it, and told *Down Beat*: "I've passed all my physicals and I just want to get started. I haven't the slightest idea where they'll send me. "I want to thank all the friends who stood behind me. I owe them a lot and will never forget them."
DID YOU KNOW that Sarah Vaughan once played second piano in Earl Hines' band?

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Johnnie Wins The Weepstakes

AGONY IN EXTREMIS is registered by the Weepstakes winner, Johnnie Ray, in these shots taken during his recent sensational stint at the New York Copacabana. Johnnie's surprising and revealing *Blindfold Test* appears opposite, on page 12. (United Press Photos.)



Dizzy Wails, Too

THESE FINE PICTURES, credited to Willy Rizzo of Paris-Match, were taken during Dizzy Gillespie's recent visit to Paris on a highly successful three-week tour of the Continent. Seen with Dis at right is Don Byas, veteran tenor star now domiciled in France.



Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

The question has been asked many times, usually rhetorically. It has been posed most often by smart-aleck non-modern musicians and by the brand of Broadway columnist who is as anxious to perform autopsies as to announce impending maternity.

The question, often asked but never answered, is "What-ever became of bop?" The implication, being, naturally, that it perished right along with such lesser evils as Mussolini and Hitler.

The purpose of this column will be to examine first what is meant by the term bop in this context, and secondly to answer the question.

If bop means goatees, berets, horn-rimmed glasses and the school of singing of which Babe Gonzales was the prototype, one can go along with the Broadway columnists. But to those who know a little more about music than they can read between Hollywood romance items (and let's hope that means most of the readers of this column) the form and meaning of bop is a little more serious.

This is Bop

Bop, primarily, was and is an extension of the older means and characteristics of jazz improvisation. It is also an application of these means and characteristics to jazz orchestration.

Combine such elements in a jazz solo as the frequent substitution of minor sevenths, the much publicized but little understood ninth or 13th with the flattened fifth, the off-beat manner of accenting strings of eighth notes, the use of broader harmonic contours and implied chord changes, the frequent excursions into double-time against single rhythm—combine these and other typical qualities and you will have something that resembles bop much more closely than Milton Berle dressed in a tux suit.

How's Your Flatted Fifth

Of course, it has been said time and again by musicians of the older jazz schools that there is nothing new in bop anyway. Many is the veteran jazzman who has told me, "Why, I heard flatted fifths 25 years ago. That stuff is old hat." Yet they have failed to produce one solitary piece of recorded evidence that any improvising musician of the earlier era even flatted a single fifth.

Even in arranging, it was a long time before most of the writers in jazz caught on to some of the possibilities of expansion in these areas. (I remember hearing a Variety record made by Jimmy Mundy's Swing Club Seven in 1937 in which the penultimate chord of Jimmy's arrangement of *I Surrender Dear* was a ninth with a flatted fifth. By classical standards this is elementary, but at the time, in a jazz combo record, it was impressive and, to me, mystifying.)

National Fad

Anyway, whether the non-boppers were willing to admit it or not, something pretty radical did happen to jazz that crystallized in the mid-1940s, acquired the name of bebop and, unhappily for its ultimate prestige, became a national fad like goldfish-swallowing or the yo-yo. Before long the tongues of many national writers were lodged firmly in their august cheeks as they wrote about bebop and bebop in such publications as *Life*, *Liberty* and *The Pursuit of Happiness*.

Sorry day! Gradually it came out that some of the same gentlemen who were goatees and berets had some personal habits that made them about as socially desirable as the Gila monster. The following syllogism rapidly evolved:

- Some people with goatees and berets have bad habits.
- Some musicians who play bop wear goatees and berets.
- Therefore, all beboppers are human wrecks.

Social Problem Overcome

It didn't help the situation any, of course, that much of the criticism was justified, that many musicians five or six years ago in the newly-developed clique of boppers indulged in a pastime that was spreading like cancer in their midst. It would be foolish to cop a plea for the many poor young souls who believed so fondly that bop was not merely a way of playing, but a way of life. Their ranks have now happily thinned out and the social problem has been at least partially overcome.

But in the meanwhile, a situation had been created that led to the What-Happened-To-Bop? attitude. Bop, in effect, had to go underground. What had been a saleable name for a record album or a jazz combo one year was marquee poison the next. People like Charlie Ventura, after firmly identifying themselves with bop, found themselves seeking ways out of the dilemma (witness Charlie's unhappy bout with his "Bop-for-the-People" billing). While musicians could no more stop playing bop than stop speaking English, they would do anything rather than admit it.

Smoke-Happy Cloudland

Another factor that has helped to kill the word bop can best be illustrated by the following anecdote:

Two Dixielanders were standing on a roof and one of them just up and jumped off, falling 25 stories to his death. The cops picked up his friend, who didn't seem at all upset. "Havent you anything to say?" they demanded.

"Well, pops," the Dixielander said slowly, "you know I really thought he could make it."

Anything wrong with this story? Sure. You can immediately sense that I told it wrong, substituting the word "Dixielander" for "bopper." The anecdote could apply just as aptly, or inaptly, to two-beat musicians, but they haven't had to take the rap. It's always pinned on the bopper, that symbol of smoke-happy cloudland to whom all things are cool.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

Sure, we laugh at these stories and we read that bop is dead, and while we are laughing, boppers like Clark Terry and Porter Kilbert are playing in Duke Ellington's band; Carl Fontana and a half dozen other great bop soloists are sparking the great Third Herman Herd; and George Shearing's record of *Swedish Pastry* is being reviewed in trade papers as a "pop" item—because Shearing is popular, and if you're popular, what you're playing can't possibly be bop, can it now?

The word bop is dead, sure. But the music it denoted, the style in which young jazzmen improvise (be they in Duke's band or in Flanagan's or Anthony's) has no more deserted bop than a plane can fly backward.



CORKY IS AUTHENTIC—an honest-to-goodness jazz harpist. She's seen here with conductor-arranger Dave Rose, with whom she plays the Red Skelton TV show from Hollywood.

Girls In Jazz

Corky, The All-Girl Harpist, Wont Talk On Gal Bands

By HAL HOLLY

Hollywood—With the all-girl bands launched here during the rise of TV seemingly on the way to becoming all-girl busts (excuse it, please!), we decided to check up on the subject of girl musicians via a chat with one of Hollywood's most successful. She is Corky Hale, and she made some records recently for an independent label with Al Viola, guitar, and Lloyd Pratt, bass. (Al and Lloyd may be recalled as two thirds of the "original" Page Cavanaugh trio.)

Corky plays harp on these records, but she's really an all-girl band in herself. She also plays (and we don't mean plays around with) piano, cello, flute and piccolo. So far she's refused to monkey with multitrack trickery for records—but if she ever does she'll come up with a "new sound" for sure.

