

AFM Convention

Petrillo Labels TV Critics 'Bunch Of Lousy Fiddlers'

By Charles Emge

Hollywood — Local musicians, the few who had access to the news, literally seethed at Jimmy Petrillo's AFM Convention blast in which he referred to the Local 47 members who have been advocating the removal of the Federation's 5% royalty take-off on musical telefilms as a "bunch of lousy fiddlers."

But even Petrillo's noisy utterances, calculated to boost his standing with the hundreds of delegates from smaller locals whose members profit from the carefully doled out disbursements from the AFM's "Welfare Fund" (theoretically controlled by a trustee, but in the opinion of most AFM members, subject to the control of local union officials), did little to break the familiar pattern of the usual AFM convention.

Petrillo, as usual, ranted about widespread unemployment in the AFM, blaming it, as usual on the Taft-Hartley Act and the unrestricted use of recorded music. He did not point out that most of these so-called "unemployed musicians" are "retired musicians" who work regularly in other occupations, play an occasional engagement or merely keep up their local union memberships because of death benefits or for sentimental reasons.

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DOWN BEAT

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John Kirby, 43, Dies On Coast

Hollywood — John Kirby, bass playing leader of what was probably the most famous band of its kind in jazz history, died June 14 after a sudden attack believed to have been due to diabetes. He was 43.

Kirby, a Baltimorean who came to New York in 1924, earned fame as a sideman with the Fletcher Henderson and Chick Webb bands, then formed his own sextet which opened at the Onyx Club in 1937. His musical and matrimonial partnership with Maxine Sullivan coincided with the era of their greatest success.

By 1941 he had the only Negro orchestra with its own sponsored radio show (there has been none since, except the King Cole Trio). His group, featuring such stars as Billy Kyle, Charlie Shavers, Russ Procope and Buster Bailey, played such locations as the Waldorf-Astoria, Fefe's Monte Carlo, Cafe Society Uptown, and the Pump Room.

Bucolia!

New York—Looks as if bands didn't lose it at the Astor after all.

The Grand Ole Opry show that took their place a few weeks ago closed June 21, and the Astor staff has been busy sweeping up the eggs. Carmen Cavallaro opened the next day.

Clooney—James, Day—Faith Teamed

New York—Columbia Records' Mitch Miller created a pair of new disc teams on his recent trip to Hollywood. Mitch coupled Rosemary Clooney with Harry James and band for an album, to be issued late in August, of eight Academy Award songs.

On a second group of sessions, Doris Day was recorded to the accompaniment of Percy Faith's studio orchestra. Percy made the trip to the Coast especially for this date.

Basie's Big Band, Pres Young Await Birdland Reunion

New York—Count Basie will bring his new big band into Birdland on July 24 for a two week engagement. It will mark the Count's first Broadway appearance in a couple of years, and his first in four years with a big band.

Date will be focused around a number of gimmicks, one of which will feature Basie at the Hammond organ in addition to piano. Second will highlight a battle of saxes between Basie's alumnus, Lester Young (who will also work the club during the Basie date) and Paul Quinichette, regular Basie tenor. The saxists will be billed as the "President" vs. the "Vice-President."

Negotiations were in progress at presstime for other notable Basie alumni to participate in the reunion session.

Spinning With Web

Disc Dizzy Music Business, In Slump, Has Lost Courage Of Its Convictions

By HAL WEBMAN

'Big Show' To Restart Sep. 15

New York—The second edition of the "Big Show," the concert package which toured last fall with Nat Cole, Duke Ellington, and Sarah Vaughan spotlighted, will hit the road once again this year.

The talent to go with the package has not yet been rounded out, though it is a certainty that Nat will be a holdover from last year's package.

The show will take to the road on Sept. 15 and will be booked through the Gale Agency.

Traditionally, the summer season has been marked down as the "slack" season for the music business. Traditionally, the guys in the industry, when summer comes upon them, raise all sorts of wails and moans that this is the end, this is where they're going to have to get off. Traditionally, comes September, business begins to perk up and, by October, rolls in full gear. Traditionally, the summer mourning wails suddenly assume a new cloak of optimism in the fall.

But tradition has been taking an awful beating this summer. Business is bad, as is usually anticipated. But it's so bad that the customary wails have assumed a seriousness which is not to be passed over lightly.

There's an old saying in the industry—it's nothing that a hit (Turn to Page 19)

Heftis Due At NY Paramount

New York—The Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne band will make its first local, and first important, personal appearance at the Paramount Theater here. The band's opening date has been set tentatively for either July 2 or July 9.

Industry Drive To Sell Dance Music, Dancing Goes Foreward

New York—Representatives of every element of the dance business met here last week to formulate a program for the organization of an all-industry association which would be dedicated to the exploiting of dancing and dance music on a national consumer level.

This meeting developed out of an earlier conclave held last April 12 and which was reported exclusively in the May 7 Down Beat.

The latest meeting was held past presstime, but it was known that its itinerary included discussion of a lengthy agenda of proposals and suggestions with regard to how each of the industry's elements could participate in the association. These extended from cooperative exploitation and cross-plugging by bandleaders and specially-prepared, coordinated disc jockey exploitation to specially-designed record company consumer exploitation, etc.

The meeting further explored the matter of naming the association. Dance Association of America, Association for the Advancement of Dance Music in America, American Dance Association, and American Dance Music Society were four of the suggested names.

Other discussion was scheduled to focus on means of financing such an association.

Participating were bandleaders working in this area, bookers, disc jockeys, record company repertoire and promotion, personal managers, and trade newspapermen, the latter called in as an advisory group.

The primary purpose of the new gathering was to prepare for a general meeting which would bring together every conceivable interested party and which would serve as the official springboard for the association.

It already has been established that a good number of the leading bandleaders would endorse such an association. These include Ralph Flanagan, Woody Herman, Count Basie, Ralph Marterie, Buddy Morrow, Duke Ellington, Sammy Kaye, Frankie Carle, Billy May, Neal Hefti, Lionel Hampton, and more.



Eddie Sauter conducts while Bill Finnegan plays.

Sauter—Finnegan Create Band With 'New Look'

New York—Eddie Sauter and Bill Finnegan are optimists. In the light of what they've seen happening to the music business, and of the rebuffs they have encountered, this in itself is remarkable.

But fortunately they have a couple of other optimists on their side who are pretty powerful, and who Sauter-Finnegan orchestra idea from a one-session record experiment into a living, lasting thing. One of these men is Willard Alexander, the booking agent who, more than anyone else in his field, made swing music what it is and was through his launching of the Goodman and Basie band.

The other optimist is Dave Kapp of RCA Victor, a record business pioneer who dares to believe, as so few a & r men seem to want to believe nowadays, that it's a good idea to make records you may be proud to have in your catalog 15 years hence; records you will be able to sell during the next decade or two, as well as right now.

Piquant Preview

Through the concerted planning and thinking of these four men, the first Sauter-Finnegan sides were cut recently—two at one session, two more at another, because it took time and rehearsal and patience. We heard a preview of the results up at Willard's office a couple of weeks ago, and were delighted with what we heard.

As Sauter explained to us over lunch afterward, "There are so many sounds, natural sounds, that still haven't been utilized in popular music. This outfit is designed

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'Down Beat's' Five Star Discs

The following records represent the cream of the past two weeks' crop. See page 10 for complete record reviews.

POPULAR

TONY BENNETT Have A Good Time (Columbia 39764).
DON CORNELL This Is The Beginning Of The End (Coral 60748).
FRANKIE LAINE High Noon (Columbia 39770).

JAZZ

JOHNNY SMITH QUINTET Moonlight In Vermont (Roost 457).
GEORGE WALLINGTON TRIO Eight selections (Progressive LP3001).

RHYTHM AND BLUES

LITTLE ESTHER Aged And Mellow (Federal 12078).

Cover Subject

The cover pic of Perry Como was taken by Popsie at the annual golf tournament-dinner given for Perry by music publishers and attended by men from every element of the music world. Perry shot a 76 at the tourney, would have won but for the fact he was the honored guest.

This was the summer that Como had planned to make his first personal appearance tour in a number of years, but at the last minute he decided to call it off in favor of sticking to his regular Chesterfield TV show for most of the summer; he will take but a four-week vacation.

Mitch, The Bearded Hit-Maker Slaps Musical Snobbishness

(Editor's Note: The following article is composed of the afterthoughts of Mitch Miller made during his recent Blindfold Test and preserved on tape by blindfolded Leonard Feather. Mitch, of course, is popular recording director of Columbia Records, is an artist in his own right, and also ranks as one of the world's foremost oboists.)

By MITCH MILLER

Musical snobbishness is one of the curses of the music business. Many of the most eloquent things have been said very simply and the simple things are the hardest things to say well. And yet at times people will confuse simplicity for lack of talent and lack of knowledge, and, conversely, will think that because something is complicated, it therefore has to be good.

I think the main thing that musicians should remember is to set up in their mind what they want to accomplish on a piece of music and see it through. I think that is one of the big mistakes that are made in the record industry: no one knows what they are doing until they get into the studio and then it's too late.

Wonderful Jenkins

Simplicity is one of the keynotes of Gordon Jenkins' work and Gordon is a wonderful musician. I learned a lot from listening to his records because he has reduced musical communications down to their simplest terms and they still remain palatable. I think that there again people are deceived by the simplicity. It's very hard to do and keep your interest.

Incidentally, Gordon Jenkins will tell you that Kostelanetz is one of the best leaders in the business—he knows because he used to work for him. I know some people don't like the lushness and all that, but no one knows better what he is doing than Kostelanetz.

Then, of course, Percy Faith is one of the greatest composers of all time, and I would say the greatest composer of all is Alec Wilder.

Galvanize, Men!

In writing, orchestrating, performing, if there is someone who can give a galvanizing thought to all the people who are working on production, the end result would be much, much better.

I think tape has helped this tremendously, because in the old days many great performances were left in the vaults because of a breakdown after a great solo, and so those performances were lost; but now, if we have a conductor who is smart enough to continue a tempo, we can always find a place to splice, and we can save those performances.

I think that people like Nat Cole and Billy Eckstine have finally come to realize that their art means nothing unless they can communicate it to somebody, and it has to be somebody who will show enthusiasm, and buy the records, and come to see and hear them—otherwise they are out of business.

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Patti Will Get Teeth Into TV

New York—Patti Page is the latest star to bid for a future on TV. Beginning July 8, Patti will take to TV on a twice-weekly 15 minute show which will be seen via NBC-TV every Tuesday and Thursday.

The show is not a summer replacement deal; Patti will stay on a regular TV feature if all goes well during the initial 13 week segment. Show will be called *Chlorodont Showcase* with the tab due to be picked up by the Lever Brothers, whose toothpaste gave the program its title. Format of the show will include the use of guest stars.

Bushkin, Gleason Touring Together

New York—Joe Bushkin canceled out his deal with Hollywood's Crescendo Club at the last minute in favor of a theatre tour with a unit that headlines Jackie Gleason and also features the De Marco Sisters.

Bushkin takes his regular quartet to Pittsburgh for this package, opening July 3, with dates on successive weeks in Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati and other cities.

Other members of the Bushkin quartet are Buck Clayton, trumpet; Milt Hinton, bass, and Jo Jones, drums.

Oh, Brother!

New York—Billy Eckstine, who a few years ago was playing bop trombone in front of a bop band that pioneered with Gillespie, Parker, Navarro and other bop immortals, was credited with the following statement in the widely-circulated *Daily News* here:

"Only those who didn't know very much about popular music became bebopping exhibitionists. (Bebop) is just a fraud. Whatever little good the beboppers developed has already been absorbed by the modern school."

The interviewer, who said Billy "detests bebop and its school of followers," also said that Willie Smith was in the Earl Hines band when Eckstine joined it. (Willie never worked with Earl.)

Ventura Out Of Krupa Trio

New York—Charlie Ventura and Gene Krupa parted company early in June by mutual consent. Ventura is working at his own New Jersey spot while Krupa, now on tour, plans to go ahead with the trip to Europe which they were to have made jointly.

Reason for Ventura's departure allegedly was his reluctance to go to Europe. Krupa is due in Stockholm this week with a new man in CV's place.

Belafonte May Be Set At MGM Studios

New York—The MGM Studios have drawn up (but had not yet signed at pretime) a seven-year movie contract with Harry Belafonte, 27-year-old folk singer now at the Village Vanguard.

If the deal goes through he will be guaranteed 20 weeks' work a year in two pictures. First will be *Making Of A Marine*.

SONGS FOR SALE

♦♦ Starring ♦♦

STEVE ALLEN



There is an ancient joke that says a popular songwriter is a man who takes a melody composed by one of the masters and decomposes it. Whatever value the observation may have as humor, it has little relation to fact. The great majority of contemporary composers have a need to fall back on the classics for musical inspiration since, as we have seen, the great tragedy of songwriting is that it is such a simple thing.

Certain popular numbers, however, are based on either classical or semi-classical melodies, but there seems to be no justification for the viewpoint that the writers who convert established themes to the popular idiom are parasitical and underhanded.

A composer who passed off a melodic strain by Mozart as something of his own creation would doubtless be guilty of flagrant dishonesty, but professional writers rarely, if ever, are unwise enough to deny the nature of an adaptation. It is rather the custom today to insert a notice on the sheet music to the effect that a number is based on a theme in the public domain if such is the case.

Who's This Chopin?

Although there has been a definite trend toward "country" music during the past year or two, a reverse tendency has sent Tin Pan Alley denizens to the classics in greater numbers than ever before in search of singable melodic ideas, and publishers are making it more of a point than they did formerly to credit the original composer.

At one time, while it was not exactly denied that a song such as *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows* was based on a classic (Chopin's *Fantasia Impromptu*), it is safe to say that the story of its origin was not widely publicized. Today, however, music-fans are aware that the waltz *You* was taken from the opera *La Boheme*, that *Since My Love Has Gone* was taken from *La Traviata*, and that *Love Me, Love Me, Love Me*, was based on Tchaikowsky's *Waltz Of The Flowers*.

Biggest Hits

One of the biggest hits of 1951, *Loveliest Night Of The Year*, was adapted from the widely-recognized *Over The Waves*. This number, incidentally, had been coupled with at least five other lyrics without profitable result before Paul Francis Webster wrote the *Loveliest Night* words.

1952 ushered in its bumper musical crop with several revisions, the most notable of which was *It's All In The Game*, based on Vice-President Charles Dawes' *Melody*.

The most pronounced success of an adaptation in recent years was that enjoyed in 1945 by *Till The End Of Time*, a modernized version of Chopin's *Polonaise*.

Latin Sources

A similar source for pop hits has been the supply of Latin standards. The trend toward numbers of this type was kicked off by last year's *Get Ideas* (from *Adios Muchachos*) and given further impetus by *Kiss Of Fire* (from *El Choclo*).

Is the amateur writer as much at liberty to dip into the library of established themes as the professional? Technically, yes; practically, it's not that simple.

First of all the tyro may have trouble determining that a particular melody is actually in the public domain; secondly he may unknowingly try to peddle a song that an established writer has already adapted. These reasons do not, however, prohibit the beginner from collaborating with Tchaikowsky or Debussy; they just make his job a little tougher.

But then, as I've been saying, he already has the toughest job in the world.

Turning The Tables—VI

Jox Jump In New Orleans; Nurture Interest In Jazz

By AUNT ENNA

New Orleans—This area is teeming with disc jockeys, and a not inconsiderable portion of them can be credited with helping to nurture local interest in jazz.

Among the more prominent deejays on the scene currently

Dick (Moonlight With) Martin, heard from midnight until 1 a.m., CST via WWL, 50,000 watt clear channel station, plays jazz of the mid-30s on, with extra helpings of good combo material. Dick gets letters and cards of approval from all 48 states . . . Larry Wilson, WNOE favorite, back from a vacation in NYC, sat in as guest reviewer on Joe's Record Rack, rating new releases. Joe's RR features the new discs each Saturday, selecting the best of the week. Guests include headliners in town, localities plus spinners from other stations. Show is heard on WJMR, local indie.

Hooper-Duper

Bob Hamilton, WDSU, who handles *The Top Twenty* at 1230, daily feature of the local NBC outlet, has highest Hooper of any local programming on the station . . . Harry Nigocia, WJBW, ending 19th year of same time, same station . . . Larry Regan, early a.m. spieler and spinner at WTPS, one of the brightest on the local scene, has strong following among early risers . . . Clarence Hayman as Bottle Stoppa, now piloting the

Jam, Jive and Gumbo show on WJMR, replacing Duke Thiele, who moved to WNOE . . . Thiele, formerly known as Poppa Stoppa, now has an afternoon and a late night show, utilizing a personality known as "PaPa Duke." . . . Vernon (Dr. Daddy-O) Winslow currently doubling between WMRY, daytime indie and WWEZ, full time indie.

Dixie Everywhere

All stations have shows featuring Dixieland. One of the oldest and most listened to is the Saturday evening show presented by Roger Wolfe on WDSU. Rog has been a real friend (without recompense) to the local jazz musicians. In addition, many local musicians are represented on his record label, New Orleans Bandwagon, including Armand Hug, Sharkey, Papa Celestin and the Dukes of Dixieland. Speaking of the last named, the Dukes did one session away from Roger, for Imperial and as his luck would have it, the kids came up with a hit, the *Bourbon Street Parade*, a Paul Barbarin composition.



FOURTH OF JULY is celebrated in typical press-agent fashion in the above pictorial bulletin from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Subject is Barbara Ruick, whose charms recently adorned our record review section (*Down Beat*, July 2).



NOT SINCE SINATRA have any scenes been witnessed, in a theater or on a stage, such as those which took place during the recent three-week stand of Johnnie Ray at the Paramount theater on Times Square. Show-business history was made, not merely in boxoffice grosses but in the de-

gree of fervent teen-age enthusiasm shown by the audience. What transpired (and who perspired) can be seen in the pictures above. At left is Johnnie's most emotional moment in one of his biggest ballads, *Glee Me Time*. Center pic shows fans rising to greet Johnnie while cameramen's shut-

ters flash. Johnnie's press agent complained that had the police not interfered a good old-fashioned riot might have been started. At right, Johnnie emerges from stage door to answer requests of dozens of fans (and one cop) for autographs. Photos by Popsie.

Coast's Minor League Record Firms Jumpin'

By CHARLES EMGE

Hollywood—During the sales-dizzy War years when anyone who could get access to a supply of shellac and a pressing plant sold anything and everything he could unload on unwary retailers, Los Angeles had almost as many new record labels as coming off the presses as there are religious cults hereabouts, and there are said to be over 2,000 with headquarters within easy distance of Hollywood Blvd. and Vine St.

With the readjustment to something like normalcy, or, as some see it, the sad times that hit the record and music business with the post-war slump, most of the newcomers fell by the wayside, leaving everything from unpaid bills to some extraordinarily interesting masters, many of which fell into the hands of the survivors for little or almost nothing.

But a quick look at the independent label operators who are now solidly entrenched here (and there are countless others elsewhere) is enough to show the extent to which the so-called independents have become an important factor in the phonograph record industry and have actually encroached upon the major labels in more than a small way.

Aladdin Still Growing

An excellent example is Aladdin, parent firm which since has given birth to three other labels, Intro, featuring western and hillbilly; Score, devoted to spirituals and religious folk music; and Orfeo, the latter launched within the past few months for the purpose of marketing classics pressed from masters recorded in Europe by some of the Continent's leading symphony orchestras.

Aladdin was founded by Eddie Mesner in 1943 while he was still a record clerk in a local retail store. He still is a staunch jazz enthusiast. Among his first big sellers was Illinois Jacquet, whose marketability Mesner was one of the first to recognize.

Rhythm & Blues

But Mesner's chief success grew out of his ability to recognize, before most of the others now in the field, the sales potential in what is now known as the rhythm and blues idiom. Aladdin performers such as Amos Milburn, Charles Brown, and Lynn Hope are "unknowns" to many outside of the trade, but in their own markets they consistently ring up big sales figures.

Leo Mesner, brother of Eddie and a former Brooklyn high school teacher who gave up his teacher's job to join his brother in the record business, says: "The major record companies are handicapped by their tremendously overgrown catalogs. By not trying for sheer size, we preserve our flexibility. (Modulate to Page 18)

Woody Setting Fall Concerts

New York—Woody Herman will go back to concertizing in the fall, once again with Dinah Washington and part of the way with the Mills Brothers.

Woody's fall concert venture, once again to be promoted by his manager, Abe Turchen, will kick off on October 6 on the West Coast working with Dinah alone. The package will pick up the Mills Brothers on October 23 to work midwestern and eastern dates with Woody scheduled to wind up the tour in New York to open a return engagement at the Hotel Statler on November 17 for four weeks.

Lena Horne A Hit Again In London

London — Lena Horne's fans made it obvious that she was welcome back in town by giving her a sensational reception at her Palladium opening.

Hubby Lennie Hayton, in addition to taking charge of Lena's music, took over at the keyboard for one number. Lena arrived here with the trio that had accompanied her since she left the U.S. last March—Arnold Ross, Joe Benjamin and Bill Clark—but drummer Clark upped and boarded the *Liberty* to return to New York. Lennie replaced him with British drummer Tony Kinsey.

Jack Parnell and his Music Makers have been offered a Scandinavian tour with Lena, following the conclusion of her British tour, starting July 13. He's already set for some English theatre dates with her.

