

School Dance Contest Opens

Jackie Gleason Now A Leader

New York—As a result of the successful reception accorded his recent Capitol album, Jackie Gleason will expand his musical activities by opening Feb. 12 at Monte Proser's La Vie En Rose conducting a 25-piece orchestra.

Personnel will be substantially the same as that featured by the comedian on records and TV appearances, including Bobby Hackett on trumpet.

The stage of the club, a small and select bistro on East 54th street, will be specially expanded to accommodate the venture.

Liberace Signs Huge TV Deal

Hollywood—Liberace, the biggest musical personality developed directly by television, has been signed for a series of telefilms in a deal involving over \$1,500,000.

Financing is coming from KLAC-TV local station on which Liberace has been appearing regularly, and from Guild Films, headed by Reuben Kaufman, formerly associated with Snader Telecriptions. The contract signed calls for 177 half-hour shorts starring the pianist who, as in his regular TV and concert dates, will be backed by an orchestra under brother George Liberace. Each short is budgeted at \$13,000.

Sam Donahue Quits TD To Form Band

New York—Sam Donahue, after playing as a sideman with Tommy Dorsey for almost a year, has quit the band and will make his home in California, where he'll again form a dance band of his own.

Nick DiMaio, trombonist who has been with Dorsey for the last five years, also left TD to take over trombone and road manager duties with Donahue.

Irony

New York—Ever since Hank Williams' sudden death, the MGM Records office here has been inundated with a daily barrage of letters requesting pictures of him, and an equally heavy series of orders for his records.

Ironic touch to the Williams tragedy is that it was on his final record session that he cut the tune *You'll Never Get Out of This World Alive*.

'Down Beat's' Five Star Discs

The following records represent the cream of the past two weeks' crop. See page 12-S in the new Records, Hi-Fi section for complete record reviews.

POPULAR

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| JIMMY BOYD | <i>Early Bird</i> (Columbia 39927). |
| NAT COLE | <i>Pretend</i> (Capitol 2346). |
| RUSTY DRAPER | <i>No Help Wanted</i> (Mercury 70077). |
| SUNNY GALE | <i>Teardrops on My Pillow</i> (Victor 20-5103). |
| JACKIE GLEASON | <i>Music for Lovers Only</i> album (Capitol CDF 352). |
| GUY LOMBARDO | <i>John, John, John</i> (Decca 28546). |
| PATTI PAGE | <i>The Daggie in the Window</i> (Mercury 70070). |
| KAY STARR | <i>Side By Side</i> (Capitol 2334). |

JAZZ

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| DAVE BRUBECK | <i>My Romance</i> (Fantasy 223). |
| JAZZTIME U.S.A. | <i>Three Little Words</i> (Brunswick 80214). |

RHYTHM AND BLUES

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|
| JOHNNY ACE | <i>Cross My Heart</i> (Duke R-107). |
| CLIFF BUTLER | <i>Benny's Blues</i> (States 1236). |

To Be Reviewed in Next Issue

DOWN BEAT

(Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office)
VOL. 20—No. 3 CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 11, 1953
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A BROKEN HAND didn't stop Freddy Martin from playing sax on his first west coast TV show—he simply had ace instrumentalist Murray McEachern manipulate the keys while he furnished the air. *Voilà!* A visual gimmick.

Kids Don't Know How To Dance—Kenton

Hollywood—Stan Kenton, back home for his annual date at the Palladium, is convinced that the campaign to revive interest in dancing and dance bands should include an educational program aimed at teaching collegiates and teenagers how to dance.

"Every place we played during the past year," says Stan, "I noticed that the younger couples, for the most part, just didn't seem to know what they were doing out there on the floor—particularly when we played numbers with any real beat, rhythm things that really jumped.

No Belief

"Many of us—bandleaders—have been charged with refusing to play dance music, and with playing music that only extraor-

dinarly good dancers can handle. I just don't believe it.

"I've noticed that older couples, those whose interest in dancing dates back to the so-called swing era, get out on the floor and can dance to any number that has a bounce to it—though they may not be doing the jitterbug style that they did in those days. The kids, on the other hand, can't seem to get going on rhythm numbers.

"The kids seem to dance to the tune rather than the rhythm. I believe they're afraid to get out there on the floor and try, unless they recognize the melody.

Any Ideas?

"Do I have any suggestions? No. Things are getting better for all of us. The dance business, like everything else, has been through one of those cycles. It's on its way up again.

"I think the upswing was delayed by bandleaders who got into a panic and tried to turn back to anything that seemed to have commercial appeal. To be a real attraction, a dance band has to be a musical attraction. To be big—to really register—and I mean register at the boxoffice—it has to provide an exciting musical experience. Goodman did it in 1935 and '36, Miller did it in '40 and '41; James, Krupa, and others did it in the middle '40s.

"I think we—and I don't mean my band alone, but all of us who have stuck with the idea of combining good dance music with modern, exciting musical ideas—are about to do it again."

Chicago—Starting Feb. 1, *Down Beat* will begin a national contest in colleges and universities throughout the country as part of its program to reestablish the dance band business. A second and similar contest with identical prizes will be conducted in selected high schools.

First prize in the contest will be the Ralph Marterie orchestra. It will be awarded to the school obtaining the most points in the contest period, which terminates April 30, 1953. The band will be available to the school for an entire day at no cost and will play at any function desired—dance, concert, or both. The school may use the band on any date during the balance of 1953.

Complete Library

Second prize will be a complete record library for the school.

Third prize is an auditorium-type television receiver.

To the student obtaining the most points in the contest, whether he is in the winning school or not, goes a \$150 world band Hallcrafters portable radio.

The student obtaining the most points in the winning school, along with a companion of his own choice, will be a guest of Marterie at dinner.

All prizes will be duplicated to the winning high school.

Points in the contest will be earned by obtaining subscriptions to *Down Beat*.

Schools with registration of 10,000 or more will receive one point for each one-year subscription. Schools with enrollments between 7,500 and 10,000 will receive three points; schools with 5,000 to 7,500 five points; school with 3,000 to 5,000, seven points; schools with 1,000 to 3,000, nine points, and schools under 1,000 enrollment, 11 points for each one-year subscription.

Open to All

The contest is open to all schools and universities. Any schools whose representatives have not yet been contacted can enter the contest by sending a letter signifying such an intention to *Down Beat*, 2001 Calumet, Chicago, Ill.

And keep reading *Down Beat* for further news on more promotions involving many leading bands in the campaign to "Get 'Em Dancing Again."

Marcie Miller Joins Morrow

New York—Marcie Miller is the latest addition to the Buddy Morrow orchestra.

Scheduled to play her last date with Ray Anthony in Montreal, she was set to join the trombonist's outfit Jan. 26. Marcie replaces Joan Hovis.

Cover Story

Ray Anthony Kicks Off Intensive College Tour

Hard-working, determined Ray Anthony cleared the hump in 1952. After years of one-niters and groundwork he stepped into the charmed circle of top bands that regularly work the best locations and colleges at top money.

And in the first half of 1953 he'll be working one of the most intensive school schedules ever set up for a band—more than 50 college dates between Feb. 8 and June 6 which include such universities as

THIS IS JUST ONE of the many stories you'll be reading throughout the year about dance bands touring the colleges and high schools of the country. Keep reading *Down Beat* for all the news on all the bands.

Duke, Notre Dame, Indiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Ohio State, Kentucky, Michigan State, and many others.

To kick off the tour, Capitol is releasing on Feb. 2 Anthony's *Campus Rumpus*, an eight-side album that contains standards like *Dancing on the Ceiling*, *Walking My Baby Back Home*, *It's Delovely*, and *They Didn't Believe Me*. Also scheduled for inclusion is the old Dick Whiting tune, *True Blue Lou*, and the George Williams-Anthony title tune original.

On tap, too, for the King of the Colleges, as he's being billed, is another album release on the same date, reissues of some of his biggest-selling instrumental singles. *Mrs. Anthony's Bougie* will be in it, so will *Tenderly*, *Harlem Nocturne*, *Cook's Town*, and others.

Thus it looks like the beginning of a great year for Anthony, the biggest in his career. And at the rate he has been going of late, there will be many more.

New NYC Club In Big Opening

New York—The Band Box, new Broadway night spot next door to Birdland, opened impressively Jan. 15 with a triple lineup of stars.

Gene Krupa's trio, with Charlie Ventura and Teddy Napoleon, was added to the previously announced program. Hank Jones rounded out the Flip Phillips-Buddy Rich trio, while Oscar Peterson had Barney Kessel and Ray Brown in his threesome.

Band Box decided on a no-dancing policy for the time being, presenting four concerts nightly for a strictly listening audience.

Duke Ellington's orchestra and Art Tatum were set to follow the initial show, opening Jan. 30 for two weeks.

June Hutton Joins 1st '53 'Big Show'

Hollywood—June Hutton has been added to the headliners of the first of 1953's "Big Show" music units. The singer joins Stan Kenton, Nat Cole, and Louis Jordan, with some supporting acts, to fill out the package with which Cress Courtney and the Gale office hope to make a quick cleanup on a brief run of seven west coast dates opening Feb. 3 in Vancouver.

A new angle to eke extra bucks will be attempted in the stand at L.A.'s Shrine auditorium, which will be a double date on the night of Feb. 9 at \$4.80 top. There will be two separate shows—one at 7 p.m. and one at 9 p.m.

Eddie Fisher Grabs Victory In TV Poll

New York—Latest proof of Eddie Fisher's tremendous popularity despite his absence on GI chores, was his victory in the first annual poll on Bill Silbert's WARD DuMont Television show, a nightly platter-and-chatter stint.

Fisher outpolled all the male singers in viewers' voting, while Patti Page won the girl singer division and Billy May's band got the orchestral laurel.

After 4 Tries, Slipper Finally Fit 'The Cinderella Gentleman'

New York—At 25, Harry Belafonte has had four distinct and consecutive careers. Now that the last of these has heaved him across the last hurdle to success, he can look back with equanimity upon the other three.

Firmly set as a folk singer, with a seven-year contract at MGM for two pictures a year, a three-year record deal with RCA Victor, and more night club offers than he can throw a booking agent at, Harry can remember, with an emphatic lack of nostalgia, that less than 18 months ago had no part in show business; he was making ends meet as part-owner of a small restaurant in Greenwich Village that was racing headlong for bankruptcy.

Restaurant Next

The restaurant was his third career, born out of desperation at the failure of his second, which was his fling as a pop singer. Before that was the early experience as an off-Broadway actor. "The closest I ever got to the Broadway stage," Harry reflects, "was when I got an Equity card for a Theater Guild tryout in Westport, Conn. The show ran for three weeks but never got to Broadway."

Then came a meeting with Monte Kay, who was running the Royal Roost music policy. Harry opened in January, 1949, as a ballad singer; he was an overnight sensation, but the night was too soon over. John Wilson of *Down Beat* dubbed him "The Cinderella Gentleman" and the name stuck. He made a Roost record called *Lean on Me* for which he still gets requests. Then he landed a Capitol contract.

Too Tough

"But the competition in the pop field was vicious and overpowering. They compared me with Mel Tormé at first; later they said I sounded like Eckstine. I could never get out of other people's footsteps."

Briefly, he reached as high as \$650 a week, at a club in Florida; but the records didn't sell, and the demand waned as fast as it had waxed. By the end of 1950 Harry was fed up with being a popular singer who wasn't popular. He turned in his microphone, formed a partnership to open the



Harry Belafonte looks up, but Decca singer Trudy Richards pays more attention to the dog than the birdie.

Sage on Sheridan Square, and wrote off singing except as a hobby.

During that time he assembled and processed a library of folk material for kicks, never thinking the restaurant would go broke and he'd need to use it. The identification with folk music had been gnawing at him. He assembled a Weavers-type group briefly, but its members had too many insecurities and couldn't stay together.

Short Job

When the Sage had sold its last sandwich and shuttered its doors forever, Harry and a guitarist went into the Village Vanguard for a small stipend, on a four-week deal.

"Everything began steamrolling," he says. "We stayed there 14 weeks, then went into the Blue Angel and stayed 16." Rejected first by Tin Pan Alley and then by dishpan valley, Harry had finally found himself by exploring the vast area of traditional music.

The MGM contract revived his acting career in the happiest and most lucrative fashion conceivable. His debut role in *See How They Run* is that of a principal in a small southern school; Dorothy Dandridge is a teacher. "It's not a race or problem picture; it just happens to have a Negro cast. It's a step in the right direction. It shows you can put a beautiful Negro girl on the screen

and get a young Negro fellow to play opposite her. There's only one song in the picture—it's an acting part.

"Next they're talking about putting me in a Dore Schary production, an army picture called *Breaking High Ground*. It has a mixed cast and I'd have a big part."

A Help

His acting background, he thinks, has been a determining factor in his success. "I think of myself less as a singer than as a performer. I proved it a couple of times when I had laryngitis and I had to sell as a performer instead of just on my voice.

"That's why people like Bing, Frank, and Perry stay on top. They've paid their dues, learned the business; they're real performers, not just flashes in the pan like some of these singers who get a freak hit record and go into a theater and can't live up to it. I think the business has to get back to some kind of a norm where people have to go through the essential development period."

Harry should know what he's talking about, since only four years ago he was an involuntary flash in the pan himself. It's good to observe that, now that he has paid his dues, he's reaping such handsome dividends.

—Len

Deemed Worthy

Boston—On Muggsy Spanier's last Saturday at Mahogany Hall, an impressive delegation of percussionists from the Boston Symphony orchestra arrived after finishing their own job up the street at Symphony Hall.

They'd come for one primary reason—to marvel at the technique of Muggsy's drummer, Barrett Deems. Barrett obliged by pulling out all the stops. The Munchmen were, to understate the case, awestruck.

Lyon Finds Lair

New York—The Jimmy Lyon trio opened at the Blue Angel this month on an indefinite booking, replacing Ellis Larkins' group. With pianist Lyon are Jimmy Raney, guitar, and Sam Bruno, bass.

SONGS FOR SALE

♦♦ Starring ♦♦

STEVE ALLEN



Playing piano in a saloon is a tough way to make a living. I found that out last week, the hard way.

It all started one night when I went into one of my favorite fun-spots, The Embers, on New York's east side, to meet two of my favorite pianists, Joe Bushkin and Barbara Carroll.

A good time was had by all and when I left I said to Joe Shulman, Barbara's bass man, "If you hear of any sessions coming up soon, let me know. I'd like to play a little."

The next evening Joe let me know. He called me at dinner time.

"You still feel like playing?" he said.

"Sure. When?"

"Tonight, if you can make it. Barbara's sick. They think maybe it's appendicitis."

The Whole Night?

"Gosh, I don't know. You mean you want me to sit in for her all night long?" Although I often play a fill-in ballad between gags on the air, the idea of performing for five hours for a roomful of music-lovers was a little frightening.

"I know it's a crazy idea, but we could use you."

I showed up at 9:30, had a coke, surveyed the room, and walked, a little nervously, to the stand. We opened with *Stars Fell on Alabama*, played pretty slow to let my fingers warm up, and then segued into a medley of old pops. A scattering of applause indicated that the crowd wasn't going to be too critical, although not a few faces were turned toward the bandstand with "What's-he-doing-up-there?" look.

We took a breather after the first set and then Joey Bushkin and his group took over for a quarter of an hour. Joey explained to the puzzled diners the reason for my presence and I began to relax a little.

The second set I ventured a few up-tempo things and was beginning to regain a little self-confidence when the waiters began drifting up with requests. I played *Laura* for somebody at the bar and turned down *Sophisticated Lady* because I couldn't remember the chords to the bridge.

Starts to Swing

By the third set things began to swing a little and most of the pressure was off. I was beginning to enjoy myself and then during the fourth set the old fingers began to tire a little during a speedily tempoed *Tea for Two*. By the time three aym rooled around I realized I had done a full night's work.

Back at the apartment I surveyed the shadows under my eyes and three broken fingernails I had sustained during the heat of action. My back was tired from sitting erect and my brain felt a little numb.

Barbara and Joey earn their money.

Playing piano in a saloon is a tough way to make a living.

Music World Mourns Death Of Henderson

By GEORGE HOEFFER

Another grand figure departed from the jazz scene at the end of 1952. During the 55 years allotted to him, Smack, as Fletcher Henderson was known to all those on the inside of the music business, was a well-educated, mild mannered man with a musical gift. Always elegantly groomed, he constantly faced the world with a wry cynical smile.

Henderson pioneered the large Negro jazz orchestra in New York City three or more years before Duke Ellington arrived in Manhattan. There were other big Negro orchestras playing around the country, but most of them played the popular ballads and novelties of the day from the music sheet, and tried desperately to sound like a white orchestra.

No New Orleans

Fletcher had never been connected with the New Orleans tradition directly, but he made arrangements on the New Orleans tunes with plenty of spots left open for a take-off jazz player. The young and yet unproved Louis Armstrong blew a free, unrestrained trumpet in Henderson's band in 1924. And the Henderson orchestra always contained a full brass, reed, and rhythm section and he featured ensembles full of fire and individual spontaneity.

Musicians the country over, members of a small jazz coterie, dancers at Roseland, and many college students on whose campuses he played, knew Fletcher through the years. His fame reached the general public during the swing era, when his name came forward as arranger for the great Benny Goodman band of 1936. Many of his arrangements helped put Benny over with the first big jazz band to attain national acclaim.