No Such Animal

Corky, who is as cute as her name, holds that there is no such thing as a real jazz harpist. Around here it's held that if Corky isn't the first, she's the closest thing to it that has been heard to date. But she, herself, prefers to be regarded as just a competent, busy professional musician—which she is. Next month she'll mark up a full year with Eddie Bergman's house ork at the Coconut Grove, where she not only sings on the strings of her harp but plays hot flute on the rumba-mambo-samba sets and doubles as intermission pianist. Yep, she sings too. ("Just the things that have to jump a little. My voice isn't sexy enough for ballads.")

We found Miss Hale, whose first name is really Marilyn but who has been called Corky so long she can't even remember how she acquired the tag, extremely loath even to discuss the subject of all-girl bands.

Anti-Segregation

"It's like this," she explained, "If a girl is a good musician she doesn't want to work in an all-girl band because it implies she is working in it because she is a girl."

A girl doesn't feel successful as a musician unless she can work with guys—just like one of them. She wants to feel she's been hired not because she's a girl but because she can play the job."

We asked Corky to name an imaginary "all-star" band of gal. She replied:

"When I was a kid I was really square. Even played piano with a Dixie band one summer at Interlochen—the summer I studied with Percy Grainger. Man, did I scare him!"

We asked her to name her favorite girl musician—in the jazz idiom. Got this answer:

"I think I first became aware of the new feeling in music about the time of the Charlie Ventura sextet during the Jackie Kral period. But of course there was that really great Woody Herman band of a few years back. Bill Harris! Oh, what he does to me!"

Anti-Cheesecake

Corky, who could do it very successfully, declines politely to pose for cheesecake photos. "That's for these girl singers," she states with the typical musician's air of toler-

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Fielding Is Newest Coast Band Entry

Hollywood—Jerry Fielding, who bats the Groucho Marx radio and TV shows, is the latest from his branch of the business to feel the urge for a try at the dance game. Says Jerry:

"Originally, I planned only to do a few dance dates for the fun of it, but the reaction was so good and it felt so good that I've decided to give it a real whirl."

Line-up of the band Fielding had in rehearsal comprised Joe Tricari, Maury Harris, and John Anderson, trumpets; Joe Howard and Marshall Cram, trombones; Heinie Gunkler, Buddy Collette, Joe Koch and Don Lodice, saxes; Red Callender, bass; Tony Romera, drums. Paul Smith and Jerry Wiggins were alternating as pianists depending on commitments. Ruth Olay, Benny Carter protege, is in the vocal spot.

Blackstone Back

New York — Orin Blackstone, New Orleans collector, writer, and discographical compiler, is back in action after a couple of inactive years caused by the failure of the New Orleans Jazz Record Shop. The loose leaf edition of *Index to Jazz*, Part One A-E, is now ready and sells for \$2.50.

Part One of the *Index* covers 1,100 artists and some 15,000 record titles. Part Two is to be printed in early summer. The *Index* will be available in both loose-leaf form and in a bound book.

Blackstone is also resuming publication of the magazine, *Playback*, which was suspended in early 1950.

—but nothing else—for singers. She'll talk music far into the night but won't talk romance—not with reporters anyway. On her off-nights she's usually seen at b-p sessions hereabouts with Howard Roberts (guitar with Walter Cross on the Al Pearce TV show). "We're just good friends and we like the same kind of music," she says simply, "I'm just too busy now, working, rehearsing and studying to have time for anything else."

Hollywood—Andy and Della Russell have made a series of half-hour TV film shorts for TV.

Films were shot at the Churubusco Studios in Mexico City, where many American firms make their TV pictures to avoid entanglement with the AFM 5 percent royalty setup required when AFM musicians are used.

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'Cinderella' Shaw Bares Soul In Provocative Autobiography

(Jumped from Page 1)
 "and I am in a position to make the following report: It's murder."
 He goes on to elaborate at great length on the fallacy of the belief that success (a term he uses repeatedly throughout, spelled this way) is a static concept and no formula for happiness or peace of mind; that in achieving many of our ambitions we somehow lose sight of the original objective, its nature and value, and the Cinderella romance begins to curl around the edges.

Story Starts
 After 20 pages of inquiry into the character of this problem, Artie decides to demonstrate how he got started on his personal quest for the Cinderella solution. At this point the autobiography proper begins.

To those who read our lengthy profile on Artie in the *Beat* of last July 29, many of the succeeding chapters will have a familiar ring,

for in essence they are a greatly extended version of the same story. Strangely enough, though, a few details that Artie confided at that time are glaringly absent from this volume. Notable among these omissions is Artie's matrimonial career; he brushes it off comparatively lightly in a couple of chapters which, except for one incidental quotation, name none of the ladies involved.

Sagaciousness

This will come as a shock to the prurient, whose sole interest in Shaw's literary career stems from the quest for cheap sensationalism. They will find in these pages more sagaciousness than salaciousness.

The parts of Artie's life on which he dwells at length are, first, his early years on the Lower East Side of Manhattan; then, during his childhood in New Haven, the brief and brutal encounters with anti-Semitism that scarred him



Artie Shaw

psychologically for many years until, at the age of 15, he changed the hated name of Arshawsky and became Artie Shaw.

His adolescent years as he graduated into the status of professional musician, his long sojourn in Cleveland and his early, warm friendship there with Claude Thornhill are described in succeeding chapters, followed by a very frank and introspective examination of his gradual awareness of sex, his tentative experiences and his first true love, a teen-ager in Cleveland on whom he dwells at length and with tenderness.

Evolution

Gradually we move with him through the Auatin Wylie band to California, where he gaped at movie stars and met the Irving Aaronson band, with which he worked later in Chicago during

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Shavian Shavings

(Ed. Note: The following quotes are from Artie Shaw's *The Trouble With Cinderella*, published by Farrar, Straus, and Young.)

Shaw On The Music Business

In order for a bandleader to go on maintaining popularity year after year, he must be willing to forget about music and concentrate on the business details involved in selling his commodity.

The trouble with all this is that I never set out to be a businessman. I was railroaded into it—out of my own inner weakness and Cinderella wishes. Primarily, I have always tried to play music that would satisfy me, within the limitations of the fields I've worked in.

But judging from any strictly creative viewpoint, I have never actually been a musician at all. In my opinion, no public performer in any mass medium can ever be creative in any real sense. At best, a performer can only re-create, interpret, modify, seek—and sometimes find—new values in the creative work he is interpreting, performing, re-creating.