Bud Freeman Heads For Santiago, Chile

New York—Veteran tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman and his wife will leave for Santiago, Chile in July to make their home there. Bud says he will form a combo and work in Santiago.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

WMGM decided to drop its series of live Dixieland airings from various New York two-beat spots; reason, lack of audience interest. . . . Remo Palmieri, the Arthur Godfrey guitar star, had the last vowel legally removed from his name. . . . Pianist Ford Nelson, from Memphis, and his quintet were signed by Steve Sholes to an RCA Victor contract. . . . Tommy Burke, young blind pianist from Philadelphia, joined Oscar Pettiford's group. . . . Glen Island Casino, once a cradle of name bands including Glenn Miller's, now uses only local Westchester outfits—currently Nick Marra's.

Songs For Sale switched to a new time; it's now heard from 8 to 9 p.m. Saturdays and at presstime seemed likely to stay on the air through the summer. . . . George Woods was selected from a large field of auditioners to handle the new "Mr. Rhythm And Blues" record show on WWRL at midnight. . . . Barbara Carroll was held over for another month at the Park Sheraton. . . . Josh White, Eartha Kitt and the Ellis Larkins trio headlining the Blue Angel's last pre-summer-closing show. . . . Mel Walker and the Freddy Mitchell band signed for Mercury Records. . . . Snookie's, the midtown rhythm-and-blues spot, moved Doc Pomus and held over Phyllis Branch.

RCA Victor recorded the original cast albums of *Wish You Were Here* and *New Faces*. . . . Freddy Martin, following through with his threat, left MCA and will be booked on a free-lance basis. . . . Art Satherley, veteran hillbilly recording man and vice-president of Columbia Records, resigned his post and retired after 39 years with the company. . . . Danny Kessler, Okeh Records recording boss, currently is on the first leg of a two-month tour of the country. . . . Louis Armstrong renewed his contract with Decca Records and will continue to record for the firm for at least another two years.

Perry Como decided to call off his proposed theater dates this summer. Instead he will continue with his TV show through most of the summer and will take only a four-week vacation. Had to call off dates at both the Paramount Theater here and at the Chicago Theater, Chicago. . . . Clyde McCoy and Jerry Gray moved booking management contracts to MCA. . . . Otto Harbach is likely to remain president of ASCAP, mainly because of the board's inability to come up with an adequate successor. . . . Jerry Wald took his new band to New Orleans to play its first date at the Roosevelt Hotel there. Originally he was set to play The Boulevard niter in Queens, but the spot is changing hands and will probably not follow through with the proposed band policy.

Ed Safraniski has taken over as musical director of the DeLys Theater on Christopher St. in Greenwich Village, to run jazz concerts, which will show at the theater for four weeks, then take to the road for another four weeks, starting this coming September. . . . Joann Royce playing and singing at the Piano Bar, Long Branch, N.J., for the summer. . . . Big Three (Frank Orchard, valve trombone; Bill Fogelson, piano; Dennis Strong, drums) opened at O'Neil's, 33rd and Eighth Ave. in Manhattan. . . . Rudy Traylor, drummer, has left Pearl Bailey to go out with a band featuring Mary Louise and Jimmy Fox. Band has a Victor contract.

Veteran William Morris Agency booker Dick Henry resigned his position there. . . . Paul Neighbors band recorded for Abbey. . . . Two Ton Baker switched from Mercury to Coral. . . . Horace Diaz opened the Atlantic Beach Club with trumpet, three reeds, accordion, bass and timbales. . . . Sid Brooks, for the past year Sammy Kaye's flack, quit to open his own office in town. Roy Maxwell, road manager for Kaye, will take on Sid's clothes. . . . Teddy Charles

Trio opened a new spot, the Wigwam Room on the Iroquois Hotel on 44th St., managed by Ray Barron, who is Teddy's manager. . . . Rosemary Calvin to Coast to appear on the Spike Jones TV show.

Hadda Brooks left for London, to open at the Club Bagatelle. . . . The Symphony Sids (Lois Torin, the model) broke up. . . . MGM Records trying out a new sales gimmick in connection with its *Lovely To Look At* (Roberta) album: a special 30-day "introductory" retail price of \$2.29 for the \$3.00 LP, and slightly larger reductions for the 45 and 78 packages. . . . Album is from the sound track of the picture. . . . Jean Parks, glamour girl who once sang with Earl Hines' band, now operating her own club in Paris, called Jean's Intrigue. . . . Lou Levy, now in a big legal fight with the Andrews Sisters, is demanding their removal as directors of their Eight-to-the-Bar Ranch, accusing them of abusing their authority. Lou holds a 25% interest in the Ranch corporation.

CHICAGO

Pianist Lou Levy came out of retirement long enough to join Georgie Auld for a week at St. Paul's Flame and a weekend here at the Silhouette. Then back to Minneapolis to sell advertising. . . . June 27 brought Louis Armstrong back to the Blue Note for a month. Duke comes in for a three-weeker on July 25. Big news from the spot is that Benny Goodman is definitely set for two weeks on Aug. 15. Personnel not known at writing, but anyone who knows Benny knows he'll have crack men.

Max Miller is now working at the Streamliner. In addition, Max has opened a shop at 222 W. North avenue at which he's handling hi-fi equipment, musical instruments, television, etc. He's also taken over distribution of Life records. Busy cat. . . . Bandleader Johnny Bruce, in Champaign, also owns a booking agency, has set his and Tony Prince's hands through the summer on one-nighters and resort locations. . . . Johnny Schenck has started Dixie sessions at Geller's again. One on June 7 spotted Lee Collins, Art Hodes, Danny Alvin, Jimmy Granato, Floyd O'Brien, and Earl Murphy.

Booker T. Washington, veteran drummer, returned to the Bee Hive for weekends. Don Slattery and Wally Wender, among others, are along. . . . Anita O'Day began a pair at the Flame, Detroit, on June 27. . . . Chamaco still held over at the Preview's Omar room and playing some great Latin pianna. . . . Mike Maitland, from Detroit, has replaced Norm Paisley as Capitol district manager. . . . Marty Denenberg, who ran the Hi-Note on Clark street before it became a peeliery, has opened a spot with the same name on Howard street. . . . Record librarian Jeanne Ruhling left WIND.

BOSTON

Ella Fitzgerald closed the Boston Storyville for the season with a wondrous eight-day scherzo. . . . An unannounced feature was a series of spontaneous duets between Ella and Sarah Vaughan one night. Sarah was visiting in Boston and joined Ella for a set. Naturally, no one had a tape recorder. . . . Ella especially impressed local musicians with her version of Duke's *In a Mellotone*. She'd like to record it, but only if she's allowed to use her own lyrics. . . . Teddy Wilson's week at the Hi-Hat was highly successful. His relaxed, superbly integrated quartet included Harold Baker, trumpet; Connie Henry, bass; and Kelly Martin, drums. . . . Red Allen followed with a rather schizophrenic unit comprising Sonny Greer, drums; Skinny Brown, tenor; Lloyd Trotman, bass; and Kenny Kersey, piano. . . . Ivory Joe Hunter opened June 9. . . . The

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Stokowski in Action

Percy & Stokey Stoke Up A Fancy Tonal Hot-Foot

By ROB DARRELL

The heat's on. Coney Island's fun-house has opened up, but the craziest platter to bounce off a curved acoustical mirror is RCA Victor LM 1238, 12-inch, which rates at least four and one-half stars for performance and a whole-hog five stars for recording!

Sedately entitled *Stokowski Conducts Percy Grainger Favorites*, it looks like an answer to young Horowitz and their suburban pi-anny-teachers' prayers... but that certainly isn't what it sounds like! Neither Percy nor Leopold's ever completely grown up, or at least they're never predictable — and when two such bad boys go on the rampage, they really raise musical hell.

Part joking, part experimenting, their tricks' best laugh of all, perhaps, is that a lot of listeners never will catch on that they're being given some super-fancy tonal hot-feet.

Now, as you know if you've ever practiced the pianny or heard same, the long-time hits among anti-nosed ivory-ticklers and their all-enduring parents are Percy's lively little dance pieces, some spring-boarding from folk tunes like *Country Gardens*, *Shepherd's Hey*, and *Molly on the Shore*... while others, although in similar vein, are strictly originals—*Handel in the Strand* and *Mock Morris*.

Dis-Arrangements

The joker in these orchestral dis-arrangements is that the aim is to get as far away as possible from the familiar tunes (while still keeping them on a long leash) and to bring out a labyrinth of clutter-buck counterpoint, gleefully cavorting inner parts, and glittering sound-effects decorations.

Infant students of the "straight" versions well may have heart failure when they hear their respectable old friends setting off so merrily to hell in a hack, but to the more sophisticated the overall effect is tremendously exciting sonically as well as divertingly saucy. For, aided and abetted by Stokey (who understands better than any other conductor what can and can't be done with audio devices, as well as with an orchestra itself), all this spotlighting of subsidiary and ornamental passages is fantastically enhanced in the recordings—presumably by the utmost skill and ingenuity in manipulating multi-mike techniques.

Aural Legerdemain

Here are wood-wind, brass, and percussion voices, not only superbly played, but far bigger than life at times and twice as effective for the piquant points being made... sound-twisting, new-sound creating and combining that just never could be accomplished in a direct "live" performance. Sound-men have an inexhaustible textbook to study here and, while of course not all music would welcome or even endure much of such aural legerdemain, here at least it is both legitimate and incredibly fascinating.

And of course, it isn't all high jinks. The familiar Grainger setting of the *Irish Tune from County Derry* (or *Londonderry Air*) is played reasonably straight... Rather a pity, I feel, for I've always argued that it's harmonization is incongruously thick and lush for the innocently simple tune itself... something like a combination, as friend T. B. cracked, of vanilla sauce on *baba-au-rhum*. But the *Early One Morning* setting, claimed to be a new one written especially for this occasion, employs a bitter-sweet sonority scheme that makes a perfect vehicle for one of the most nostalgic and haunting melodies you've ever heard...

Pot Pourri

Overside, things return to comparative normalcy in a batch of little pieces, most of which have appeared earlier on 45 and 78 singles: Chopin's plaintive 4th and melodramatic 24th *Preludes*, Stokowskied up to Brobdingnagian sonority... Sibelius's heart-broken little harp-and-strings *Berceuse* from *The Tempest* and the familiar *Valse Triste* in a magnificently somber yet genuinely waltzing-rhythmed reading that gives it impressive new life and drama... Mozart's anticipation of Leroy Anderson in a festively glittering *Sleigh Ride* German Dance, K. 605, No. 3... and, perhaps best of all, Schubert's linked chain of intoxicatingly Viennese *Deutsche Taenbe und Econsaisen*, Op. 33 (here labelled *Tyrolean Dances*), which in themselves brim over with irresistible tunes, and in this deft orchestration and performance are also brimming over with romantic tenderness and verve.

If it hasn't got everything, this disc has a most reasonable facsimile... it offers a lot for the money and, on the Grainger side in particular, an amazing lot for ears eager to learn some of the extremes to which sheer sound-weaving can be brought today.

Peruvians Parade For Leery Londoners

London—Yma Sumac and her husband, Peruvian music authority Moises Vivanco, arrived in town recently. She was questioned very closely at a conference of the skeptical press, and succeeded in convincing everyone that she was really not Amy Camus from Brooklyn. Yma appeared at the Albert Hall accompanied by Mr. Vivanco on the guitar and by George Melachino's orchestra. One critic headlined his review: "For me, it was Inca Dinka Don't."

Seek And Ye Shall Find Huge Treasures In Bach & Mozart

By ROB DARRELL

ClassicFaves—2 Pops Armstrong

Louis Armstrong was recently asked to submit a list of his classical music preferences for the *Beat's* new series. He sent the following note and list:

"Each selection that I've picked I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to play in Erskine Tate's *Vendome Theatre Orchestra* on the South Side of Chicago in 1925, playing for silent films, which was one of the greatest thrills of my life. Yours, Louis Armstrong."

Berlio, *Romeo & Juliet*; Chopin, *Madaras*; Gershwin, *Rhapsody In Blue*; Gounod, *Faust*; MacDowell, *To A Water Lily*; To A Wild Rose; Mascagni, *Cavalleria Rusticana*; Mendelssohn, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Offenbach, *Barcarolle*, *Helen of Troy Suite*; Puccini, *La Boheme*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Tosca*; Rimsky-Korsakov, *Song Of India*; Rossini, *William Tell Overture*; Stravinsky, *The Firebird*.

Suppe, *Poet & Peasant*, *Light Cavalry*; Tchaikovsky, *Romeo & Juliet*; Verdi, *Aida*, *Falstaff*, *Rigoletto*; Wagner, *Faust Overture*, *Tannhauser*; Walteufel, *Skaters Waltz*; Weber, *Oberon Overture*.

The canny disc collector, who's anxious to make the least in dollars buy the mostest in genuinely satisfying musical experience, soon learns that it isn't always wise to be too quick on the trigger. Not all of the enticing platters hot off the griddle live up to the promise of their early notices and first hearings. Many times it pays off better to go back a bit and find out what earlier releases have stood up best in actual trial by many listeners... those that have proved in hard use to have the deepest and most enduring attractions.

So for today let's look backwards, for a change, at a couple of LP's —among many others—have been playing for some months now and which have truly grown, not diminished, in stature with every hearing. But this time, indeed, I've no hesitancy about reserving a special place for them in my own carefully winnowed permanent library—let alone recommending them for comparable honoring. They're Decca DL 9557, the *Bach Magnificat* by soloists and Rudolph Lamy Chorus with the Ansbach Bach Festival Orchestra under Ferdinand Leitner... and Westminster WL 5097, Mozart's *Piano Concertos No. 24 in C minor*, K. 491, and No. 27 in B flat minor, K. 595, played by Paul Badura-Skoda with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Felix Prohaska.

Quintessence of Bach Heard in 'Magnificat'

The Bach work is an ideal choice for those who still know the old Master only in his instrumental compositions, or maybe only in "arrangements" and "transcriptions,"

which, however effective they may be, invariably give a falsified notion of the authentic trademarked genius.

Before jumping into the almost infinite depths of his great *Mass* or one of the *Passions*, the novice Bachian can find something close to the quintessence of Bach's art in the *Magnificat*. It's comparatively short, yet it's packed with the superb eloquence and powerfully driving force that spread at greater length in the larger works.

"Comprehensively representative," is the great annotator Tovey's good word for it... and he stresses the fact that in this single work, "almost any point in Bach's treatment of words, of musical forms, and of instruments can be brilliantly illustrated."

At the same time, the *Magnificat*, quite by itself, is such a masterpiece of overwhelming grandeur and inexhaustible vitality that no one, whatever his previous musical experience, can hear it unmoved. And while there have been several pretty good editions out before on

(Turn to Page 5)

CLASSICS IN CAPSULE

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

NOVEL SLANTS

DISC DATA	RATINGS	COMMENTS
AFRICANA MUSIC, Series I: Tanganyika Territory instrumental music & comp. LONDON LB 567, 10".	***** Performance ***** Recording	● In search of rare musical Africademics, we took new to Tanganyika Territory for its exotism and being facts with the Nyanwet, Sukuma, Masai, Mwa, and (swamp mal) Haha, Haya, and Gogo tribes. These are the real McCoy and the boys and girls are at concert pitch, bringing down the old tribal huts with magnificent performances, featuring the Mahoro horns, Ligumba and Nangarong alibers, and Kokoite (seal) drums. Go Gogo, for the safari that satisfies!
CRIFFES: Piano Sonata & Roman Sketches, Op. 7. Leonid Hambro, piano. WALDEN W 100, 12".	**** Performance ***** Recording	● Griffes, only 38 when he died in 1920, was a highly touted white hope among American composers, but I'm afraid his "promise" would have petered out fast if he had lived longer. For even these two of his most substantial piano works offer little more than a pallid French impressionism (in the "White Peacock" and other sketches) and an aborted neo-classicism (in the Sonata).
MARTINU: Piano Sonata. Le Roy & Harve, Six Piano Pieces. Charles Rouns. ELAINE EMS 2, 12".	***** Performance ***** Recording	● If you passed this over, as I did until now, you've missed some remarkably bold and daring feeling with the much-less-known-than-usual René Le Roy. The sonata itself is an attractive work, especially in its vivacious terminal movements, and over the Rosen replaces Reeves to stum a lightweight batch of Etudes, Polkas, and "Ritornelles" that reveal Martinu in surprisingly unbuttoned mood.
SOWANDE: The Negro in Sacred Idiom. Fela Sowande, Kigway Hall organ. LONDON LL 555, 12".	*** Performance *** Recording	● I don't dig this at all, but apparently South African Decca is busy promoting local talent, for they recently commissioned an African Suite for Strings (LS 452) from the Nigerian Sowande. Yet this is strictly for the missionaries' ears! Incomparably maddening organ improvisations, some as well known spirituals, others maybe on African tunes, but all lacking point or character.

STANDARD WARHORSES

DISC DATA	RATINGS	COMMENTS
CHOPIN: Sonata, Op. 35 & CHOPIN-LISTZ Program. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA VICTOR LM 1235, 12".	*** Performance *** Recording	● Horowitz's grand-mannered (and just plain "mannered") "Funeral March" Sonata came out a year ago, coupled with the Barber Sonata—which apparently scored off the virtuoso's regular carriage trade. For better or worse appeal it's now paired with transfers of a great 78-album of 1947, in which Liszt's "An hard d'ane neuron" and 6th Hung. Rhaps. still are damning.
BOSTON POPE PROGRAM (Rimsky, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky). Pope Orch.—Fiedler. RCA VICTOR LM 164, 10".	*** Performance *** Recording	● Conventional enough fare in conventional enough, indeed rather restrained, performances, lacking a knock-out punch. But there's always a solid market for Rimsky-Korsakov's scintillating "Capriccio Espagnol," Mendelssohn's old-fashioned "Fingert's Cave" (or "Hebrides") Overture, and Tchaikovsky's even older-fashioned, but invariably knock-out "Marche Slave."

RARE VINTAGES

DISC DATA	RATINGS	COMMENTS
BEETHOVEN: String Quartet No. 13, B flat, Op. 120. Beryl Quartet. WESTMINSTER WL 5129, 12".	*** Performance *** Recording	● Here's a prime example of what my perhaps unique prejudice against some kinds of string-qu. discs feeds on. The Beryl's give a rich, dramatic, and to some no doubt deeply moving reading of one of Beethoven's last "great" works... but for me both music and performance are just too too late, emotional, and pretentious. It's only music, boys... let's not over-sell it!
RAYDN: Stabat Mater. Soloists, Ch. & Vienna Sym. Chamber Orch.—Gilliesberger. VOX PL 7410, 8-12".	*** Performance *** Recording	● How much easier and with more relaxed yet no less earnest feeling, Raydn readers will have the patience to sit through this beautifully long-winded misanthropic oratorio, but if you don't insist on always looking for musical excitement, you'll find this wondrously serene, graceful, and satisfying.
HUGHES & QUILLTER: Songs & Folklore. Mrs. K. Farrier, alto & P. Sparre, piano. LONDON LS 538, 10".	*** Performance *** Recording	● If, like me, you have a gold-starred spot for Kathleen Ferrier's folk-song on London LS 48, or yearn to shame all bogus folk-singers (and most "art" singers) into silence... run, don't walk, for a copy of the present acquisition! Not all the material here is so good (Quilter's own air is merely nice), but the rest are pure delight, including Britten's arrangement of "O Waly Waly" and Sharp's "My Boy Willie," as well as the better known "Ye Banks and Braes" and "I Know Where I'm Going." Pure delight, again, are this superb singer's enunciation, interpretative insight, and tonal magic.

Darrell

(Jumped from Page 4)

78's and LP's, this latest one is easily the most satisfactory in all-round performance and recording.

Mozart Conjured Up A World of Warmth

The Mozart concertos lead into another, more relaxed and genial tonal world, but one that welcomes you with even more intimate warmth . . . a world that once entered is likely to hold you fast the rest of your natural life! For underneath the seeming simplicity and "innocent" songfulness of this enchanting music, there are depths of feeling that never can be fully explored.

Don't, however, approach these works as you would the mob-needing virtuoso showpieces of Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, et al. These are not display vehicles for a keyboard acrobat, tossed spinning aloft from the great springboard of a full symphony orchestra . . . They are small-scaled but highly intense musical dramas, in which the soloist is only one protagonist in an excitingly complex interplay of tonal personalities and thematic plots and counter-plots.

Defies Description

A scholar like Arthur Hutchings, who's written a *Companion to Mozart's Piano Concertos* (Oxford), will tell you that a study of the C minor concerto alone, "from structural, psychological, or technical points of view might fill a whole book. Its orchestration alone . . . should make its miniature score an obligatory possession . . ."

But it's completely useless even to try to describe music like this in words. If words had been necessary, Mozart would have used them himself, as he did so matchlessly in his operas. Study the scores if you can, but better just listen . . . letting Mozart (and the admirable young Badur-Skoda and Prohaska's sprightly little orchestra) unfold these eternally absorbing dramas directly to and for you.

Out of the countless LP's available today, pick out any two twelve-inches you choose and I'll lay odds that you can't come up with another "double" that's more of a sure thing or that brings in greater returns than this pair. Here, for once, you just can't go wrong!



PFC. VITO FARINOLA, better known as Vic Damone, seems to be outranked on all sides during a press conference held at a New York recording studio shortly after his arrival back here from Germany to record a song dedicated to the staff side of the armed services. The ditty, a lively 6/8, is called *The Girls Are Marching* and was penned by Julie Styne, Adolph Greene and Betty Comden. Norman Leyden conducted the date when Vic sliced it for Mercury.

Jo & Paul Return From Venturesome Europe Trip

New York—The Westons went westward a couple of weeks ago, on their way home after a ten-week visit to Europe.