Georgia Boy

Henderson was born Dec. 18,



Fletcher Henderson

1898, at Guthbert, Ga. His mother, a pianist, started him at the age of 6 on the piano. Young Fletcher's father was a school teacher and saw that the boy had all the education he could possibly get. He attended Atlanta (Ga.) university, where he majored in chemistry and mathematics, while continuing his musical studies on the

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Julius LaRosa Not The Bashful Boy He's Been Made Out To Be



Julius LaRosa

By LEONARD FEATHER

Julius LaRosa, of Brooklyn, discarded his navy uniform for the last time Nov. 9, 1951. He made his first regular appearance as a "little Godfrey" on Nov. 19. During the year since then, many things have happened to warm his sentimental young Italian-American heart.

Fan clubs galore have sprung up. Julius made personal appearances in Indianapolis, Minneapolis and Rochester, drawing not only hordes of teenagers but also police protection.

Almost a Repair Man

If Arthur Godfrey, a naval reserve officer, hadn't

been apprised of Julius' talent by a group of buddies, who placed a letter about him on Godfrey's desk during Godfrey's visit to an enlisted men's club, Julius might have followed his four-year Navy career by going to work in Brooklyn for his radio-and-TV serviceman father; for he had never sung professionally in his life. He graduated from high school in June, 1947, and worked briefly for his pop before entering the service.

Amazed Arthur

On the vital day of Godfrey's visit, Julius, who had sung for kicks from time to time, did *Don't Take Your Love from Me*. Godfrey found it incredible that he'd never taken a lesson. Shortly after, during a leave, he made a guest appearance on Godfrey's show. His last year in the service was a predominantly vocal one, with the navy band in Washington.

Julius in person isn't the bashful, awkward kid Godfrey sometimes makes him seem to sound when joshing him on the air. He's a muscular looking, self-assured specimen, and simultaneously a home boy who'd like to move himself and his parents from their present Brooklyn home to a comfortable house somewhere. He says he doesn't run around much and would like to stay home till he gets married.

Cuts New Sides

A few weeks ago he made his first sides for the new Cadence label, advance pressings of which we heard. They show that Julius has what it takes—good quality, a personality that succeeds in coming across between the grooves, and an orchestral backing that sets him off to maximum advantage. The last-named attribute was provided by Archie Bleyer, who owns the Cadence label.

Julius has confidence, but not the kind of ego that sometimes convinces successful youngsters they have nothing more to learn. On the contrary, during the last six months, for the first time in his life, he's been taking singing lessons. From a cat named Carlo Menotti.

"Please make it clear that he's no relation to Gian-Carlo," said Julius. "Those telephone calls drive him crazy."

Coronation Ceremonies Nearing For Brubeck

A long, gaunt man with a craggy face, a clump of black hair, and eyes that peer nearsightedly from behind thick horn-rimmed glasses is rapidly changing the musical tastes of young America. His name is Dave Brubeck and daily he is knocking further askew the crown worn by George Shearing as the piano and combo hero of the college set.

And his alto saxist, an equally spare youth who is one of the brightest young figures in jazz today—Paul Desmond—is not going to take more than a year or two to begin winning polls left and right.

Even Then

Yes, Brubeck has finally begun to reach pay dirt after several futile years of rapping his head against a wall. Two years ago he played the Blue Note here and, because he was almost unknown to the midwest, little was expected of him businesswise. Even so, the receipts were disappointing.

Yet a couple of weeks ago he returned to the same club and had a full house awaiting him when he stepped onstand that applauded enthusiastically before he even played.

And the big crowds and the adulation are yet to come, as this star is still early in its ascendancy. Dave has followed almost exactly the same pattern here and in New York and elsewhere that Shearing did the first couple of times through. It should be a large next couple of years for the San Franciscan.

Big Surprise

In many ways it is a complete surprise that this group should become commercially successful. It is unabashedly and uncompromisingly a modern jazz group. There is much intricate, original, thoughtful music to be found here. There are no jokes, no paper hats, and no hushed moments of silence while Dave plays *Daphnis and Chloe* as the piece de resistance

of the evening. It is, with no qualifications whatsoever, a jazz band.

Yet it has its oddities. It is again a case where one of the sidemen (in this instance Desmond) seems to be quite superior to the leader as a jazzman, yet the leader is already taking on almost mystic qualities. A cult is fast forming about the man.

Let this not be a carping piece, however. Dave is a skilled musician who plays some astounding chord changes and indulges in some quite wonderful counterplay with Desmond. That he is oftentimes loud and pounding and seemingly at a loss for melodic ideas is probably just one reporter's opinion.

Most Important

Far more important is the fact that in the next few years thousands of persons are going to pay good money to hear this quartet. Many of them are going to go because they will have heard that it's the thing to do this year and thus they will be exposed to live jazz for the first time.

So if Brubeck's group can add just one more accomplishment to its record, many persons would be most pleased. If, in addition to already producing a brilliant jazzman and giving us some genuinely good music, they can make the road ahead one whit easier for similarly splendid combos—the Gerry Mulligans, the Lennie Tristano's, the Buddy DeFrancos, et al—they will have done yeomen service.

In the meanwhile, begin preparations to hail the new king. He'll be crowned any time now.

—juck

Thanks, Kid

Chicago—Thrilled young thing rushed up to Herbie Fields at the Preview here just after his band had finished another modernized set and exclaimed: "Oh, Herbie, I saw you at the Paramount in Denver, too, and though I'm not exactly a Dixieland fan, I like it a lot." Herbie said thank you.

Sarah Vaughan Off For England

New York—Sarah Vaughan sailed Jan. 14 on the *Liberte*, with husband George Treadwell, for a business-and-pleasure trip to Great Britain and France.

After sightseeing for 10 days around England, Sarah plays her first date Jan. 31 in a series of 21 concert dates around England and Scotland. She then heads for France, to open Feb. 28 for a two-week booking at the smart *Drap d'Or* club.

Following a short vacation in Paris, she'll return here for a Birdland opening Mar. 26, to be followed by a theatre tour.

Kay Brown Quits Kenton

Hollywood—Kay Brown, former movie starlet and the wife of Kenton trumpeter Maynard Ferguson, left the band shortly before Kenton opened at the Palladium here. Kay said she felt she was "not advancing her career by singing with the band."

June Christy returned temporarily to sing on weekends, but was not expected to remain long as she was booked for a tour of Korea with the Larry Finley unit leaving here in mid-January.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

Doris Day was selected top woman star in movies by theater owners in a national movie trade poll... Savoy expanding its on-the-spot recording activity, cut Sol Yaged's group on a jam session at Bill Green's Rustic Lodge in New Brunswick, N.J.

Harry Belafonte had a big opening at the *Blue Angel*, will probably stay eight weeks this time... Ronnie Ball, taking a physical for the army, found he had a spot on his lung; he's bedded at Triboro hospital in Jamaica... Big Jay McNeely crashes the eastern bigtime Feb. 26, when he starts a two-week run at Birdland.

Vic Mizzy to the coast to write the score of Esther Williams' new one, *Easy to Love*... Mel Powell got his Bachelor of Music degree at Yale... Record Industry Association of America, which now incorporates 46 record manufacturers, will hold an annual meeting Feb. 11, at the New York Athletic Club... Prestige Records preparing a New Directions series, to provide modern composers and musicians with a workshop via LP discs... Ray Anthony reported to have invested \$40,000 in a "land cruiser," a sort of hotel on wheels, for himself and his wife... Steve Allen took over Hal Block's job on the *What's My Line?* panel after Hal liquidated his association with the show.

Ella Logan called *Down Beat* to say Annie Ross has no right to call herself Ella's daughter. Says Annie's parents are an old vaudeville team, name of Short, Ella's sister and brother-in-law. In other words, Annie is Ella's niece. Evidently somebody's story was twisted.

CHICAGO

Count Basie's big band, with Paul Quinichette, Joe Neman, et al, on board, piles into the Blue Note on Jan. 30 for a couple of weeks. All seismograph operators please note and make compensations. Following which the Teddy Wilson trio and the Cecil Young quartet make the club home for another brace... Billy May plays two nights at the Aragon ballroom on Jan. 30 and 31... Harry Belafonte and Dwight Fiske among names being brewed for future Black Orchid bookings.

The Dick Marks-John Frigo piano-bass duo, with Lucy Reed doing the singing, proving to be a big draw Mondays and Tuesdays at the Lei Aloha (nee Windsor)... And another piano-bass pair, Claude Jones and Johnnie Pate, stay on at the Streamliner, as do Ernie Harper and Lurlean Hunter... Chamaero returned to the Omar Room of the Preview on Jan. 21, will remain indefinitely.

Vaughn Monroe's troupe opens at the Chicago theater Feb. 6 for one week... And a week later, Sugar Ray Robinson makes his local telephonic bow in a package that also will contain the Louis Armstrong All-Stars... Danny Aizin moved to the Silhouette on Jan. 16... Frank York, maestro at the Sherman Porterhouse, led his band at Gov. Stratton's inauguration in Springfield.

HOLLYWOOD

Tiffany club bookings reshuffled as Flip Phillips and Buddy Rich canceled out to make Europe tour with Norman Granz. New lineup: Stan Getz Feb. 6, Dinah Washington Feb. 27, Earl Bostic March 20, George Shearing April 3, Johnny Hodges April 24... Red Norvo trio into Astor's, North Hollywood hotspot, Jan. 9, with Bob Morgan replacing—temporarily Red says—Tal Farlow, laying off due to hand injury.

It's Flanagan, Garber, and James in that order for the Palladium following current Stan Kenton. Ops dickering for Ralph Marterie, who canceled out last fall because trip to coast did not look sufficiently profitable... Red Nichols, who raked up a full year at Mike Lyman's Playroom Dec. 7 and looked like a permanent fixture there (like Teagarden at the Royal room, Ory at the Cavern, and Rosy McHargue at the Hangover) was pulling out Jan. 16. Said: "Think it's time we all took a vacation."

BOSTON: George Wein pulled a small coup in booking Ethel Waters for Storyville Jan. 16, at which time her film, *Member of the Wedding*, opened... At Wein's Mahogany Hall, Claude Hopkins has replaced George on piano in Vic Dickenson's tremendously swinging band... Slim Gaillard knocked himself out while at the Hi-Hat performing afternoons in vet hospitals... Sinatra opens at the Latin Quarter the 20th... The day before, Frankie Laine goes into Blinstrub's and Joni James has been added to strengthen the bill. Joni scored very well at the club two months ago.

NEW ORLEANS: Plenty of good music available, even though the Roosevelt Blue Room had to revert to type by having Jan Garber follow Tommy Dorsey... Guy Lombardo will come in for Mardi Gras... Denise Darcel, the well stacked one, scoring a personal success at the Jung Cotillion Room and spending her spare time digging the jazz joints... Louis Prima and nine playing nightly at Perez' on the Airline Highway and doing great tourist business... Brother Leon playing again at the 500 club, sitting in occasionally with Sam (tenor man) Butera band... Freddie (next door) Kohlman replaced piano man, Dave Williams with Quentin Batische, modernist.

MONTREAL: While at the Chez Paree, Frank Sinatra stayed at the nearby Windsor hotel in a swank four-room suite. Local swains waited in vain for a glimpse of Ava... Herb Kenny appeared at the Savoy cafe recently... Buddy Rich, Karen Chandler, and harpist Bobby Maxwell at the Seville theater last month.

Buddy's a dancer and a singer again these days... Ray Anthony made his first eastern Canadian appearance, at the Seville, followed two weeks later by the Louis Armstrong All-Stars.

TORONTO: CBLT, local TV station, announced plans for its first jazz show, featuring a big band led by Calvin Jackson and a discussion of jazz directed by Dick MacDougall, Toronto deejay. First guests were to be critics Helen McNamara and Alex Barris... Jackson, incidentally, recently made his record debut with two Victor trio sides—*The Lady Is a Tramp* and *Makin' Whoopee*... The Colonial tavern signed the Wild Bill Davis trio to open Jan. 26, George Shearing for Feb. 2, Earl Hines' sextet for two weeks beginning Feb. 9, and the Dave Brubeck quartet for a week starting Feb. 23... The Casino, only local vaudeville house, was treating music lightly as 1953 began. Louis Armstrong's unit, penciled for Feb. 5, was the only musical act in a lineup that included two magicians, a comedian, and Gypsy Rose Lee.

LONDON: British singer Jimmy Young left here for the States on Jan. 3. He has a soundtrack role in the new Gene Kelly film now being filmed here... Joe Loss has netted a 13-week air series. Follows corn king Billy Cotton into Sunday luncheon spot... The Musicians Union has vetoed a plan for Muggsy Spanier to tour here with the Freddy Randall band... Sarah Vaughan arrives here on Jan. 20. Her first concert will be at the Royal Albert hall on Feb. 8, backed by Sid Phillips' band and the English counterpart of JATP, Jazz at the Prom.



Danny Thomas, Peggy Lee, and trumpet man Pete Candoli in a scene from *The Jazz Singer*.

'Jazz Singer' Role Hints Stardom For Peggy Lee

Hollywood—Warner Brothers' modern edition of *The Jazz Singer*, which is considerably more than a remake of their history-making production of 1927, can't be expected to have the same far-reaching impact on the industry as the original, but it's a good example of how far the film business has progressed in the use of sound in general and music in particular. For Peggy Lee it marks an auspicious debut in her first important screen role.

The story is essentially the same with settings and background brought up to date. Danny Thomas is the son of a cantor and a long line of cantors whose father (Edward Franz) has brought him up and trained him in the family tradition. During a stretch in Korea (no war background is actually screened) he discovers, while emceeing a USO troupe headed by Peggy Lee, that he is a natural entertainer.

Tries Show Biz

On his return, at which point the picture opens, Peggy encourages him to try for a career in show business. After the usual tribulations and a bitter break with his father, he gets his big break, makes good, returns to his sick father's bedside for a mutual reconciliation.

The Jazz Singer is not a musical in the ordinary sense. But it is one of the few pictures since the advent of sound in which music and narrative have been well combined to provide a picture that is good enough from start to finish to hold the interest of discriminating audiences.

Good Thomas Performance

Much of the credit for this goes to an excellent performance by Danny (he is also a much improved singer) and all members of the cast, including Peggy. Peggy registers not only as an actress but as a unique new screen personality, particularly in her recreations of her recordings of *Lover* and *One of Those Things*. Her visual interpretations carry the same sexy drive, but more so.

The new *Jazz Singer* has some passable new songs (Sammy Fain & Jerry Seelen, and one by Peggy—*This Is a Very Special Day*) but its best musical moments are in recaps of standards and in deeply moving interpretations of Jewish sacred music.

Sousa Gets Caught In Webb

Stars and Stripes Forever (Clifton Webb, Debra Paget, Robert Wagner, and Ruth Hussey).

This is a passably factual and passably entertaining filmization of the story and music of the composer and military bandleader to whose unexcelled marches three generations of Americans have marched off to four wars.

Webb as John Phillip Sousa is more Webb than Sousa, but the highlights of the story as it pertains to Sousa the showman and Sousa the musician are an adequate framework for a glance at one of the most interesting portions of musical Americana.

And with brass band music currently enjoying its biggest boom since the era of the "March King" himself, thanks to heavy emphasis on high school and college marching bands for sports events, this picture should give musical instrument manufacturers much cause for joy.

Movie Planned As 'Expose' Of Opera

Hollywood—Columbia Pictures schedule for 1953 includes an opus entitled *Debut*, planned as a backstage treatment of opera, singers, composers, critics, et al. which will be a working-over similar to that which the theater and some of its figures received in *All About Eve*.

The story is an original by Allan Scott. No assignments have been announced.

Mel Stitzel Dies In Chicago At 50

Chicago—Mel Stitzel, pianist with the original New Orleans Rhythm Kings, arranger, and composer, died here on Jan. 1 of a throat ailment. He was 50.

Composer of a number of tunes, including *Tin Roof Blues* and *Doodle-E-Do*, Stitzel last worked with Danny Alvin's band here at Helsing's late last year.

The Trouble With Cinderella

By Arrangement With Farrar, Straus And Young Inc.

(Editor's Note: This is the fourth installment of Artie Shaw's book. Earlier chapters described his infancy on New York's lower East Side, and his parents' move, in his eighth year, to New Haven, where he earned his first \$5 playing the saxophone in an amateur show. After working with a band of youngsters, the Peter Pan Novelty orchestra, he finally becomes a full-fledged professional musician, joining the important local band of Johnny Cavallaro.)

By ARTIE SHAW

At this point I ran into a fairly big snag—the little matter of my high school education. I was now earning between thirty and forty dollars weekly on the Cinderella Ballroom job alone. And occasionally, when the band went out of town to play at some nearby college or fraternity dance, I got as much as fifteen dollars a night. To me as a kid of fifteen it seemed a pretty large sum for doing something I would have been delighted to do for nothing!

However, I was staying up till two or three in the morning some three or four nights a week, and the net result was that I had to do most of my sleeping at school.

The fact is, the whole idea of high school seemed to me about as remote from what I did want to learn as anything I could imagine. Who had ever heard of a professional musician, a fellow earning as much as forty dollars a week, going to high school and studying Cicero? Of all the preposterous ideas!

In the end I worked out a simple resolution to this conflict. Actually, it pretty much worked itself out for me. All I had to do was to get the lowest possible grades in every subject I was supposed to be studying. This feat had to be accomplished for two months running, after which there was nothing further for me to do in the matter. According to a rule of Hillhouse High School in those days (and a damn fine rule it seemed to me at the time), after such a brilliant scholastic performance, the authorities were forced to request my resignation from their educational program.

From then on there was nothing to prevent me from pursuing the only education I was at all interested in. I could practice all day long and play all night long, if that was what I wanted to do. And that was what I did want to do. You never saw a kid go at anything in your life the way I went at that horn of mine; and, although I can't say how much "natural talent" went into all this work, somehow I kept improving. Also, about this same time I bought myself another instrument, a straight-model soprano saxophone, built along the lines of a clarinet but played just like any other saxophone. On my new job it became necessary for me to "double" and since I could not play the clarinet, this soprano saxophone was the next best thing.