Shaw On Wives

Let me make it clear right now that I am not going to go into the intimate details of any of my various ventures into the marital state. But one thing can be safely and accurately said about all these attempts—I made an unholy botch of every last one of them. Of course, I believe I can also state, equally accurately, and with complete dispassion and objectivity, that I had a good bit of help in making these various unholy botches. After all, in each attempt I did have a partner in the enterprise; and while I would be the last to decry my own skill at botch-making, I must say I was either clever or lucky enough or maybe just plain stupid enough (in at least two instances) to have picked myself some pretty damn good partners when it came to gumming up the works.

Shaw On Semitism

From the moment I realized that my being Jewish was something to be jeered at for, called names for, or hated and excluded from—that moment on I was no longer the same kid I had been before... this had more to do with shaping the course and direction of my entire life than any other single thing that has happened to me, before or since...

As a kid of seven or eight, I remember going through a brief phase of wondering what I could do about it when I grew up; there I was, a Jew, whatever that meant, and, whether I liked it or not, a Jew I would remain for the rest of my life until the day I died.

his musically formative years.

The first section ends with his significant encounter at CBS with a musician named Guy d'Isere, who guided him to much of the literature that, despite his already voracious reading, he had unwittingly been passing up.

Success

The period from *Begin the Beguines* to his abrupt retirement, when he gladly forfeited a fortune in grosses to get away from the success monster with which the music-business Frankenstein had confronted him, will be the most engrossing group of chapters for many readers, notably for those who have ever faced, or strived to achieve, a similar set of circumstances.

Success of this kind, says Artie, is entirely too sudden. "Everything is stepped up by a ratio of fifty to one... There is never any time to think... you've got the pressure of the whole world you've ever known weighing you down with fear that something might go wrong, so you've got to go on with it while you've got the chance, make the dough while you can... that's one side of it. The other side has vaguely to do with the thing through which you got here in the first place. Remember? You once started out to be a musician? Remember that?... Music... Whatever happened to that?"

Down Mexico Way

And thus it was that in November, 1939, unable to stand the

strain any more, Artie Shaw

walked off the bandstand and was next heard of in Mexico. Since then he has made periodic returns to the band business, generally for reasons of sheer financial expediency.

Artie Shaw has never been one of the most loved people in the music business itself; the kind of affection it can offer him is too spurious, too confused in its ideology to mean much to him. But, as one of his close friends once observed, the people with whom he cannot get along, or who fail to like and understand him, fall mainly into two groups: dolls and leeches. Since he feels he has come into contact with more than his share of both, he has seen fit to withdraw into a world that can offer a freer outlet for his emotions and ideals, a world in which his goal is continued development as a human being.

Travelin' Light

To quote his closing words in the book: "Coming back to that question of which road I'm taking from here on in—it will be whatever road will lead ultimately to the highest degree of awareness I'm capable of achieving... basically it's a trip a fellow has to make by himself."

"I've finally made my own choice. In fact, I've just finished taking my first stumbling step along the road I'm going to travel from now on. This is the first step—this book."

It remains for Artie to take another important step—to come out of the introverted world in which he has lived to produce these 394 pages, and to reach out into the minds and emotions and experiences of others. For if he can recount some of his adventures and encounters in broader terms, instead of interpreting everything simply in terms of his relationship to Artie Shaw (and he need not be censured for having done this deliberately in these pages), he may be able to go on to bigger and better documentary accomplishments that will assure him a place as the Boswell of the world he lived in.

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Johnny Otis and Little Esther Brew Bigger and Better Blues

By LEONARD FEATHER

"You ought to talk to Johnny Otis," said Earl Warren. "Not just because we're friends—I've known him since 1939, and I managed his band for a year—but because he has such an unusual background. He's white, you know, but

everything about him—the bands he's worked with, his own band, his wife, his friends—everything about him is colored."

Coming from Earl Warren, who looks neither more nor less Negro than Johnny Otis himself, this was an interesting tip; and so, several years later, I caught up on the unique Mr. Otis, who in the past year or so has become a name to reckon with in the rhythm-and-blues field.

Johnny was in the middle of his fourth engagement at the Apollo. Earl, who still handles some of his business ventures, had rejoined the band on alto for the



Johnny Otis

week. With a second trumpet also added, this gave the band six horns; a contribution toward a bigger theater sound, but still a far cry from the big, modern band which Johnny tried to conquer the public in the mid-'40s.

Barrage of Blues

The Otis outfit today is a blues band, and the show that surrounded him at the Apollo was Blues Unlimited. Seldom has such a barrage of blues been aimed at any audience.

George Washington, the bald-headed trombonist-comedian, sang the blues.

Mel Walker, the young Angeleno whom Otis originally presented in an amateur night show at his own Barrelhouse Club in L.A., sang the blues.

Pete Lewis, a barrelhouse guitarist with a tone about as subtle as Slim Gaillard's, played the blues along with Von Streeter's tenor, Freddy Ford's baritone and others.

Big and Little

A lady named Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton, from Houston, Texas, lumbered onstage and sang the blues. Big Mama, who is close to six feet tall, broad beamed and handsome in a hulking sort of way, reaches her dramatic climax by lifting the entire microphone—including the six-foot stand—into midair as if she were swinging a cane.

To cap the show there was Little Esther, who is not part of the band but a headliner on her own. She too is from Houston, but three years ago, when she was 13, she did an amateur show at Johnny's club, and they have been working together ever since.

Little Esther is a big girl now, singing big-girl lyrics and even duetting with Mel Walker. She has

the kind of voice of which it might be said that the worse her diction, the better. It's just a wonderful sound, if you happen to dig blues sounds. Little Esther is Esther Mae Jones, and if you haven't caught her record of *The Storm on Federal*, Then You've Never Been Blue.

The Climax

To wind up the show, everybody got on the blues kick. The pianist, a frail little woman who looked overworked and who is known to her fans as Lady Dee (to her family as Devonia Williams) got up and came to life to do a boogie dance bit with Johnny Otis, who had been tripping his way through the show on vibes, piano and drums.

One way and another, it was pretty much of a blues marathon. A backstage flapjaw with Johnny brought the further remarkable disclosures that (1) his present set-up doesn't reflect his musical ideals and ambitions in the least, (2) two fingers of his right hand are paralyzed from a 1949 accident that left them bent double and immovable—but luckily they're not bent so far that he can't just squeeze a drumstick into the space and hold onto it, (3) he never played an instrument in his life until 1939, when he was 17.

The Message

Born in Vallejo, Cal., and raised in Berkeley, Johnny got the Message when he heard Count Basie's band, with Jo Jones. He became so anxious to get a set of drums that he forged his father's name on a music store application. He studied a Gene Krupa book, never went to a teacher, and later got himself "a raggedy set of vibes" and went on the road.