The newlywed Westons had left here March 21 because Mrs. Weston, alias Jo Stafford, had a date at the London Palladium. She also had commitments for some continental visits and taping sessions in connection with her weekly disc jockey show for the Voice of America.

A Honeymoon, Too

In between professional chores, however, the Westons sandwiched a honeymoon. They saw the beauties of Geneva, of Rome and Paris—and, incidentally, were surprised to hear some fine music.

"A little bunch of kids in Geneva," Paul told the *Beat*, "playing some of the best Shearing-style stuff we've heard ever. As for the Skyrockets, the band that played for Jo in London, they did a sensational job for her; compared favorably with our best studio bands."

"And some of Paul's stuff isn't easy to play," added Jo, "but they had no trouble at all."

Two Good Bands

Paul put in a pitch for Jack Parnell's great new British band ("playing good bop, not wild") and for Ted Heath. Then we asked Jo for news of her plans.

"Well, first I have to see what happens with this picture deal that's pending. Maybe I'll rest awhile—and then in the fall, who knows—perhaps I'll cut my throat and go into TV."

Counterpoint

The King Is Dying

By NAT HENTOFF

Omer Simeon, one of the last of the major clarinetists in new Orleans tradition, is a tranquil man, temperamentally disinclined to become involved in the critical controversies that are always part of the jazz scene.

In a recent conversation, however, Omer was drawn into a discussion of the young revivalists of the New Orleans style, and he expressed the opinion that when he and New Orleans-born musicians of his age group were no longer playing, New Orleans jazz as a living, spontaneous form of jazz expression would be dead.

Paul Barbarin, who recently brought his New Orleans band East, has expressed the same view. These men are not egocentrics. What they're saying is a basic, however painful, fact of jazz life.

We are probably the last generation that will have a chance to hear real New Orleans jazz. I'm surprised it's still necessary to point this out. Yet the presence of so many pseudo-New Orleans bands, not only here but in England, France, Holland, Italy and Australia, as well as the fierce polemics in the periodicals devoted to self-labeled jazz purists indicate the fallacy that New Orleans jazz can remain alive persists.

Conrad's Fight

A classic statement of this fallacy was given in a magazine interview by Conrad Janis. Janis, leader of one of the best known if

least accomplished revival units, said, "New Orleans jazz is great. I don't want to improve it. I just want to keep it great."

With the first part of the statement there is no disagreement. But let's further define New Orleans jazz. It was a largely unself-conscious urban folk music generated from a multitude of sources. Its early practitioners had little idea they were helping to create an art form. They were primarily searching for their own original means of musical communication.

In doing so, New Orleans musicians formulated a new musical language. This language was inextricably connected with the socioeconomic, cultural and psychological background of these men. When these psychological and environmental conditions changed, the language changed.

And the jazz language has continued to change, as it must, because jazz is essentially a personalized music for interpreter as well as composer. The jazz musician is both at the same time, and he communicates what he has experienced. As a person, he cannot but be influenced by the whole contemporary context of his life and his musical language is continually modified accordingly.

Another Language

The men born and brought up in New Orleans 30 to 40 years ago can still speak meaningfully in the New Orleans musical language because they learned it naturally as an organic part of their lives.

Their young imitators, though, are just that. They copy—they do not create, because you cannot create as a jazzman by using a language that is not your own. Or as Omer Simeon puts it, "When you copy, the credit, if there is any, goes to the man or men you're copying; you're not creating anything yourself."

I would add that it does small credit to the men who pioneered a form of music based on individuality to try to become inevitably inferior copies of them.

Despite the sincerity of the revivalists, then, it is impossible to "keep New Orleans jazz great." It has just about run its course. It will always remain as part of the basic structure on which jazz will continue to change and grow. But the activities of those who are strenuously trying to reactivate the New Orleans language can contribute nothing positive to jazz.

They can certainly delight themselves and their followers, a harmless and certainly nonculpable form of amusement, but their relationship to living jazz, and even to their own goals, will come more and more to resemble that of the White Knight and his horse in *Through the Looking Glass*:

"The great art of riding," the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, "is to keep—." Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking."

Album Cover Art Evokes Character of Musicians

By NAT HENTOFF

Record album cover artwork has become an increasingly creative form of expression in the past few years. This has been particularly true in the jazz field due principally to the initial efforts of David Stone Martin and the more recent accomplishments of Burt George Goldblatt.

Since his first cover—a striking delineation of Billie Holiday for Paradox—Goldblatt's work has been in continual demand. You may have seen his portrait of John Kirby for Columbia, his Mabel Mercer cover for Atlantic and, on the same label, powerful evocations of the music and character of Sidney Bechet and Jimmy Yancey.

For Savoy, Goldblatt has drawn unprecedentedly rhythmic designs for the *Hot Piano*, *New Sounds* and *Tenor Sax* sets. His Paradox-Jolly Roger ventures have included what may well be the best portraiture anywhere of Louis, Jelly Roll, Teagarden and Fats Waller.

No Compromise

Aside from his obvious talent, one reason for the incisive success of Goldblatt is that he does not regard cover designing as a compromise form of art.

"If I could paint without having to worry about loot," he wrote recently, "I'd be doing exactly what I'm doing now. It isn't easy to draw a line between fine and commercial art. Some paintings of contemporary artists, for example, have been transformed into excellent posters merely by adding commercial copy."

"I try to put as much feeling into a cover as I do into a painting."

Covers offer me an outlet—a way to do art work that pays and still get my kicks at the same time."

How To Do It

Goldblatt's description of the way he works is of interest because of the contrapuntal methods he uses to interrelate musical and drawing lines.

"When I receive a cover assignment, as soon as I know the contents of the album, ideas immediately start forming in my mind and I'm constantly selecting and rejecting and forming layouts and color combinations in my head. I'll listen to the music of the artist constantly, but not always the music in the album being worked on. I do covers all the time in this head arrangement way and when I sit down and start work, I know exactly what the finished job will look like."

"To aid me in my work, I have many musical instruments I've picked up over a period of years and they're a tremendous help in getting the authenticity I strive for. If I portray an instrumentalist, he's playing his horn and not chopping wood, and if I render a pianist, he's playing chords and not merely resting his hands on the keys."

"I fill about two or three sketch

books a week when I make the rounds of the clubs around town and I'm constantly looking for new and different ways to present my covers. Also, musicians are always dropping into my studio and thereby I have an excellent opportunity to sketch."

Contemporaries

With regard to his contemporaries, Goldblatt believes "Steinweis used to do some excellent covers, but I think that others have surpassed his pioneering in this field. Chief among these is Joseph Low. His sensitive selection of color and tremendous feeling for design make his covers stand out by themselves. His authenticity of material is another point in his favor. Some of the best covers in the jazz field are being done by David Stone Martin. His covers have thought, feeling, and are dramatically presented. I haven't liked some of his recent endeavors, though, as much as his earlier work."

Favorite Is Billie

Goldblatt, a graduate of the Massachusetts School of Art with further training at the Museum of Fine Arts School and Boston University, is now living in Flushing, Long Island and working on a number of commissioned covers. As for his favorites among those already on the market, "I like to look ahead at my new work, but I guess I got the most kicks from my Billie (she has the original) and my Jelly Roll cover."

Swedes Get Satch

New York—Louis Armstrong and his all-stars will begin a Scandinavian tour on Sept. 18 in Copenhagen. Appearances in Norway will follow. His present unit will make the jaunt.

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Caught In The Act

Billy Eckstine, Copacabana, NYC

For his second engagement at the fabulous Copa, William Clarence Eckstine had some changes made. Initially, Mr. B. unloaded his parcel of special material in favor of dedicating all his floor time to plain old fashioned singing. Secondly, not to be trapped again by the thump-thump beat of the Mike Dorso house unit, Billy brought along his own rhythm section, headed by his accompanist Bobby Tucker and including Kansas Fields, drums, and Leonard Gaskin, bass.

New Material

The result produced by B's new look was indeed pleasurable in terms of entertainment as well as music. As always Eckstine flavored his turn with several new

additions to his repertoire, most persuasive of which was his swinging samba-styled delivery of *Come To The Mardi Gras*. He unloaded the customary barrage of hit recordings (*I Apologize*, the current *Kiss Of Fire*, etc.) and his familiar show-stoppers (*Old Man River*, *Enchanted Land*).

Billy was in exceptionally fine voice on his opening night, and added to this his ever-present personable handling of himself and his charming, humble personality.

No matter how you slice it, Billy has come a long way in five years as a showman who has sacrificed not one iota of musicianship to make entertainment. He's one of our true show business greats!

—web

Geordie Hormel Quartet, Cafe Gale, Hollywood

The lad who multitaped his way into the headlines here and there with some of the most cokeyed records ever put on wax (*Chinatown*, *12th St. Rag*, *Singin' in the Rain* et al on MacGregor) made his in-person debut here with what was announced as a quartet, but which, when caught by this reporter, shaped up in the form of Geordie at piano (doubling vibes now and then), plus three bewildered guitarists and a bass player.

Geordie was the first to state with much emphasis that the combo was strictly an experiment, would be re-vamped pronto, and that any resemblance between the unit and the effect he contrived with his multitaped records (all Geordie, with a doctored piano, vibes, Hammond organ and slapping of the belly over the navel—for percussion effects) was strictly coincidental and unintentional.

Of more interest was the discovery that Geordie, himself, minus his taped tricks, is a better pianist than had been suspected (a mixture of many styles but a spirited, if over-jazzy approach smacking mildly of the ragtime influence that has affected too many youngsters

of the past two or three years) and that his engaging manner, plus his curiously styled vocals, combine into a good personality attraction. However, his greatest obstacle lies in the fact that he can't contrive (or hadn't contrived at this writ-



Geordie Hormel, Leslie Caron

ing) to produce anything for his in-person dates that has the novelty impact of his multitape recordings. A better-organized instrumental unit for backing (this one was obviously thrown together) might be the answer.

—gem

Lionel Hampton & Co., Apollo Theatre, NYC

Lionel Hampton can never be relied upon to put on a bad show. From the first bar of *Air Mail Special* to the last air-mile of *Flying Home*, his Apollo offering was so sensational from the personality and showmanship standpoint that

man in the world. Jimmy presented a miserable spectacle as he walked lifelessly through two depressing ditties, and we cried with him, but for different reasons.

Finally, ten minutes from the end of the show, Hamp's vibes were wheeled on and he eased into some up-blues, happily long and informal. He then started to work on *Star Dust*, but some heckling from a balcony led to an abrupt cut and a switch to the band's impressive arrangement of *Eli Eli* ("to go over the heckler's head," Lionel explained later).

"Flyin' Home"

Flyin' Home followed, and what a production it has become! Six saxophones playing the Jacquet choruses—no longer in harmony, but in unison; a newsreel shot of planes in formation flashed onto the scrim; and finally, firecrackers.

Several good soloists were briefly unveiled in the course of the show. One was 19-year-old Vinnie Tano, latest addition to the trumpet section, formerly with Greco, Ventura, TD and Dean Hudson.

Another was a fabulous trombonist, James Cleveland. A third was Anthony "Bat Man" Ortega, who took the clarinet and flute solos, also plays alto and tenor. Hamp sure knows how to dig 'em up.

—len



Rosetta Perry

even the bad music seemed good—and there was plenty of good music, at that.

First shock of the show was Hamp's new girl singer, Rosetta Perry. A tall, shapely girl, she sounds as great as she looks. This young import from Washington, D.C. could well be a big star in the making; she has complete confidence, good phrasing, and fine intonation.

Gil Bernal

Gil Bernal, a handsome Latin-looking type, sang *Babalu* in Spanish and had the feminine fans hollering (in English) before he returned to the reed section. Flute accompaniment was very effective.

Sonny Parker offered his effective blend of blues-singing and comedy. Crying Jimmy Scott, newly returned to the band, was the only lull. Beside him, Johnnie Ray would look like the happiest



Bibi Johns in Duplicate

Meet Bibi Johns, A Blonde Dish Of Delectable Swedish Pastry

New York—On Dec. 4 last, the Gripsholm slipped into town from Stockholm and deposited the most delectable dish of Swedish pastry America has yet imported.

Her name is Bibi Johns (nee Birgit Johnson), and when she stepped off the boat she had no agent, no friends, nobody in this country but some relatives (in Minnesota, of course) who had sponsored her entry. But Bibi, who's now 23, had become a national name in Sweden—vaudeville tours, movie shorts, dozens of sides for *His Master's Voice* (the Victor affiliate).

This last item proved valuable

here, since it resulted in her recording for RCA Victor. But before the first record hit the market there had been precious little happening.

"One of the first people I met was Gordon Jenkins," she recalls. "He wanted me for Decca, but because of my *His Master's Voice* contract I couldn't record for him. The first work I did here was a week on Ted Steele's television show."

"How did you get into the Blue Angel?" we asked.

"That's a long story. I auditioned at NBC, and they called

20,000 Pack LA Ballpark For Bash

Hollywood—Leon Heflin's eighth annual "Cavalade of Jazz," a yearly event staged at the Wrigley ball park in the southeast portion of L.A., turned up another extraordinary gross, as over 20,000 payees (at \$1.50 each) went through the turnstiles on the Sunday afternoon of June 1 to hear and see Louis Jordan and combo, Toni Harper, Anna Mae Winburn and band, blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon and others.

The crowd became so worked up with the blasting and screaming that marked most of the presentations that the affair ran well into the night, with the ball park's flood lighting system turned on to illuminate the proceedings.

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Kills Cats In Catskills

New York—Former Ben Bernie trumpeter Sy Sugar, whose performances are described in a press release as "The Sweetest Music This Side Of The Catskills," have been signed to appear at the Morningside Hotel, Hurleyville, N.Y., during the summer months.

(Advertisement)

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Warner Brothers. I auditioned for Warner Brothers and they called GAC. I auditioned for GAC and they called the Blue Angel!"

Tri-Lingual

At this plush East Side nitery Bibi sang songs in English, French and Swedish. In Sweden she had always preferred to sing in English, which she picked up from three years' study in high school, supplemented (as it is for every Swede) by listening to movies and records.

Bibi's career started at 17, when she joined a traveling troupe of youngsters called "Our Gang". Her first record, for an independent label, was *How High The Moon*, in which she became the first Swedish vocal bopper. (People said I'd stolen it from Ella's record. I'd never even heard it when I made mine!)

Bouquet With Strings

Most of Bibi's Swedish discs were made with small combos, such as the Carl-Henrik Norin band with which she toured. RCA Victor's first bouquet to her was a lush Hugo Winterhalter string background.

As soon as she is doing well enough to afford it (and we suspect it won't be long), Bibi would like to bring over somebody like Reinhold Svensson or Bengt Hallberg, to accompany her and then go out on his own.

"I'm very proud of Swedish jazz," she says, "and on all my radio interviews I'm doing all I can to publicize it."

Bibi, you make the prettiest propaganda agent.

—len



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BIG SCALE PROMOTION marked the conversion of WNEW's turntable facilities to the 45 r.p.m. system, climaxed by a special 45-minute broadcast emceed by Martin Block. Latter is seen here with Dinah Shore, one of many RCA Victor artists who attended.

Spills Sales Secrets Behind The Marketing Of Hit Records

(Ed. Note: The Beat asked Bob McCluskey, promotion manager for pop records at RCA Victor, to give readers some hints on what goes into the making of a hit record from the record company's viewpoint. Following are his comments.)

By **BOB MCCLUSKEY**

When Berlin Hammerstein IV, the struggling young songwriter from Idaho, finally gets his tune recorded by a major company, he may think the long struggle is over. The company will lend its potent name to his brainchild; all over the country, eager buyers will trample each other in the rush to get the new recording of Good-Bye, Young Haters.

He is as wrong as a poll taker in an election year.

For any record company, the problems are just beginning when a new recording falls from the presses in all its vinylite splendor.

How is the new recording going to be brought to the attention of the public? How will record dealers and record distributors learn about it? How can the record company get the general public to hear it? Where should it be advertised?

Deejays Important

Most major record companies depend heavily on disc jockey cooperation. Any new popular record of merit is automatically mailed free of charge to a lengthy list of jockeys throughout the country.

The influence of jockeys on sales can hardly be overestimated. Therefore, a consistent effort is made to keep their good will. Many recording artists make sure that leading disc jockeys receive greetings at Christmas and other holidays.

Such greetings may take the form of a promotion tie-in with a record, and the mailing to disc jockeys is frequently done in co-operation with the promotion department of the record company. The promotion department may also invite disc jockeys to occasional cocktail parties given in honor of a recording artist. When, for example, a record by an artist sells a million copies, the artist is presented with a gold record. This is usually the signal for a party in the artist's honor, and jockeys are invited to attend.

TV, Radio

Television and radio advertising may further implement the "push" on a record. Spot announcement time may be purchased to plug a record. In some cases an entire radio or television show may be built around a specific promotional campaign.

For example, the Phil Harris-Alice Faye-RCA Victor radio show recently was devoted to the efforts of the young Harris children to compete in an RCA Victor "Little Nipper" contest. The writers for the program wove an amusing sequence about the fact that RCA Victor employees and their families were barred from entering the contest, and that the kids were trying to participate and win a prize despite this technicality.

Another effective means of plugging a new record or album is something called "an integrated commercial," in which the plug for

a record or album is worked into the story line of the show. This type of plug has been used with great effect on the Kukla, Fran and Ollie television show, where the amusing puppets extol the virtues of RCA Victor in their own inimitable style.

Tie-Ins

A good record company is always on the alert for tie-in promotions with other organizations. A song called *Florida Tanned My Heart* might be used to persuade the Florida Chamber of Commerce to get out a mailing to leading disc jockeys about the virtues of Florida and the virtues of the recording. The Chamber of Commerce would cooperate, in turn, for the use of the record company's mailing list of disc jockeys, and benefit from subsequent mentions of Florida on the radio. A suntan oil company might also trickle into the picture.

A new recording also benefits from ads in various trade papers. Frequently a recording artist or a music publisher will cooperate with a record company by paying the cost of such ads.

Personal Touch

When a special effort is being put forth on a new record, members of the promotion department may go around and call on disc jockeys and record distributors and dealers personally. This personal contact, if properly handled, can do a great deal to increase record sales.

Special incentive may be given to record salesmen throughout the country by offering them prizes for outstanding achievement. In the past, such prizes as cigarette lighters, wrist watches, radio-phonographs, and TV sets have been offered to induce salesmen to make an extra effort.

The job of the promotion department of a record company is to

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Strictly Ad Lib

(Jumped from page 3)

Hat's summer plans are still uncertain. . .

Paul Barbarin's New Orleans band received another extension at the Savoy until June 22. . . Joe Battaglia continues as intermission pianist. . . There'll be jazz on the Cape this summer. . . Drummer Wally Gifford opened with a quartet at the Cape Towne Club in West Harwich on June 13. . . Gifford, who has played in Boston with Bobby Hackett, Ed Hall and Harvard's Crimson Stompers, has Bob Mitchell, clarinet; Larry Ennet, piano; and at last reports, Jim Baby, cornet. . . The Rollaway at Revere continues its flourishing Friday one-nighters. . . Lionel Hampton broke it up May 23; Lester Young was in May 30 followed by the Orioles and Joe Morris June 6. . .

LONDON

Debroy Somers, veteran bandleader, died in a London hospital following a stroke. He was founder of the Savoy Orpheans, which pioneered in British radio in the 1920s. . . Lonnie Johnson, after his appearance at the Royal Festival Hall next month, will give recitals in five other British cities. . . EMI combine is expected to break the deadlock and start issuing 45 r.p.m. discs here in the fall. The rival Decca organization has been putting out LPs for some time. . . Johnny Green arrived in town to prepare details for the forthcoming Gene Kelly musical, *Invitation To A Dance*, now going into production outside London.

NEW ORLEANS

Biggest attraction on Bourbon Street is Lizzie Miles, Bessie Smith contemporary, shouting the blues with gusto at age 58. . . Paul Barbarin, once with Louis Armstrong, packed up his drums and took his combo to Boston. . . George Lewis, clarinet, leading what was once the Bunk Johnson band, scrounging for bookings, though only three years ago *Look Magazine* went overboard on the outfit. . . Satchmo could have helped the tough situation by insisting that Lizzie Miles, plus the others who are not working, be featured on his recent Auditorium one-nighter.

Frankie and Fred Assunto, trumpet and trombone with the Dukes of Dixieland and the Duches, Betty Owens (who reminds you of Kay Starr without copying her) complete 18 months at Hyp Guinle's Famous Door on Bourbon this month. Youthful outfit could break it up in NY, Chi or on the West Coast. . . the Famous Door, launching point for Sharkey Bonano several years ago, may have come up with another. Sharkey is now at leisure. . . Santo Pecora, ex-Bonano tram man, always reluctant to leave the Crescent City, now playing with his own group at Baton Rouge, some 65 miles away.

Sid Davilla, who owns the Mardi Gras Lounge on Bourbon, currently featuring Lizzie Miles, occasionally sits in on clarinet with the band. Sid effectively combines the classic New Orleans approach with touches of Goodman and Shaw. . .

furnish fresh ideas which will instill enthusiasm for new recordings in everyone who hears them. Someone once described "promotion" as a mixture of publicity and advertising. That is a reasonably accurate definition. It is the problem of a good promotion department to see that the mixture is a really effective one.



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A RAY DE VITA

Ray De Vita, Inc., 100 Broadway, New York 1, N.Y.