New Occupation

That gave me something else to work on. As I say, there was no fundamental difference between this new instrument and the one I already had—at least not so far as the fingering was concerned. However, this one had a smaller mouthpiece and reed, and therefore, required a slightly different embouchure. Eventually, I learned how to handle the new addition to my little arsenal, and I was all set for a while.

Around this time I began to get jobs now and then with other professional bands around town besides Cavallaro's. There was Eddie Wittstein, who booked pick-up bands on what was called "society work." There were the Yale Collegians, a fairly good little college dance band, who were not above hiring an occasional outside, professional, noncollegiate "ringer" like myself. The Collegians were headed by a fellow named Len Leden, and included another saxophone player named Rudy Vallee. With this sort of occasional job, as well as my steady work with Cavallaro's orchestra, I kept pretty busy

wherever I could. Until one night Si Byers, the fiddle player who stood in front of the band, turned on me as I went into the phrase, and snarled, "For Christ's sake, cut out that corn, will you?"

For the first time I realized why the others had looked that way whenever I'd played that bit. Apparently Byers had been in on it all the time too, but that night he must have been just plain tired of the joke.

No More

I managed somehow to keep from bursting into tears of rage and humiliation, and, of course I never did play that particular phrase again. But there were a number of such lessons to learn, and in the course of learning to distinguish the differences between what is jazz and what is "corn," I had to learn also how to keep my feelings to myself. The one thing I knew for sure was that, so far as any of these older colleagues of mine were concerned, anger or tears would have been just about the biggest joke of all.

I don't mean to sound as if I now have any bitterness toward any of those fellows. I don't at all. But at the time it was going on I felt pretty awful about it. Looking back at it now, of course, it's hard to blame them. They meant no real harm. They were only amusing themselves and I guess I was a pretty amusing kid to have around. Anyway, one way or the other, through all this stuff, I began to learn a little about what was what.

And with it all I was also beginning to acquire the only real "talent" I know anything about—talent for self-discipline. In one way at least, the humiliation that followed anything silly I did, either musically or otherwise, acted as a painful but terribly effective brake on any tendencies I might have had to let things slide and go along as I was. It also gave me a strong competitive drive, a terribly urgent need to keep working at what I was doing until I simply had to learn something about it. All my early out-group conditioning, plus this direct competition with older and more experienced men, combined to channelize all my waking (and perhaps even some sleeping) energies into an overwhelming need to prove my validity, to be accepted on the basis of my skills. What else could I do as a fifteen-year-old thrown into contact with these older men for most of my time?

Lonely
As I think about it now, it must have been a very lonesome life I



Artie Shaw

during that fall and winter, managed to make a fair weekly sum of money, and traveled all over New England.

Meanwhile I was painfully acquiring the beginnings of another and totally different kind of education, some of it having—very little to do with music but quite a bit to do with growing up, or at least learning how to handle the problems of a fifteen-year-old working on a more or less equal economic basis with a group of older men.

Worldly Ways

I eventually picked up a certain amount of worldly wisdom—or what passed for it with these guys—mostly through hazing and crude practical joking, for which I was a fairly natural butt.

I have already mentioned that I had begun to develop a little style of improvisation of my own, largely eclectic. However, in jazz music there are certain things that are not done. These have nothing to do with skill or technique, but come under the head of "corn," a vague-

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ly defined but distinctly recognizable way of playing. At that stage it was only natural that some of the musical tricks I picked up should turn out to be pretty bad. The result was a good bit of humor for everyone concerned except myself.

There was one phrase in particular, that I had picked up from some record I had heard, which I used to fit in here and there whenever I was giving out with a bit of *ad lib* playing. Every time I played it I would notice the rest of the men in the band eying each other with a peculiar look on their faces, as if I had just done something pretty damn clever. I was convinced I was giving them quite a kick, so for some weeks I continued to sneak this phrase in

was leading in those days. However, since I had already developed the introspective set I have already spoken about, it didn't bother me as much as you might imagine. I had a lot to learn, I was busy learning it as fast I could, and as for the rest—well, I guess I just didn't think about it very much.

Nevertheless, it must have had its effect on me, whether I let myself become aware of it or not; for otherwise what happened next couldn't have happened.

During that first year after I had joined Cavallaro's band, we went off to Bantam Lake, a small summer resort near Litchfield, Connecticut, where we were to work for the entire season, playing six (Turn to Page 22)

Are Dance Orks A Dead End For Aspiring Girl Vocalists?

Hollywood—What's in the dance band business for a girl vocalist?

Practically nothing, according to Karen Chandler, the young lady whose very first record under the Coral banner, *Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me*, shot to the top among the country's "best-selling-singles," as the trade calls them, during the opening weeks of 1953.

The answer to "Who's this Karen Chandler?" explains Karen's viewpoint. You see, Karen is really the Eve Young who was doing right well as a girl vocalist with top rank dance bands back in 1947 and '48. In fact, you could say that she had reached what in those days was still considered "the top."

With BG

Her last appearance as Eve Young in the "girl-singer-with-band" category was with Benny Goodman's last successful big band. That was the one previous to the mildly bopped up crew featuring tenor man Wardell Gray

with which Benny said goodbye to the dance business.

"Of course, the experience a girl singer receives working with dance bands can be very valuable," says Karen, but with more than a trace of irony when she used the word "experience." Then she continued:

"The experience of working with bands is just great—if a girl can take it. But a girl has to be tough to take it. Tougher than I wanted to be. I worked for one bandleader—he was one of those real big ones who knew he was slipping—who seemed to be deliberately trying to crack my



Karen Chandler

morale. When I was doing my numbers with the band he would do nasty little tricks—he thought they were funny—to annoy me.

Ornaments?

"When we made records he wouldn't let me have any good songs to do with the band. He always looked upon his girl singers just as ornaments. I understand a lot of name bandleaders are complaining because singers leave them and go out as solo attractions as soon as they develop followings. Why shouldn't they? For me the dance band business was a dead end."

What happens now with Karen? "Coral is recording me like mad," says the singer, who had gone into virtual retirement here with her husband (and arranger-conductor) Jack Pleis, until recently pianist with Frank De Vol's radio and TV orks. "Meantime, we go out on the night club circuit and hope for a second big record hit. That second hit record—that's the one that really counts!"

Counterpoint

By NAT HENTOFF

A man's patience—like his youth, if not his libido—has limitations. And mine has become exhausted in certain areas.

Let me begin with our traveling "jazz ambassador," Baron Munchausen, who operates under the name of Mezz Mezzrow. Having done jazz a considerable disservice in this country with the publication of his book on space cadets, *Really the Blues*, the Baron is now in France "instructing" the populace in the art of jazz.

All Varieties

Recently, through the obtuse offices of Panassie, Mezzrow was invited to give a concert for Jeunesses Musicales de France in Paris. The J.M.F. is a respectable organization whose main aim is to give its members a chance to hear all possible varieties of music.

Before the concert (?), Mezzrow was interviewed on stage. "Do you think modern jazz is jazz?" he was asked. The great authority, who is so consistently out of tune that he may have invented a new scale system, answered: "Modern jazz is no more jazz than a mixture of Chinese and English is good French."

The concert itself was characterized by Jazz-Hot as "beaucoup de bruit pour rien" (a lot of noise for nothing). But the damage had been done. When Poo-Bah gets back home, I suggest we honor him—with the Order of Invincible Ignorance, First Class.



The next example of what O. Henry used to call the gentle art of grafting has to do with the building boom for Mabel Mercer and Sylvia Sims.

For years there has been a small, tight "in group" that has provided staunch advocates of the two, but now, thanks to Atlantic records, their devotees are increasingly rapidly sending them to me. I enjoy them, though, the way I enjoy Noel Coward. But I wouldn't ever compare Coward with Pirandello. Yet it's mordantly amusing to watch the self-hypnosis practiced by several people, including some fine musicians, concerning the musical abilities of Sims and Mercer.

One impressionable young critic recently listed Sylvia Sims as one of the five best jazz singers. And the superlatives for Miss Mercer would make you think that her only possible accompanist would be David, the man with the harp.

Forget It

Look, forget for a minute that it's deliciously hip to dig these two. Forget the privacy of the small room, the bilingual lullabies, and the comforting air of mutual self-congratulation among members of the fan club. Listen. Listen to how out of tune they can be. Listen to the often grotesque phrasing (so artificial as to be rather embarrassing). And if you will forgive the major heresy, Doris Day has a better beat than both combined. And you can throw in Stan Freeman and Cy Walter for ballast.

I know. Doris doesn't look or act exotic. She just sings. So do Jeri Sothern, Teddi King, Betty Roche. Oh well, why go on. This kind of ingrown adulation is a psychological deal—a compensatory mechanism of sorts. Even within hip circles, there have to be hipper inner circles and of course, circles within the circles until you get to that one last man—the hippest of all. You know whom he digs? Himself.

Swingin' The Golden Gate

Sincerity Is All A Matter Of Degree, It Says Here

By Ralph J. Gleason

"We are all ignorant," the late Will Rogers once said, "except about different things." Revise that to 1953 and make it read, "We're all squares, except about different things" and you have an idea whose application can bring some perspective to a field (jazz) where it is usually conspicuous by its absence.

It's hard to find any field of artistic activity where youth fails to grant any talent whatsoever to age and age, in turn, thinks everything youth does is ridiculous. Of course it isn't a case of pure black and white, there are areas of gray, too. Some modern musicians listen to their elders with respect and some of the elders listen to youth with interest.

High Orders

When you leave the field of the practicing musician, however, and enter the sphere of the music fan—the frustrated musician, for I firmly believe that all but a few jazz fans are thwarted trombonists, drummers, pianists, etc.—then you really meet with logic-tight compartments and prejudices of a high order.

In San Francisco, for instance, where the music fraternity runs the full gamut from Turk Murphy to Dave Brubeck, and that's quite

a journey, the fans present an interesting study. Barring individual differences in appearance, they are by and large the same sort of individual, saying the same sort of things, and having the same sort of belief. It's only that the names and numbers of the idols are different.

The paraphernalia of music worship is exactly the same. Expand this to the broadest sense, and the New Orleans followers with their discographies, reissues, and historical mania are really doing the same thing that the New Jazz Society wanted to do. It was just that the people they were interested in promoting were not the same. I don't know how long it will be before we have to chip in to buy a set of teeth and a horn for John Birks Bop, but I suspect it is inevitable.

The Reason

These musings are all brought about by Fred Astaire, peculiarly enough. I have heard so many musicians put him down as a singer and as a dancer since *The Astaire Story* came out that I think a word or two needs to be said in his defense. Fred Astaire is no singer, but I truly believe that every aspiring hollerer, jazz or pop, should be made to listen

to this album for about a month before he makes his first public appearance.

Astaire should be required listening for all vocal students because he is a master of one thing that all but a few of our modern singers have forgotten: songs have lyrics that have a meaning. Fred can take those beautiful tunes, and not sing but rather talk them into life. You can learn the words from Fred because they mean something to him.

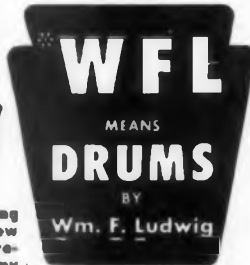
He tells a story with them and tells it so convincingly it doesn't matter that he hasn't the voice of an Eckstine. What Astaire has is something very precious. Something that any singer, young or old has got to have or he can be nothing but a passing show. In a way, it's the same sort of thing the old timers like Louis and Bunk and Mutt and Muggsy have. They tell a story and they mean it. You can't put sincerity down. It isn't for nothing that songwriters like to have Astaire introduce their songs. When he sings them, they live.

Film Set For Damone Upon Army Discharge

Hollywood—Vic Damone, who gets out of the army in a few weeks, will head immediately for MGM, where he's scheduled for a top spot in *Hit the Deck*, with Donald O'Connor, Jane Powell, and Debbie Reynolds.



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A NEW CLUB opened in Chicago this month, a smart, intimate spot on lower Rush street called the Black Orchid. For the first bill they spotted singers Josh White and Jeri Southern and comedienne Jane Dulo, and opening night found people still waiting in line to get in at 1:30 a.m.

Business has continued substantially the same since. Some of the opening night visitors included (center picture) WGN disc jockey Ray Hutchinson and the Four Aces—Sod Vaccaro, Dave Mahoney, Lou Silvestri, and Al Alberta. Jeri's in the middle. An open-shirted Josh sings at left,

is interviewed at right by the Chicago Tribune's night life reporter, Will Leonard. The club is operated by Al Greenfield, who formerly ran the Band Box and Brass Rail and who is also Gertrude Neisen's husband. Scheduled coming attractions are said to include Harry Belafonte.

Ethel Waters A Toronto Hit

Toronto—An experimental policy involving the simultaneous booking of two name acts proved a large success at the Colonial Tavern here early this month as Ethel Waters and Johnny Hodges' group were paired during the week of Jan. 5.

Miss Waters told reporters that she was winding up her contract with GAC by accepting short-term engagements, and admitted she was considering a final run of her book and a London stage run of *Wedding*.

Singing in front of Hodges was no new experience, she recalled. In the early '30s she worked with the Ellington band at the Cotton Club.

—Robert Fulford

Brunswick Signs T. Gibbs, Others

New York—The Brunswick label, recently reactivated for new jazz and rhythm and blues recordings, has started signing up talent.

In addition to Bette McLaurin, who came over to the label two months ago, Brunswick has set Terry Gibbs on a term contract basis. The *Down Beat* vibes winner landed the deal as a result of his *Jazztime USA* LP for the label.

Jackie Paris, whose previously-reported RCA Victor deal led only to two duet sides with Tamara Hayes, has also signed with Brunswick, as have blues singer Gayle Brown and the Five Bills, a vocal group.

Les Brown Wins Disc Jockey Poll

Hollywood—Peter Potter, radio and TV disc spinner whose annual poll (conducted among his listeners by mail) to pick top music names of the year attracts much interest here, has announced his 1952 winners. They were:

Favorite band: Les Brown; girl singer: Doris Day; male singer: Frankie Laine; vocal group: the Modernaires.

Miller Scriptor Named

Hollywood—Scripter for Universal-International's Glenn Miller film, starring Jimmy Stewart in the title role, will be Val Davies, who also authored the screen story for *Miracle on 34th street*. The shooting schedule has not yet been set up, however.

Capitol Adds D. Shay

Hollywood—Dorothy Shay, formerly with Columbia, has been added to Capitol's artist roster. It's indicated Cap will use her mainly as an album item.

Photos of typical pages —

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A BIRTHDAY PARTY, celebrating his third year on the air for WMGM, New York, was held in the studio for disc jockey Ted Brown recently. Among those who showed up were (above), left to right, vocalists Tommy Edwards, Joe Allegro, Patti Page, Ricky Hale, Bill Hayes, and Trudy Richards, all looking happily from around the birthday cake. Below, Ted, along with Liza Morrow (standing) and Toni Arden, have some laughs over the air.



GEORGE SHEARING, winner again in the 1952 *Beat* poll for small combos, receives his plaque from Maggie McNeillia on one of her broadcasts from the St. Moritz hotel.

WHAT'S THIS? Ralph Flanagan's band was hired recently to play between halves at one of the Syracuse pro basketball games. That's the Flanagan band in the background. The front row is basketball players.



CHICAGO HONORED Duke Ellington with a Silver Jubilee party when he played there this month. But Duke let others entertain, including pianist-singer Willie Mabon, whose *I Don't Know* currently is the top seller on the rhythm and blues hit parade. Duke went on to rack up big grosses at the Blue Note and, a week later, the Regal theater. Latter date also included Pearl Bailey and her dancing brother Bill.

PRE-BROADCAST CEREMONIES at the Bob Hope radio show for Jan. 7, on which Jack Benny was a guest, included Benny showing Hope how to make music. Bob (that must be Les Brown's alto sax) looks dubious. Bob is reunited with his old partners Crosby and Lamour in the current addition to the *Road* musicals, *The Road to Bali*.

Granz Glad 'New Yorker' Panned His Astaire Album

Hollywood—Norman Granz, who is never cooler than when under fire, has some cold, hard words for *New Yorker* writer Douglas Watt (*Popular Records* department, Jan. 3 issue). And he was busy putting them in a letter to Mr. Watt when contacted by *Down Beat* for his opinion of the critic's derogatory comment re the recently-released Granz-produced *Astaire Story* album.

Herewith some excerpts from D. W.'s "review" of the series, with Norman's comment on the commentator.

Watt: Fred Astaire, backed by a jazz sextet, sings 34 songs . . . Why devote that much space to the singing of a man who is celebrated primarily for his dancing?

Own Answer

Granz: In his own review Watt gives the answer to that one. I quote him: "Astaire has a slight, appealing singing voice which reflects the lightheartedness and brilliant sense of rhythm that distinguish his dancing."

Watt: This is far from being the Astaire story, because the songs—even the ones Astaire did sing—are presented in a way that robs them of the verve he used to give them . . .

Granz: Most of the songs in the album were either written especially for Fred by the composers, were introduced by Fred in stage or screen productions, or used by him for some of his most successful dance routines. I don't think Watt actually went through the album before writing his review. He obviously doesn't understand the purpose of the album and was trying to hide his ignorance by cavilling over minor points within his own limited scope.

Desultory?

Watt: They (the musicians) play in a desultory fashion, setting such a dragging tempo . . .