After working with George Morrison's band and Lloyd Hunter's, he got word from L.A. that Harlan Leonard's band needed a drummer. (The intermediary who helped him get the job was Jimmy Witherspoon, now a hit blues record maker, then a Pullman porter.)



Little Esther

Johnny was with Harlan Leonard for eight months, then took a band of his own into the Club Alabam. This was 1945. He has had his own band ever since. The big band, which made records for Excelsior and toured with the Ink

Spots, broke up in 1948. Then Johnny and Bardu Ali, who for years was the conductor of the original Chick Webb band, opened the Barrelhouse, which they ran successfully for three years.

Recordate

Johnny was a sideman on some of the early hit records on Aladdin (or Pamo, as it was then), such as Jacquet's two-part invention on *My Home* and the Three Blazers' *Drippin' Blues*. He made a bunch of one records with his own band, including one of the first records of *Harlem Nocturne*; but Excelsior, a poorly distributed label, went out of business.

Later, with Esther, he wrote and recorded *Double Crossing Blues*—as a gag, he says—and it became a best seller on Savoy. Since then he and Esther have been with Modern, Exclusive and Federal. Currently he's with Mercury, but also accompanies Esther on her Federal sides. As you may have noticed from the review section, Ben Webster cut some dates with him for both labels recently.

Johnny has made his mark in the deep south market, though his heart remains in L.A., where he has a home, a wife (he's been married since 1941 to a former Berkeley schoolmate) and two children. He's still a Basie man at heart, too, with place and show spots for Lunceford and Duke. Someday he'd like to reorganize the band he had a few years ago, the musically good band. To his credit it must be added that what he's doing with the blues, within its own much more limited field, has musical validity too—all the way from Little Esther up to Big Mama.

Betty Roche Now Back With Duke

Denver—Duke Ellington, on arrival here, revealed that his long-fluctuating vocal department has settled down with the return of Betty Roche, the blues specialist.

Betty was with the Ellington band in 1943, when she sang in the band's first Carnegie Hall performance of *Black, Brown and Beige*.

She now shares the Ellington vocal honors with Jimmy Grissom, brother of one-time Lunceford singer Dan Grissom.

Shaw Sending Sid On Road With Show

New York—Symphony Sid, former disc jockey and longtime familiar figure in jazz circles, is fronting a small unit to be presented in clubs and concert halls under the aegis of Irving Siders of the Billy Shaw office.

The group, which will change in personnel according to the availability of musicians, kicked off April 30 at the Rendezvous in Philadelphia and opens May 26 at the Colonial Tavern in Toronto.

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Tab Smith

Arthur Prysock To Work As A Single

New York—Arthur Prysock, ballad singer featured for years with Buddy Johnson's orchestra, will leave the band to go out as a single starting June 2. He will be booked by the Gale office, which also handles Johnson.

Prysock has been gaining momentum in recent months through several Decca records under his own name as well as those he made as vocalist with the Johnson band.

He will start in Cleveland and already has dates set in St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Detroit and several other cities, hitting New York Sept. 4, when he opens at Birdland.

Tab Smith Sees All, Now Tells All About Dance Biz

Portland, Oregon—Tab Smith, the little man with the big horn who came out of retirement recently on the strength of a hit recording of *Because Of You*, thinks that he has the answer to the "what's wrong" query on the lips of dance promoters, musicians, and band leaders.

For the past two-and-a-half years, Tab has been in the real estate business in St. Louis and was able to view the music scene objectively, from the sidelines more or less. He came to these conclusions:

"The people have been confused by the trend toward progressive jazz. The complicated rhythms and melodic lines have them bewildered. Many people who like to dance, and would go to dances, shy away because they've had bad experiences with bands that are too progressive."

Tab went on to say, "If you want to keep the business going, you've got to play down to the public's level—a good beat and an easy-to-understand melody are what they dig. Billy May and bands like his are doing a lot to get the public dancing again."

Cuts A Hit

While Tab was engaged in his St. Louis business venture, he was approached by the United discery and agreed to make several sides. He didn't expect much to happen, but the platters turned out to be sturdy sellers and included the hit, *Because Of You*. As a result, Tab got the urge to get back into the band business.

Tab practices what he preaches about pleasing the public, and he claims it pays off. Blues, tangos, waltzes, and bop are sprinkled liberally through the book. The group plays with exceptional cleanliness and is an enthusiastic bunch. Nice arrangements, good imaginative solo work, and Tab's especially exciting horn work brings back memories of his days with Basie and Lucky Millinder.

The band is playing one-nighters, theaters and club dates from coast-to-coast. Tab can't name the spots; he only knows the towns in which he is booked.

He still is recording for United, a Chicago firm. Current releases include: *This Love Of Mine*, *Blanket Of Blue*, and *Down Beat*.

Besides Tab, the band includes Walter Johnson, drums; Jimmy Styles; bass; Irving Woods and Charlie Wright, trumpets; Jimmy Styles, bass; Teddy Branan, piano. —Ted Hallock

New Blues Promoter Active In N. Calif.

Oakland—The Frank Padrone-Manny Schwartz-George Oxford group takes its first blues band into the Monterey area May 23 with Roy Milton at the Del Monte Gardens. Milton runs back into Oakland on the 25th for the same group.

Later blues band bookings include Roy Brown and Johnny Otis in Richmond, July 3, and Oakland, July 4; Earl Bostic in Richmond, July 26, and Oakland, July 27; and Roy Brown, Vallejo, May 29, Richmond, May 30, and Oakland, May 31.

Previously these blues groups have been taken into the outlying areas, such as Vallejo, by Ben Watkins.



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Norman's Tale Of Europe: Lauds Fans-Swedese, Belgians Hippest; French Noisy

(Jumped from Page 1)

soon cleaned the pantry out of all food. We arrived the following afternoon in Stockholm.

I've read that certain jazz groups were met by crowds ranging from 5,000 to 50,000 in size, and I looked forward to such a greeting. Unfortunately, there were but two small boys who met us. One thought Oscar Peterson was Joe Louis, and the other came to meet his mother. We rapidly surrounded them and made them take our autographs. Such was the warm welcome that overwhelmed us in Stockholm.

Fine Treatment

The wonderful thing about the people of Sweden, and to a lesser degree Denmark, is their treatment of jazz artists. The moment we arrived, there was a press conference at which all of the newspapers took pictures and interviewed us. It was refreshing to be interviewed intelligently by the members of their Fourth Estate instead of some of the examples we've had in the United States on the rare occasions newspapers have featured jazz artists newsworthy.