Leon Kelner, who leads the band in the Roosevelt Fountain Lounge, cuts the Blue Room show on Monday nights. . . Leon and a trio, assisted by Bob Hamilton, deejay, conduct a combined live and recorded show daily from 11:30 to 1 p.m., plus seven 15-minute shows a week on TV. . . Tony Almerico competes with Kelner for "busiest musician" honors. Tony, a great two-beat trumpeter, hosts a three-hour Dixieland session each Sunday p.m., plays the Arabi Theatre one night a week, conducts talent sessions, and spins Dixie wax for 90 minutes daily on WJMR. Neither Leon nor Tony seems to have heard of the eight-hour day.

SAN FRANCISCO

The Andrews Sisters rechristened the Warfield Theater Bombshell for their week there at the end of May. . . All eyes are now on the upcoming Xavier Cugat week at the Fox on which may depend much future booking of live talent in Frisco theaters. . . Fack's threw a birthday party for Vernon Alley and loaded the house to capacity. Now they know why he's called the unofficial mayor of San Francisco. . . Claude Williamson hit a lot of the local spots prior to shipping out to Korea. . . The Bay Area has a Mr. & Mrs. Band, too. Joyce Collins and hubby Bob Serrell took a big group to the Rio Nido on Russian River in June. Joyce sang, played piano; Bob drummed and arranged. Both are grads of the San Francisco State jazz workshop group. . . Personnel was Al Del Simone, trumpet; Elaine Allspaugh, Ronnie Brown, Virgil Gonsalves and Jack Shore, saxes; Jerry Good, bass and Bob and Joyce. . .

Johnny Markham, ex-Barnet drummer, back to the Bay Area and rehearsing with the Chuck Travis band. . . Jimmy Dorsey played the Stanford Senior Prom in June. . . Harry James hit the Bay Area for one-nighters. . . Louis Jordan was hosted at a luncheon by promoter Charles Sullivan to meet the Bay Area disc jockies. . . Sullivan has Jordan for a host of Northern California dates. . . Jan August hit San Francisco for disc jockey appearances. . . ditto Fred Lowery. Dorothy Ray, who used to sing with Fred, is now Mrs. Ted Woodruff of Los Altos and busy designing houses. . . Peggy King, new MGM singer, slipped into town for a quiet vacation early in June. . . the Wilder Brothers hit almost every disc show in town plugging their *Chained*. . .

Dave Brubeck Octet (Dick Collins, trumpet; Bob Collins, trombone; Dave Kreidt, tenor and the Brubeck Quartet) started a series of Sunday afternoon sessions at the Black Hawk. . . the week night crowds attending the "Old Fashioned" dances at Sweet's would scare most of today's bandleaders. . . Josephine Baker's eleven day date at the Fairmont at the end of May was successful even though her appearance was in doubt up to the day of the opening. A squabble between managers almost eliminated her appearance here. . . Billy Wagner, ex-Hal McIntyre trumpeter, now with MCA here. . . Anson Weeks leading a pick-up band on a series of promotions for local "Queens" in Northern California.

(Advertisement)

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Don Lamond and Gretsch Broadcasters

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May-time For Celebrities At DeeJay Parties

MOST FETED MAESTRO in town was Billy May during his Paramount stint with Johnnie Ray. Popsie took pix at parties pitched for him by Art (WNEW) Ford and Ralph (WOV) Cooper. Top shots show Billy with Kay Armen, Art Lund and Bill Darnel; then Dolores Gray with May, Ford, Marlon Brando and Lisa Kirk. Next row, l. to r. Harry Belafonte, May, Ford, Eartha (New Faces) Kitt, Josh White; Merv Griffin, May, Burt Taylor. Center row, Billy with Ralph Marterie and with Marlon Brando. Below, with Ford, Virginia O'Brien and Paul Winchell; Peggy Barrett, May's vocalist, and Mel Tormé. Below, at Cooper's, with Timmie Rogers, Lionel Hampton, Johnnie (Laughing Boy) Ray; bottom right, Hamp, Coop, May. Chalked indications of the Dodgers' and Yankees' respective status are hung inside Coop's broadcasting coop.



DOWN BEAT

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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 sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Barclay Allen

★★★★ After You've Gone
★★★★ Cherokee

These are the sides Barclay made from his wheel-chair (*Down Beat*, June 4) multiple-tape style; he made four tracks and blended them to create a piano-quartet impression. They aren't fully successful, though the story attached to the records should be big fodder for disc jockey performances and should stimulate sales for the coupling.

Gone, done in a honky vein and in a two-tempo arrangement, is the more likely of the two sides; *Cherokee* likewise is hoked up, with moments which suggest very much tongue-in-cheek. Allen has a good idea, but his speeded-up tapes are much too close in sound to Les Paul to make it stand up as a unique deal. (Victor 20-4745.)

Ames Brothers

★★★★ Auf Wiederseh'n Sootheheart
★★★★ Break The Bands That Bind Me

The Ames were among the first to jump on *Wiederseh'n*, a sleeper hit stoked up via the Vera Lynn recording. The boys' reading is an upstanding coverage, done with chorus and Ray Bloch's orch. *Reverse* is a cornball verse-chorus waltz full of strains from familiar places, treated ham-bone style by the fellas, chorus and band. (Coral 60773.)

Toni Arden

★★★★ Tell Your Tale Nightingale
★★★★ Take My Heart

First side is a good minor melody which Toni might advantageously have taken just a trifle slower; however, Percy Faith's orchestra combines with her to make it a successful side. *Heart* has plenty of effects that suit Toni's style—the suspension of rhythm in the release, the big arranging and very big ending, and plenty of notes at the top of her range. (Columbia 39768.)

Tony Bavaar

★★ Break The Bands That Bind Me
★★ More or Less

The Roy Jordan-Sid Bass song with the long and awkward title is skillfully woven by Tony and Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra into a competent performance. The backing is a routine ballad which, again helped by Hugo's ork and chorus, gets by, more or less. (Victor 20-4737.)

Les Baxter

★★ Lost in Meditation
★★ Lonely Wine

The double sharp is awarded because both sides are in excellent taste by today's pop market standards. The Tizol tune is done as an instrumental with pleasing strings; the Roy Wells opus adds a beautifully blended vocal group, with a talented unbilled girl taking the bridge alone. (Capitol 2106.)

Dick Beavers

★★ Please Say You Love Me
★★ Tears

Beavers makes a big-voiced try on *Please*, a hokey sentimental ballad; side gains some relief from a xylophone solo a la Norvo set off against choral humming in the musical interlude. Les Baxter con-

ducted. Coupling is another sentimental ballad, perhaps a notch superior, rendered musically by Beavers. (Capitol 2117.)

The Blenders

★★ Never In A Million Years
★★ Memories Of You

A wobbly Ricky-ish bassbary carries the melody line on *Million*, which is revived with the aid of a crisp rhythm section. Same story on the reverse, which probably serves as the better example of how far out of tune this group is able to get. (Decca 28241.)

Teresa Brewer

★★ Kisses On Paper
★★ I Hear The Blubells Ring

Shame that the song is so skimpy, 'cause Teresa really wails on *Kisses*. In a Starr-dyed groove, she punches out what little there is to the tune in extremely persuasive style to a sound Jack Pleis background. *Reverse* is a silly rhythm tidbit. (Coral 60755.)

Brewster Boys

★★★★ It's Best We Say Goodbye
★★★★ You'll Never Know

A recently wax-unveiled harmony group displays a homey, friendly quality in reading off a real schmaltzy new ballad and *Know*, a top Gordon-Warren standard in the revival stages. Hugo Winterhalter's lilting string-y backgrounds inject just enough professional meat to the sides to make them mean more than they may normally have meant. (Victor 20-4738.)

Lily Ann Carol

★★ Please Be Kind
★★ I'm Sorry

Lily Ann, who tried *Please Be Kind* a few years ago with Charlie Ventura on National, tries again in this new version, bending her notes in the currently fashionable manner. Her approach, and the type of band backing, might give this a good rhythm-and-blues acceptance.

The Danny Egan-Billy White ballad overleaf (in which, oddly enough, the first lyric line of the release is "please be kind") gets a similar handling, with tenor sax, guitar and full band all pitching in well, and Lily Ann reaching to the top of her register. (Victor 20-4736.)

Dorothy Collins - Gordon Jenkins

★★★★ From the Time You Say Goodbye
★★★★ So Madly In Love

Miss Collins makes an impressive Decca debut thanks to the tasty, simple, yet lush Jenkins' orchestra-chorus arrangements of a pair of waltz ballads. *Madly* has a Herbert-ian quality, is essentially a saccharine-loaded item, has some pretty strains, an obvious still well-developed lyric, and is sung sympathetically, straightforwardly, unaffectedly by the thrush. *Goodbye* is not as impressively commercial, though it too is treated handsomely. (Decca 28251.)

Don Cornell

★★★★ This Is The Beginning of the End
★★★★ I Can't Cry Anymore

Mack Gordon's 11-year-old ballad should finally be converted into a hit via this dramatically styled Cornell reading; makes a perfect follow-up to Don's previous pair of hits, *I'm Yours* and *I'll Walk Alone*. *Cry* is a schmaltzy affair, sung well. Norm Leyden furnished the handsome backgrounds. (Coral 60748.)

Bing Crosby

★★★★ A Flight Of Fancy
★★★★ Just For You

A pair of songs from Bing's new movie including the title song, *Just For You*, are recorded here with aid of Tutti Cam-

arata's sizeable corps. The title tune is a pretty ballad that's a bit too tough to be absorbed by the current market; *Fancy* too is somewhat removed from the pop modes of the day. Bing sings them in fine style. (Decca 28217.)

Bing Crosby-Peggy Lee

★★★★ Watermelon Weather
★★★★ The Moon Came Up With A Great Idea Last Night

Bing and Peggy make the most affable new duo to come along on records in some time. Certainly they are the most relaxed, achieve a wonderfully warm and intimate feeling, and approach their material in the knowing way of a couple of masters of the popular idiom.

Watermelon, a charming Hoagy Carmichael summer breezer, comes off as the more engaging of the sides, though the twosome endows the *Great Idea* on the reverse with a subtle soft-shoe feeling that's impossible to resist fully. Vic Schoen supplied perfectly muted muted small band backgrounds. (Decca 28238.)

Vic Damone

★★ Here In My Heart
★★ Tomorrow Never Comes
★★ Tenderly
★★ Diane

Glenn Osser provided the band backing for the last two sides, with Vic recorded pre-Army. Joe Lipman gets the orchestra credit on *Tomorrow*, while *Here* simply says "with Orchestral Accompaniment" and presumably was cut entirely in Germany. All clear?

Anyway, Vic sings them all well, and they'll get a lot of disc jockey plays, but he has an awful lot of competition on a couple of these songs, including of course Mercury's own Billy Daniels on *Diane*. (Mercury 5858, 5855.)

Dolly Dawn

★★ Smooth As Silk
★★ I'm Getting Sentimental Over You

Dolly, absent from wax for some time, returns to prove that she still is a singer of considerably more than passing ability. She has managed to keep herself posted on the trends in style and has embraced the "new" conception (that is the Ray-Starr-Laine conception) to blend with her own positive vocal features.

Sentimental, TD's theme, is handled as smoothly as the title of the reverse side; pleasant, straightforward vocal record which should capture at least some moderate attention. *Silk* is not too smooth a piece of material, a routine weak-kneed corn ballad. Done well, though. (Jubilee 6006.)

Vinni De Campo

★★ Maria Mia
★★ You'll Never Know

This lad is beginning to come into his own. The youthful uncertainty is disintegrating and is being replaced with a certain amount of maturity and Sinatra-ish warmth along with some Bennett-type muscle. *Maria* is one of those pseudo-Italian Tin Pan Alley ballads; *Know*, a revival of the Gordon-Warren hit oldie, is the side on which Vinni shines brightest. He's joined by a vocal trio on the latter. (Coral 60756.)



LIKE MANY OTHERS who have successfully provided the accompaniments that helped various hit vocalists along the road to fame, Percy Faith is now the happy parent of a hit in his own right. His etching of *Delicate*, featuring the harpsichord of Stan Freeman, is doing nicely for Percy (seen above) and for Columbia Records.

Varetta Dillard

★★★★ Here In My Heart
★★★★ I'm Yours

Fair coverage of the Al Martino hit; band backing by Leroy Kirkland could have been fuller. Slightly more effective is the medium-paced *I'm Yours*, in which she's spiced by a good alto sax. (Savoy 851.)

Rusty Draper

★★ Bouncing On The Bayou
★★ Devil Of A Woman

This record should provoke much confusion. Draper sounds so much like Frankie Laine, it's startling. Especially on *Devil*, which was penned by Draper; it's one of those exotic pieces customarily produced by Laine. A colorful Nelson Riddle backing rounds it out well. *Bayou* is a slick revival of a fine old song. (Mercury 5851.)

Bill Farrell

★★ Break The Bands That Bind Me
★★ Stay

Even a sizeable orch-chorus background furnished by Joe Lipman isn't heavy enough to drown out the genuinely poor Farrell singing on a reasonably simple hokey waltz adaptation. His invitation to *Stay* likewise will probably be generally turned down on the same grounds. (MGM 11256.)

Arthur Godfrey

★★ Can You Whistle, Johanna
★★ Busybody

Johanna is Godfrey's follow-up to *Dance Me Loose*, but hardly its commercial match. *Reverse* is a coverage of the *Slow Poke* sequel; just the kind of hoke which will make the bucks, even if only a moderate few. (Columbia 39755.)

Phil Harris

★★★★ Under The Lamp Post
★★★★ Potato Chips

Lamp Post is a clever sliver of novelty material put together by Bob Merrill; it's undersold effectively by Harris who works smoothly in an engaging bounce arrangement with The Sportsmen. *Reverse*, a novelty timed well to cash in on the potato—the shortage of which has elevated the prestige of the *pomme de terre* from a lowly state to one of thorough appreciation—should at the very least get for Harris his Phil of the title matter for the three-minute testimonial. (Victor 20-4750.)

Dick Haymes

★★ Never Let The Sun Set On A Quarrel
★★ Are We In Love?

Sun is a simple, rather routine ballad sung in a pleasing, relaxed manner by Haymes with an assist from the Four Hits and A Miss and an Eddie Miller-ish tenor sax obbligato and brief solo. Coupling is a song by brother Bob, a ballad that stands out for its quality and is rendered handsomely by Dick with a rich Victor Young string backdrop. (Decca 28239.)

Little Donna Hightower

★ Don't You Think I Ought To Know
★★ Kiss Me Baby

Little Donna has little meat to dig into in *Think*; a Roy-ish upper register trumpet solo is all that's worthwhile. Easy striding band work, spotting a tidy alto solo, is the only distinction of the flip side. (Decca 28233.)

Mickey Katz

★★★★ Schweitzburgh, Pennsylvania
★★★★ Kiss Of Meyer

Katz continues his series of devastating Anglo-Yiddish satires of Hit Parade champs on two of the current big winners. *Schweitzburgh* is more limited than most of Katz's efforts; it leans heavily toward the Yiddish. On the other hand, *Meyer* is hilarious; should sell a potful in metropolitan areas. Latter, incidentally, features some of Mannie Klein's expert freilach trumpet. (Capitol 2124.)

Gene Krupa

★★ Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone
★★ Drumboogie

Since we're sure neither Krupa nor Ventura seriously believes these are jazz sides, we're reviewing them in the pop department; but even then their appeal is limited. Older folks will find them noisy and unmelodic; some youngsters may be dazzled by Gene's and Charlie's instrumental gymnastics. (Mercury 8984.)

Roberta Lee

★★ Busybody
★★ Saturday Rag

Supported by a studio Dixie combo led by Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart, Ro-

best belts out a couple of old-timey new ditties, both of which currently are attracting some pop attention. Lawson's trumpet makes the major musical contribution on both sides in fill-ins and in leading the front line in the music interludes. (Decca 28236.)

Johnny Long

*** *I Wonder What's Become of Sally*
*** *Mary Jane*

Both sides, wrongly labeled "instrumental," are in fact predominantly vocal, featuring the unison glee club style with which Johnny has built a popular following for years, especially in the south. *Mary Jane*, an elaborate story about a repulsive girl, should get a big misogynist following. (Mercury 5862.)

Judy Lynn

*** *Pretty Bride*
*** *Aren't I Your Sweetheart?*

Splendidly assisted by a colorful Norman Leyden orch-chorus arrangement, Judy spins a wedding day yarn set to an ancient Yiddish theme; she delivers it in a plaintive, charming manner. But it's the background that steals the side; it's a fine example of how mediocrity can be made commercially attractive with sound musicianship.

Coupling is a pleasant little ballad, sung warmly by Judy with a tasty assist from Ray Bloch's forces. (Coral 60757.)

Giselle MacKenzie

*** *Johnny*
*** *Whistle My Love*

Johnny is one of the most unusual items of the season, a special material dramatic narrative set to music. It's done extremely well by Miss MacKenzie; the project's execution was carried off superbly by Buddy Cole.

Whistle is a plaintive little bouncer from the score of Disney's *Robin Hood*, rendered sweetly by the thrush with an assist from Paul Nero's fiddle, used here strictly for effects. (Capitol 2110.)

Tony Martin

*** *Padam... Padam...*
*** *Where Did the Night Go?*

Padam is a lyrical description of a heartbeat; from there it's easy to figure how this waltz adaptation winds up. Tony gallantly belts it out. Coupling is a pretty ballad from the score of the musical, *Wish You Were Here*, handled sensitively by Martin. Henri Rene back skillfully. (Victor 20-4758.)

Al Morgan

*** *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?*
*** *Someday Sweetheart*

Co-starred with Frankie Froeba's Boys, Al shares the shellac with Frankie, the second chorus being a piano duet, on *Dixie*. Same routine exactly, even to the changes on the coda, is followed on the Spikes Brothers' standard. (Decca 28229.)

Vaughn Monroe

*** *Do You Care?*
*** *Faith*

Vaughn comes up with a pair of dance-vocal slicings of current plug items. The Moon Maids coo with Vaughn on *Care*; Vaughn goes it alone, at his iron-cheated nasal best, on *Faith*, a product by the writers of *If*. The latter is the more likely item, though neither are world-beaters commercially or otherwise. (Victor 20-4760.)

Jerry Murad's Harmonicats

*** *Night Train*
*** *Hootin' Blues*

Night Train (or should we call it *Happy Go Lucky Local*?) lacks the qualities that made the Jimmy Forrest record a hit, and will sell mainly on the title plus the strength of the Harmonicats' name. The reverse is an attempt to recreate the rhythm-and-blues harmonica and composition of Sonny Terry. (Mercury 5869.)

Patti Page

*** *Once in a While*
*** *I'm Glad You're Happy with Someone Else*

Patti takes four Pages to tell her story on the first side. She harmonizes pleasantly with herself, singing a chorus and a half of straight melody with not much noticeable accompaniment, other than rhythm. Side was recorded quite some time ago.

Coupling is one of her better up-tempo efforts, with a good swinging band accompaniment. Patti gets a great beat toward the end. (Mercury 5867.)



LITTLE CINDY LORD is one of the younger and brighter candidates for vocal stardom in the record field. A protégé of disc jockey Bob Clayton, she made a good start on MGM Records recently, her latest release being *After Graduation Day* coupled with *So Deep My Love*.

Les Paul-Mary Ford

***** *In The Good Old Summertime*
***** *Smoke Rings*

Mr. and Mrs. Paul have a couple of their strongest efforts to date mated on this record. *Summertime*, as treated here, becomes close kin to Les' earlier hit impressions of *How High The Moon* and *Tiger Rag*; it's loaded down with the most refined of his multiple-dub sound tricks, but still is invested with samples of his jazz flair. The ancient Casa Loma theme primarily is a vocal showcase for wife Mary, whose intimate style is perfectly suited for the song.

Result: two more big hits for the Pauls. (Capitol 2123.)

Teddy Phillips

* *That's My Prayer*
* *Relatives*

Nick Gari and a trio and Phillips' soprano sax carry the *Prayer* side, one of sickening sweetness. *Relatives* is a Tin Pan Alley calypso that could just as well never have been written; Lynn Hoyt was unlucky enough to have to sing it. (King 15180.)

Dinah Shore

*** *West of the Mountains, East of the Sea*

*** *From the Time We Say Goodbye*

Working with the Peter King Singers, a large choir, and rhythm section, Dinah coos sweetly through a couple of sugary waltzes. *Mountains* is a rather oddly constructed item, a bit more complex than most pops these days; *Goodbye* is just plain sugar and spice and everything's so nice. The best that can be said for the latter is that it's retentive and could attract business. (Victor 20-4768.)

Dick Thomas

*** *Don't Believe a Word They Say*
*** *Wonder*

Accompanied by a vocal group (The Townsmen) and a rhythm section, Dick sings his sonorous sorrows into an echo chamber. Bordering between pop and hill-billy, his style is admirably suited to both ballads. (Mercury 5864.)

June Valli

*** *So Modly in Love*
*** *Strange Sensation*

June's mature-sounding voice, always impressive to those who've seen what a little young thing she is, does a little duetting with itself on the Kim Gannon-Mabel Wayne waltz. *Strange*, a new adaptation of *La Cumparsita*, gets the big treatment, with a touch of echo, tango rhythm and much drama. (Victor 20-4759.)

Fred Waring

** *You*
** *It Happened in Monterey*

You is the active adaptation of *Musetta's Waltz*; the Waring Glee Club and strings make a pretty cover disc of the tune with tenor Gordon Goodman singing the release solos. *Monterey*, an oldie in the revival stages, is handled lushly by the Waring forces. (Decca 28235.)

The Weavers

***** *Hard Ain't It Hard?*
***** *Run Home To Me-Ma*

The wonderful spirited drive of this magnificent folk quartet has never shown to better advantage than it does on *Hard*. *Ma-Ma* is a calypso-ish novelty with a repetitive catch-phrase that could sweep like a tidal wave if it makes a sufficient initial impact.