Granz: Mr. Watt's taste in music, and thereby his right to pass judgment on the playing of musicians like Phillips, Peterson, Shavers, Brown, Kessel, and Stoller, is so well described in his own last paragraph that this calls for

Sidemen Switches

Tony Pastor—Dud Harvey, trumpet, for Tony Ameral, and Hank Paustenbach, bass, out . . . Ralph Flanagan—Billy Wert, trumpet, for Billy Duvall; Ray Winlow, trombone, for John Cross; Joe Catania, trumpet, added, and Louis Reynolds, tenor, for Ted Rosen . . . Woody Herman—Urbie Green, trombone, out.

Charlie Spivak—Phil Scapelati, trumpet, for Ernie DeFalco . . . Ralph Marterie—Bobby Sutherland, trumpet, added . . . Freddy Martin—Murray McEachern, trombone, for Dick Arant, and Ira Ginsberg, drums, for Tony DiNicola.

Hal McIntyre—Dean Hinkle, trumpet, for Toby Taubinson; Jimmy Guinn, trombone, for Earl Greenberg; Jimmy Knapp, trombone, for Lou Skeene; Billy Root, tenor, for Ed Martin; Don Robinson, tenor, for Dave Farnet; Carl Centola, baritone, for Andy Pino, and Ted Corabi, piano, for Harry Crisp . . . Tommy Tucker—Buddy Balbo, tenor, for Cliff Hoff (to Umberto Morak) . . . Vince Travis—Lennie Hambro, alto, for Moe DiLallo.

Coral Signs Rudy Ork

New York—The Ernie Rudy orchestra, band formed by the men who walked out on Sammy Kaye some months back and led by drummer Ernie Rudinall (Rudy), has been signed to a Coral contract and cut its first sides for the label on Jan. 6.

Alone

Hollywood—Rosemary Clooney, who was scheduled to co-star with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in *White Christmas*, may have top billing all to herself. Both Bing and Fred have withdrawn from the picture.

Sacks Moves Up In RCA Hierarchy

New York—Manie Sacks, one-time a & r head of Columbia, more recently staff vice president of RCA, has been appointed general manager of the RCA Victor record department. He succeeds Paul Barkmeier, who has been named vice-president and director of regional offices of the RCA Victor division.

Sacks, who originally joined RCA Feb. 1, 1950, as director of artist relations for both the record company and NBC, was a key figure in the rise to fame of Frank Sinatra and other top names.

Caught In The Act

Freddy Martin, KLAC-TV, Hollywood

The new Freddy Martin video series might be classified as a happy medium between the all-out comedy routines typified by the Benny Strong show from the Triaxion (*Down Beat*, Jan. 14) and the Lawrence Welk show, which has been extraordinarily successful with little more than the presentation of straight dance band numbers.

The Martin show is essentially a musical show, but Freddy came up with some interesting twists aimed at meeting the visual demands of the medium, mostly without departing to any great extent from his regular routines.

By doing his show at the studio he has the advantage of switching to prop backgrounds. His two new girl singers, telegenic Sandi Sanders and Cynthia Girard, are definite assets. But his most effective TV innovation was a tribute to Hoagy Carmichael, highlighted by slipping in "still" photos of

Hoagy showing the songwriter-pianist-actor at various periods of his life—for example as a 10-year-old youngster, and as pianist with appearing as a guest and doing student jazz bands during his high school and college days.

Hoagy brought his story up to date and the show to a close by his *Hong Kong Blues* opus in character.

Mindy Carson Scouted For 'Robe' Movie Role

Hollywood—Mindy Carson is under consideration for a serious, straight dramatic role in 20th-Fox's forthcoming screen production of *The Robe*.

Producer Frank Ross spotted her on *Studio One* teleshow and sent her script passages to tape-record in New York. She'll be brought to Hollywood for final screen tests.

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February 11, 1953

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By Rob Darrell

SPEAKER WOOLFS AND TWEETS (Cont.) If the first big step toward better audio is realizing the predominant importance of the loudspeaker (*Down Beat*, Jan. 28), the second is learning the hard lesson that no one speaker, however big and good, can be expected to cope with the full frequency-spectrum of audible sound. It may do a good job in the middle of the range . . . and possibly with either the high or low end in addition . . . but it just can't handle all three at once.

Figure it out for yourself. What musical instrument (outside a piano or organ, which are conglomerations of sound-producing means) or voice do you know that commands an effective range of more than two or at the most three octaves? And you want a single speaker to cover nearly 10!

Good Reasons

There are good technical reasons why it can't. For one thing, the whole cone operates as a stiff piston for very low frequencies . . . while at high frequencies it "breaks up" into many little vibrating surfaces. When you make it do both at once, there are sure to be some nasty modulation and "Doppler" effects—and plenty of distortion. For another, it's practically impossible to build a suitable speaker enclosure that will be equally effective for both high- and low-frequency production.

Well, one ingenious answer is two speakers, one within the other and on the same axis—the "coaxial" type that's so widely used nowadays. This generally provides some improvements, but it still falls far short of the ideal. Partly because of size limitations on the high or "tweeter" section (which makes it necessary to work the low or "woofer" section up too high in the frequency range), and also because of the enclosure-design difficulties mentioned above.

For best sound-reproduction, then, two separate speakers are essential, and there are many fanatics nowadays who insist on three or even four.

No Panacea

Yet even these don't cure all our headaches. We still have the problem of splitting the frequency range between the two or among the several speakers. This requires either the usual "dividing network" between amplifier output and speaker input (which always is a source of distortion troubles), or the more radical step of feeding each speaker from its own amplifier and dividing at the amplifier inputs (which can be done much more simply and efficiently).

And on top of everything else, we will need, for the very best results, some kind of horn for the "tweeter"—no great problem, and another for the "woofer"—the roughest sort of problem. So far, the latter has been solved most effectively only by the use of very large and trickily designed "folded-horn" enclosures, of which the "Klipachorn" is the best-known type on the market today.

Do you begin to catch on why audio fans almost invariably go broke, or nuts, or both?

Go Whole Hog

But if it's any consolation, my advice is not to try halfway measures. I'd rather stick to a good, properly enclosed, single-cone speaker—until I was able to go the whole hog with a big dual or multiple speaker system with full "horn-loading" as just described. The coaxial types (for me, anyway) usually represent something considerably less than midway in quality and much more than midway in cost.

But drop into some "demonstration" rooms and hear for yourself. Only be sure to listen, some time, to the big super-system as well as the singles and coaxes. Hearing the former, you'll be sure to echo the Frenchman's heartfelt, "Mais vive la différence!"

Hi-Fi Flashes

Magnecord engineers, to meet the increasing demand from entertainment and industrial users, have developed a continuous reproduction unit, known as the 4-14X, which can be used with existing amplifiers or public address systems. Unit, according to Magnecord officials, is now in production.

The bifilar reproducer features dual track heads and an automatic reverse mechanism. With 14-inch reels played at a standard speed of 7½-inches a second, two hours of continuous music is possible from one track. The machine then reverses automatically and plays the track on the other half of the recording tape. Thus it is possible to play a full four hours of music before the machine automatically reverses again, thereby starting the cycle over.

The 4-14X will also accommodate 10-inch reels and features an alternate speed of 3¾ inches a second.

Power is supplied by a synchronous motor plus two reel motors. The reversing mechanism is activated by silver paint or foil on the tape which causes a short when passing over the contact points, thereby throwing a relay which starts the unit back in the opposite direction on the other track. No manual switching is necessary, and the music being played is uninterrupted in the process.

Easily installed, the 4-14X is shock mounted. Magnecord has already made installations in a dance studio, several amusement parks, and roller skating rinks.

Attendance of 10,000 to 12,000 persons is expected at the 1953 Electronic Parts show to be held May 18-21 at the Conrad Hilton hotel, Chicago. Some 234 companies have already reserved space.

Some Pointed Comments On Buying Phono Needles

• You don't have to pay \$5 for a phonograph needle to get first-rate reproduction and long needle and record life. But you can spend as much as \$25.

• You can play a clean-surfaced record up to 200 times and not damage it as much as playing it once when it's covered with a layer of dust.

• Cactus needles and the "four-to-five-play" steel needles, traditionally regarded as the best needles to use even though more troublesome, can actually do incalculable harm to your records.

• There is no such thing as a permanent needle.

These are a few of the things I learned recently when I spent a day at the plant of Permo, the world's largest phonograph needle manufacturer. I also learned other facts about common-sense needle and record care which in the future will increase the enjoyment of my record collection manifold.

Precision

A phonograph needle is a skillfully tooled and painstakingly designed instrument. Some of the best engineering and metallurgical minds in the country have spent years developing this bit of metal that measures as little as .001 of an inch at its tip and travels through miles of grooves in its lifetime.

Yet more often than not it is regarded by users as just a necessary evil that may be dropped, pounded, scraped, and abused, yet be expected to give perfect performance nevertheless.

Here are some facts about phonograph needles that may surprise you.

An average needle in use may be subject to pressures attaining the almost unbelievable sum of 12 tons per square inch. The pressure at the tip of an LP needle (.001 of an inch across) with a 1½-ounce press from the phono arm will give you that figure. And what's more, the temperature at the minute point of needle contact with the record may get as high as 2000 degrees Fahrenheit.

No Permanent Needle

Thus you see it is impossible for there to be such an animal as a "permanent" needle. No material known to man can track its way over miles of dry surface at such pressures and temperatures and show no signs of wear.

And these figures might also give you an idea of why you can get just one play from a cactus needle. The fine point literally burns away after just a few revolutions and is unable to follow the fine modulations of the groove and reproduce effectively the sound therein.

Thus it would seem obvious that the harder the substance used for the needle tip, the longer the life for the needle. Quite true: needles can be made which will give well

over 100,000 plays. But the harm such needle would do to the soft shellac or vinylite surface of a phonograph record is something else again.

Top Three

So needle manufacturers have, after years of experimenting, found the three best materials for needle tips—best from the standpoint of reproduction of sound, ease on record surfaces, and long life. They are:

• An osmium alloy. One of the densest metals known, osmium has been combined with other metals to give a needle that has a melting point sufficiently high to avoid the danger of burning up under pressure and heat, does not chip under normal conditions, has long life expectancy, and can be produced fairly inexpensively.

• Sapphire, natural or synthetic. Most sapphire-tipped needles are actually made of a synthetic sapphire. It is easier to control the grain and strength of synthetic sapphire. Such a needle gives long life, excellent reproduction, but is harder on records than osmium and is fragile even under normal play conditions. Because it chips easily, a sapphire can do a lot of harm to records if used after it's chipped. Instead of a smooth-surfaced tip, you then have what amounts to a sharp chisel sitting in the grooves.

• Diamond. It's the very best needle you can use to play records. Though it is quite costly, reproduction is near-perfect and life of the needle is very long. It's usually used only by hi-fi set owners and professionals in radio studios, etc.

Some Tips

Here are a few tips to aid you in buying needles that may save you a lot of time and money and give you maximum enjoyment from your records and phonograph.

• If you have a low-priced machine, it's just not common sense to pay five bucks for a sapphire needle. The machine isn't built to reproduce everything on the records anyway. Stay around the \$2.50 class or lower and you'll get all the reproduction your machine will last up to 4,000 plays or more, depending upon the condition of your records.

• Store your records on end and in paper jackets or albums. There is less chance for warpage and, more important, keeps dust off them. And keep a record brush or a soft cloth handy to wipe off records occasionally. They'll last longer.

• There are now so many types

Glossary Of Hi-Fi Terms

Ed. Note: For the benefit of *Down Beat* readers who have just recently become interested in high fidelity but are not yet well acquainted with the nomenclature, here is a glossary of some commonly-used terms.

• **HIGH FIDELITY**—As applied to record reproducing instruments, means reproduction so realistic that the illusion of being present at the actual performance is created.

• **PICKUP**—(or pickup cartridge) Converts the lateral motion of the stylus tracking the record grooves to a corresponding electrical signal which is then transmitted to the amplifier.

• **TONE ARM**—A movable arm which is free to turn about a pivot at one end and carries the pickup in the opposite end to track the record grooves.

• **AMPLIFIER**—An electronic device which raises the power level of the tiny electrical impulses supplied by the pickup. Its output is fed to the loudspeaker.

• **SPEAKER**—A treated paper cone actuated by an electro-magnetic coil at its apex; when the coil is powered by electrical impulses from the amplifier, it vibrates, setting up sound waves in the air.

• **ENCLOSURE**—A box whose large rigid surface prevents circulation of air between the front and back of the speaker, thus causing sound to be radiated.

• **FREQUENCY RESPONSE**—Acoustically, the number of complete vibrations per second of a sound wave; bass or low frequencies are measured in smaller numbers of cycles per second, approximately 50 to 200. Treble or high frequencies fall roughly in the range above 1000-2000 cycles. The usual range of audibility varies from 30-50 cycles to 8,000-15,000.

• **FLAT RESPONSE**—As applied to amplifiers, microphones, speakers, etc., means that they respond to all frequencies with uniform efficiency.

• **PUSH-PULL OUTPUT**—Obtained by using two power tubes instead of one to "drive" the loudspeaker; one tube "drives" negative, one "drives" positive, doubling the available power and balancing out distortion due to tube "effort."

• **FEEDBACK**—Feeding back a fraction of the output of an amplifier into the input of the amplifier; negative feedback tends to make the frequency response more uniform or flat and reduces distortion.

• **NON-RESONANT**—In reference to the tone arm or enclosure, describes a system which won't vibrate in sympathy with any of the frequencies it must contain or deal with.

• **RECORDING CHARACTERISTIC**—Describes the lateral displacement of the record groove as a function of frequency. To minimize surface noise and economize on space between grooves, records are cut with volume which increases as the frequency ascends. The relative amount of high and low frequency volume on the record varies somewhat with each manufacturer and type of record (33½, 78). By specifying the recording characteristic, it is possible to reproduce the proper balance of the music by compensating for this variation of volume with frequency.

Mahler Hypnotizes And Deludes Listeners: Rob

By ROB DARRELL

MAHLER: Lied von der Erde. Ferrier, Patzak & Vienna Philharmonic—Walter. LON DON L1625/6, 2-12". Performance ★★★★★; Recording ★★★★★.
MAHLER: Fifth Symphony. N. Y. Philharmonic-Sym—Walter. COLUMBIA SL171, 2-12". Performance ★★★★★; Recording ★★.

The Mahlerian myth is as good as a mile, at least for those listeners who are themselves neurotic enough to share his ultra-neurotic monomania about musical greatness. Here is the supreme example of a prodigal genius, almost never satisfied with his natural gifts, but frantically endeavoring to hoist himself into the empyrean by his bootstraps.

His tragedy is not that he failed ridiculously, but that he hypnotized himself and at least some of his more susceptible listeners into the obstinate delusion of actual success.

Closest to Real

Perhaps the closest he ever came to the real thing was when he combined his true talent for ultraromantic songwriting with one of his less monstrous inflations of symphonic scoring in *Das Lied von der Erde*, and especially in its haunting, meditative, closing *Abschied*. One of his few bigger works that has consistently commanded the respect of non-Mahlerians, it is good to have the famous 1937 Walter version (with Thorberg) (Turn to Page 11-S)

of needles, since the advent of electronic cartridges, long play, extended play, etc., that you'll avoid a lot of grief if you'll write down the make and model of your machine and the number on the cartridge that holds the needle before buying. You're then sure to get the right needle for your machine.

• When your needle is worn out, replace it. You may discover that what you thought was the drummer playing brushes badly was only distortion resulting from a bad needle.

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Record Reviews

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

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

Ratings

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

POPULAR

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

Ray Anthony

★★★ *Street Scene*
★★★★ *On the Trail*
Anthony forgets about dance music for a few moments (2:52 and 3:16 respectively) to do a couple of familiar opuses. Everybody seems to be recording *Scene* these days, and though Ray's isn't as warmly haunting as Buddy De-Franco's MGM etching, it's most listenable.

Except for the fact that you expect Johnny to step out of the store window and peddle cigarets at any second, *Trail* is an impressive performance by the Anthony lads that's going to get an awful lot of deejay play. (Capitol 2327)

Toni Arden

★★★★ *Kiss*
★★★★★ *It's Not Their Heartache*
Toni, yet to come up with an important record although she has been highly effective on personal appearances, emotes well on *Kiss*, over-dramatizes on *Heartache*. (Columbia 39911)

Louis Armstrong-Gordon Jenkins

★★★★★ *Listen to the Mocking Bird*
★★★★ *Chloe*
Here's a switch—neither of these is a topical tune or a cover job on a pop—Decca just made 'em. And it's the first time in memory that *Mocking Bird* has been treated without gimmicks and so unpretentiously (. . . "And the mockin' birds is singin' . . ."). Jenkins' backing is superb. Pops sings up his usual storm, and let's see you mock this, you birds.

The searching party is a large one for *Chloe*, with Jenkins' whole chorus aiding in the hunt. But they still don't find her. (Decca 28524)

Eddy Arnold

★★★★★ *Condemned Without Trial*
★★★★ *Eddy's Song*
Eddy's newest Victor slicing will add heavily to the already-fabulous total of discs he's sold for that firm. They're both heavyweights: *Trial* is a sad moaner and *Song's*

lyrics are made up of titles of many of Arnold's hits (Molly, darlin', I want to play house with you, etc.). (Victor 20-5108)

Les Baxter

★★ *Vieni, Vieni*
★★★★★ *As Long As You Care*
A couple of good sides by Baxter, with *Vieni* probably not strong enough for revitalization, but *Care* standing a good chance to create some stir.