We played our first concert at the Concert Hall in Stockholm on Sunday night, March 30, giving two performances. These were sold out within six hours after being announced. The reaction of the audience in Stockholm, and, as it turned out later, throughout Europe, was completely different from the reaction of a U.S. audience. They listen to you, applaud, and stamp their feet indicating that they'd like more; but there is no shouting or whistling during a solo, nor any of the outcries that mark a pretty tune. They contented themselves with waiting for *How High the Moon* and *Lady Be Good* instead of the shrill requests that punctuate Ella's *Body and Soul* in the U. S. from that impatient fan that (a) try to show how hip they are; or (b) have had poor upbringing.

Beautiful Hall

The next day we went to Gothenberg where we played the most beautiful auditorium I have ever seen. We did two sellout performances. Then we went to Copenhagen, where we did four shows in a place that holds better than 4,000 people.

The band, of course, was soon busy cleaning out the various silver shops of Copenhagen, and Oscar even bought a concert grand piano. We closed our Scandinavian tour by doing two concerts in Malmö. We played a midnight concert and a matinee, and were honored at a somewhat silent cocktail party—they could only speak Swedish and we could only speak English, but enough toasts were made to break the ice and warm everyone. We left Malmö Sunday morning, and flew to Paris, where we were to play the closing concert of a jazz festival that had been held at the Salon du Jazz that week.

Charles Delaunay, Director of

the Festival, and Pat Brand, Editor of the Melody Maker of England, escorted us from the airport to our hotel. That evening I had my first taste of working with the French stagehands, and I confess I never saw so many people accomplishing so little in so long a time. It took about 10 excited, gesticulating stagehands to move one piano and one platform for the drums. At that, I think Max Roach and I did most of the pushing and heaving.

Delaunay warned me that the French fans boo and shout and whistle. I told Delaunay if I heard one boo, I wasn't going to play the show. He said, "Well, you're on your own once you get out there."

When Delaunay went out on the stage to introduce me, all I could hear was a lot of catcalling and booing. I was told that was a typical reception given Delaunay at all jazz concerts. Anyway, I went out and simply stood there while all this yelling went on. Finally the house quieted down. I introduced the musicians on the jam session—Lester Young and Roy Eldridge—receiving the biggest hands—and the concert started.

Avances!

As soon as the first note was struck, all the people who didn't like the seats on the stage (approximately 99% of them it seemed) started running for better seats around the group, even though it meant sitting on the floor. This all happened while Flip Phillips was playing *How High the Moon*. As if by signal, the gendarmes started collaring the worst offenders and taking them off the stage. I don't think that Flip knew it, but the bedlam that broke loose didn't come so much from his playing as the French Police versus the French Jazz Fan. But, finally everything quieted down and from then on in the concert was a beauty. Ella and the Peterson Trio really broke the place up.

Crow Jim

Incidentally, the French jazz fan, who is extremely chauvinistic where the Negro jazzman is concerned, completely took to Flip, and perhaps thereby we broke up that narrow-minded attitude that exists there that only a Negro can play good jazz. This is just a wrong as bias in the U.S. that's directed the other way.

The band had the following three days off in Paris. Flip, Oscar, and I flew to London, where we were met by a *Melody Maker* reporter and photographer. They conducted us on a tour that included Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace. I later took Flip and Oscar to various men's shops, where they were divested of whatever monies they had. We flew back to Paris the same evening.

Hip Belgians

Thursday we flew to Brussels where we did a concert for the Hot Club of Belgium. I would say that the Brussels audience is probably the hippest in Europe, excepting, possibly the Swedish. That

fabulous jazz critic, record collector, and disc jockey, Count Carlos de Raditzky, has conducted a one-man crusade to educate the Belgians into the delights in jazz. He's a wonderful guy.

After Brussels, we flew to Holland. We gave two concerts in the Hague, two in Amsterdam. I had a run-in with the Dutch newspapermen. They met us at the airport and insisted on a press conference right then. I told them that the band was beat, and we would hold the meeting later. As a result they boycotted the concert, though we had received good publicity up to that point.

Imported Jim Crow

Of course, the outstanding thing for JATP so far was the complete lack of racial prejudice in the countries we had visited. That's not to say there wasn't any prejudice. There is in France, for instance, where certain American tourists have contaminated parts of Paris, particularly the more swank hotels. But, all in all, for our group it was a revelation the way we were accepted individually and not as representatives of any particular minority.

In Amsterdam we stayed at the Victoria Hotel, which has a small bar. After the concert, Ella and her secretary Georgia Henry went into the bar. Ella and Miss Henry were the only ones seated at the bar.

GI Insult

Two American soldiers walked in and headed for the bar; the moment that they saw Ella and Miss Henry they wheeled and went to look for a table. The only unoccupied table was way in the corner. This was so apparent to everyone, that to show Ella how they felt about it, the entire group rose en masse and went to the bar where they all sat with Ella and Miss Henry. The singer who was working in the bar turned his back to the two soldiers so that all they could see was a row of backs at the bar. It was a wonderful lesson in democracy taught Americans by Europeans, but it was unfortunate that we couldn't have set the example instead of having it set for us. Thus shamed, the soldiers came to the bar and bought drinks for Ella and Georgia and toasted them. Perhaps they learned something at that instant.

We flew to Zurich the next day and broke the place up. By now the band had reached its stride and was clicking as it does in the States.

Escargot Escapade

We went to Geneva next, and I chartered a bus for I wanted the band to see how beautiful Switzerland was. We stopped in Bernes for lunch and I introduced Flip, Oscar, Ray, and Ella to the delights, and mysteries of eating snails. Ella began to enjoy the snails until Flip remarked that the one she was eating he had seen on the wall a few minutes ago. That ended the snail proclivities for Ella.

After playing Geneva and Zurich we took a plane for Frankfurt. It was fitting that we closed our tour there; it seemed as though 90% of our audience was GI. We charged the highest prices ever charged for any concert there, classical or jazz, and both the shows were sellouts.

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"HUSH MY MOUTH!" says Dave Garroway, who no doubt figures he said plenty when the *Beat* blindfolded him recently. He is seen here prior to presenting Ed Safranaki (right) with his plaque. Ed, who is with the combo that plays Garroway's daily morning radio show, won the *Beat* poll again this year as the No. 1 bassist.

We were treated quite well by the Germans and the GIs, except for an unfortunate incident which concerned Roy Eldridge. Roy went to a club with some friends, and was refused service by an American headwaiter.

Just Two

It seemed ironic that the only two drag incidents that occurred on the entire tour had to come from fellow-Americans, who, evidently, haven't yet learned the meaning of the word "democracy," but insist on conducting themselves in their own small, narrow, bigoted manner.

I took the group out to the General Hospital in Frankfurt where we gave a concert for the patients there. It made all of us happy when the Commandant told us it was the best show that had ever been put on at the Post.