Recommended: that Decca make a second recording of the latter with Louis Jordan; the material is the best of its type to show in several years. Louis won't interfere with The Weavers, who are going to have a noise-making coupling regardless. (Decca 28228.)

Micki Williams

* *Sweet Grapes*
*** *Moonblind*

There's a slightly synthetically sophisticated sound to the lyrics sung by Miss Williams on the grape song. Band, pianist, tenor man and song combine to give her a better chance on the coupling. (Victor 20-4734.)

Jane Wyman

*** *He's Just Crazy for Me*
** *Checking My Heart*

Here's a surprising item! Miss Wyman, who has made a few sides previously without showing more than a pleasant delivery, does herself proud on *Crazy*, projects deep feeling and spreads a sexy mood on the Warren-Robin tune from the score of *Just for You*, in which Miss Wyman co-stars with der Bingle.

Reverse is a minor rhythm opus from the same score, done unaffectedly by the singing actress. Dave Barbour's slick, jazz-tinged backgrounds provide an additional lift to the proceedings. (Decca 28204.)

JAZZ

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

Count Basie

** *Faunty Meeting You*
*** *Why Not?*
*** *Live at Five*
*** *Jumping at the Woodside*

The first coupling produced by Basie's new big band, the best crew the Count has had in some years, spots a couple of Neal Hefti originals; the other grooves a pair of remakes of great Basie ditties from the Decca days.

Live at Five, a fluffy Basie-Harry Edison bouncer, comes off as the best and most representative of the four. Opens and closes with a unison sax-trombone statement and along the way shows off some superlative Paul Quinichette tenor, a touch of the leader's piano, a mite of rough tramping, some un-Basie-like brass screams, and some very Basie-ish ensemble shouting.

Jumping, in a new arrangement hardly as spontaneous as the original, suffers from over-loaded recording and over-loaded writing. Quinichette and trumpeter Joe Newman contribute tidy highspots; tenorist Candy Johnson comes on to wind things up in a blaze of confusion.

Why Not? is taken at a bit slower clip



GEORGE WALLINGTON'S PIANO is presented at its brilliant best in the new LP on the Progressive label reviewed in this issue. Pic by Herman Leonard.

than Neal set for his own Coral recording of the breezy strain; Newman and Quinichette again blow well. *Faunty* is a shout opus; spots tenorist Johnson going nowhere; drummer Gus Johnson helps to prevent the side from falling apart. (Mercury 8987,88.)

Bill Harris

*** *Bill Not Phil*
* *You're Blase*

Bill plays well on the side undedicated to Phil Harris. It's an unusual band featuring trombones and reeds with rhythm. The reverse reminds one of Dave Garro-way's blindfold comments. (Down Beat, May 7) on some of Bill's current work. (Mercury 8969.)

Milt Jackson

*** *Bags' Groove*
*** *Lillie*

Bags (that's Milt Jackson's nickname) features his own vibes, John Lewis' piano and Lou Donaldson's alto in a neatly arranged, well-balanced, medium-fast blues. *Lillie* is a very pretty Jackson melody, played as a vibes solo with rhythm. (Blue Note 1593.)

Stan Kenton

*** *Cool Eyes*
* *She's A Comely Fench*

Gene Roland's *Cool Eyes* is like *The Major And The Minor* with more interesting changes. Conte Candoli plays the theme, muted, against an intriguing background. The side builds well, with a short Bill Holman tenor spot on the way.

Jerri Winters tries to sing the nonsense on the back. (Capitol 2064.)

Billy May

*** *Mayhem*
*** *Easy Street*

Two strictly jazz instrumental sides. *Mayhem* is doubly welcome in that it's (a) a good original May tune and (b) completely free of the by now too familiar slurring-sax sound. The band swings, brass bites and recording is good. Only weakness is the predominance of ensemble and the limitation of solo work to a dull tenor.

Easy Street does revert to the sax gimmick, but doesn't overdo it; takes the tune slowly but with a beat, and generously tosses four bars to Willie Smith. (Capitol 2113.)

Howard McGhee

*** *Body and Soul*
*** *Star Dust*
*** *How High The Moon, I & II*

Considering that they were recorded in Guam, and with a rhythm section that contained no bass (Pettiford had left for home) and no piano (a piano at a Pacific GI post?), these sides come off well. Credit is due to the sensitive guitar chording of Clifton Beat. First two sides are all McGhee trumpet, except for a Rudy Williams tenor interlude on *Star Dust*. *Moon* has all the usual clichés on the subject, bad tenor, good J. Johnson and McGhee. For anyone who heard this unit on its intercontinental jaunts, all four sides will be a nostalgic necessity. (Hi-Lo 1410, 1409.)

Charles Mingus

* *Precognition*
* *Portrait*

Mingus, the bass ace, starts his own label with these two sides; but they suffer from poor balance, an out-of-tune cellist and a below-par Lee Konitz. Jackie Paris, a great singer, fights the background on *Portrait*; Phyllis Pinkerton, a Triстано student, plays promising piano on *Precognition*. (Debut M-101.)

Anita O'Day

* *Lullaby of the Leaves*
** *Love for Sale*

Anita still has the sense of phrasing and inflection that once made her a great stylist, but even this, combined with the excellent band backing furnished by Ralph Burns, can't compensate for the pathetically bad intonation on *Leaves*. The fault is less obvious on *Love*, which died-in-the-wool O'Day fans may like. (Mercury 8989.)

Chico O'Farrill

*** *It Ain't Necessarily So*
*** *Guavaes What*
*** *Cuban Blues*
*** *JATAP Mambo*

Norman Granz has a good commercial bet in Chico, whose band to date has combined several admirable elements: good tunes, fine arrangements, excellent ensemble and strong soloists. *Ain't* is an example of modern band orchestration in the best of taste, with unbilled trumpet and alto soloist sharing in

(Turn to Page 18)

The Blindfold Test

Steve Allen 'Sings' For Wholesale

By LEONARD FEATHER

As anybody can tell you who caught Steve Allen's morning TV show last fall, Steve is a man who likes modern music, has good taste, and exercises it whenever conditions give him a chance.

As you all know, Steve has a background as a musician and is well equipped to talk authoritatively about music. For his blindfold test, I divided the records fairly evenly between sides on which he could judge the piano work and numbers on which the songs and their interpretation were the main interest.

The Records

1. I don't know who any of these people are . . . the band shows the Mitch Miller influence. I don't know the names of the singers although the boy's voice sounds familiar . . . I don't remember ever hearing the girl's voice before. I would give this a rating of about three . . . not so much for my personal tastes—it's the kind of a record I would never purchase. If I were a record distributor I might give it five, because it sounds pretty darn commercial. The song is, I think, a commercial one as a record song because it has this weird new sound. It sounds like the writer tried to write something different and he deserves credit for that. I can't see the song ever selling many piano copies because it is a fairly monotonous melody, but its very monotony has made it pretty tricky and catchy.

2. This could be Woody Herman because it sounds new and fresh. The arrangement sounds very up to date . . . piano solo, was great . . . it sounds a lot like Mel Powell playing a modern piano. The piano's too good to be Duke Ellington. Theoretically it could be Duke's band, but I don't think he's playing that fast right now. If anything could bring bands back, this sort of thing would certainly help. Give it four and a half.

3. If that isn't a studio outfit just whipped up to play the arrangement, it sounds like Sammy Kaye or Guy Lombardo. This song sounds as if the melody were written first . . . it sounds as though it might be a legitimate South American melody or Spanish melody and somebody wrote an English lyric to it. He did a pretty good job on it, although there are many notes in a few places that what he did write makes it tough for the singer. I would give this a rating of one, chiefly on the basis of my personal tastes, but it wouldn't surprise me if it sold a lot because, again, it's weird and weird things can suddenly become the biggest things in the world, nobody knows why. The guitar-zither type gimmick in there could make it a seller.

4. That's wonderful. If it isn't Nat Cole, the fellow has sure heard him . . . the engineer on this would deserve five stars; that's wonderful presence. The music sounds very tidy and the union work is very neat—precise. It's advanced, but not too advanced for people to understand without working too hard at it. It sounded like Oscar Moore, but it's pretty hard sometimes to pick out guitarists. Seems to be a little more difficult to create a different style on that instrument. That's about all I can say, but I think it's great. Four and a half.

5. That's funny. That has to be Louis Prima. It's a good arrangement considering that march tempo or whatever the heck it is . . . the band kind of rocks, you know, especially on that last chorus there where he Louis Armstrongs it up a tiny bit for a few bars. It's kinda cute—it'll sell a lot. There might be one person in ten thousand who would say we shouldn't make light of operatic material but I'm not that one and I think it's very funny. I don't think there's too much point in judging it as music. You have to judge it as entertainment and on that basis I'll give it four and a half.

6. It sounds a little like Art Tatum if he'd had about four drinks. (I don't even know if Art does drink) . . . his runs, descending runs particularly, are always characterized by a lacy precise accuracy, and I could swear I could hear a few clinkers here and there. It could be somebody like Oscar Peterson or Andre Previn playing like Art on this one record, or it could be your Aunt Fanny, so wouldn't swear. It's a good recording job. The piano sounds like the mike were



SONGS FOR SALE—Steve Allen with Duke Ellington, Mitch Miller and songsmith Jule Styne.

right next to it. Sounds like the guy had a bit of trouble with the key action. But it had that fine, full chord treatment that characterizes Tatum's playing, and the powerful left hand with the occasional kind of Fats Waller heavy bit that Art uses. I like this. Give it four.

7. That's my girl. I've heard Peggy do this with just three pieces. I loved it then—I love it now . . . this has always been a five star song. The arranger did a wonderful, very exciting job. I think Peggy's up-tempo bongot-type treatment of slow ballads is always wonderful. She sings better on this than I think she has sung on some of her records of the last year or so. The engineering job is a little bit faulty, but I guess it's a minor thing as regards the sale of the record. If this record doesn't sell, then we should all go out of the business. It's wonderful. Five Stars.

8. The coda comes as a big surprise on this record; I didn't even know the boys were there. This gets five stars as far as I'm concerned, although I don't think the buying public will flock to the stores to pick it up. This sounds like either Garner playing like Shearing or Shearing playing like Garner. The opening has the same style that Shearing used when he recorded two or three of his slow things about two or three years ago like *You Are Too Beautiful* and then there are a few measures there which are unmistakably Garner. I mean, still granting the fact that it may not be him. If it isn't them, I have no idea. I love this record. It's tremendous.

9. I think that's very cute . . . should be quite commercial. I think that must be Judy Lynn. This is Phil Moore's tune, I believe, and I think it's wonderful. It sounds like it has that kind of Bob Merrill type which could make it a big hit. One thing which might possibly go against it is that there's a faint tinge of the risqué about it, but I suppose that's all the way you look at it—if you've paid your electric bill lately or something like that. I think it's real cute. Three stars.

10. First few bars sound like Gordon Jenkins, and then it sounds a little like somebody playing in the old Eddy Duchin octave-spread style, and then it sounds like the Glenn Miller sax section and it all adds up to I don't know what. If this is Gordy, I didn't know he played that much piano; I didn't know his fingers could move that much. Could be some piano player with a band, Elliot Lawrence or somebody like that. What's this fellow

Records Reviewed by Steve Allen

Steve gave no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Jimmy Dorsey, *Tell Me True* (Columbia). Sandy Evans and Pat O'Connor, vocal.
2. Neal Hefti, *Why Not* (Coral). Billy Taylor, piano. Comp. & arr. Hefti.
3. Guy Lombardo, *Delicado* (Decca). Vocal by Kenny Martin & Lombardo Trio. Comp. Waldyr Asvedo.
4. King Cole Trio, *Return Trip* (Capitol). Cole, piano; Irving Ashby, guitar & comp.
5. Louis Prima, *The Bigger The Figure* (Columbia). Based on *Largo Al Factotum* from Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. Prima, vocal.
6. Art Tatum, *You Took Advantage Of Me* (Capitol).
7. Peggy Lee-Gordon Jenkins, *Lover* (Decca).
8. Beryl Booker Quintet, *Handful Of Stars* (Mercury). Beryl Booker, piano.
9. Judy Lynn, *Blow Out The Candle* (Coral). Comp. Phil Moore.
10. Winifred Atwell, piano, with Ted Heath Orch. *Body And Soul* (London).
11. Alan Dean, *You'll Never Be Mine* (MGM). Comp. Kay Twomey, Fred Wise, Ben Weisman.
12. Joe Fingers Carr and his Carr Hops, *Good Time Charlie* (Capitol). Lou Busch, piano.

that did *Bewitched* a year or so ago, Bill Snyder? Isn't Snyder, but somebody like that. I like it and I don't know who it is. Three, I guess.

11. This sounds like a new voice to me. It's not a trick voice, it doesn't have a new sound. This fellow is just a good old fashioned fine singer. Has an excellent voice. Whoever he is, I predict he is going to make it. The song is beautiful. It sounds as if it is either a legitimate melody, I mean a melody that might have been picked up in France or something, or else it was home made here in town by a writer who set out to write something unusual and did an excellent job. The combination of the major and minor strains is very effective; it's an excellent job of song writing and an excellent job of recording. I'd rate it four.

12. That's real south Chicago music. It's a record that I would never buy, and it's tough rating it. Could be a six minus. The old 1912 backroom piano is as well done as it could be done. I don't know . . . give it one or two musically, although it's just not to my tastes but I would love to own this song. I think it's going to bring in an awful lot of nickels in the taverns. Who did *I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover*? What band was that? Art Mooney? This probably wasn't Art, but it could be, with 87 men singing in unison. This sounds as if it could become a minor standard. Judged strictly from a commercial basis, I'd give it four and a half.

Sideman Switches

Stan Kenton—Sal Salvador, guitar, for Ralph Blaise; Vinny Dean, lead alto, and Dick Meldonian, 3rd alto, in . . . Ray Anthony—Walter Shields, too, for Tom Oblak; Buddy

Wise jazz tenor (returned after illness) for Bob Hardaway . . . Charlie Spivak—Tim Jordan, too, for Russ Sonjou; Dick Johnson, alto, for Vic Powell (to marry); Mario Daone, too, for Dick Hoch; Joe Crayhon, piano, for Jerry Kaminsky; Donna Dale, vocals, for Alicia Wallace; Joe Cipriano, tenor, out

. . . Hal McIntyre—George Harris, bari., for Bobby Martin; Jack Rice, too, for Hub Houtz; Lou Skeen, too, for Jim Kurfman; Johnny Hayes, jazz tenor, for John Pellacane; Harry Crisp, piano, for Dave Silberman . . . Herbie Fields (Wildwood, N.J.)—Eddie Bert, jazz tr., added.

Dave Lambert of singing fame (with Buddy Stewart, Jo Stafford, etc.), will grace the airlines from the Catskills this summer with a disc jockey show emanating from Station WVOS, thru Nick's Bar in Ferndale, N.Y., from 12 midnite to 4 a.m. seven night a week, starting July 1 and running to Labor Day.

Anthony Set Thru Jan. '53

New York—The Ray Anthony band, going from strength to strength as an established name outfit, now has bookings set solidly into 1953.

Summer plans after the Palladium stint in L.A. (opening July 15) call for one-nighters Aug. 11 through 31, followed by a week's vacation. One-nighters in Texas take up the rest of September, followed by an Oct. 2 opening at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas.

Anthony then embarks on more one-night stands until Dec. 1, when he vacations until Christmas. After a couple of theater dates he then opens Jan. 12, 1953 at the Statler Hotel's Cafe Rouge in Manhattan.

Jurgens To Mercury

New York—Dick Jurgens, veteran midwestern band favorite, signed a recording deal with Mercury Records. He last recorded for Columbia.

Jurgens at the same time renewed his booking management agreement with MCA.

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ONLY PARTIALLY RECOVERED from the serious automobile accident that temporarily cut short his career, Barclay Allen recently made his re-entry on an RCA Victor multi-tape piano coupling of *After You've Gone* and *Cherokee*, reviewed in this issue.

Chords And Discords

Thanks, Says Barclay Allen; Handy Unpatched: W.G. Still

No. Hollywood, Cal.

To The Editors:

I wish to thank you for your very fine article in the current *Down Beat*. It was certainly an unexpected pleasure to see it on the first page when I opened my regular copy. I'm glad that you mentioned Freddy Martin's large part in this Victor deal; I surely owe him a lot.

Believe me, it's a real thrill to be getting back in the business after coming close to tossing in the chips. With the help of the Lord I hope to be worthy of so many people's faith in me.

I trust that the new record merits your generous boost in my behalf. It was surely an experience making it, and we learned a lot from it. The next one will be better.

Barclay Allen

(Advertisement)



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Paul Wyer at all. During the two months I spent in Memphis with Handy's band, I did know his brother Ed Wyer, but never saw Paul. As a matter of fact, I recall being told at that time that Paul was in an entirely different city. Under the circumstances, it was impossible for him to have given me any musical ideas. Most of the people who know me well know that I have always been a lone wolf as far as my own compositions are concerned.

Mr. Hoefler's article also contained a statement about Mr. Handy's clothes being in patches. I have known W. C. Handy very well since 1916, and I have yet to see him dressed in bad taste, or carelessly attired in any sense of the word. As a matter of further interest, it always seemed to me that he took pains to clothe himself well.

William Grant Still

Swingin' Swede

Norra vagen 24 A, Soderhamn, Sweden

To The Editors:

I'm a journalist, 20 years of age, interested in all kinds of jazz music. I would be glad to have some letterfriends somewhere in the world, and promise to answer every letter I get.

B. Goran Becklund

Hans Is Hip

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To The Editors:

I am a veteran recently returned from Germany. While there, I heard what I think is the best progressive combo I ever heard anywhere, including America. They are unknown outside of Munich, where they play at a service club for G.I.s. The Germans don't dig the modern sounds, so soldiers are their only audience.

This combo is a quartet; piano, bass, drums and tenor in the Stan Getz cool jazz style with a few added improvements of their own, such as the tenor man, Hans Koller, who is the leader, and who can play even cooler than Getz and using faster runs. A girl plays piano for them and Bob Nelms, the ex-Krupa pianist who is over there now traveling with Special Services, says the girl, Jutta Hipp, is the best girl piano player he ever heard, bar none.

These fine musicians have never been out of Germany and get all their music from listening to records or radio. Their main desire in life is to be able to come to the U.S.A.

Bill Arnold

To Each His Own

Mentor, O.

To The Editors:

Thank you for featuring Cleveland's disc jockey, Bill Randle, in the May 7 issue of *Down Beat*. It interested me more than any article you've ever published.

The majority of jocks spin records that they themselves prefer, and performers that they dislike are never featured on their show. Bill Randle is that "one in a million" who doesn't have a grudge against anyone—or at least never mentions any—and thank goodness, doesn't load the air waves with jazz recordings, even though they're his favorite.

If the demand is great, and Randle has to play more jazz, naturally I'll manage to live through it, but he'll never get me to buy the recordings. To me, popular music is "good music." To each his own.

Georgene Ruf

Teddy Wilson Talks Of Keyboards And Of Kings

Boston—At 39, Teddy Wilson is one of the elder statesmen of the jazz piano. Not that his own playing has lost any of the remarkable ease, fluidity and freshness of conception that has made him a potent influence on younger men. But his experience and discriminating ear make his views on contemporary currents in jazz piano of particular interest.

Teddy talked about the evolution of the jazz piano while in Boston for a week at the Hi-Hat with his quartet. Erroll Garner had just left town and it was Garner Teddy singled out as a man he especially admires of all the pianists who have arrived in the last ten years.

"I suppose that's because the piano to me is fundamentally a two-handed instrument, and that's the way Garner plays it."

Teddy was asked about the complaints that Erroll's style is too lushly romantic. "I don't quarrel with a musician's taste," said Teddy, "unless it's really bad. A man knows what he wants to do and I judge him on that basis."

Thelonius Monk is another pianist Teddy enjoys greatly. "I feel he's more at home than any of them in weird tonalities, eccentric rhythms and the like. He hasn't as much technique as he should have to communicate all he has to say, but I'm tremendously impressed by his absolute sense of time."

Bud, Al, Oscar

"Bud Powell has that feeling for time, too, and has good technique. Among the others, I enjoy Al Haig, particularly on ballads. Oscar Peterson has excellent technique but so far hasn't developed a clear-cut original style of his own. I believe that will work out in time though."

"As for Tristano, I admire his musicianship; but for me, he lacks an emotional impact. It is true, as Dizzy Gillespie said, that Tristano hasn't the kind of jazz beat one could dance to, but I think he's abstracted that deliberately. Aside from personal taste though, I don't believe jazz is ready yet to cut itself off from the mass of listeners. As of now only musicians can understand Tristano."

The conversation went on to jazz cults, and Teddy said seriously, "You have to be careful of liking a man just to be hip. Just to be part of the avant-garde. Some peo-

ple like to be able to say they're able to understand what no one else can, and they align their musical allegiances on that basis."

Teddy also deplores the tendency to label and categorize. "I don't think it's very intelligent to get on one kick or one man and say that's it, that's the only real jazz."

Jazz at Juilliard

Teddy himself is about to start his summer course in jazz piano and improvisation at the Juilliard School of Music. Pupils receive one hour of private instruction a week and two class hours. In class, Teddy explains jazz harmony; occasionally he plays records, compares styles and throws the class open to discussion.

The students are generally a mixture of classical pianists who want to broaden their scope, professional jazzmen who'd like some postgraduate coaching and people who play for pleasure and desire to play better.