It's a good ballad. George Jessel and Joe Cooper wrote it and it'll get added impetus from 20th Fox's *I Don't Care Girl* movie. Sue Allen sings it with Doris Dayish quality and approach and Baxter gives good support. A side that could sneak through. (Capitol 2328)

Dan Belloc

★★★ *Pretext*
★★★★★ *You Are Ecstasy*
This is the original recording on the tune that broke so speedily for Ralph Marterie and looks to bust wide open for Nat Cole. Somehow, Belloc's side got lost in the rush, though with a break it could have brought this Chicago band national prominence.

Ecstasy is a pretty ballad that would be interesting to hear with words added. (Dot 15048)

Camarata

★★ *The Singing Zither*
★★ *Flashing Pearls*
You'll like both of these if you enjoy Viennese-type movie music played by orchestra and zither. Personally, we dig *glockenspiels*. (Decca 28528)

Freddie Chapman

★ *Picking Sweethearts*
★ *Little Old Rag Doll*
Quite possibly this guy is a worse singer than Don Howard. And the *Rag Doll* side, in addition, is one of the most ghoulish things written since *Wreck on the Highway*. The recital deals fondly with a little girl who dies with a rag doll in her arms while saying, "Please, Mommy, please kiss me goodnight."
Most discouraging. (Capitol 2330)

June Christy

★★★ *I Was a Fool*
★★★ *My Heart Belongs To Only You*
An intent and mostly-in-tune Christy appears on *Fool*, a good tune written by two Chicago band-leaders (Dan Belloc and Lew

A Simple, Inexpensive System For Filing Your Disc Collection

By LEE JACKSON

There are almost as many systems for filing record collections as there are for picking horses. Most of them involve packs of index cards, a handful of discographies, a staff of typists, and a roomful of filing cabinets. And require so much work to do the filing that you have no time to listen to records.

Yet, unless you have a collection that runs into the thousands it is quite unnecessary to go into all this detail. For example, here is one system that will enable you to store your records neatly, let you find anything you are looking for in a jiffy, and requires practically no time to arrange.

Let us suppose you are one of the many who has said countless times, "Gotta get that record collection of mine filed some day." But you still have some 300 or more jacketless, scatched, and grimy discs stacked in a precarious pile in the corner or on a chair.

First Step

First, get yourself some sort of cabinet in which they can be stored on end. A sturdy bookcase will do; insert some dividers every 10 inches or so. Or a well-made inexpensive record case that will hold up to 500 records can be purchased from an unfinished furniture store for around \$15.

Secondly, put all your records in envelopes. The heavy manilla ones you can buy from most record dealers are preferable—they last much longer than those that records come in when purchased and afford more protection. The others are acceptable, however.

Now arrange all the records alphabetically by artists—Armstrongs together, Crosbys in a group, etc.

Douglas) and an investment broker from the same city (Stu Watson). It's one of her best singing jobs ever and might prove the beginning of a record career as a single for June.

But *Only You* is most ordinary and so is June, as she gets into real trouble with her intonation. (Capitol 2308)

Nat Cole

★★★★★ *Pretext*
★★★★★ *Don't Let Your Eyes Go Shopping*
Nat comes up with a tremendous rendition of the simple *Pretext*, one which shall undoubtedly serve as the definitive one. Without question, Cole has one of the big hits of the year in the first vocal release on this tune.

The backer is no slouch, either. Nat's back on a trio kick for the first chorus, and the result will bring many a look of joy to faces that remember his efforts of five years ago. Tempo is upped after that, and the band joins in. A great coupling.

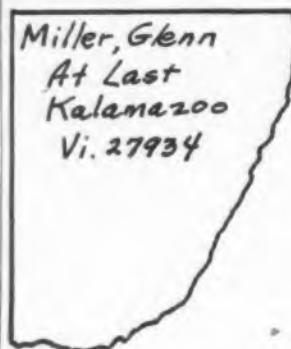
Roger Coleman

★★★★★ *My Darling*
★★★★★ *You Say It With Your Eyes*
Newcomer Coleman is a man to watch. He has a fine voice with good depth and quality and is also obviously a well-trained singer. He has the voice to become a hit with the right material. *Darling* doesn't

Spread them out on the floor—get some room to work. Then write either in the top left corner of the envelope or on a gummed label which can be affixed in that spot, the name of the artist, the titles of the two sides, then the record number.

Finished Look

When you're finished, each record envelope should look something like this:



Then you're practically finished. All that remains is to put the records into the cabinet in alphabetical order from left to right and you're in business. To further break them down you can place the records under each artist in rough chronological order.

look like it, but it's a good start. (Decca 28529)

Rusty Draper

★★★★★ *No Help Wanted*
★★★ *Good Morning, Darling*
A clever, first-rate novelty and an effervescent singing job from Rusty give *Wanted* the five stars. Though Draper's been accused of imitating Frankie Laine, he shows a natural style of his own here and has a record that could really take off in a hurry. If this one gets moving, it'll go all the way.
Darling is a throwaway done in Guy Mitchell style. (Mercury 9495)

Percy Faith

★★★★ *Carsom*
★★★ *Susanna's Last Stand*
Two unusual items on Columbia's new specialty series, Entré. Arthur Ferrante and Louis Teicher are duo pianists who create some highly uncommon sounds on the instruments by slapping them, playing on the strings with a balalaika pick, damping the strings to get a choked sound, and only incidentally

If you place an empty record envelope with a projecting lettered gummed tab at the beginning of each division of the alphabet, or use a slim piece of pasteboard that projects beyond the records slightly, it'll aid you in locating things more quickly.

A Hint

And another tip. When you pull a record out, leave the envelope in its place. Replacing the records then becomes very simple.

If you have miscellaneous information about any record, such as the date it was recorded, soloists not listed on the label, etc., it can be written right on the face of the envelope.

You are now able, in a matter of seconds, to locate any record in your collection. It's an inexpensive system and one very easily kept up once you get the records you have on hand in order. Merely fill out each envelope as you buy your records.

The same system can be used for the seven-inch 45 and 33 1/2 rpm records.

LPs Different

LPs pose a little more difficult problem. Try buying some of the gummed index tabs used for file folders and attach them to the outer edge of the envelope, writing on them the name of the artist or a key word or two indicating the name of the LP. Or, if you don't care to mar the slip cover, group them in rough classifications so that you don't have to hunt through all the records to find one. Keep vocalists together, dance LPs in a group, etc.

Try this system. It'll just take an afternoon to organize.

playing legitimate piano. It's said they allow no one in the recording studio except the director and the engineer in order that their methods be kept secret.

All that aside, the record is well done and should get considerable notice despite its \$1.05 price tag. *Last Stand* is a take off on *Oh, Susanna*. (Entre 101)

Eddie Fisher

★★★★ *Een Now*
★★★★★ *If It Were Up to Me*
Continued record success is assured for Eddie with this newest pairing—two very commercial tunes superbly sung. *Even Now* is the best bet, but both could become winners. Fisher has a long and remunerative career ahead of him. (Victor 20-5106)

Sunny Gale

★★★★★ *Teardrops on My Pillow*
★★★ *A Stolen Waltz*
Sunny, who graduated from the same Philadelphia high school that produced Eddie Fisher, Al Alberts of the Four Aces, Al Martino, and others, is actually pushing her way into their category as a record seller. *Teardrops* should be one of her biggest yet—a zesty, up-tempo lament arranged and conducted by Ralph Burns.

Waltz is too contrived and schmaltzy for comfort. (Victor 20-5103)

MERCURY LEADS WITH A PA



PATTI PAGE
"The Doggie In The Window"
AND
"JEALOUS EYES"
MERCURY 70070
• 7007X45



EDDY HOWARD
"Now I Lay Me Down To Dream"
AND
"I'LL GO ON ALONE"
MERCURY 70072
• 7007X45



RUSTY DRAPER
"No Help Wanted"
AND
"TEXARKANA BABY"
MERCURY 70077
• 7007X45



BOBBY WAYNE
"GONE"
AND
"THE MEXICAN MAIDEN"
MERCURY 70074
• 7007X45



RICHARD HAYES
"Once In A Lifetime"
AND
"CAN'T I"
MERCURY 70081
• 7008X45

Who Blows There?

These are some recent record sessions, with personnel and tunes. Do not ask for them from your dealer, however, until you see by the *Down Beat* record review section that they are available.

JUNE ALLEN with **RALPH BURNS' ORK** (RCA, 12/16/52). Trumpets—Bernie Glow, Al Porcino, and Ed Badgley; trombones—Bill Harris, and Eddie Bert; reeds—Johnny White, Jerry Scafe, Jack Greenberg, Pete Mendolia, and Danny Bank; rhythm—Tony Alex, piano; Chubby Jackson, bass; Billy Bauer, guitar, and Sonny Igoe, drums. *Hear the Bells Ring; Chas; Getting Rid of You; and Darling.*

JOE CARROLL (Prezco, 12/30/52). Bill Graham, baritone; Edvia Swanson, piano; Fack Morrison, bass, and Al Jones, drums. Joe Carroll, vocals. *Get a Penny, Benny? I Was in the Mood; Make It Right, and Fannie from Heaven.*

TEDDY CHARLES' QUARTET (Henson, 12/28/52). Teddy Charles, vibraphone; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Dick Nixon, bass, and Ed Sheen, drums. *Edging Out; Neotoma; Composition #2, and Night in Tunisia.*

RALPH FLANAGAN'S ORK (Victor, 12/29/52). Trumpets—Al Porcino, Dick Hoffman, and George Gumbert; trombones—Charlie Henry, John Soltau, Ralph Craig, and Johnny Crum; reeds—Al Thompson, Leon Hamlin, Ray Mize, Ted Rosen, and Joe Lanza; rhythm—Jack Kaye, bass; Artie Anton, drums; Danny Paris, guitar; and Ralph Flanagan, piano. Harry Prim, vocals. *Albuquerque and Moon.*

EARL HINES' QUINTET (D'Ovo, in Los Angeles, 10/18/52). Jonah Jones, trumpet; Benny Green, trombone; Aaron Sachs, saxophone; Tommy Potter, bass; O. C. Johnson, drums, and Earl Hines, piano. Rita Jones and Helen Merrill, vocals. *Whirl in a Whirl; A Cigar for Company; Night in Trinidad; Ella's Fall; Grandma's Jamboree; Joy Jump, and I Did You Goodnight.*

NAT PIERCE and the **HERDSMEN** (Dot Co., 12/29/52). Stu Williamson, trumpet; Carl Fontana, trombone; Bill Perkins, and Dick Hafer, tenors; Sam Starb, baritone; Nat Pierce, piano; Irv Manning, bass, and Art Mardigan, drums. *Georgia Gibbs*

Georgia Gibbs
★★★★ *What Does It Mean*
★★★★ *Winter's Here Again*
Georgia continues to get good material and makes the most of it on both *Mean* and *Winter*, though the latter may be a little late. Glenn Osser puts the studio group through its paces. (Mercury 70057)
Richard Hayes
★★★ *Can't I*
★★ *Once in a Lifetime*
Hayes has plenteous talent, but seldom has sung up to his capabilities on records. This disc is no exception—just average warbling of average songs. (Mercury 70068)
Spike Jones
★★★★ *I Went to Your Wedding*
★★★★ *I'll Never Work There Any More*
The combination of *Wedding* and the Okeh Laughing Record, in which the family all is laughing because they finally got rid of a daughter, is one of Spike's funniest in years. Sir Frederick Gas supplies the chuckles.
Better known as *I Used to Work* in Chicago, the pairing should do well in juke boxes. But who's this Lindley A. Jones listed as one of the writers? Obviously a pseudonym. (Victor 20-5107)
Art Lowry
★ *Studio One Concerto*
★★ *I'm Used to You*
Lowry, Mitch Miller's big hope as a dance band, doesn't show a thing here that dozens of other bands couldn't do better: group singing and shuffle rhythm on *Used to You* and a frank imitation of Freddy Martin's piano-concerto-in-dance-tempo style on *Studio One*. (Columbia 39912)

Charlie, Coogie, Eph, and I'll Be Seeing You.
CHARLIE SPIVAK'S ORK (King, 12/25/52). Trumpets—Charlie Spivak, Eric DiFalco, Rolf Edinson, and Russ Montalini; trombones—Jon Bennett, Paul O'Connor, and Ted Steele; reeds—Charlie Russo, Dick Johnson, Bob McGee, Yano Salto, and Sal Coltrani; rhythm—Hal McCormick, bass; Bob Alford, piano, and Johnny Prilli, drums. Joe Tucker and Eileen Rogers, vocals. *Red Lilies; Waiting; Don't Roll Those Bloodshot Eyes at Me; and O Sole Mio.*

SANDY STEWART with **JOE REISMAN'S ORK** (Okeh, 12/30/52). Trumpets—Red Solomon, Billy Butterfield, and Yank Lawson; trombones—Warren Covington and O. B. Huntington; reeds—Charlie O'Keefe, Leon Cole, and Russ Pasqua; and Hank Ross; reeds; a string section; rhythm—Jack Leberg, bass; Billy Rowland, piano; George Barone, guitar, Willie Rodriguez, timbales, and Harry Wilson, drums. *Before and Since You Went Away.* Two other titles withheld by request.

SARAH VAUGHAN with **PERCY FAITH'S ORK** (Columbia, 12/30/52). Trombones—Bill Bradley, Jack Butterfield, and Al Collins; reeds—Smokey Benner, Bernie Kaufman, James Vincent Atha, Harold Feldman, and Willie Veronal; a string section; rhythm—Lou Stein, piano; Art Ryerson, guitar; Frank Carroll, bass, and Terry Snyder, drums. *I Confess and Lover's Quarrel.* Two titles withheld by request.

CHARLIE VENTURA'S QUARTET (Mercury, 12/22/52). Charlie Ventura, reeds; Chick Knobby, drums; Gene Katsch, piano, and Ace Tocco, bass. *Limbohouse Blues; Ain't Mischakato's Jersey Bounce; Deep Purple; Blue Prelude, and Girl of My Dreams.*

CHARLIE VENTURA'S QUARTET (Mercury, 1/5/53). Charlie Ventura, reeds; Bob Carter, bass; Jo Jones, drums, and Hank Jones, piano. *Crucy Rhythm; All the Things You Are; Somebody Loves Me, and Blues for You.*

Gordon MacRae
★★ *Straight and Narrow*
★ *Brotherly Love*
Gordon is surprisingly friendly and relaxed on *Narrow* and he does a pleasant job on the country-sounding ballad. Same comment for *Love*, except the tune isn't worth being that friendly about. (Capitol 2311)
Clyde McCoy
★★★★ *The Music Goes 'Round and Around*
★ *Mr. Wah Wah*
Good band work on *Music* (credited to the McCoy band but most likely a Nelson Riddle studio group) makes the side palatable. It's a record already moving well in the midwest and could rack up some healthy sales for McCoy.

The flip is an obvious copy of the *Mr. Echo* of a couple of years ago, melody, echoed words, and all. (Capitol 2321)
Guy Mitchell
★★★★ *Pretty Little Black-Eyed Susie*
★ *She Wears Red Feathers*
Susie is contagious enough to make it, if folks aren't already weary of the never-varying Mitchell arrangements, recording, and tempos. It's paired with an item about an Englishman who marries a native girl that wears red feathers and a hula skirt. A Bob Merrill effort that's much too wordy. (Columbia 39909)
Reta Moss
★★★★ *When Day Is Done*
★ *You Never Had It So Good*
Reta smacks of Sumac as *Day* starts. She makes good use of her strange piping, reedy tones and

gets a good mood. *Good* is a weak song. Reta's range and originality augur a big hit for her sooner or later. George Williams and a bestringed orchestra accompany. (Mercury 89024)

Jerry Murad's Harmonicats
★★★★ *Till I Waltz Again with You*
★★★ *Back Fence Waltz*

Waltz is an instrumental cover job on Theresa Brewer's current hit, *Waltz* is a sleeper that pairs the 'cats with a tenor man for a medium-tempo blues that's a natural for the r and b market. If it gets any attention from the jockeys it could step right out. (Mercury 70069)

Patti Page
★★★★ *The Doggie in the Window*
★★★★ *My Jealous Eyes*

There are five stars up there for *Doggie*, but you'll find no asterisks to indicate musical excellence. The number of people who complained they were sick of hearing *I Went to Your Wedding* will be multiplied five-fold this time. It's one of those!

Seems that Patti wants to buy that doggie in the window (arf! arf!) for her sweetheart, so he'll be protected while she's in California. You'll want a little protection yourself after being exposed to this one a few times.

Eyes is Latin-flavored and sung very well. (Mercury 70070)

Music for Lovers Only
I'm in the Mood for Love
I Only Have Eyes for You
Love Is Here to Stay
Rody and Soul
My Funny Valentine
Love (Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere)

Alone Together
But Not for Me
Album Rating: ★★★★★

Somehow, with the Christmas rush and all, this album was not reviewed here. And it was an unfortunate oversight, for here is some of the loveliest music for relaxation ever made. The large orchestra is conducted by Jackie Gleason, but the chief interest, comes from the appearance on each side of Bobby Hackett. He's the only soloist, and the album is all his as his penetratingly lyrical horn soars movingly through the strings. The tunes are all great, the arrangements eloquent and uncluttered, and Hackett melodically supreme. Listen for example, to *Love Is Here to Stay*—it's worth the price of the album all by itself. (Capitol CDF352)

Kay Starr
★★★★ *Side By Side*
★★★★ *Noah*

Kay's experiment with multiple voices is a huge success on *Side By Side*, especially on the last chorus, as she sings around, beside, behind, and against herself in a rousing, beautiful finish. It's this last minute or so that wraps up the side and is going to make it a big record.

Kay sings very well on *Noah*, but has too little to work with. (Capitol 2334)

Fred Waring
★★★★ *True, Be My True Love*
★★★★ *Somebody Loves You*
True, a nostalgic, folksy song, is done quietly and tastefully by the Blenders (excuse it... Pennsylvanians), led by Keith and Sylvia Textor.