We left Frankfurt the next day, April 20 and flew to Hamburg, where we transferred to another plane for New York, arriving there the next morning.

Afterthoughts

The European audiences are largely interested in jazz in a different manner, though not necessarily to a greater degree, from the American jazz fan. There they have a healthier respect for all art forms, whether it be dance, painting, or in this instance, jazz. As a result of their viewing it differently from us, they were inclined to ask different questions and to listen to different things from American jazz fan. This is particularly true of the critics in Europe, who take jazz very seriously.

The audiences are older than the American audiences and a good deal more reserved and critical.

Apart from countries such as Sweden and Switzerland, which were neutral in the war, and Belgium, which is a small, but highly industrialized country, recovery has been very slow and, as a result, not much money is left for jazz concerts; though, I must hastily add, we removed most of the available money.

No Jax

Disk jockeys are practically nonexistent in Europe, since most countries have but one radio network, and that is usually government-owned. Very little jazz is aired in Europe, with one big exception—the American Forces Network, (AFN), which is heard throughout most of Europe.

As a leader of a show which has both Negro and white musicians, I certainly intend to make the European tour a yearly one, since I like them to live as and be treated like normal human beings, a feeling which is not always present in this country in certain obvious areas.

Seattle Sports New Dixie 5

Portland, Oregon—Seattle has a new Dixieland outfit whose music is even more exciting than the short-lived Rainy City group. It is Mike Hobi's jazz band, and it's as unpretentious as the tag sound. Five guys who love two-beat, their sincerity and enthusiasm is evident in everything they play. They sound like men who've played together forever, actually they've been organized since Sept., 1951.

The group is headed by trombonist Hobi, ex-Horace Heidt sideman, who thinks Eddie Condon's unit is the greatest thing in jazz today. Mike's theory of Dixieland is best explained by his comments about Louis Armstrong's all-stars: "They're better than Condon, man for man, but their ensemble work just doesn't come off. The guys are too outstanding as individuals."

Hobi, who is on a Teagarden kick personally, is aided by trumpeter-vocalist Ezzy Parkington (ex-Lu Watters); former classical violinist Joe Szymanski, who plays clarinet now; pianist Vic Sewell, and drummer Don Cary.

—Ted Hallock

The give and take between the European fan and the American musician is good for both: it tends to loosen up the European fan, and to temper the American jazzman.

Album Souvenirs

I recorded the concerts in Stockholm, Gothenburg, Paris, Frankfurt, and other cities and I plan to issue the concerts in JATP Goes '50 Europa albums.

Nils Hellstrom in Scandinavia, Lou Van Rees in Holland, Delaunay in Paris, Willy de Cort in Brussels, Sonia Kantorowitz in Switzerland and Horat Lippman in Frankfurt, were our promoters and the American promoters could all take lessons from them in artist relations. They treated us as artists, and not as just a bunch of jazzmen. They probably got better music as a result.

All in all, I'd say that JATP was most happy with Europe, and I imagine Europe was equally happy with us.

Billy Gets Peggy

New York—Peggy Barrett, who has been working as a single for the past few months, has joined the Billy May Orchestra.

The strawberry-blonde vocalist was previously heard with the bands of Jimmy Dorsey, Frankie Carle, Johnny Long, and Art Mooney.

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Record Reviews

(Jumped from Page 11)
Meade Lux Lewis

Rocky Top Train
Six Wheel Chaser
Yankee Special
Bea on Top
Chicago Flyer
Tell Your Story

Album Rating: ★★★

Two unissued and four previously released 12 inch cuttings by the boogie pioneer comprise an album that should readily please admirers of the b.w. idiom. *Yankee* and *Chicago* represent the previously unavailable slicings and are as reasonably stimulating as the more familiar and available titles. (Blue Note LP7018.)

New Sounds From Sweden

★★★★ *Moonlight Saving Time*
★★★ *Rain on the Roof*
★★★ *A Handful of Stars*
★★★ *September Serenade*

These are four of the items cut by the Swingin' Swedes Leonard Feather assembled on his trip to Stockholm last summer. First two have solos by Reinhold Svensson's piano, Putte Wickman's clarinet and Rolf Berg's guitar. *Stars* is a baritone solo by the eminent Lars Gullin and *Serenade*, as an alto solo by Arne Domnerus with piano interlude by Bengt Hallberg, compares interestingly with the James Moody version. (Prestige 749, 750.)

Anita O'Day

★★★ *Key Largo*
★ *Hi Ho Trailus Bootship*

Reissues of two of Anita's more successful Signature sides. Benny Carter led the band and co-wrote the pretty *Largo* melody. Alvy West's band never gets off the ground on *Bootship*, a flimsy fast blues trifle. (Coral 60697.)

Django Reinhardt

★★ *Double Whiskey*
★ *Impromptu*

The French have discovered bop, and lo, they are lost. Of the six guys on these sides, only alto man Hubert Fol emerges unscathed. The first side is a cute riff tune, but Django trying to make the modern jazz sound like a fish out of whiskey, *Impromptu* to say accustomed to such mature sounds as those of Farlow, Mundell, Chas Wayne et al. *Impromptu* goes so fast that everyone, trying to follow a pace they evidently heard established by Bird, sounds bewitched, bothered and bedraggled. (Decca 28145.)

Ben Webster

★★★ *I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good*
★★★★ *Spang*

Reissues of some sides cut for Haven around 1945, with Bill De Arango on guitar and Al Haig on piano. *Spang* is a minor, medium paced 32 bar chorus with Ben's rich, warm personal sound at its greatest. De Arango again makes us regret he retired to Cleveland. (Brunswick 20177.)

Mary Lou Williams

When Dreams Come True
Bobo
Handy Eyes
Kool
Lover, Come Back to Me
Tisharomo
S'posin'
The Sheik

Album Rating: ★★★

Mary Lou is accompanied by Willy (Bobo) Correa on bongos and Billy Taylor on bass.

For the most part, these sides represent Mary on her bop kick, with less of the individual personality than we would have liked to find. Indeed, much of the personality here is infused by the bongos playing, and it is not an endearing one. Eight numbers with this instrumentation, especially since the bongos are quite heavily favored in the balancing of the trio, can become wearing.

There is much that is original and charming here, notably in *The Sheik* and *Kool*, and much that shows a striving for effects, even if at times it's a bit strained. Allan Morrison deserves a special nod for his long, lucid and literate album notes, best of the many written about Mary. (Circle L-412.)