"Actually, of course, you can't teach originality and you have to be an active part of the jazz scene for some time to be able to improvise naturally, but I try to communicate the basic tools for future improvisation."

In the fall, Teddy would like to add a tenor to the quartet with which he recently played Philadelphia and Toronto as well as Boston. If they're available, Harold Baker, Kelly Martin and Connie Henry will rejoin Teddy. He'd like to stay as close to New York as possible, but would go on the road if the loot were right.

Teddy was asked finally how he regarded the level of musical taste in the pop business these days. "Oh well," Teddy temporized, "the public never stays with any one gimmick too long. Remember Oh Johnny?"

And the elder statesman returned to the stand to play a set of standards with the surety and skilful grace that have left his work untainted by time.

—nat

Frisco Alive With Top Names; Led By Jo, Judy & Ella Mae

San Francisco—Name talent burst all over this city early in June as if shot out of a cannon. After months of relative inactivity, Frisco nightlife jumped into action.

One reason was the settlement of several of the strikes paralyzing the Bay Area.

With Josephine Baker at the Fairmont, Judy Garland at the Curran, Ella Mae Morse and Vido Musso at the Say When, the Hangover added the Buddy De Franco Quartet to its bill to play opposite Wingy Manone.

In addition, the Say When announced plans to bring in Flip Phillips and Charlie Parker in mid-June in a battle of horns with a house band. The club is currently using Cuz Cousineau's quintet, made up of Cuz on drums; Vince Catolica, clarinet; Kenny Beior, piano; Eddie Durand, guitar. Vido's group, which played opposite Ella Mae throughout her two

weeks, had Gil Barrios, piano; Red Whitlock, bass and Rudy Pitts, drums.

The Black Hawk is planning to follow Dave Brubeck with other stars, possibly an Anita O'Day-Roy Eldridge package, and will probably bring in Red Norvo during July. The Hangover is following the Manone-De Franco booking with the Earl Hines group and then will possibly bring in Johnny Hodges.

Meanwhile the San Francisco hotels have gone name band crazy. Benny Strong was booked to open July 22 at the Mark Hopkins, Yma Sumac also due there this summer; Orrin Tucker opened June 17 at the Claremont; Miguelito Valdes, June 10 at the Fairmont; and Tex Beneke was signed to follow Jack Fina in the St. Francis September 9.

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THE Tone Heard 'Round the World



PHILADELPHIA'S CLUB HARLEM played host to the Stan Kenton sound recently, when the above shot was taken during a broadcast. Announcers, in foreground, signals for applause, flanked in rear by Conte Candoli and Stan. Saxophonists, l. to r. are Bill Holman, Boots Mussulli, Dick Meldonian, Lee Elliott and Bob Giega.

Music In The Air

Stan Kenton Orch. NBC, Tuesdays, 10:35-11:00 p.m. EDT.

Announced as a "concert in miniature," the first of Kenton's 25-minute shows, for which NBC is following him around the country, was a model of how dance band broadcasts should be presented.

First week's show came from a hall in Kitchener, Ont., where despite a noisy audience NBC got a good band balance.

Stan's emoting, though a trifle verbose for such a short show, struck the perfect mood of informality-plus-information. While getting across all the arranger and solo credits, he kidded the men gently, and, on reaching a Bill Russo number, turned the band over to Russo, who promptly gave

everyone a \$50 raise. Russo delivered his hysterically funny mock-serious speech, after which the music itself seemed anticlimactic, starting with a nasty clinker and later living up to its title (*Ennuui*).

In fact, the production and purpose behind the show set such a high standard that the music couldn't live up to it. Bob Fitzpatrick's trombone was the solo highlight; the rest was run-of-the-mill Kenton, except for the pleasantly informal opening on *Stardust*—bass solo, then piano easing in guitar, and finally the whole band.

Saturday Night Dance Party. NBC-TV. Saturdays, 9:30 p.m. EDT.

It's the same old story. Every time you think they're finally putting a real band show on television, it turns out to be everything else but.

Jerry Lester landed the star billing as *Saturday Night Dance Party* got under way, with the Band Of The Week (in this instance Ray Anthony) playing second fiddle.

Jerry opened the show with his usual sly grimaces, then did a jitterbug routine with a girl while the band played a fast blues. Marcie Miller, not too well favored by camera angles, then did *You're Driving Me Crazy*, making way for a filmed Melvyn Douglas, who expounded on the merits of *Ben-Hur* watches.

Next came a dance act called the Evans Family, followed by Mr. Lester in a song about chlorophyll which, because we don't have a green screen, seemed to lack something. Then there was an appearance by Milton Berle, visiting from a neighboring Telethon, followed by some celluloid adventures of Tuffy, a magic cleaning sponge.

Who? Ray?

The band? Oh, yes, the band. Well, they were on next, with Tommy Mercer and the choir, in *At Last*. Before they vacated while Jerry did a comedy bit with a trombone, involving a play on the words Paganini and Page Nine. Then Ray and the band marched through the audience playing *When*

The Saints Go Marching In, after which there was just time for Mr. Lester to invite Ray Anthony to say hello to his (Ray Anthony's) mother. Mr. Lester also said: "You



Ray Anthony

were sensational, Ray," and then, to the audience, "Is that a band?"

Alas, nobody had a chance to find out. (Postscript: At first we were ready to make allowances because the show was cut to a half-hour; but as we wrote these lines we learned that the following week, featuring Stan Kenton, was also to be a 30-minute show.)

Spotlight On Harlem. WJZ-TV, Mondays, 10 p.m. EDT.

Ralph Cooper, whose genuine effervescence and good musical taste have made him one of our favorite Manhattan deejays, made his TV bow with this hour-long show. Basically it's an amateur hour, though on the first show there were appearances by such pre-guests as the Ravens, Joe Medlin and little Leslie Uggams.

Most of the amateurs were well above average. Ralph kept things going as smoothly as possible, but he was handicapped in several respects. Camera work (mike shadows visible), production (show end-

ing in mid-song), and act-pacing (too many singers) needed adjustment, and the "orchestra" plugged by Ralph seemed to consist entirely of a Hammond organ.

There was a mail-pull gimmick in which Ralph asked the audience to vote for their favorites, but he didn't make it clear who were the pros and who was eligible for votes.

If ABC invests a little time and money, it can have a fine show here—but it should throw in a couple of white acts; just to show there's no Crow Jim.

Book Reviews

ASCAP Biographical Index Is Enlarged In New Edition

The ASCAP Biographical Dictionary, edited by Daniel I. McNamara (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 636 pp., \$5.00) is a new and considerably enlarged edition of the valuable reference work that first appeared in 1948.

Since the first edition, the writer membership of ASCAP has increased from 1890 to 2297. All the new members will find their biographies in this printing. Older members will find their listings have been supplemented by whatever information they have sent the Society since 1948.

As before, there is a complete list of members by birthday, by birthplace, by residence, and a list of publisher-members (up now from 309 to 453). Much of this information will be invaluable to disc jockeys, especially since numerous bandleaders who happen also to be ASCAP members are included.

The book has a couple of faults. Collaborations are almost completely ignored, so it is impossible to tell who wrote what with whom, unless you spend hours cross-checking the references. Since most pop songs are the work of two or more writers, this seems an in-judicious error of omission.

Mr. McNamara is elliptical in other ways. His biography of Bing Crosby, (considerably shorter than that of someone named Bainbridge Crist on the same page) covers two decades in one swell foop with this masterpiece: *As screen actor, starred in many films since 1931.* (Heck, we could have told him that.)

And Juan Tizol's life story ends thus: *to California 1944: joined popular orchestra as trombonist.* Guess Mr. McNamara figured there was no point in mentioning an unknown name like Harry James.

—Joe

Seamier Side Of Jazz In A Colorful Novel

Flee The Angry Strangers, by George Mandel (Bobbs-Merrill Co., 180 pp., \$3.75) was recommended to me by a famous musician, who commented that many others in or around the music business will find it fascinating reading.

He was right. Although this long novel is not primarily about music, it tells of people and things on the periphery of the jazz world, of a way of life that has eaten into the music business like a maggot, bringing with it a crisis from which it is only now slowly emerging.

The story is set in Greenwich Village. The principal character is Diane Lattimer, a wayward and beautiful girl, a mother at 17, bitterly anxious to escape from the world of reality. The story of her disintegration is told with terrifying intensity; Mr. Mandel's strangely oblique writing style is peculiarly fitted to the dream world in which Diane and her friends live.

One of the leading roles is that of Dincer, a trumpet player whose golden horn becomes the slave of his golden arm; a youth who talks and behaves like too many talented musicians we have known, just as Diane lives like so many young girls who have hung around a certain musical clique.

Flee The Angry Strangers (the title refers to the addicts' attitude toward the outside world of "squares") will make you feel like taking a good bath. If you are just entering the music game, or have ever been inclined to investigate its underworld, Mr. Mandel's brilliantly vivid account of the ghastly experiences of people like Diane and Dincer will make you happy to be a square forever.

—Len

Cugat's Big Hit Helps Build N.O. Hotel Room Trade

New Orleans—Xavier Cugat, Abbe & Co. just concluded four extremely successful weeks at the Roosevelt Hotel's Blue Room here.

Cugie represents the Blue Room's Answer to the considerable competition offered by the Cotillion Room of the Jung Hotel. Prior to the opening of the Cotillion Room in February of this year, the Roosevelt Blue Room presented the best in the way of nighttime entertainment. Caliber of the shows was not the best, but New Orleanians and the tourists had their choice of the Blue Room or nothing.

Blue Room bookers seem to have pulled the same "boo-boo" in the current show that was made by the Cotillion management when they followed Rosemary Clooney with a real bomb, which took them four to six weeks of class bookings to overcome.

The two rooms have the field to themselves, as the Swan Room of the Hotel Monteleone, which has presented Jan August, April Stevens and the Mary Kay Trio among others this past season, has closed for the summer.

Civilian Griffin Gets Solo Flight

New York—Merv Griffin, who was rejected by selective service recently, has left the Freddy Martin band to take a flier as a single. Merv has been cutting records for RCA Victor for about a year as a solo performer, but through this period remained with Martin.

Prior to making his single bid, Griffin has been attempting to straighten out his booking agency status.



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CHUBBY SAYS:

Coach Jackson now reports on the one month stay at the Statler Hotel in New York City.

Hoorah! What an opening! The band was musically, mentally, physically and emotionally prepared for April 7, 1952. Yup! It took seven weeks of sweat and more sweat—Hah! But it paid off in every possible direction. Opening night was comparable to an Aesop Fable. Seems like the entire trade showed up with a definite "show me" look on their faces! At the conclusion of the night, you could tell that victory was ours. The audience response was phenomenal and the gabfest amongst the tables was bordered with a little bit more than mild hysteria.

Predictions from famous show people began, some of which sounded like this: "This band will bring back the music business!!! This is Woody's greatest band ever!!! What a pleasure to hear such a great swinging band!!! My! doesn't Woody look the happiest?" — These are only a few of the comments flying about the Cafe Rouge opening night. Despite the fact that we opened during Holy Week, and business was expected to be bad, the attendance boomed to fantastic heights. With our fourth and final week practically a "Happy New Year" every night. The Statler management announced publicly that they haven't seen so much business in over four years. All the headwaiters and waiters confirmed that report also—now ain't that something on a stick? Yeah! I'll darn that dream! Hee! Hee!

But that isn't all, 'cause the press blew their tops too! A Mr. Frank Coniff of the N. Y. *Journal American* heard a radio broadcast in his car and wrote a piece called "Rose for Woody Herman," that is a classic amongst classics.

All our critic friends who have been secretly rooting for the band before hearing it, shared our triumph with us.

Let's not forget how furiously happy our boy Woody is! Long hours of preparation via rehearsals, talkovers, selection of the right material etc.—Yup! it was finally beginning to have its payoff. I guess now it is a proven fact that if anybody could readjust the band business and come up with a winner, it would be none other than "Mr. Wood" himself.

'Nuff said for now... however, let me represent the 3rd Herd by personally thanking everyone concerned. To say that we're totally grateful is an understatement.

VIVA LA 3rd HERD!!!

Record Reviews

(Jumped from Page 11)

the credit. (Nick Travis and Lennie Hambro.)

Guess What, though imperfectly balanced, is an exciting original racer on the I Got Rhythm changes, reminiscent at times of the old Herman Herd—especially since the tenor man is Flip Trumbull, trombone, alto and piano also have first-rate solos, uncredited on the label. (Dick Sherman, Eddie Bert, Charlie Kennedy and Gene Di Novi.)

Cuban Blues is not a blues, but its minor theme, with great section work, combines the Latin and jazz elements more felicitously than many similar efforts by other bands. And, heretically, we find Chico's mambo more compelling than anything to date by the many "authentic" mambo bands. (Mercury 8986, 8985.)

Johnny Smith Quintet

***** Moonlight in Vermont
***** Tabu

A timely and long due reminder—you can play chords on a guitar as well as single notes! Johnny establishes the mood this way, Stan Getz eases in very gently, then on the second chorus invents his own ideas on this lovely standard with its six-bar phrases. Safranski, too, has a short and pleasant solo. This is completely charming music, a delightful change from run-of-the-mill jazz offerings.

Tabu is almost as successful musically, may be even more so commercially. More great voicing of tenor and guitar, a fine swinging beat from Don Lamond, and good piano from Sanford Gold. (Rocast 547.)

George Wallington Trio

Twins
Polka Dot
I'll Remember April
High Score
Hyaline
Joy Bell
I Didn't Know What Time It Was
Fine and Dandy

Album Rating: *****

George Wallington, whom we'd always thought of as just an average bop pianist, surprised us with the evident care and preparation put into this LP of five originals and three standards.

This music is brittle but subtle, as different from Ellis Larkins as fire from ice, but just as successful. The originals are original, High Score being a particularly attractive riff creation.

Accompaniment by Max Roach and Curly Russell is splendid. Max taxes a long solo on Fine and Dandy which was unnecessary and spoils the mood.

(Advertisement)



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Important conclusion: here is one pianist who has truly approached the incisive sound and individual touch of Bud Powell. One-word summation: George! (Progressive 3001.)

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 (##).

Calvin Boze

*** Keep Your Nose Out Of My Business

**** Good Time Sue

Calvin is in good shape as he hollers about the talkative woman next door, but does even better in the Louis Jordan groove on the coupling, describing a blow-top chick to the accompaniment of compelling shuffle rhythm. This should be a strong contender for nickels. (Aladdin 3132.)

Jimmy Cole

*** I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good

** Cole Tater

A loud, straight alto solo a la Tab Smith makes the first side very acceptable for r & b fans. Coupling is a nondescript instrumental. (King 4531.)

The Four Lads

** I May Hate Myself In The Morning

**** Mocking Bird

The Lads do too little, too late, with Hate Myself, but they may have something on the flip. It's almost in the Golden Gate Quartet groove, with a sound effect akin to tapping on the microphone, and it gets a distinctive mood. (Okeh 6885.)

Lionel Hampton

** If You Ever Learn to Love Me

** Jelly Roll

Irma Curry sings pleasantly, but with a little too much vibrato, and the lyrics supplied her include such lines as "there's nothing can drift us apart." Hamp gets eight bars.

Sonny Parker sings the jump tune well; there's some adequate tenor and a squeaking trumpet finale. (Decca 28230.)

Pinochio James

*** Camp Meeting

* 333 Jump

Mr. James is a new star from Cincinnati. He is aided on both sides by Ray Felder, who played tenor and co-authored

both the numbers. (Camp Meeting is actually Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do, so co-authoring was no back-breaking chore for him.) James shouts and Felder blows effectively on this side, with off-beat hand-clapping and fine jumping r & b style rhythm. Reverse is a fast four-beat blues of little distinction. (Okeh 6881.)



ALONG SHAD ROW they're talking about the spectacular success Bob Shad, Mercury a & r man, has had in re-establishing Wini Brown as a record name. Seen here with Shad cutting Here In My Heart, she was working at her booking agency (Universal) as a secretary until her Be Anything sparked a demand for her on theatre dates.

Pete (Guitar) Lewis

*** Crying with the Rising Sun

** Louisiana Hop

*** Raggedy Blues

* Harmonica Boogie

Johnny Otis' guitar man, backed by the Otis band, sings and plays good earthy authentic blues on Crying. Flip is a jump instrumental that starts like Blue Lou. Raggedy, a faster vocal blues, is reminiscent of Jimmy Rushing both in lyrics and interpretation.

The fourth side solves a mystery—it was Pete, doubling on harmonica, who played on that Little Esther record. His harmonica, however, doesn't help this monotonous fast blues. (Federal 12066, 12076.)

Amos Milburn

*** I Won't Be A Fool Any More

*** Roll Mr. Jelly

The Chickenshackers do a typical job with the slow Maxwell Davis tune on the

upper deck, with Amos declaiming that he's locked his heart. Roll is a jumping juke-box side, clean sounding combo, snuffle rhythm, prominent guitar, tenor and piano, and Amos turning to the ever-popular r & b subject of male potency. (Aladdin 3133.)

Pigmeat Peterson

** Everybody Loves a Fat Man

*** Loud Mouth Lucy

Pigmeat hollers about the fat fellows' amatory powers in a new conception of something we seem to remember hearing done ages ago by Sophie Tucker. Backing is a blues along familiar lines about the talkative gal, with good tenor and strong rocking rhythm. (Federal 12081.)

Red Saunders

** Zeke'l Zeke'l

*** La Raspa

Although the top side has the Hambone Kids, and is obviously a follow-up to the successful Hambone, turn it over and you'll hear the side that's going to sell this platter. A weird-sounding combination of the Mexican Hat Dance, The Campbells Are Coming et al, it follows the dance routine being used currently at certain terpsichorean functions, and, as the only version of its kind, will get a heck of a lot of play. (Okeh 6884.)

Melvin Smith

**** Looped

** Woman Trainer

Melvin, a young blues singer from Atlanta heard with the Blow-Top Lynn outfit, does well for himself on the rocking Looped, delivering the story of his condition most convincingly. B side is slower, with effective combo backing. (Victor 20-4735.)

Sonny Terry

* Hootin' The Blues

* Shake Down Blues

Top side should not be confused with Gramercy recording by Sonny Terry Trio of Hootin' Blues which is the original and exciting record that is getting so much disc jockey play.

Flip features more hootin' but doesn't come off with the Blues. (Savoy 850.)

Titus Turner

*** Got So Much Trouble

** What'Cha Gonna Do For Me

Titus is an 18-year-old blues singer in Atlanta. The minor blues on the up side strikes the r-and-b-attuned ear agreeably. Reverse, a Roy Milton opus, is a fair jump performance. (Okeh 6883.)

Swingin' The Golden Gate

De Franco Invades Dixie Stronghold: No Fatalities

By RALPH J. GLEASON

San Francisco—When the first wave of customers entered the Hangover Club—the Nick's of the West—on the night of June 6 they were startled to find the stand occupied by Buddy De Franco, Kenny Drew, Curly Russell and Art Blakey. No dixielanders they.

What had happened was that Doc Dougherty grabbed the De Franco Quartet when they were made available for eight days by the collapse of another booking, and signed them to bolster the Wingy Manone attraction, which was far from loading the joint.

Buddy was a new name to the two-beat crowds but they took it like gentlemen. Once they got past the dirty word "bebop" hung on the group by a columnist (whom we shall call Herb Caen because his name isn't Walter Winchell), many of the dixie crowd found they could stomach the De Franco

music and even began to like it. Hit of the group, naturally, was Art Blakey, whose exciting and amazingly musical drumming got through to the local dixielanders, many of whom have long been familiar with the Watusi drum records and similar interesting tuned tom-tom artists.

They'll Learn

With the modern-sounding Earl Hines group following De Franco into the club, it begins to look as though a broadening education is in store for regular two-beat fanciers. And that's good. There ought

to be more of this sort of thing on both sides of the fence.

Buddy, incidentally, says that his current rhythm section of Blakey, Drew and Russell, is the greatest, and, as far as he is concerned, a permanent thing. He hopes to record with a big band, including that section, in Los Angeles following the Hangover date. MGM is also planning to release an LP of a recent concert the group did in Nebraska.

If more club owners will give their audiences a chance to hear varying types of music, maybe we can get back to the good old days when 52d Street supplied everything from Red McKenzie to Pete Brown, and everybody had a ball.

Hal McIntyre Will Record For Decca

New York—Hal McIntyre and his orchestra have been signed to a recording contract with Decca to wax the Mills Brothers and on their own. Staff arranger is Walt Stewart, who will write for all Hal's dates.

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Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the most gratifying sensations to be derived from working as a commentator on the music scene is the knowledge that what you are writing and saying may help in some small way to give a common bond, a sense of belonging, to people in remote areas who share nothing but a love for jazz.

This realization has struck me with an increasing intensity ever since December, 1950, when the Voice of America came up with a suggestion that I meet the insistent overseas demands for more jazz by getting together a weekly show devoted to the best in taped live sessions and records. The result was a program called *Jazz Club U.S.A.* which has been assembled into 16-inch discs, shipped for transmission from Voice of America posts all over the world.

The mail this show produces, almost all of it in perfect English, is fascinatingly varied. "We do enjoy your Dixieland jazz," writes Clement Thomas of Port Of Spain, Trinidad, "but please don't forget the modern sounds. One of my dreams would come true if we could hear Tristano or Brubeck recorded at the place where they are currently playing."

Johannesburg Hipster

"There is quite a large following for jazz here in Johannesburg," says Dave Ancer. "Most of the boys are of the modern school." And Gordon Sloper, of Brisbane, Australia, wants me to play Kenton's *Peanut Vendor*. The Hot Club Of Antwerp would like to hear *Second Balcony Jump*. A cat in Singapore inquires whether Tommy Turk plays valve or slide trombone. (Slide, old man.) Robert Chase Davis of San Antonio, Chile, calls for more Nat Cole.