And don't be surprised if all of a sudden there are a good many records out on *Somebody Loves*



NAT COLE BOWED as an actor on TV recently with a role on CBS' *Lux Theater*, starring another singer, Dick Haymes, and Nancy Guild. Nat's initial waxing for this year looks like a hit, too, with *Pretend* threatening to move right into the top sellers.

Odd Jobs

Here's A Clear Case Of Self-Imposed Martyrdom

There's a young gentleman in Chicago we think deserves the Medal of Honor for serving with valor and distinction in the most punishing job we can conceive. Name: Jim Sutton. Occupation: spending some 40 hours a week listening

to disc jockey shows and tabulating a list of each record the jocks play. He's the head of Radio Checking Service, a business that's been in continuous operation for more than 20 years, yet isn't even listed in the telephone book and is known to just a small fraction of the music industry.

Comes A Long A List
Each day the service delivers to its clients a complete list of records played the previous day on every disc jockey show on five Chicago stations.

Some of the lists are broken down to include just specific information a client may desire, such as how many times his plug tune or record was spun, others may be checks only on specific deejays.

It is an operation which requires four fulltime staffers in addition to Sutton and his mother.

Yet they're not in the phone book for the simple reason that 9 out of 10 calls to Radio Checking Service used to result in a request to "Come over and check my radio—it's busted."

Easy Living
We shudder each time we think of being practically chained to a radio for some 2,000 hours a year

—*Jack*

listening to nothing but popular tunes and popular palaver, yet Sutton is uncommonly nonchalant about it all. He has it developed and polished to a fine degree—he can monitor three stations at once (on one radio) and read a book at the same time.
And though this offhand casualness would seemingly result in considerable error, an independent survey of his service once made by a dubious client proved the service to be 99.7 percent correct.
Most of the people he serves are in this area—record firms, press agents, song pluggers, etc.—but he does have clients scattered across the country. Two other such services are available—in New York and L.A.—but he believes his is the oldest, as his stepdad began it back in 1930.
How to Enjoy Life?
And just what, we wondered, could such a guy do for esthetic kicks after being violently beset by roaring voices, slurping saxes, cloying cuteness, multiple guitars, harps, clarinets, and what have you, day after day?
"I spend my money playing juke boxes," he says simply.
A likely story.

PARADE OF HITS FOR 1953



DINAH WASHINGTON
"Gambler's Blues"
AND
"I CRIED FOR YOU"
MERCURY 70046
• 70046X45



JIMMY PALMER
"Someday Sweetheart"
AND
"I LOVE MY BABY"
MERCURY 70058
• 70058X45



LOLA AMECHE
"The Knockin' Song"
AND
"SO FAR, SO GOOD"
MERCURY 70059
• 70059X45



JOHNNY OTIS
"Brown Skin Butterball"
AND
"THE LOVE BUG"
MERCURY 70050
• 70050X45

KIP HALE
"Don't Fall in Love With Anyone"
AND
"SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS"
MERCURY 70073
• 70073X45

JAZZ

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

Sidney Bechet

Frankie and Johnnie St. Louis Blues South Royal Garden Blues In the Streets of Antibes September Song

Album Rating: ★★

Jazz Festival Concert Paris 1952 is the title of this LP, recorded before a large audience of French squares who roar when he announces St. Louis Blues but react mildly to September Song.

Aside from the fact that the accompanying band (presumably French) makes it unfair to assess his work here, there is still a sizable doubt as to how much of Bechet is talent, how much cultism and legend.

Eddie Bert

★★★ First Day of Spring ★★★ Mol-Shaja

The menu on the first day of spring evidently included tea for two. Trombonist Bert, guitarist Sal

Salvador, and pianist Harry Biss sip it gracefully in a light, swinging performance. Reverse is an even neater and more attractive job on a Bert original (Mol-Shaja is, of course, a Turkish word meaning Ajahs-Lom and based on its chord sequence). (Discovery 168)

Dave Brubeck

★★★★ My Romance ★★★ Just One of Those Things Dave's in a different mood than ever before on records as he does My Romance. It's a piano-only etching, a reflective, meandering excursion through the melodic structure of the lovely Rodgers and Hart melody.

The quartet is back on Things, as Dave takes the first chorus and altoist Paul Desmond floats in beautifully for what is probably the best solo he's ever recorded.

Dave solos again briefly before they take it out. (Fantasy 223)

Don Byas

Night and Day The Man I Love Georgia on My Mind Stardust Where or When Easy to Love O'er the Rainbow Flamingo

Album Rating: ★★★

Not much improvisation here,

but very handsome treatment of some familiar standards, as Don is content to play mainly melody and let his lush tone and control of the horn speak for itself.

Though none of these come up to, for example, his ballad work on Candy a few years back, they're an unobtrusive addition to any collection. (Atlantic LP 117)

Benny Carter

★★★★ Love Is Cynthia ★★★ Sunday Afternoon

These should never have been segregated into the rhythm and blues list. Cynthia is the lovely Alfred Newman melody you see Benny playing in that scene, early in The Snows of Kilimanjaro, when Ava meets Gregory Peck.

Miles Davis

Dear Old Stockholm Wouldn't You Yesterdays Chance It Donna How Deep Is the Ocean

Album Rating ★★★

Miles' environment here: J. J. Johnson, trombone; Jackie McLean, alto; Gil Coggins, piano, Kenny Clarke, drums, Oscar Pettiford, bass. Swingingest sides are Donna, a comely McLean variant on Georgia Brown, and Chance It, an old opus by Oscar also known as Something for You and Maz Is Making Wax.

Erroll Garner

★★★ I Never Knew ★★ Am I Blue

First side is wrongly subtitled "I Could Love Anybody Like I'm Loving You." Actually this is a different I Never Knew that's also a jazz standard.

Illinois Jacquet

★★★ Cool Rags ★★ Lean Baby

This has the same strong personnel that made Port Of Rico, including Basie at the Hammond and Hank Jones on piano. Cool Rags is dedicated to Patti Page, who was visiting the session; it's a jump blues.

Jazztime USA

★★★★ T & S Jr. ★★★★★ Down Beat ★★ C Jam Blues I & II ★★★★★ Three Little Words ★★ Oscar Rides Again

The miracles of tape recording are neatly demonstrated in the shortened versions of T & S and Down Beat, cut down from their LP appearances.

Stan Kenton

★★★★ Prologue

Credit Stan for a great idea here. In a 10-minute performance (available on two EP sides) he utters a lengthy narration, introducing every member of the band in a framework conceived with and orchestrated by Johnny Richards.



YOUNG JAZZ PIANISTS galore are coming to the fore these days, and one of the most promising is Horace Silver, the former Stan Getz and Terry Gibbs keyboardist.

effort is a powerful step in that direction.

Some of the men are heard very briefly. Frank Rosolino and Richie Kamuca come out best; Conte Candoli disappoints.

Meade Lux Lewis

Pinetop's Boogie Cow Cow Blues Yancey Special Mr. Freddie's Blues Suitecase Blues Albert's Blues Jumpin' with Pete Honkey Tonk Train Blues

Album Rating: ★★★

As George Hoefer points out in the album notes, "The most frequent and potent criticism of boogie woogie records has been their lack of variety.

Indeed it is. Meade Lux does an expressive job here, as he dedicates each of the sides to a legendary figure of boogie woogie piano—Jimmy Yancey, Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, etc.

Though it's all very worthwhile listening, Freddie's Blues, which creates a remarkable mood, Jumpin' for Pete, with its powerful bass

figures, the Waller-like Suitecase Blues, and Albert's Blues are standouts. (Atlantic LP 133)

Peterson Plays Pretty

You Go to My Head You Turned the Tables on Me There's a Small Hotel I Can't Get Started These Foolish Things East of the Sun Blue Moon They Can't Take That Away from Me

Album Rating: ★★★

Though not the most interesting musically, this may well be Oscar's most commercial album to date. With Ray Brown and Barney Kessel (the latter taking an occasional short solo) he sets a mood on each tune that justifies the album title with no trouble at all.

Horace Silver

★★★★ Thou Swell ★★★★★ Safari

The ex-Gibbs, ex-Getz, now-Pres pianist makes an imposing solo debut. With highly consonant backing by Art Blakey and Gene Ramey, he makes something exotically different out of his minor-key original, coupled with the old Rodgers-Hartbeat. (Blue Note 1608)

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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 (##).

Johnny Ace

★★★★ *Cross My Heart*
★★★★ *Angel*

Johnny Ace, coming off his big hit, *My Song*, contributes another song of the same genre which seems destined to become another hit record. Side features the plaintive Ace approach. This one should do it.

Angel is a good song, quietly sung, and might make some noise on its own. But top deck looks like the side. (Duke R-107)

Bells of Joy

★★★ *Echoes of Heaven*
★★★ *Leak in This Old Building*

A spiritual, *Echoes* is melodic and chanted well by the lead in the group. More musicians might have rounded out an otherwise good rendition.

Leak moves with real insistence. Swinging it, the chanters bounce right along. (Peacock 1708)

Big Bill Broonzy

★★★★ *South Bound Train*
★★★★ *Leavin' Day*

Big Bill belts out this one with sincerity and drive. *South Bound Train*, with some push and plugs, could get up steam. Big Bill has declined in widespread popularity; one of the reasons may be too few records. More sides like this one should bring him back solidly.

Leavin' Day finds Broonzy in fine form again. Bill is singing with the haunting quality he always had in the past. (Mercury 70039)

Boots Brown

★★★ *Block Buster*
★★★ *Shortnin' Bread*

Though some interesting arrangement work helps to make this an adequate record, *Block Buster* doesn't really break it up. Sax solos falter in mid-flight.

Shortnin' Bread begins tastily but loses itself in endless musical repetitions of no real flavor. (Victor 20-5110)

Charles Brown

★★★★ *Evening Shadows*
★★★★ *Moonrise*

Shadows is a slickly-sung slow blues backed by Brown's tenor-augmented trio. It's one of his best efforts, a strong entrant that will collect a lot of nickels from the boxes.

Reeds and strings offer the support on the reverse, and Brown turns out to be a very assured pop singer with the backing they offer. Evidently he has ambitions to hit this field, as also evidenced by his recent decision to form a big band. (Aladdin 3163)

Cliff Butler

★★★★ *Adam's Rib*
★★★★ *Benny's Blues*

Both of these sides are most potent. The first is sung by Butler, who laments the fact that anyone ever thought of putting Adam's rib to the purpose it was. The *Blues* sports some excellent piano by Ben Holton in an after-hours mood. (States 1236)

Fats Domino

★★★ *Cheatin'*
★★★ *Nobody Loves Me*

Cheatin' lacks the proper punch to really happen. Song is only so-so and Fats sounds like he doesn't care too much.

Nobody Loves Me features the wailer in better form. Instrumentally and vocally, this record seems to have been cut in a poor studio. The presence on both sides is below Imperial Standards. (Imperial 5220)

The Dreamers

★★★ *Please Don't Leave Me*
★★★ *Walkin' My Blues Away*

Don't Leave Me, an up tempo ballad, receives pleasant treatment from The Dreamers, a new vocal group.

Walkin' is lesser fare; more singing together will probably help this quartet. (Mercury 70019)

Steve Gibson

★★★ *Do I, Do I, I Do*
★★★ *Big Game Hunter*

Minus Damita Jo, who has gone over to the Coral label, the Red Caps lose some of their spark, but come through with some adequate work on the ballad.

Big Game Hunter is a novelty of sorts; but the Red Caps won't come home with a trophy for this one. (Victor 20-5130)

Paula Grimes

★★ *Sighin' and Cryin'*
★★ *Miss My Daddy*

A fair ballad and a nondescript blues, the former done very much in the style of Billie Holiday around 1945. Teacho Wiltshire's band is duly Hammond-organized. (Prestige 801)

Buddy Johnson

★★★★ *Somehow, Somewhere*
★★ *Just to Be Yours*

Ella Johnson milks *Somehow* for all it's worth as Buddy's band crackles behind her.

Arthur Prysock's replacement, Noland Lewis, chants *Yours* ca-

Is Duke's Jim Grissom Best Since Jeffries?

The Ellington camp-followers have begun to believe in Jimmy Grissom. The young man who has just completed his first year with the band has convinced many of Duke's devotees that here is the best male vocalist the outfit has boasted since the



Jimmy Grissom

memorable Herb Jeffries era of 1940.

Unfolding his story for the *Beat* recently, Jimmy revealed that his mother was a sister of Dan Grissom, whose vocals helped to sell the great Jimmie Lunceford band of the 1930s. Jimmy, born Obbie Vernal Scott 24 years ago in Leland, Miss., changed to his ma's maiden name while living with his distinguished uncle, with whom he moved in, around 1945, in Los Angeles.

First Job

"I got my start with Bardu Ali at the Lincoln theater," he recalls.

pably, but it seems that he's still more concerned with just getting through the song than with feeling or phrasing. (Decca 28530)

Joe Joe Johnson-TNT Tribble

★★★ *Mr. Von*
★★ *Oh, Happy Day*

Top side features TNT Tribble, flip features Joe Joe Johnson—two different groups. *Mr. Von* swings all the way as TNT Tribble and the crew rock with their up-tempo style. Some recorded talking of musicians on the date detracts from the solos.

Oh, Happy Day is very melancholy, and gets downright sad at times. Joe Joe Johnson suffers through it. (Victor 20-5097)

Eddie (Guitar Slim) Jones

★★ *Certainly All*
★★ *Feelin' Sad*

Certainly All, with some poor choral shouting, doesn't quite make it up to par with most songs of this type. Guitar is hardly featured.

Feelin' Sad is buttressed with a better vocal effort, but there's no cause for widespread joy about this record. (J-B 603)

Pete (Guitar) Lewis

★★★ *The Blast*
★★ *Chocolate Pork Chop Man*

"Pete (Guitar) Lewis, harmonica" the label proclaims, and though his axe belies his nickname, Pete gets things swinging on *The Blast*, a catchy riff. He has the usual combo backing.

Pete turns singer for *Pork Chop*, a somewhat disjointed blues about a would-be meat distributor. (Federal 12112)

Mello Moods

★★★ *I Tried and Tried and Tried*
★★ *Call on Me*

Vocal group gets a fairly good blend, except toward the end, on the jump side. *Call* is a ballad done mainly solo by a female Moody. (Prestige 799)

"Bardu was the fellow who fronted the old Chick Webb band when Ella Fitzgerald was Chick's vocalist.

"I played around Los Angeles, played some drums and sang, and did a lot of blues. The first record I had that did pretty well was *Do As I Say*, a blues, for Meltone. Then there was *Pretty Mama Boogie* on Modern. *Once There Lived a Fool*, which I did for Hollywood, was my first ballad hit."

By the time he was 22 Jimmy had several moderately successful discs to his credit. He worked with the Blenders, and with Jack (*Open the Door, Richard*) McVea, with whom he toured for six months as drummer-vocalist-emcee.

Deejay Introduction

James Clemons, a disc jockey in Fort Worth who was managing Jimmy, knew Duke Ellington well enough to set an audition. Duke was immediately impressed and Jimmy was no less immediately hired.

Jimmy has yet to record a side with the Ellingtonians that will do him full justice, but those who've seen him work with the band are aware of the potent combination he has to offer: rich, well-phrased, assured work on the ballads and rocking, shouting freedom of expression on the blues.

For a guy who can sing that much blues, he's an impressively happy character. "Duke is the greatest," he explains. "I wouldn't ever want to work with any other band."

Come to think of it, we wouldn't want any other band to get him, either.

Amos Milburn

★★★★ *Rock, Rock, Rock*
★★★ *Boo Hoo*

Amos wails on the Peppermint Harris tune, *Rock*, and gets forceful emphasis from a strong tenor man. It's a booting record that should get plenty of notice. (Aladdin 3159)

Johnny Otis

★★★ *Why Don't You Believe Me*
★★ *Wishing Well*

Believe Me is partially a pop entry and partially rhythm and blues; the result is ineffective in either category. Ada Wilson does well, however, with the vocal of the best selling song.

Wishing Well is a ditty featuring some vocal duet work a la Patti Page. Nothing could retrieve this song. (Mercury 70038)

Johnny Otis-Mel Walker

★★★★ *Brown Skin Butterball*
★★★ *Love Bug Boogie*

Mel comes through with a fine vocal eulogy to his "sugar-coated brown skin butterball." A lazy but insistent rhythm section enlivens the proceedings but it is Walker who gives this ballad the four star treatment.