Lester Young

I Want a Little Girl
Countless Blues
Pagin' the Devil
Way Down Yonder in New Orleans
Three Little Words
Four O'Clock Drag
Jo Jo
I Got Rhythm

Album Rating: ★★★

The four top items in this LP stem from a session on which Lester Young played clarinet as well as tenor. This alone makes it almost unique; then, too, there's the almost quaint sound of an electric guitar, 1928 style, essayed by Eddie Durham and backed by Freddie Green's regular guitar in this pianolose combo. Buck Clayton lends his muted horn to many of the quietly pleasant moments.

The other four numbers were made at a Kansas City Six date six years later, with a rhythm section that is strong in names (Bushkin, John Simmons, Jo Jones) but weak in beat. Bill Coleman's trumpet, long past its peak by 1944, adds little, leaving Pres and trombonist Dickie Wells to provide most of the kicks.

The eight tunes are combined in an LP called *Kansas City Style*. (Commodore FL 20021.)

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 (♯♯).

Earl Bostic

★★ *Lover Come Back to Me*
★★★★ *The Moon Is Low*
Lover is an uneventful jazz alto solo

that skirts around the melody for two and a half minutes. *Moon* has much more variety, not only in Bostic's tone and attack but in the rhythmic underlining. This side will sell it. (King 4511.)

Billy Bunn

★★★★ *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*
★★★ *That's When Your Heartaches Begin*

Billy is making a strong bid for the title of Male Soprano of the Year. He's at his most dramatic on *Until*; despite the frequency with which records of this song appear, the side should still have a big impact. Backing is a good ballad co-authored by Fred Fisher. (Victor 20-4657.)



NEW VOCAL SOUND has been provided by Billy Bunn on his recent Victor records. Like Jimmy Scott, Johnnie Ray and other recent successful disc sellers, Billy is one of the male singers who encroach on the female range for his warblings.

The Dominoes

★★★★ *When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano*
★★★★ *That's What You're Doing to Me*

Organ, mission bell effects, a high tenor voice and an almost dead-stop tempo make *Capistrano* the Dominoes' best bid for a best-seller since their fabulous *Sixty Minute Man*. Coupling is a 32-bar jump opus with a blues feel. (Federal 12059.)

Helen Humes

★★★ *Loud Talkin' Woman*
★★ *They Raided the Joint*

Both recorded at a Blues Jubilee concert, with a huge arena acoustical sound and much lusty laughing at the lyrical lines from the big audience. Those who remember the gentle charm of Helen's Basie days will lament her having to shout the blues so loud that all the music is

gone from her voice; nevertheless, for blues audiences, the first side in particular will be strong meat with a dash of cayenne. (Decca 28118.)

The Orioles - Buddy Lucas

★★★ *It's Over Because We're Through*
★★★ *Waiting*

Willie Bryant's old band theme makes apt material for this group's popular slow-tempo groove. First chorus is a tenor voice solo, then the tempo doubles briefly as the group comes in. Of course, there's an organ in the accompaniment. *Waiting* is a medium-paced ballad with a beat. Either side can move. (Jubilee 5082.)

Mabel Scott

★★★★ *Yes*
★★★★ *Shut-Eye*

Mabel's laughing, extrovert personality really beams through the grooves of *Yes*, a song much better suited to her than the string of boogie-woogie to which she was so long confined. Coupling starts out with this line: *Every shut-eye ain't sleep, every goodbyes ain't gone*, and goes on from there into some happy fast blues. Small band with unnamed good tenor helps to make Mabel able. (Coral 60703.)

Al Sears

★★ *Berry Well*
★ *Marshall Plan*

This is the Johnny Hodges band without Hodges, and also without anything exciting to say. Emmett Berry delivers his ditty, first muted and then open, in a mildly pleasing performance. *The Plan* dedicated to drummer Joe Marshall, though credited to three writers, is a rehash of trite blues riffs and solos to which even Lawrence Brown cannot lend any distinction. (King 4520.)

Terry Timmons

★★★★ *I Could Make You Care*
★★★ *Mr. Love Love*

Terry, who has been doing nicely around Cincinnati and Cleveland, sounds almost exactly like Dinah Washington on the ballads side, but by no means like a cheap carbon copy. It's a convincing job, with good subdued orchestral backing. Reverse is a jumping blues by Howard Biggs. (Victor 20-4675.)

Muddy Waters

★★★★ *All Night Long*
★★★ *Country Boy*

Elemental, plaintive blues by Waters' voice and guitar, with harmonica. Strong southern stuff. (Chess 1509.)

Earl Williams

★★★★ *I Don't Want To Take a Chance*
★★★ *Lost Without You*

With any luck at all, this talented singer will come up with a real hit soon. He sounds just enough, but not too much like B, and his orchestral backing by George Williams is first class. Saxen and Bobby Hackett's unbilled trumpet help the *Three Flames*' composition on the first title; a minor melody with superior lyrics gives him ammunition on the second. (Okeh 6874.)

RAGTIME MARCHES ON

TIED NOTES

BROWNING-ROUHOUTER - Bill Browning, bass drummer with singing Broa. circus, and Martha Kohoutek, March 10 in Waco, Texas.
FRIML-LING - Rudolf Friml, composer, and Kay Linn, his secretary, April 18 in San Francisco.

HUMPHREY-MOORE - Claude Everett Humphrey, drummer, and Dorothy Eitel-Moore, April 20 in Chicago.
MAZZITELLI-BENZIE - Vito Masielli, lead alto with Lee Vincent, and Mary Benise, February 8 in Wilkes Barre, Pa.

NEW NUMBERS

BOWERS - A son, Jay Philip, to Mr. and Mrs. Phil Bowers, April 6 in Chicago. Dad plays trombone with Gay Claridge, mother is Carol Sherry of Sherry Sisters Trio.
BROWNFIELD - A daughter, Dinah, to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Brownfield April 12 in Covington, Ky. Father is member of the Belaires, WLW-T, Cincinnati, trio.
GARRER - A son recently to Mr. and Mrs. Billy Carrier in Mariemont, Ohio. Father is a member of the Swanee River Boys, vocal team heard over WLW and WLW-T, Cincinnati.
POPP - A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Wally Popp, April 24 in Hollywood. Father is Danny Thomas' accompanist.

SALUS - A daughter, Pate, to Mr. and Mrs. Pete Salus, March 28 in Wilkes Barre, Pa. Dad is trumpeter with the Lee Vincent orchestra.
SANDERS - A son, Charles Robert (8 lbs. 5 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Sanders, Dad is drummer, formerly with Billy Simmons and Curly Williams. Mother, Elizabeth Sanders, was formerly a singer with the O'Conner Sisters.
WHISLEY - A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Whisley, April 8 in Fitchburg, Mass. Dad is program director and disk jockey at WFGM in Fitchburg.