A Mr. G. L. Davies of Curacao, Dutch West Indies, requests Hamp's *Boogie Woogie*. C. D. Gadzan of Bombay wants Fats Navarro's *52nd Street Theme*.

Do the pieces begin to fall into place? The overall impression is that in these jazz-starved areas, most of the fans have heard the older forms via records, but are anxious to catch up on the newer trends.

Significantly, the word "bop" has not acquired the odious stigma hung on it here. To these fans it simply means a form of music, and they want to hear more of it.

Behind the Square Curtain

There are even indications, despite the restrictions under which Eastern European fans live, that the program is getting some kind of an audience behind the Iron Curtain. These are the areas where jazz is regarded, just as it was under Hitler, as decadent music typical of all that is rotten with American civilization.

Possibly because they realize that improvisation is the musical equivalent of uncontrollable freedom of speech, the Reds have frowned on jazz, occasionally spawning a contemptuous piece of party-line propaganda denouncing our vulgar tastes in music.

Nevertheless, the presence of VOA transmitters in Berlin and Munich, and the occasional arrival of a piece of uncensored mail from Czechoslovakia, indicates that this particular curtain has sound-leaks in it. A gent in the Czech town of Prerov, whom I shan't name for fear of getting him in the wrong kind of jam, sent me a long list of Czech and other foreign records which he'd like to exchange for discs by Peterson, Rugolo, Hefti, Burns, Ellington et al.

How Can They Stay Cool in Bombay?

But the most informative letter the international jazz club has yet produced came from Niranjan M. Jhaveri, of 26 Ridge Road, Malabar Hill, Bombay 6, India.

I have just returned to Bombay, he writes, after a 2½ month business-cum-jazz tour of Asia. I have been to Colombo, Singapore, Hongkong, Rangoon, Calcutta, Bangkok, and the whole of Japan. I have met the heads of jazz organizations and made jazz contacts in all these places: the Singapore Rhythm Club, the Hongkong Jazz Club, and the Mighty Hot Club of Japan in Tokyo. They have all agreed to my forming a Federation of Asian jazz organizations. Apart from admirers of jazz there are some very good musicians too, especially in Japan.

Mr. Jiro Kubota of the Hot Club of Japan is working with me on a book to be published soon entitled *Asia And Jazz*. We have no contacts in Manila and Formosa and will be grateful if you can introduce us to critics or fans there. We think we will be able to contact someone even in Communist China and Korea. (Fans in these territories kindly note.)

I visited Bangkok solely for the purpose of meeting the King of Thailand (Siam) who is, as you must know, a jazzman too. I know some people in the Indian Embassy in Bangkok, and through them I tried every possible way to meet the king. Unfortunately my efforts proved unsuccessful, not because the King is not a very keen jazz enthusiast, but because of the nasty political situation in Thailand. The King is a harassed and worried man; however, I met some close friends of his, including one Prince, who have given me a pretty clear picture of the King as an admirer of jazz.

Japan—The New Sweden?

As regards your VOA program, I think it has done a great deal of good for jazz; at present the Commercial Service of Radio Ceylon is putting them on the air. However, if I were you, I would have given less room to Duke Ellington and would have devoted one full program to the Afro Cuban influence. . . .

Two of Asia's best musicians are "Sleepy" Matsuka on tenor and Watanabe on alto, Tokyo's coolest musicians. If you meet Howard McGhee or Oscar Pettiford, ask them about Japanese musicians and maybe you will be inclined to go to Japan instead of Sweden on your next trip!

This letter and others like it remind one again of the point made by Les Brown on his return from Europe last year: if this international enthusiasm can be consolidated by further overseas, government-sponsored trips by American musicians, the good it can do for democracy and for America, propaganda-wise, psychologically and politically, is incalculable. (Meanwhile, let's hope the political situation in Thailand will clear up so the King will have a chance to relax and dig some of the new sounds.)

It has been impossible to answer every letter that the Jazz Club show has brought in, but since an amazingly high proportion of the writers mention that they are readers of *Down Beat*, it might be appropriate to thank them through this column. This sort of correspondence gives one a wonderful One World feeling.

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Louis Armstrong and Ralph Meeker

Movie Music

Satchmo Strives To Save It, But "Alley" Still Sags Soggily

Glory Alley (Leslie Caron, Ralph Meeker, Gilbert Roland, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden).

Followers of Louis Armstrong who have been waiting for years for the movie makers to give him a good straight role, one into which he might inject some of the personality that has made him one of the greatest figures in the music and entertainment field, will have to sit through a very dull picture to enjoy him in this one.

The failure lies wholly with the story, a confused affair concerning a confused heavyweight fighter (Ralph Meeker) who is suffering from complexes brought on by head injuries he received at the hands of his father while still a youngster.

Armstrong is cast in the role of the fighter's trainer, friend and also general aide to the father of the fighter's fiancée (Leslie Caron), a blind man, who refuses to accept the fighter as a son-in-law because he regards him as a moral coward.

Louis Effective

The locale is New Orleans and many of the sequences take place in a spot called the Punch Bowl, a combination niter and training gym. Jack Teagarden gets in as leader of a small band employed in the spot, in which Miss Caron is employed as an entertainer.

Recording units backing Teagarden and Armstrong in their music turns are strictly from the MGM staff. For what they get to do in this picture, it would make little difference.

But Teagarden goes a long way to spark a pretentious treatment of *St. Louis Blues*, in which he backs Leslie Caron. Armstrong does more acting than playing and singing, but is effective throughout despite weak material and the overall weakness of the picture.

College Caper Packs Punch

She's Working Her Way Through College (Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan, Gene Nelson, Don DeFore).

Latest movie version of the stage play by Thurber and Nugent in which a burlesque star (body by Virginia Mayo; voice by Bonnie Lou Williams), with a mind for higher things, tries to leave her Broadway past behind when she enrolls as a student at a freshwater college to study for a literary career.

Skies darken when the onetime stripper's past is revealed and she

is threatened with expulsion.

But all ends happily as the "show-within-a-show," this time a college stage musical, goes on as it must in all Warner Brothers films to end the proceedings. Thanks to competent performances by all concerned and good production values, the entertainment value is above average for this type of picture.

New Duke-Cahn Score

Among the better new songs, by Vernon (I Can't Get Started) Duke and Sammy Cahn, introduced in the picture are *I'll Still Be Loving You*—a potential hit—*Love Is Still for Free* and *The Stuff that Dreams Are Made Of*. The number from which the picture gets its title is a revival.

Emphasis throughout the picture is on situation comedy (though a semi-serious plea for academic and intellectual freedom, with some good slaps at smear-campaigners, delivered by Ronald Reagan in role of a professor, packs a good punch).

Gene Nelson comes up with some thing really different with a dance routine staged in a gymnasium that must have been one of the trickiest jobs to soundtrack ever handed a music department, and to which Ray Heindorf's efficient WB music staff provided some neat scoring.

Keene, Carter Set For Movie

Hollywood—Bob Keene, the hard-luck boy of the band business who has been trying harder and longer than almost any other hereabouts to get rolling with a band of his own (he was once hailed as the logical successor to Artie Shaw and for a while had a band using the original Shaw library) has finally caught a break—of a sort.

Keene has been signed to soundtrack the solo sequences for the role of a clarinet player (to be enacted by Jerry Paris) in the forthcoming *Shane-Torres* production *The Glass Wall*, featuring Vittorio Gassman and Gloria Grahame.

Benny Carter has been signed to supervise and record many of the music sequences.

Other musicians who will both play and appear in the picture, which gives promise of being of unusual musical interest, are Jack Teagarden and Shorty Rogers. Latter will head a group of contemporary jazz stars expected to feature Shelly Manne, Milt Bernhart, Jimmy Giuffrè and others in the same bracket.

Snub Mosely Unit Abroad For USO

New York—A new line-up of star talent featuring an eight-piece band under Snub Mosely and veteran blues singer Alberta Hunter was due to depart June 30 for a 10-week tour under the auspices of the USO Camp Shows.

Mosely, who spent a year in Pacific territories in 1945 on a similar mission, recently returned from a tour of Alaska, also USO-sponsored. For the new trip he is taking Frank Galbraith, trumpet; Willard Brown, alto; Budd Johnson, tenor; Kenny Bryan, piano; Huey Long, guitar; John Brown, bass, and Edward Cornelius, drums.

Unit will visit England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Greece and North Africa. Mosely, now waxing for Penguin, is known overseas through his Decca releases.

Anita Plans Pacific Tour

Chicago—Anita O'Day will play two weeks each in Japan and Honolulu in July, following the same route taken by the Gene Krupa trio recently.

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Rayner

Albert, Abbey (Stork) NYC, ne
Anthony, Ray (Palladium) Hollywood, In
7/15, b
Atchison, Tex (On Tour) JKA
Barron, Blue (Peony Park) Omaha, Neb.,
8/26-31, b
Baize, Count (Town Casino) Cleveland, 7/4-
11
Beckner, Denny (Sheppard AFB) Wichita
Falls, Tex., 8/1-18; (Jung) New Or-
leans, 8/20-9/16, b
Bell, Curt (Sagamore) Lake George, N.Y.,
h
Bencke, Tex (Atagon) Chicago, 7/3-13, b;
(Lakeside Park) Denver, Colo., 7/24-8/6;
(Rio Nido) Rio Nido, Calif., 8/14-17, b;
(St. Francis) San Francisco, 9/9-10/6, h
Bishop, Billy (Dutch Mill) Delavan, Wis.,
6/27-7/10, b
Boor, Mische (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
Brandwynne, Nat (Shamrock) Houston,
Tex., h; (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, In 9/1,
h
Brown, Les (Edgewater Park) Detroit,
7/11-18
Bruce, Johnny (Indiana Beach Resort)
Lake Shafter, Ind., 6/30-7/6, b
Bueae, Henry (On Tour) MAC
Carlyn, Tommy (Oh Henry) Chicago, In
7/3, h
Carwin, Sal (Hoberg) Lake County, Calif.,
h
Clifford, Bill (Edgewater Beach) Chicago,
6/18-7/3, h; (Riverside) Reno, Nev.,
7/17-8/13, h
Courtney, Del (Youngs Bijou) Lake Tahoe,
Nev., 7/21-8/31
Crosa, Bob (Jung) New Orleans, 9/7-10/14,
h
Cugat, Xavier (Edgewater Beach) Chicago,
Out 7/8, h; (Fox) San Francisco, 7/9-
15, t; (State Line Club) Lake Tahoe,
Nev., 7/21-8/10; (Paramount) Los An-
geles, 8/14-16, t; (Statler) Los Angeles,
In 9/1, h
Culley, Frank (Farmdell) Dayton, Ohio,
8/26-7/5, no
Di Pardo, Tony (Eddy's) Kansas City, Mo.,
h
Dorsey, Jimmy (Thunderbird) Las Vegas,
Out 7/2, h; (Lakeside Park) Denver,
7/10-23
Dorsey, Tommy (Edgewater Beach) Chi-
cago, In 7/4, h
Duro, Michael (Cocacabana) NYC, no
Ellington, Duke (Apollo) NYC, 7/4-10, t
Elman, Ziggy (radio appearance on West
Coast)
Fields, Herbie (Surf Club) Wildwood, N.J.,
6/27-9/1
Fields, Shep (Hiawatha Gardens) Manitou
Springs, Colo., 7/17-20; (Peony Park)
Omaha, Neb., 7/28-31, b; (Iroquois Gar-
dens) Louisville, Ky., 8/4-10; (Coney Is-
land) Cincinnati, 8/15-21, b
Fina, Jack (Palmer House) Chicago, In
9/18, h
Fitz, Charlie (Statler) Boston, Mass., h
Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h
Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour) GAC
Forrest, Jimmy (Weeks Cafe) Atlantic
City, 7/4-10
Fotline, Larry (Forest Park Highlands) St.
Louis, Out 7/8, b; On Tour (ABC)
Foster, Chuck (Trianon) Chicago, In 7/1,
b; (Peony Park) Omaha, Neb., 7/30-8/3,
b; (Feshody) Memphis, 8/25-9/20, h
Garber, Jan (Claridge) Memphis, Out 7/8,
h
Gilliepie, Dizzy (Capitol Lounge) Chicago,
Out 7/22
Gray, Jerry (Rainbow Rendezvous) Salt
Lake City, 7/3-6
Gray, Tony (Tip-Top) Flushing, N.Y., no
Hampton, Lionel (Three Rivers Inn) Phoe-
nix, N.Y., 7/11-17

Where the Bands are Playing

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—ballroom; h—hotel; ne—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; t—theater; cc—country club; r—
rathouse; pc—private club. NYC—New York City; Hwd.—Hollywood; L.A.—Los Angeles; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Glaser);
745 Fifth Avenue, NYC; AP—Allsbrook-Pumphrey, Richmond, Va.; JKA—Jack Kurtz Agency, 214 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; RMA
—Rag Marshall Agency, 6471 Sunset Blvd., Hwd.; UA—Universal Attractions, 347 Madison Ave., NYC; WA—Willard Alasader, 30 Roch-
ester Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC.

Harris, Ken (Rice) Houston, Tex., Out 7/9,
h
Hawkins, Erskine (On Tour) MG
Hayes, Sherman (Muehlbach) Kansas City,
Mo., 7/9-29, h
Heckcher, Ernie (Cal-Neva) Lake Tahoe,
Nev., 6/18-9/15, h; (Fairmont) San
Francisco, 9/16-12/8, h
Herman, Wood (On Tour) GAC
Hill, Tiny (On Tour) ABC
Houston, Joe (On Tour) RMA
Hudson, Deas (Jung) New Orleans, 6/25-
7/22, h; (Sheppard Air Base) Wichita
Falls, Tex., 7/27-8/3
Hunt, Pee Wee (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y.,
h
Hutton, Ina Ray (El Rancho) Las Vegas,
Out 7/7, h
Ingie, Red (Angelo) Omaha, Neb., Out
7/2, cl
Jacquet, Illinois (On Tour) MG
James, Harry (Rio Nido) Rio Nido, Calif.,
7/10-13, b
Jerome, Henry (Edison) NYC, h
Johnson, Buddy (Regal) Chicago, 7/11-17,
h
Jones, Spike (Cal-Neva) Lake Tahoe, Nev.,
7/28-8/5, h; (Flamingo) Las Vegas, 8/7-
10, h
Jordan, Louis (Clayton) Sacramento,
Calif., 7/9-15, no
Kaye, Sammy (Steel Pier) Atlantic City,
8/22-28, b
Keene, Bob (Palladium) Hollywood, b
Kelly, Claude (Pine Lake Club) Jackson,
Miss.
Kenton, Stan (Seville) Montreal, Out 7/2,
t; (On Tour) GAC
King, Henry (State Line Club) Lake Ta-
hoe, Nev., 7/11-8/1
King, Wayne (State Line) Lake Tahoe,
Nev., 6/20-7/26 & 8/11-9/1; (Shamrock)
Houston, 11/11-2/2/53
La Salle, Dick (Statler) Washington, D.C.,
h; (Plaza) NYC, In 9/18, h
Lewis, Ted (Riverside) Reno, Nev., 6/26-
7/16, h
Lombardo, Guy (Brant Inn) Burlington,
Ontario, 7/28-28
Long, Johnny (Steel Pier) Atlantic City,
Out 7/8, b; (Coney Island) Cincinnati,
7/11-17, h
McCoy, Clyde (On Tour) GAC
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour) GAC
McKinley, Ray (On Tour) WA
Marterie, Ralph (Forest Park) St. Louis,
7/11-17
Martin, Freddy (Ambassador) Los Angeles,
7/10-10/29, h
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago,
h
May, Billy (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, 7/11-
17
Minnis, Bob (On Tour) JKA
Monroe, Vaughan (Edgewater Park) De-
troit, 7/17-23

Monney, Art (Steel Pier) Atlantic City,
8/8-14
Morgan, Russ (Cavalier) Virginia Beach,
In 7/11, h
Morrow, Buddy (On Tour) GAC
Muir, Wayne (On Tour) MAC
Neighbors, Paul (Arason) Chicago, 7/15-
8/17, b; (Casino) Wallis Lake, Mich.,
7/9-13, b; (Sheppard AFB) Wichita
Falls, Tex., 9/7-14; (Shamrock) Hous-
ton, 9/16-11/9, h; (Roosevelt) New Or-
leans, 11/18-1/7/53, h
O'Neal, Eddie (Palmer House) Chicago,
Out 9/17, h
Osborne, Will (Flamingo) Las Vegas, h
Palmer, Jimmy (Casino) Wallis Lake,
Mich., 7/9-13, b
Pastor, Tony (On Tour) GAC
Pearl, Ray (Claridge) Memphis, 7/3-16, b
Perry, King (On Tour) RMA
Petti, Emil (Versailles) NYC, ne
Phillips, Teddy (Casino) Wallis Lake,
Mich., 7/2-8 & 7/9-10; (Cavalier) Vir-
ginia Beach, 8/1-7, h; (Jung) New Or-
leans, 11/28-12/31, h
Pieper, Leo (Trianon) Chicago, b
Powell, Teddy (Cavalier) Virginia Beach,
7/4-10, h
Prima, Louis (Steel Pier) Atlantic City,
7/4-10, b; (Beachcomber) Wildwood, N.
J., 7/17-28, h; (Statler) NYC, 12/16-
1/11/53, h
Ragen, Don (On Tour) MAC
Ravel, Arthur (Club Bolero) Wildwood,
N. J., Out 8/31, no
Red, Tommy (Oh Henry) Willow Springs,
Ill., In 9/3, b
Reid, Don (Schroeder) Milwaukee, Wis., h
Rena, George (Fernwood) Bushkill, Pa.,
Out 9/20, no
Reynolds, Tommy (Roseland) NYC, b
Ruhl, Warnay (Rivers) Lake Geneva,
Wis., no
Spivak, Charlie (Lakeside Park) Denver,
Colo., 6/28-7/9; (Steel Pier) Atlantic
City, 8/16-21, b; (Statler) NYC, 1/12/53-
2/8, h
Stratler, Ted (Surf) Virginia Beach, 7/2-
23
Strong, Benny (Palladium) Hollywood,
6/17-7/13, b; (Mark Hopkins) San Fran-
cisco, 7/22-8/11, h
Tucker, Orrin (Claremont) Berkeley, Calif.,
6/17-8/10, h
Valdes, Miguelito (Fairmont) San Fran-
cisco, 6/10-8/14, h
Watkins, Sammy (Statler) Cleveland, h
Weema, Ted (Dutch Mill) Delavan, Wis.,
7/11-16, b; (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn.,
7/21-8/3, h
Wilde, Ran (Jung) New Orleans, 6/23-
7/20, h

Williams, Griff (Cavalier) Virginia Beach,
7/18-24, h
Williams, Keith (On Tour) JKA
Williams, Sherman (On Tour) RMA
Williams, Les (Excelsior) Excelsior, Minn.,
Out 9/6, b
Winburn, Anna Mae (On Tour) RMA
Young, Lester (Bengal) Washington, 6/30-
7/5, ne; (Pep's Musical Bar) Philadel-
phia, 7/7-12

Combos

Ammons, Gene (Trocaeria) Columbus,
Ohio, 7/7-13, ne
Armstrong, Louis (Blue Note) Chicago,
6/27-7/24, no
Brown, Charles (Weeks Cafe) Atlantic
City, 7/25-31
Brubeck, Dave (Black Hawk) San Fran-
cisco, 5/27-7/21, ne
Buo's Trio, Normandie (Thunderbird) Las
Vegas, h
Campbell Quartette, Hal (Elmo Club) Bill-
ings, Mont.
Carle Trio, Bettie (Sylvania Club) Ottum-
wa, Iowa, no
Carroll, Barbara (Park Sh-raton) NYC, h
Chansonnaires Trio (Sapphire Room) Los
Angeles
Clovers (Trovaeria) Columbus, Ohio, 7/14-
20, no
Dante Trio (Neptune Room) Washington,
D. C., Out 8/28
Davis Trio, Bill (Birdland) NYC, 7/10-23,
ne; (Weeks Cafe) Atlantic City, In
7/28
Davis Trio, Jackie (Gleason's Musical Bar)
Cleveland, 6/28-7/6
Dominoes (On Tour) ABC
Fulton, Lowell (On Tour) SAC
Gibbs Quartette, Ralph (Stables) Bixbi,
Miss., no
Gopfers (Martinique) Wildwood, N. J., no
Gordon, Roscoe (On Tour) SAC
Gray Trio, Tony (Sillman) Spokane, Wash.,
h
Greer, Big John (On Tour) MG
Griffin Brothers (On Tour) SAC
Harper's True-Tones, Jack (12 Rancho)
Boise, Idaho, no
Herman, Lenny (Roosevelt) NYC, 7/7-
8/3, h
Herth, Milt (Pieradilly) NYC, h
Heywood Trio, Eddy (Embers) NYC, Out
7/3, no
Hodges, Johnny (Say When) San Fran-
cisco, 7/4-17, no