Love Bug jumps but has no real bite. Ada Wilson joins Mel Walker in a competent but unexciting performance. (Mercury 70050)

Patty Anne

★ *Midnight*
★★ *My Heart Is Free Again*

Nothing much here. Patty Anne sings badly on *Midnight*, better on *Heart* (reminiscent of Johnnie Ray), but doesn't have a winner on either. (Aladdin 3162)

Al Sears

★★★ *Mag's Alley*
★★★ *Huffin' and Puffin'*

Mag is unique. It's an attempt, presumably the first, to write a rhythm-and-blues piece in waltz time. Sears' tenor does it solo, with

the drummer offering a quasi-Viennese beat. Musically it's pretty ghastly, but you never can tell who might like it. *Huffin'* is back in the good ol' 4/4 groove with a medium rocking original, in what's now the accepted Sears fashion. (Victor 20-5131)

Sonny Thompson

★★ *Chloe*
★★ *Last Night*

Chloe gets routine instrumental treatment and Lula Reed sings the backer. Not much here, although Lula has been getting good reaction on her recent discs with Sonny. Her performance here would lead one to wonder why. (King 4595)

Dinah Washington

★★★★ *Gambler's Blues*
★★★★ *I Cried for You*

Dinah becomes a jazz singer again for two hastily made sides, with head arrangements, that come off excellently. *Gambler's* is no relation to the *St. James Infirmary* version, it's just some traditional blues shouting, including some fine Russell Procope alto. There's one verse right out of Billie Holiday's famous blues. *Cried* is a swinging up-tempo treatment, with an unbelieved but impressive tenor interlude. (Mercury 70046)

Freddie Washington

★★★★ 8-9-10

★★★ *Two-Faced Woman*

8-9-10 is an infectious little tune based on the 10 Little Indiana routine that is sung in great fashion by June Davis. She has a swinging beat, a Holiday sense of phrasing, and a more-than-adequate voice. Freddie Washington's band is excellent behind her. Though the tune is simple and really has no lyrics to sell it, the grand singing job could make it move. (Atlas 1026)

Mercury Waxes Otis Discovery

New York—Sally Blair, 18-year-old blond Baltimore beauty discovered by Johnny Otis and storied in the last *Beat*, has signed a term contract with Mercury and cut her first sides shortly after Christmas, accompanied by the Otis orchestra.

A new Otis unit is now being lined up to go on the road within the next two weeks. It will feature the Otis band with Miss Blair, Jimmy Witherspoon, and Marie Adams. Package will start in Florida and head toward the west coast.

Charles Brown Organizes Band

New York—Charles Brown is giving up his trio format in favor of a big band. He will go on the road shortly with Fats Clarke as personal manager and Shaw Artists booking.

Didn't Ramble

Boston—On a Monday night at Mahogany Hall, Vic Dickenson's band had been swinging all evening and was really roaring on the last set.

They had yet to play *Muskrat Ramble*, which has to be played at least once a night in this town. In the middle of the final set, pianist-owner George Wein asked the crowd: "Look, we're having such a good time. Would you mind very much if we didn't play *Muskrat Ramble*?"

There was no major opposition and George beamed, "Thanks. We appreciate it. You have no idea how much." At which point the musicians happily went into *Just You, Just Me*.

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The Blindfold Test

Illinois Takes Off His Jacket

Although Illinois Jacquet made his fame and fortune on the strength of his status as virtual originator of the screaming, freak-note and honking school of tenor sax playing, he is actually a musician of fine technical ability and basically good taste. He proudly points out that his biggest record hits have been such superior, honkless musical products as *Robbins Nest*, *Black Velvet*, and *Port Of Rico*, as a result of which he has managed, in recent years, to veer away from the more sensational style with which he was originally identified.

For Illinois' *Blindfold Test* I used records by a representative selection of tenor men. Following the customary procedure, I gave him no information whatever about the records, either before or during the test. The following were his tape-recorded reactions.

The Records

1. Georgie Auld. *Isn't It Romantic* (Coral).

That was Georgie Auld, I'm pretty sure. I don't know the tune . . . The background was very simple, just a rhythm section mostly. Started off very nice, but he slid and slurred all the way through; maybe later on in the record he could have played a little more legato, for variety. He tries to put his whole self in it—really tries to sell that melody. It could have been a five star record if the slurring hadn't continued all the way through; but it's worth three stars anyway.

2. Lionel Hampton. *Gates Steps Out* (MGM). Solos unidentified.

That sounds like it could be Lionel Hampton; anyway, it's in his vein, and it seems like there are two tenors going there, I liked the first chorus of the solo—the guy made a few modern changes; but I didn't care too much for the rest. The trombones were nicely recorded. The arrangement is *Bottoms Up* . . . It is *Bottoms Up*, isn't it? I wrote the tune, and I heard it here. If this isn't called *Bottoms Up*, I'd like to know why! . . . the last tenor solo part, the guy was thinking pretty much along the lines of the way I played years ago—the screaming and what not. This kind of thing means more off the records than on. Two stars.

3. Arne Domnerus Four Brothers. *Let's Cool One* (Prestige). Domnerus, Gosta Theselius, Rolf Blomquist, Lars Gullin, tenors.

That tune sounds like it could be *Lullaby in Rhythm*—the changes . . . I don't know the tenor players; it sounded like it could be about three men playing tenor, and a rhythm section. But they didn't say anything. They try to get the modern sound, but instead of getting the tenor sound they're getting a C Melody or an altoish sound. When they play together, they sound like tenors; but not on the solos. There's nothing original here; nothing I haven't heard before. One star.

4. Sonny Stitt. *Cool Mambo* (Prestige).

That sounded like an Afro-Cuban beat . . . I don't know what band it is. The tenor player was good, but I think the rhythm confused him. I imagine if he had straight rhythm he would sound much better. But he was blowing his horn, and you could hear the notes; he didn't stay in one particular register—he played downstairs, came upstairs . . . you could tell he was playing the tenor, although he was from the school of the light sound. I think there should be a very definite melody to go with this type of rhythm. This way, with the guy ad libbing, it sounds like you've got two records on. They're not together; they don't fit. But he's good anyway—give it three stars.

5. Paul Quinichette. *Shad Roe* (Mercury).

Well, looks like we've finally arrived! That was Paul Quinichette with Count



Illinois Jacquet

Basic's rhythm section. They were swinging the blues, with a nice beat. Paul is about the closest in the world to Lester Young in the world, I think—in fact, sometimes if you turned your back, you wouldn't know . . . Paul is doing a good job. I'd give that five stars.

6. Ben Webster. *Old Folks* (Mercury).

That was Frog—Ben Webster! My man! One of the best tenor players in the business. I've liked just about everything he's ever made. He's got the best tone on tenor sax that I've ever heard. The right sound, the feeling, the masterful touch—and he knows his instrument. Rhythm section was nice; good background. I don't know the tune, but it sure was beautiful. Give that one five.

7. Eddie Miller. *Muskrat Ramble* (Capitol). Miller, tenor.

That was a Dixieland record. I'm not a Dixieland musician, but I liked that—it had a beat, a Dixieland beat. Tenor player sounded like it could have been Bud Freeman. It's very seldom that you find a Dixieland band with a good driving beat from the beginning to the end like that. That's worth five stars.

8. Morris Lane. *Poinciana* (Scooter).

I know the name of this tune, but I can't recall it right now. The tenor player had a nice tone, but I think after you've heard the first chorus you've heard the record. Organ was nice, but after the first chorus he could have changed to piano. Let that one go for two stars.

9. Hans Koller. *I Cover the Waterfront* (Discovery). Koller, tenor. Jutta Hipp, piano.

Sounded like *I Cover the Waterfront*. Could it be Stan Getz? If not, it's in the same vein—sounds like an alto, until the last part, then you can hear it's a tenor. Nice piano improvising in the right hand. Not too much left hand. This has more feeling than the one you played earlier in this style, and when he gets below the octave key he does have a tenor sound. He's a good saxophone player. Three stars.

10. Lester Young. *Let's Fall in Love* (Mercury). John Lewis, piano. Jo Jones, drums.

That was Pres—*Let's Fall in Love*. Piano player was John Lewis, one of the best in the business. I didn't care for the drum break, because the record tells such a beautiful story and the drum break cuts it off. Nice drummer, but not for this particular record. Pres doesn't sound like he used to in the Basie days, but he sounds good. The feeling is still there. Five stars.

By Leonard Feather

Do You Have Gold In That There Attic?

Afterthoughts By Illinois

At the time I was with Hamp, I had just switched over to tenor. Well, the people went for it and Lionel liked it, so I kept up that sensational stuff for a while after I'd left the band. I'd hit those high notes mostly because the people would ask for it. But to be frank with you, I've never liked that stuff. I just played it because they wanted it.

Nowadays they're accepting things like *Port Of Rico* which is not in that particular trend of six or seven years ago. Well, when I do a show, that certainly takes the place of a high-note number which I would do in that spot.

Those tenor players that go in for tricks—that kind of thing can't last. You can't take your coat off on a record. You can't walk the aisle on a record. So the only thing left to do is play your instrument.

I'm glad that I can sell records now with the pretty, subdued things. You can't scream all your life—you've got to change!

I think the old masters are still tops. Coleman Hawkins still sounds beautiful playing a ballad, with the right musicians accompanying him. I have to go along with Hawk and Ben and Pres.

I don't know much about the cool kids, because I'm not interested—I don't think any of them have contributed anything as stylists. Now Benny Goodman, for instance, really gave American music something. Buddy DeFranco is a wonderful musician, too. I'll go along with guys like that, people who originate and create ideas and don't imitate anybody. Those old masters have really put something down, and it'll be a long, long time before those basic sounds change.

Have you ever dreamed of digging up a dusty pile of antique Red Seal discs in the attic and finding rare treasures that collectors will bid fantastic sums to buy from you? Well, don't spend that dream fortune before you get it. There is a market for "collectors-ibem" records, all right, but it's hard-boiled, canny, and mighty selective. And it's flooded with old Caruso and other erstwhile best-sellers—which probably are just what you've unearthed.

If you want to dig the straight market dope, cough up \$2.50 for a copy of the just published *Price Guide to Collector's Records*, by Julian Morton Moses of the American Record Collectors' Exchange, 825 Seventh Avenue, New York City. It's only a slim booklet of 32 pages, but it tells you exactly what records are in demand and what they're normally likely to fetch—all by the outstanding authority on the whole subject. It can save you a lot of headaches and (who knows?) there's at least a chance in a million that it might lead you to finding a rarity that really amounts to something.

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Chords And Discords

Gerry Mulligan Remarks On Review Of His New LP

To the Editor: Hollywood, Calif.
I have before me the Jan. 14 issue of *Down Beat* opened to page 15, where I find my Pacific Jazz LP album reviewed and rated. I am naturally pleased and gratified to find a four-star rating for our efforts. However, I would have a few words with the reviewer who says, "we can't hear anything in the music that wouldn't have been even better with a piano." He also says, "writing his own album notes, Gerry Mulligan lays

a heavy accent on the lack of a bass (I'm sure he intended to say piano) with the group." As a matter of fact, so many people asked questions about the omission

of the piano that I merely took the opportunity presented by the album back cover to answer them as completely as I could.

Not That Vital
As for myself, I just don't consider the piano as an indispensable part of the rhythm section. I think it is more habit than logic that it is accepted standard practice to use the piano thusly. The piano is an orchestra and as such naturally offers many wonderful possibilities both as a solo instrument and also in conjunction with an ensemble. The piano's use with a rhythm section, where its function is to "feed" the chords of the progression to the soloist, has placed the piano in rather an uncreative and somewhat mechanical role.

By eliminating this role from the piano in my group, I actually open whole new fields of exploration and possibilities when I do choose to use one.

Change of Heart
Many of the people who have come to hear us, both at the Black Hawk in San Francisco and at the Haig here in Los Angeles, where we are now appearing, have commented that when they first heard about a jazz group with no piano they couldn't imagine what it would sound like, or else thought it would probably sound empty

Flanagan Adds A Sister Team

New York—The Young Sisters, a vocal duo from Scranton, Pa., have been added to Ralph Flanagan's lineup.

Girls are Marie, 21, and Joan, 18. They are one niting their way out to the coast with the band, opening at the Palladium Feb. 8.

and not very good. But on hearing the group they usually remark that they think a piano would "get in the way," or else they can't imagine a piano with the group at all.

The tune *Freeway*, which you credit to me, is actually Chet Baker's composition. *Soft Shoe*, *Walkin' Shoes*, and *Night at the Turntable* are mine.

Anyway, in spite of the nasty thing said about the piano, we are agreed that it is a very nice review and we are all buying lots of copies to send to our friends.

—Gerry Mulligan

(Ed. Note: In the Jan. 28 issue of *Down Beat*, somebody goofed again. The picture of the Gerry Mulligan group neglected to mention (1) that Mulligan is now residing for Pacific Jazz, not Fantasy, and (2) that the two sidemen with him in the photo were trumpeter Chet Baker and bassist Bob Whitlock. Apologies are in order.)

Question

Fairchild, Wash.

To the Editor: The '52 poll tabulations were most interesting . . . in most cases the best were on top. Your Records of the Year was a different story. We reached a conclusion that your listing of Buddy Morrow's *Night Train* over Jimmy Forrest's was most outrageous.

There is only one thing I want to know. Why?

A2c Carl E. Campbell.
(Ed. Note: That's the way *Down Beat* readers voted!)

To the Editor:

Seattle, Wash.
Just finished reading your Dec. 31 (poll) issue. I have only one gripe: Where did you find that horrible picture of beautiful Lucy Ann Polk?

Jackson Kuehule

Re Pleasure

Rochester, N.Y.

To the Editor: Just a line to ask, are the public and *Down Beat* going to let the air force brass get away with stopping transportation for the bands to army and air force bases just because the bands are doing a one-niter during their stay at the base to pay their expenses?

If this happens, I think the boys are going to lose their morale, start cheating at checkers, and start griping about how dull army life is, instead of enjoying and talking about the good time they had before the brass took away their little pleasure which is little enough for what they are doing.

William Siegel

Thanks

New Orleans

To the Editor: Thanks for writing up one of the best deejays in the country. I know you've mentioned Dick Martin before, but the article in the Jan. 14 issue was wonderful.

Sue Clark

Pasadena, Cal.

To The Editors: Orchids, garlands of Orchids to Leonard Feather for his recent column concerning Kenton and his music. I hope every rabid Kenton fan reads it well and allows it to sink in well.

I am writing this principally because I know that the Rabid Rabble will waste no time in sending in their letters of protest, questioning anyone's right to rate Stan behind Herman and worse yet, after "old man Ellington."

Well, here is one progressive fan that cannot go along with the Kenton Fandom axiom that "Stan can do no wrong!"

Certainly, Stan has produced some marvelous music on occasion, but he has also produced his share of musical trash. But how does one convince the Rabid Rabble of that fact!?

Keep up the fine work Mr. Feather!

Albert Loeb

Bushkin Disbands, Heads For Europe

New York—Joe Bushkin broke up his quartet, temporarily at least, and flew to Europe Jan. 17 with Jose Ferrer and Ferrer's manager, Ernie Anderson. He will look over the European scene, visiting London, Paris, and other cities, and will write some music for Ferrer's forthcoming productions in London.

Buck Clayton, Bushkin's trumpeter for the last two years, is set to return to Europe Jan. 31, joining Mezz Mezzrow in Paris in a combo that will also include former Fats Waller clarinetist Eugene Sedic and drummer Kansas Fields.



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Another British Pianist Scores Here

Ronnie Ball isn't a bit like George Shearing. People are going to compare him, inevitably, because he, too, plays jazz piano and came from England to live here; but that's about as far as the resemblance goes.

George's ambition was to make fame and fortune in these United States, and he has succeeded to a degree even he didn't anticipate.

Wants to Learn

Ronnie's ambition is to learn more about music, study more, become a part of the American jazz scene, feel a sense of accomplishment and belonging. He's going to succeed, too.

Ronnie's tall, lanky frame first laid foot on these shores a couple of years ago when, as a ship's musician, he hit New York for a fast 48 hours. He met Lennie Tristano on that very first trip, and determined to repeat the meeting as often as his geographical and economic situation allowed.

He spent a year and a half leading his own sextet on the *Queen Mary*. Visiting here every couple of weeks this way, he was able to build up a healthy rapport with Tristano and started to develop his style.

With Local Bands

Not that he didn't have a highly acceptable one already. A product of Birmingham (England, not Alabama), he started with local bands at 15, in 1942 (let's see now, 15 from 1942 leaves 1927 . . .) and came to London in '48 to play with his pal Tony Kinsey, who by



Ronnie Ball

the way is due here as an immigrant later this year.

Working with society bands and occasionally with jazz combos, recording for the British Esquire label with Spike Robinson, Ronnie Scott, Vic Feldman, Harry Klein, and other cool Britons, Ronnie had quite a backlog of sides on record before he finally took the big plunge and immigrated here in January 1952 (a couple of them were released in Discovery's International Jazz series).

Local 802 makes you wait six months before you can work. Ronnie, like many before him, decided it was worth the wait. He took a dull day job, and with his wife

also working here, they managed to make out until the six months were up. Endless hours were spent at the Tristano studio. By the time Ronnie was ready to work, he was better equipped than ever.

No Imitator

Far from being a Tristano imitator, he has used Lennie's expert guidance to form a style of his own, closer to the Bud Powell school than to Lennie's. It wasn't long before Chuck Wayne heard him and offered him a spot with his trio. They've been together most of the time since then, and although at this writing Ronnie still hadn't found enough security to give up his day job, there was healthy evidence that it wouldn't be long.

He made his American recording bow, too, on MGM's *Hot Vs. Cool* album with Dixie and Don Elliott, recorded at Birdland; and he's due for a date with Phil Urso on Savoy. In person, he sounds better and better on every hearing. It's a cinch that jazz piano fans who dig Ronnie are going to have themselves a Ball.

—Len

Off The Floor

There is every indication that given a 50-50 break with the elements this summer, ballrooms will enjoy one of their best years since the end of World War II.

Actually the boom started with the turn of the New Year. In California, for example, Lawrence Welk chalked up a rousing 5,302 customers, for a gross in excess of \$13,000 on New Year's eve, and the big crowds continued to come as the first month of 1953 progressed. In Chicago, Eddy Howard, Frank Yankovic, and Billy May, all offering a vastly different type of music, each drew record advances for their dates during the month.

All-in-all, the move towards a "dancing 1953" seemed to have been well launched before the last born had sounded in the infant year.

One of the country's pioneer band leaders, a guy who had stressed danceable music in his many years of batoning, finally called it a day and moved on to new pastures. Griff Williams, as much a landmark in the midwest as the tall corn fields and the wide plains, played his last show at the Edgewater Beach hotel in Chicago Jan. 22, then turned over the band to Bob Kirk. Martin Rubenstein takes over the 88 with the band, which, according to Kirk, will continue to stress dance music in the future.