FINAL BAR

ASHLEY - Mrs. Xusia Y. Z. Ashley, 88, former mezzo soprano, April 17 in Riverhead, L. I.
BAMMAN - Catharine A. Bamman, 69, former concert manager, April 20 in Williamsburg, Va.
COHN - Zinky Cohn, 48, pianist, April 18 in Chicago.
FOX - Robert L. Fox, orchestra leader, April 15 in Danbury, Conn.

GRAVITT - Clarence W. Gravitt, former drummer with the Queen City Negro Concert Band, Sedalia, Mo. (1892-1898), April 17 in Sedalia.
JOHNSON - Hardesty Johnson, 53, concert and opera tenor, April 23 in New York City. He appeared at the Hollywood Bowl and with the New Opera Co. in N. Y.
KENZEL - Frank J. Kenzel, 79, former pianist and music teacher, April 10 in Wildwood, N. J.
LE MASSINA - Clarence Edward Le Massina, 83, composer-author, April 17 in East Orange, N. J.
FALITZ - Mother, 64, of Morty Falitz, Decca artist and repertoire chief, April 11 in New York City.
PRIES - Theodore Pries, 24, pianist, April 16 in Washington. He had appeared as soloist with the National Symphony, Washington, and the Boston Pops Orchestra.
SCHREINER - Otto Schreiner, 83, former violinist of the Met Opera orchestra, April 14 in New York City.
SCHUMANN - Elisabeth Schumann, 63, operatic soprano and lieder singer, April 28 in New York City.

SMITH - Dr. Leonard Joseph Smith, 71, music editor of the Toronto Globe, April 18 in Toronto. He wrote his music column under name of Leo Smith.

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Barclay Allen

(Jumped from Page 1)

cloaked in the exploitation of an Allen original, *Cinmana*. Martin single-handed has made the piece an almost "must" item for popular piano soloists, as well as hotel bands. Capitol Records cooperated, too, by reissuing Allen's recordings.

Martin At Work

Since that time, Allen was rarely heard from or about. That was the case up to the morning of deadline for this issue of the *Beat*. That morning, Freddy called me on the phone at home and enthusiastically brought me up to date on Barclay Allen.

"Here's a real story of courage," said Freddy. "Without telling anyone about it, Barclay, whose arms recovered well from the accident, got into a wheel chair, went into a Hollywood recording studio and started fooling around with a multiple-dub idea for piano. Mind you, without the use of his legs for the pedals.

"Barclay sent me the resulting records. I thought they were wonderful and took them to Dave Kapp, the recording boss at RCA Victor. He agreed that they were great and bought the masters for Victor. This alone is precedent, for Victor has never been known to take outside masters. In addition, Dave is going to sign Barclay to a long term Victor recording contract."

That Ain't All

So Barclay Allen has got himself back into the business he most loves and best knows by sheer courage. Working from his wheel chair, he was able to produce an effort that is going to get an all-out promotion drive from the powerful RCA company. And, as if that doesn't show enough of show business' heart, one of the music trade's leading record exploiters, Jim Mc-

Counterpoint

Deejays-- A Postscript

By NAT HENTOFF

My paean of dispraise to most of the nation's disc jockeys brought forth two provocative letters from members of the confraternity in the May 7 *Beat*.

Howard Garland of KFMB, San Diego, is rather wroth over what he calls my "absolutist proposals." Actually, Mr. Garland misinterpreted my original column due either to fuzzy writing on my part or quick reading on his.

I do not propose that the nation's disc jockeys make like phoenix birds overnight and rise from the ashes the next AFRA morning with programs consisting entirely of jazz. Not only is this totally unimaginable but, as a lady from West Virginia sternly wrote me after the disc jockey column, "We listeners like the kind of music the disc jockeys play."

Multiple Husbands

What I do advocate and what the writer of the other letter, Jack Garrett, WJQS, Jackson, Miss., is actively doing, is quite another thing. I believe the disc jockey should occasionally play records of musical quality by first-rate jazz artists so that the audience can get a chance to hear that there are other sounds in music besides multiple voices, multiple husbands of Leslie Caron and multiple tears.

It is unfair to both jazz and the average listener to say that jazz can't make it popularly when it rarely if ever gets an opportunity to be heard. The process of including jazz into a pop show admittedly has to be accomplished slowly and with taste. Otherwise, if the unoriented listener is suddenly barraged by only Getz, Brubeck and Billie records, he will cling even more firmly to the familiar and be permanently lost to jazz.

Love Music Madly

When the disc jockey both knows and loves music, he can accomplish some forceful results by more musical programming. As Mr. Garrett writes, "... in this once hillbilly-infested country, I have people now requesting Stan Getz and Sarah Vaughan and I'm proud of it."

The record itself has Allen playing piano on four tracks, giving the effect of a piano quartet, with rhythm section assistance. First coupling's titles are *After You've Gone* and *Cherokee*.

The kind of heart Allen displayed deserves a big reward. While it could only be partial recompense, a hit record would go a long way toward paying it off. So, let us be among the first to wish that his first RCA record sells at least a million.

Martino Scheduled For Rapid Fame Via 'Here In My Heart'

New York—Al Martino has been singing all his life but in the space of exactly three recorded minutes he is well on his way toward becoming one of the hottest new vocalists in the country. *Here In My Heart*, recorded on Dave Miller's B.B.S. label, has lifted the 24 year old singer out of "left field" and catapulted him to imminent stardom.

Things are happening. The hitherto unknown Philadelphia lad has been signed to Capitol Records, is currently on the Coast for seven tests, and is due East for a promotion tour and an opening at the New York Paramount soon.

Singing is not new in the Martino family. Al comes from a long line of opera singers, including the famous Italian tenor who bears the family name. Perhaps this tradi-

tion is responsible for the kid's ability to belt a song in street-singer style.

Discoverer

Other factors are equally responsible for the chanter's success. Another unknown, Monty Kelly, conducted a 37-piece studio orchestra on the date in professional fashion.

Miller, who "found" Martino last launched a group called the Four Aces with an obscure song called *Sin*.

Tin Pan Alley publishers were pitching hard for *Here Is My Heart*, but Bobby Mellin and Mellin Music had it all the while. Discera are jumping on as well. Tony Bennett at Columbia and Alan Dale at Coral were among the first of the majors to cover. Song is slated for many versions, but young Martino should wind up with most of the loot.

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Granz' Tale Of Europe

(See Page 1)

★ ★ ★

Johnnie Ray Blindfolded

(See Page 12)

★ ★ ★

Steve Allen

(See Page 2)

★ ★ ★

Classical Music

(See Page 1)

★ ★ ★

On The Cover
**Pfc. Eddie
Fisher**