Singles

Hope, Lynn (Farmdell) Dayton, Ohio,
7/28-8/3, no
Jackson, Bull Moose (On Tour) MG
Johnson, Bill (Surf) Wildwood, N. J., Out
7/10, no
Kaye, George Trio (Crazy House) Flush-
ing, N. Y., no
Kent Trio, Ronnie (Delano) Delano, Calif.,
no
Keys (Rendezvous Room) Philadelphia, In
7/16
Kubiak's Rhythmaires Trio, Wally (San
Carlos) Yuma, Ariz., h
McGuire, Betty (Riverview) Sank City,
Wis., h
Marlowe Duo, Don (San Joaquin) Merced,
Calif., no
Meade, Foursome, Mital (Seven Seas)
Anchorage, Alaska, Out 7/28, no
Melis, Jose (Club 12) Toronto, 7/8-8/27, no
Milburn, Amos (Ebony) Cleveland, 7/13-
20, no
Moods, (Melody Inn) Roseburg, Oreg.
Morris, Joe (On Tour) SAC
New Yorkers (Pallades Park) Pallades,
N. J.
Orioles (On Tour) SAC
Parker, Charlie (Say When) San Fran-
cisco, ne
Phillips, Flip (Say When) San Francisco,
ne
Powell, Austin (Hofbrau) Wildwood, N. J.,
7/9-19, h
Rist Brothers Trio, (Wilbur Clark's Des-
ert Inn) Las Vegas
Rollini Trio, Adrian (New Yorker) NYC,
h
Shearing, George (Town Casino) Clevel-
and, 6/27-7/2, ne; (Birdland) NYC, 7/3-
23, ne; (Town and Country) Brooklyn,
N. Y., 7/25-31, ne
Singer, Hal (On Tour) SAC
Symphony Sid (Ebony) Cleveland, 7/1-4,
no
Teagarden, Jack (Royal Room) Los An-
geles, In 7/1, ne
Tunemixers (Dream Castle) Clearlake,
Calif., 7/2-8/31; (Buddy Baer's) Sacra-
mento, Calif., 9/1-9/20
Williams, Paul (Ebony) Cleveland, 7/7-13,
no
Belafonte, Harry (Alhambra Tavern)
Cleveland, 7/24-8/7; (Thunderbird) Las
Vegas, 8/28-9/17, h
Bennett, Tony (Cocacabana) NYC, In 9/4,
no
Cole, Nat (Tiffany) Los Angeles, 7/3-23,
no
Cornell, Don (Beachcomber) Wildwood,
N. J., In 7/10
Damone, Vic (U.S. Army)
Daniels, Billy (Rox) NYC
Eckstine, Billy (Chicago) Chicago, In 7/10,
t; (Frolic) Salisbury Beach, In 7/20
Fitzgerald, Ella (Club 88) Geneva, N. Y.,
6/30-7/6, no
Gallard, Slim (Colonial) Toronto, In 7/7
Gomez, Vincente (La Zambra) N.C., no
Hamilton, Sam (Byline) NYC, no
Hibbler, Al (Waldorf Cellar) Los Angeles,
6/12-7/3
Hug, Armand (Wohl) New Orleans, h
McKenzie, Gisele (Seville) Montreal, 7/10-
17; (Jung) New Orleans, 7/28-8/5, h
Mercer, Mabel (Byline) NYC, ne
Miller, Olivette (Harlem) Atlantic City,
6/26-9/6, ne
Robb, Chet (Sherman) Chicago, h
Sutton, Ralph (Condon's) NYC, no
Vaughan, Sarah (Celebrity) Providence,
R. I., 6/27-7/6, ne
Walker, Cy (Little Club) NYC, no

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LA Paramount Is Alive Again

Hollywood — L.A.'s Downtown Paramount theater, long operated by the Fanchon & Marco interests but recently taken over by the United Paramount circuit will launch a stage show policy similar to the New York Paramount's, owned by the same firm.

New policy, with appropriate fanfare, starts July 18 with a show headlined by Xavier Cugat and orchestra.

Booked to follow Aug. 18 is a double-header bill topped by Nat Cole and Peggy Lee. Announced for later dates are Johnnie Ray, Tony Martin, Liberace, and bands of Harry James and Lawrence Welk. Local management said there would be no specific week-to-week policy but that name attractions would be booked "when available in combination with the right pictures."

Joe Grauso Dead

New York—Joe Grauso, veteran Dixieland drummer, died here June 11 after a long illness. He had led a trio at the Three Deuces, worked for years at Nick's and various other two-beat spots around town. He was 55.

Full Inside Story Of The West Coast Wax Business

(Jumped from page 3)

Sheer size is just a handicap in the record business."

The Tempo Story

An independent recording enterprise founded in Hollywood a few years back that verges on the phenomenal is the Tempo firm headed by Irving B. Fogel. One of Fogel's early discoveries was concerned with the veteran pianist Ben Light, who specializes in ragtime flavored pianistics.

But Fogel has many items of unusual musical interest in his catalogue—things featuring harpist Bobby Maxwell (now being plugged by Mercury as a multi-taper), jazz fiddler Joe Venuti and jazz flute player Jimmy Briggs. Jazz collectors and historians also know Tempo for the LP series "Papa Laine's Children," recorded in New Orleans with oral interviews with Laine and music by a group of musicians comprised of Johnny Wiggs, trumpet; Harry (brother of Larry) Shields, clarinet; Tom Brown, trombone; Ray Bauduc, drums; and Doctor Souchon, guitar.

One Tempo record, *Sweet Georgia Brown* by "Brother Bones," whistler and rhythm bones exponent, has grossed over \$900,000 to date and is still selling.

Fogel's formula, condensed into a few words:

"Steer clear of pop tunes and pop singers who are here today and forgotten tomorrow. Develop a catalogue of items that never stop selling."

But Tops' Tops All

Most unusual recording enterprise launched here to date is that represented by the Tops label.

The Tops operation is very simple and is essentially a natural outgrowth of the pattern—some call it a rut—into which the majors have fallen. Tops, as the name denotes, is geared to the so-called top, or "best-selling," song hits. Tops sits back and waits for a record or song hit (as the majors operate it's pretty much the same) to make the best-selling list. Any alert observer can pick such an item four to six weeks in advance of the buying public. Then Tops puts out the item in what amounts to a virtual reproduction of the arrangement or treatment associated with the recording figured to have made the number a hit. Not only that, but Tops puts out two such hits back to back—and at a retail selling price of 49 cts.

No Fear of Petrillo

Tops uses non-union musicians, pays no trust fund royalty to the AFM, but meets every legal requirement of a respectable business organization. From a critical standpoint, it can be held that the quality of instrumental backgrounds on Tops records is far from the best. The Tops men figure it doesn't matter. They also figure that if the public starts to buy *Wheel of Fortune* by Kay Starr, it will buy *Wheel of Fortune* by Mimi Martel singing like Kay Starr with a similar arrangement or treatment. And it begins to look as though they are right.

Interesting slant here is that Tops has completely ignored the name value, of individual performers. But Mimi Martel came so close to slipping over a major hit with her *Wheel of Fortune* and *Be Anything* on Tops (after they had become hits on the strength of records by "major artists") that Mimi is getting the eyes and ears of the admittedly befuddled artist and repertoire bosses of all the top bracket recording companies.

No Docey Promotion

Tops doesn't spend a nickel on disc jockey exploitation, or "bribery" as some call it. Tops records are sold almost entirely through such outlets as chain stores, drug stores, variety stores, etc. Retail dealers get them on consignment, turn back what they don't sell. The only Tops advertising is through such media as national, mass circulation magazines, including Life,

with a direct mail deal reported to be going big.

The record industry, which ignored Tops until recently, is now watching the Tops operation very closely. Knowing observers predict that Tops marketing methods, or some of them, may become general throughout the industry before long.

And even rival firms who loathe certain aspects of the Tops firm and its products, admit that they admire the Tops operators for "having the guts," as one put it, to operate in open defiance of the edicts of the AFM's Jimmy Petrillo.

'Good Time Jazz' Going Strong

For the jazz-minded, Hollywood's most interesting independent record company is Good Time Jazz, founded only a couple of years ago, when the big slump was hitting the business hard. Founder and owner is Lester Koenig, screen writer and associate producer (with the William Wyler unit at Paramount, which turns out such top grade pictures as *The Heiress*, *Detective Story*, *Carrie*).

Koenig, whose interest in jazz dates back to his association with Marshall Stearns, George Avakian and the Yale boys who formed the United Hot Clubs of America in the middle Thirties, specializes in jazz of kinds that some critics now regard as something other than jazz.

Koenig is a banjo and tuba man, and makes no bones about it. But he made enough money with his Firehouse Five Plus Two records (his first releases) to get his firm off to a flying start. He's added such names to his catalogue as Turk Murphy, Burt Bales, Bob Scobey, Wally Rose and Armand Hug—and even the "Banjo Kings."

Ertegun Influence

A shrewd record merchandiser, Koenig perceived immediately the importance of distribution. He set up California Record Distributors, under the management of Jack Lewerke, to handle his own and other labels, including some classical lines and the product of several firms putting out progressive jazz items. He bought up the masters of Jazz Man, Crescent, and some other small firms, acquiring such names as Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory.

Manager of Good Time Jazz is Nesuhi Ertegun, jazz lecturer and writer for several magazines. Ertegun, long solely identified with music of the traditional jazz forms, has within the past year become intrigued by the new forms evolved during the past 10 years. He's planning to put out a new label shortly devoted to contemporary jazz forms. Koenig is now in Europe and probably will bring back some masters from overseas to add to his catalogue.

Many Others Active

Many other independents, such as Modern (rhythm and blues), Four Star (western and hillbilly), and MacGregor (square dance records) operate from here. While a casual inspection may indicate that some duplicate or overlap into each other's fields of operation, a closer study of each firm will show that each, of those surviving some of the worst conditions the retail record business has seen, has developed some specialty, either as to product or merchandising methods, that offsets the terrific competition provided by the majors.

All agree that the big factor is adequate distribution. Most deal through distributors in various parts of the world who handle many different lines, and they know that these distributors, unlike those who handle the output of

a major company on an exclusive basis, cannot be counted on to push any one of the lines they handle.

Got To Sell

As one put it: "The independent record company operator has to carry his selling job right through to his consumer market. Nobody will do it for us—retailer or distributor."

All agree that record retailers, on the whole, do a poor and unimaginative job of selling.

One summary: "Record retailers blamed the slump that hit the record business on everything from the three-speed scrap to the advent of television, and those factors certainly contributed. But a lot of the trouble came from the fact that many of the owners who opened or took over record shops during the boom years thought that it was just a nice easy business where they could sit around and listen to music and meet interesting people. They think you can sell records by stacking them on a shelf like canned goods in a grocery store. Maybe that's what the business is coming to, and if so, there's no one to blame but the retailers who made it that way. One big Hollywood record store is actually operating that way."

(Music City, which recently placed its once-big record department on a "self-service" plan.)

"If that's the way to sell records, then we'll all be falling in line with this Tops outfit, which means that the record business will soon be just another branch of song-plugging."

RAGTIME MARCHES ON

NEW NUMBERS

BOORSTEIN—A son, Richard Ira, to Mr. and Mrs. Lou Boorstein, June 2 in New York. Dad is with Leslie Distributors.

MILLER—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Miller, May 29 in New Rochelle, N. Y. Dad is publicity chief for RCA Victor record division.

MILLS—A daughter, Amy Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mills, May 10 in Santa Monica, Calif. Dad is West Coast professional manager of Mills Music.

PURCELL—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Purcell, May 29 in Pittsburgh. Dad is land-leader.

ROTELLA—A daughter, Joanne Mary (7 lbs. 12 ozs.), to Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Rotella, May 20 in Burbank, Calif. Dad plays sax with Jerry Gray's orch.

SENNA—A son to Mr. and Mrs. William Senna, May 24 in Philadelphia. Dad is director of operatic ballets staged by opera companies in Philadelphia.

WILSON—A son, Gordon Barnes (7 lbs. 3 ozs.), to Mr. and Mrs. John S. Wilson in New York. Dad is former N.Y. editor of Down Beat.

TIED NOTES

ANDREE-COSCIA—Jan Andree, Pittsburgh disc jockey on WPTT, and Diane Coscia, June 6 in Pittsburgh.

BLAU-CARAFIOL—Vic Blau, vice-president of Warner Bros. Music Publishers Holding Company, and Edith Carafiol, May 12 in St. Louis.

CURTIS-FORD—Ken Curtis, member of the Sons of the Pioneers, Western musical group, and Barbara Ford, daughter of film director John Ford, May 31 in Las Vegas.

MAGILL-CRAWFORD—Maury Magill, disc jockey on WBBW in Youngstown, O., and Peggy Crawford, June 1 in Youngstown.

ROCHLIN-LEEDS—Irv Rochlin, pianist, and Lila Leeds, former film actress and singer, June 8 in Chicago.

SUES-KING—Leonard Sues, musical director and trumpeter on the Olsen and Johnson TV show, and Martha King, singer, June 7 in New York.

FINAL BAR

BLEWER—William G. Blewer, theater pianist, June 8 in Elmhurst, N. Y.

BURROWS—Dr. Raymond M. Burrows, 46, Professor of Music Education at Columbia University and a concert pianist, May 31 in New York.

Mitch Miller Flips His Beard, Lambasts Musical Snobbery

(Jumped from page 2)

I think that even though I preferred Nat with a small group and although I preferred Billy when he first started, what they have done is indicative of being very smart, and outside of allowing them to eat, it has not cheapened their art—they have just brought it within earshot of many more people.

Their original fans don't dislike that; except some diehards who may dislike the success, because to them success means a common acceptance, and a common acceptance means that it can't be good. This is all wrong, and I don't think that any of these people are psychologically geared for success, so consequently they hate to see it happen.

Great Jazzmen

In jazz, the only examples I have to mention are Duke Ellington when he's at his greatest; and among the instrumentalists, Benny Goodman, naturally; Harry James, and the daddy of them all, Louis Armstrong.

A lot of musicians today have developed their realistic approach to music out of their jazz background. We have fellows in the studios now, playing popular sessions, such as Will Bradley, Lou McGarity, Hymie Shertzer and a lot of others who are actually giving glory to many of the top vocalists.

Some of them are even playing in symphonic groups now, and they are really wonderful musicians.

Harry's Omelette

Of course, there are times when great jazz musicians like Harry

make records that you believe in, and nothing happens. For example, I recorded Harry James' *Tango Blues*. I thought it was sensational, and to prove that I wasn't kidding myself I placed it against hits of the past few years and they made it seem ridiculous.

Yet it came out and we sold only 50 or 60 thousand on it and I must add that was a little disheartening, especially since it sounded like a very commercial record and got played a lot on the air. I guess the kids just weren't buying anything like that.

However, by and large, I think a lot of wonderful things are being created and performed in pop music today and I think everybody could learn a great deal from the people I have cited as examples of great minds in the contemporary field of popular music.

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Long, Morrow Set For Buffalo Statler

New York—The Statler Hotel in Buffalo will experiment with a regular name band policy in its main ballroom this fall.

Already signed are Johnny Long (for Oct. 21) and Buddy Morrow (Jan. 20).

Sauter - Finnegan

(Jumped from Page 1)

to present the sounds, and to use them with all kinds of material.

"We have a whole library in our minds—some of it's sketched out in half-ready scores already," added Finnegan, who returned here last year after his long sojourn of study in France. "For instance, we have a certain idea for a whole series of numbers based on folk songs."

"We're not drawing any lines," Eddie inserted intensely, "because this is the most logical combination for a flexible dance band that we can figure out. Musicians who've listened to the sides we made can't figure out how we got some of the tonal combinations, some of the percussion effects. Don't you think we should keep the pictures of the date from being printed? There are certain sounds we'd like to keep as our identification."

Souper Sounds

We told Eddie that if the sounds were commercially successful everyone would find a way to copy them, and if they weren't, the need for keeping the methods secret would be eliminated. The main point is that the records do sound different, and without any synthetic recording-studio effects. As Sauter and Finnegan pointed out (and Kapp and Alexander agreed), you can soup up five clarinets or a dozen harps or six flutes in seven echo chambers, but how are you going to take it on the road? This band recorded without any technical tricks or gimmicks, and came up with something that can be presented identically in theatres and dance halls.

Sauter and Finnegan, who are old friends, should make a great partnership. As Willard commented, "There will never be any arguments about 'Whose band is this, yours or mine, anyway?' because they work closely together on everything, and have the same objective in mind. Eventually, when they organize to go on the road, we'll get a personality, a third man, to front the band. In the meanwhile, maybe we'll call it Finnegan-Sauter's New Yorkers; we haven't decided on a name yet."

Dream House

Both Finnegan and Sauter have kept their outside work to a minimum while concentrating on the building of their musical dream-house. Bill still does an occasional score for Tommy Dorsey (*Keel Row* was a fine recent example), and Eddie wrote and conducted for a couple of Mercury sessions with Richard Hayes and others. For Eddie, whose career has been kicked around for years by a combination of serious illness and cries of "He ain't commercial!", the new venture has a very special significance. For Bill, too, it will mean that if things work out, the combination of idealism and realism will have achieved one of its all-too-rare victories.

Personally, we've been excited

Disc-Dizzy Biz

(Jumped from Page 1)

can't cure. So we have a couple of hits around, big ones it would appear, and still nothing's happening. One publisher, Bobby Mellin, who publishes *Here In My Heart* and *I'm Yours*, two of the hottest items available, says that he is selling as much on both of these songs as he may have done on a single hit song just half a dozen months ago.

Wha' Happens

So what's the trouble? An analysis of the music business today would show that the entire fate of the industry lies in the hands of six or seven men, the artist and repertoire executives at the major record companies. These are the men who are passing final judgment on songs and talent, and the combination of the two. It is to these men that the trade has dedicated its full time.

These men have obligations only to one party, the record company which hired them. For the record company and to preserve job, these men must make hit recordings. If they don't produce hit records, at least records that make profits, they don't keep the job very long.

The outside pressure which is set against them, from music publishers, talent agencies, songwriters, etc., has solidly established in these men's own minds that they are small time Gods of the business. Psychologically, it is fitting that these men should have little or no faith in the people who are trying to sell to them, especially since this music business has become generally noted for its constant flow of hot air.

Get Records

However, in having these men established so tightly as small Gods the music industry has finally got to a stage whereby it has lost the courage of its convictions. The industry has become record promotion happy. All they want is to "get" records. If it isn't this piece of music, it's that. Find something that will please Columbia's Mitch Miller or Victor's Dave Kapp or Decca's Morty Palitz or Mercury's Joe Carlton or Capitol's Lee Gillette, etc. Play to these men's tastes. Who knows what's a hit today, so bring 'em everything we've got. Let them make the hits for us.

The plain fact of the matter is that this attitude, particularly on part of the music publisher has resulted in a disastrous evolution, which at this particular moment may have caught up with the industry. The publishers flooded the market with material; the recording men recorded too many songs, many of them because they like the song, though others are recorded strictly out of competitive fear.

Too Many Everything

Too many recordings are being made of too many songs. It's con-

about this project since the moment we heard the records. Now all you have to do is run out and ask for them, and it's 10 to one you'll be in their corner too.

fusing to the public. It makes things difficult for the disc jockey. But it's an easy way out for the record man—it raises his hit potential quite a bit.

The record men have concurred individually that the public wants "new" sounds, "new" gimmicks, so that's what they are looking for. They have got to a point where the most frequent criticism of the day is that a song is "too good."

To cater to the recording men's whimsies, the publishers and writers are striving to help the record man find his sounds. They have gone so far as to have the songs written tailor-made. There's almost a total disregard for good songs. "It's a waste of time," says the publisher to the good writer these days. "Don't bring in good songs, who's going to make them these days?"

Why?

This disregard for quality material has dampened the ambitions of the best of our contemporary songwriters. Why write if they can't write as they feel? Why write for seven men on a pedestal? Why should these seven men operate selfishly? Why shouldn't the record company give these men a satisfactory security of income and position so that they needn't worry about sticking to trends or looking for sound gimmicks to sell records and not music? Why assume that the public has a 10-year-old mind, as the motion picture industry once did, when only 10 or 15 years ago the great songs of the great writers (Rodgers-Hart, Gordon-Revel, Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, etc.) were the hit songs and only occasionally was a gimmick a successful one? And why look for sounds and trick recording and echo chambers when in that same era the sounds that flourished were that of legitimate talents whose only design on the public was to sell music?

Why, indeed!

Petrillo Blasts 'Lousy Fiddlers'

(Jumped from Page 1)

Some highlights from the five days of sessions of the 1952 Convention:

Petrillo summoned a flock of band boys to Santa Barbara and reportedly brushed off their recently advanced requests for an increase in commissions on "bands playing one-nighters." Petrillo, like most union officials, never seems to have understood that the matter is of little consequence to musicians, because agencies do not book bands—they book bandleaders who are in fact the employers of musicians in their bands, and the earnings of musicians—sidemen—are by no means necessarily reflected in the earnings of bandleaders.

Growing Revolt

Local 47's President John te Groen delivered to the Convention a dignified rebuttal to trade paper and press reports indicating that the demands made by Local 47 musicians for removal of the AFM's 5% royalty on telefilm recording came from a group of disgruntled dissidents and was not supported by Local 47 officials.

A hint of what many hold to be a steadily growing "revolt" in the larger AFM locals against the dictatorial powers of Jimmy Petrillo was seen as a delegate from the Philadelphia local attempted to introduce a resolution that would have barred AFM officials from holding jobs in both the Federation and local unions. Jimmy Petrillo is not only president of the AFM but president of Chicago's Local 10, drawing a reported \$40,000 yearly salary from Local 10 and \$25,000 per year from the Federation. The attempt was shouted down by delegates who literally out-shouted each other in their efforts to assure their leader of their loyal support. Petrillo, thereupon, was re-elected unanimously.

One new member was elected to an AFM office as Williams J. Harris of Dallas was elected to the International Executive Board, defeating incumbent Charles R. Iucci of New York's Local 802.

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