Kirk will remain at the Edgewater, taking over the band at the same time sultry Denise Darcel moves into the spot for her first hotel date in that city.

Lee Vincent, who has been leading his band since 1946 when he was released from service, is one of the east's most ardent proponents of the dance, and Lee has gone all-out to make sure that he builds his band along these lines on its many college and ballroom dates in that section of the country.

Working out of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Vincent recently added a Saturday disc jockey stanza on WHWL on which dance bands are featured regularly.

On his dance dates, Vincent makes certain his musicians do a workable job, and he himself has a regular spiel for the dancers, winding up with a warning to

drive home carefully and avoid accidents.

Because of the program Vincent set for himself when he first started, and because he has been able to continue to follow that program all down the line, he has some of the biggest college and ballroom dates ever afforded a so-called territory unit already set for the coming months.

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Left: Irv Kluger, shown at his Leedy & Ludwig equipment with Irving Actman, musical director of "Guys and Dolls." See your Leedy & Ludwig dealer for the best in drums and equipment, or write for catalog. Address Department 219.



WORLD'S FINEST DRUMMERS' INSTRUMENTS

The Fletcher Henderson Story

(Jumped from Page 2)
organ. He graduated with honors and was slated to take post-graduate work.

It is possible music already had the upper hand in Fletcher's affections when he arrived in New York City sometime in 1920, ostensibly to further his study of chemistry. At any rate, he soon wound up in the music business as a pianist and accompanist. He was with Bessie Smith on her early Columbia records, and when W. C. Handy and Harry Pace organized the Black Swan record company to promote their tunes, Henderson became the house pianist.

While working for Black Swan, Fletcher accompanied Ethel Waters, and organized a band to go out on the road with her. Called Fletcher Henderson's Black Swan Jazz Masters, members included the late Joe Smith, cornet, and Garvin Bushnell, clarinetist. The tour finished with everybody stranded in the midwest. Fletcher returned to New York and went to work developing a new band.

Then to Alabam

His next band went to work at the Club Alabam in 1923, winning the job after about 20 other Ne-

gro orchestras had been auditioned. They stayed six months, and then moved over to the Roseland ballroom, where the band hit its stride. There it was a fixture for 15 or more years, with many interruptions for national road tours.

The Roseland band always played with zest and included, literally, most of the great jazz soloists of the last 30 years. Fletcher himself used to stop playing during a number to listen with smiling wonder as his boys caught a mood and played it down.

The peak of the Henderson band was reached between 1931 and 1936. These were the days of Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, J. C. Higginbotham, Rex Stewart, and others. It is a pity to realize now that Fletcher lacked the business acumen of Cab Calloway, or was

not fortunate enough to have the astute management of Ellington. The Henderson aggregation had great potentialities in those days.

Chu Joined

When the above group began to break up, he replaced men like Hawkins with the late Chu Berry, and came up with another powerful musical crew. This was the famed "Christopher Columbus" band, the last great Henderson group.

While holding a band precariously together during the last half of the '30s, Fletcher did freelance arranging for Benny Goodman's 1936 band. He was responsible for *King Porter Stomp*, *Sugar Foot Stomp*, *Blue Skies*, *My Blue Heaven*, *Big John Special*, *Down South Camp Meeting*, *Wrappin' It Up*, and many others. He also did arrangements for Casa Loma, the Dorsey Brothers, Isham Jones, and Jack Hylton of England.

Henderson gave up bandleading around 1939 to work exclusively for Goodman, and for a spell played piano in the band. After the Goodman period came to a close Fletcher, whose health declined in 1940, organized quite a few bands when he was able to undergo the strenuous life of the bandleader. The last one played a stint at Bop City in 1950 and went into Cafe Society Downtown.

Collectors Frantic

Record collectors have gone wild with Henderson records. They are innumerable and appear on almost all the name and semi-name labels. He made a recording of *Linger Awhile* on the Edison label, and

A Star Rises In The East

Boston—A minor miracle has occurred in this city. Musicians at the Savoy, beginning January 20, get one night a week off. On Mondays, a local Dixieland crew will take over.

At the other clubs, however, the seven night rule still holds. And at several, there's an added Sunday matinee which makes for the infamous Boston eight-day-week.

Mrs. Kathryn Donoghue (Mrs. D. to those in the business) is the commendable innovator. Musicians are now eyeing other club owners expectantly. They've long since despaired of action from the two unions here.

with one or two others was the only jazz player to flout Thomas Edison's edict against jazz on his records. Henderson bands can be found on Victor, Columbia, Ajax, Triangle, Brunswick, Harmony (Dixie Stompers), Decca, Vocalion, Emerson, Black Swan, Pathe, Perfect, and many others.

He is survived by his wife, Leora, who, as Leora Meoux, played trumpet professionally as a girl. They were married in 1925. His well-known brother, Horace, also a pianist-leader, and sister, Irma, survive.

Living Alumni

Among those who will miss Smack most are the living alumni of his great bands. Included in this list are Coleman Hawkins, Louis Armstrong, J. C. Higginbotham, Rex Stewart, Russell Procope, Roy Eldridge, Buster Bailey, Benny Carter, Sandy Williams, Don Redman, Benny Morton, Emmett Berry, Hilton Jefferson, Ben Webster, Red Allen, Claude Jones, Russell Smith, Israel Crosby, and Edgar Sampson.

Also Gone

The alumni that preceded Fletcher in death is just as imposing... Tommy Ladnier, Chu Berry, Jimmie Harrison, Big Charlie Green, Big Sid Catlett, Joe Smith, Kaiser Marshall, and John Kirby.

Down Beat published a selected discography of Fletcher Henderson in the issue of March 23, 1951, which is still available.

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A
 Albert, Abbey (Stadler) Boston, h
 Anthony, Ray (Stadler) NYC, Out 2/8, h
 (On Tour) GAC
 Armstrong, Bob (Sky Club) Chicago, h

B
 Barron, Blues (On Tour) MCA
 Basie, Count (On Tour) WA
 Bessie, Tex (On Tour) MCA
 Bothie, Ross (Paradise) Chicago, h
 Brandwynne, Nat (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
 Brown, Les (On Tour) ABC

C
 Cabot, Cheek (On Tour) GAC
 Casares, Emilio (El Cafetal) San Antonio
 Tex, ne
 Carl, Frankie (Stadler) Los Angeles, Out
 2/18, h
 Chester, Bob (Van Cleve) Dayton, O., h
 Clifford, Bill (Fairmont) San Francisco,
 Out 2/2, h
 Coats, Dick (Palms) Gardeners San Jose,
 Calif., Out 4/11, ne
 Coats, Xavier (Tan Pacific Auditorium)
 Los Angeles, Out 2/3

D
 Di Fadda, Tony (Eddy's) Kansas City,
 Mo., r
 Doolittle, Al (On Tour) MCA
 Dorsey, Jimmy (On Tour) GAC
 Drake, Charles (The Club) Birmingham,
 Ala., ne
 Duro, Michael (Cocacabana) NYC, ne

E
 Featherstone, Jimmy (Peabody) Memphis,
 2/16 to 2/1, h
 Fields, Shep (On Tour) MCA
 Flier, Jerry (Madura Danceand) Whiting,
 Ind., h
 Fine, Jack (On Tour) MCA
 Flak, Charlie (Stadler) Detroit, Mich., h
 Flanders, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h
 Flanagan, Ralph (Palladium) Hollywood,
 In 2/6, h
 Foster, Chuck (Rice) Houston, Tex., Out
 2/8, h: (Aragon) Chicago, In 2/10, h
 Foster, Sidney (Elbow Beach Surf) Parrot,
 Bermuda, h

G
 Garber, Jan (Roosevelt) New Orleans,
 Out 2/11, h: (On Tour) GAC
 George, Chuck (Stork Club) Shreveport,
 La., Out 2/28, ne
 Gillespie, Dixie (On Tour—Europe) WA
 Glenns, Don (Colony Club) McClure, Ill.,
 ne
 Grosney, Paul (Roeland) Winnipeg, Cana-
 da, ne

H
 Hampton, Lionel (On Tour) ABC
 Harrison, Cass (El Panama) Republic of
 Panama, Out 2/1, h
 Hawkins, Erskine (On Tour) MG
 Hayes, Carlton (Desert Inn) Las Vegas,
 Nev., h
 Hayes, Sherman (Detroit Athletic Club)
 Detroit, Out 2/14
 Herman, Woody (On Tour) GAC
 Hill, Tiny (On Tour) ABC
 Hodges, Johnny (Hi Hat) Boston, Mass.,
 2/2-8, ne
 Hunt, Pee Wee (On Tour) GAC

J
 Jerome, Henry (Edison) NYC, h
 Johnson, Buddy (Savoy) NYC, h
 Jones, Spike (On Tour) MCA

K
 Kenton, Stan (Palladium) Hollywood, Out
 2/2, h: (On Tour) GAC
 Kern, Jack (Van Arman) Ft. Wayne,
 Ind., Out 2/14, h
 King, Henry (Shamrock) Houston, Tex.,
 Out 2/2, h
 King, Wayne (On Tour) MCA

L
 Lande, Jules (Ambassador) NYC, h
 Larson, Herb (Cresmont) Orange N. J.,
 Out 2/20, ce
 La Salle, Dick (Piaze) NYC, h
 Lewis, Ted (On Tour) MCA
 Lombardo, Guy (Roosevelt) New Orleans,
 In 2/12, h
 Long, Johnny (Paramount) NYC, In 2/11,
 t

M
 McCoy, Clyde (On Tour) MCA
 McIntire, Hal (On Tour) GAC
 Marler, Ralph (On Tour) GAC; (Stad-
 ler) Buffalo, In 2/17, h
 Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chic-
 ago, h
 May, Billy (On Tour) GAC
 Monroe, Vaughn (Chicago) Chicago, 2/6-
 12, t
 Morgan, Russ (On Tour) WA
 Morrow, Buddy (Stadler) Buffalo, Out



EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—ballroom; h—hotel; nc—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; t—theater; cc—country club; rh—roadhouse; pc—private club. NYC—New York City; Hwd.—Hollywood; LA.—Los Angeles; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Glaser), 745 Fifth Avenue, NYC; AP—Allbrook-Pumphrey, Richmond, Va.; GAC—General Artist Corp. RKO Bldg., NYC; JKA—Jack Kuritz Agency, 214 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; MC—McConkey Artists, 1780 Broadway, NYC; MCA—Music Corp. of America, 570 Madison Ave. NYC; MG—Moe Gale, 48 West 49th St., NYC; RMA—Reg Marshall Agency, 4471 Sunset Blvd., Hwd.; SAC—Shaw Artists Corp., 55 Fifth Ave., NYC; UA—Universal Attractions, 347 Madison Ave., NYC; WA—Willard Alexander, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC.

2/2, h: (On Tour) GAC
N
 Neighbors, Paul (Aragon) Chicago, 2/1-
 3/1, h
O
 O'Neal, Eddie (Shamrock) Houston, 2/2-
 3/16, h
 Overend, Al (The Flame) Phoenix, Ariz.,
 ne
P
 Palmer, Jimmy (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn.,
 Out 2/6; (On Tour) GAC
 Pastor, Tony (On Tour) GAC
 Petti, Emil (L'Aiglon) Miami Beach, Out
 2/28, r
 Prima, Louis (Chubby's) Camden, N. J.,
 2/2-3; (Stadler) NYC, 2/3-3/7, h
R
 Ranch, Harry (Colony) McClure, Ill., ne
 Ray, Ernie (On Tour) GAC
S
 Still, Jack (Champ Shorehouse) Bridge-
 port, Conn., r
 Strong, Benny (Trancon) South Gate,
 Calif., h
 Sudy, Joseph (Mayflower) Washington,
 D. C., h
 Sullivan, John (Town Lounge) Houston,
 Tex., ne
T
 Thornhill, Claude (On Tour) MCA
W
 Waples, Buddy (Saginaw Recreation Cen-
 ter) Saginaw, Mich., ne
 Watkins, Sammy (Stadler) Cleveland, h
 Weeks, Ted (Rice) Houston, In 2/5, h
 Williams, Griff (Edgewater Beach) Chic-
 ago, h

DeFranco Quartet, Buddy (Rendezvous)
 Philadelphia: Out 2/10, ne: (Blue Mir-
 ror) Washington, 2/11 to 2/21, ne:
 (Blue Note) Philadelphia, 2/23 to 2/28,
 ne
De Paris Brothers (Jimmy Ryan's) NYC,
Dixieland Ragpickers (Vagabonds) Miami,
Fla., ne
Doolittle (On Tour) ABC
Fields, Herbie (Snookie's) NYC, 1/26-
2/8, ne
Franklin Quartet, Marty (Airport) Brook-
lyn, N. Y., ne
Free Trio, Stan (Sheraton) Chicago, h
Furniss Bros. (Silver Rail) Toronto, In
2/3, ne
Gallard, Slim (Birdland) NYC, 2/1-25, ne
Gibbs' Musical Notes, Ralph (Lotus Club)
Birmingham, Ala., ne
Gordon, Roscoe (On Tour) SAC
Green Quintette, Hal (Brass Rail) Great
Falls, Mont., ne
Groner Trio, Duke (Pershing) Chicago, cl
Harris Ace (Malayan Lounge) Miami
Beach, Out 2/2, ne
Herman, Lenny (Warwick) Philadelphia,
h
Keywood Trio, Eddy (Embers) NYC, Out
2/1, ne
Bines, Earl (Snookie's) NYC, 2/23-3/16,
ne
Hites Trio, Freddie (Roce) Grand Rapids,
Mich., h
Holiday, Joe (Apollo) NYC, 1/30-2/6, t
Hunter, Ivory Joe (On Tour) MG

Masters Dream-Altes, Vick (Flamingo)
San Bernardino, Calif., ne
Melba, Stanley (Pierre) NYC, h
Meyer, Ricky (Famous Tap) Chicago, ne
Mid-Knights (Claryville Inn) Claryville,
Mo., ne
Morris, Joe (On Tour) SAC
Morrison, Charlie (Melody Inn) Harris-
burg, Pa., ne
Napoleon, Andy (Pastor's) NYC, ne
Napoleon's Memphis Five, Phil (Nick's)
NYC, ne
Nocturnes (Stadler) NYC, h
Palmer, Jack (88 Club) NYC, ne
Patterson Quartet, Pat (Air Force Club)
Moncton, N. B., Canada, pe
Pavone, Tommy (Rock Garden) William-
son, Conn., r
Perrault, Claire (Heidelberg) Jackson,
Miss., Out 2/18, h
Peterson Trio, Oscar (Celebrity) Prov-
idence, R. I., Out 2/1, ne
Powers, Pete (McVilla) Halifax, Nova
Scotia, ne: (Tosa) Hubbards, Nova
Scotia, ne
Rico Serenaders (Green's Crystal Terrace)
Duluth, Minn., cl
Rocco Trio, Buddy (Kentucky) Louisville,
Ky., h
Rodgers Quintette, Dave (El Cortes) Las
Vegas, Nev., h
Ronalds Bros. Trio (Cairo) Chicago, ne
Roith Trio, Don (Maxwell Field) Mont-
gomery, Ala., pe
Royal Hussars (Toomey's Bar) Galesburg,
Mich., cl
Schenk, Frankie (Paramount) Albany, Ga.,
ne

Combos

A
 Adams, Jig (Dixieland) Corpus Christi,
 Tex., ne
 Ammons, Gene (Pep's) Philadelphia, 2/3-
 14, ne
 Anthony, Al (On Tour) MCA
 Armstrong, Louis (Casino) Toronto, 2/5-
 11, t
B
 Barduba, Art (The Grove) Seattle, Wash.,
 ne
 Betty & Jim Duo (Lorraine) Madison,
 Wis., h
 Blue Notes Trio (Leighton's Half Way
 House) Elmford, N. Y.
 Brubeck, Dave (Birdland) NYC, Out 2/8,
 ne
 Buckner, Milt (Royal) Baltimore, Out 2/5,
 t: (Howard) Washington, D. C., 2/6-12,
 t
 Burgess, Dick (Tropical) Sarasota, Fla.,
 Out 2/4, ne
C
 Carroll, Barbara (Embers) NYC, ne
 Cawley, Bob (Town House) Tulsa, Okla., r
 Clowers (On Tour) SAC
 Coletta, Quintette, Stan (Green Arves)
 Auburn, N. Y., ne
 Conte, Al (Sheraton) St. Louis, Mo., h
D
 Danie Trio (Neptune Room) Washington,
 D.C., Out 4/8, ne
 Davis, Tiny (Snookie's) NYC, 2/23-3/16,
 ne
 Dee Trio, Johnny (Hour Glass) Newark,
 N. J., ne

Ink Spots (Town Casino) Cleveland, 2/13-
29, ne
Jackson, Dewey (Pladium Centerfield) East
St. Louis, Ill., cl
Jordan, Louis (On Tour) GAC
Leighton, Johnny (Hollands) Cleveland,
O., Out 3/30, h
Lee, Vicky (Palm Garden) Lawrenceville,
Va., ne
McGuire, Betty (Prince George) Toronto,
ne
McPartland, Jimmy (Terrace) NYC, ne
McPartland, Marian (Hickory House)
NYC, ne
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 mentals of Hot playing"—\$1.00.
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Singles

Belafonte, Harry (Blue Angel) NYC, Out
2/4, ne: (Ambassador) Los Angeles,
2/11-3/3, h
Bennett, Tony (Blue Crystal) Girard,
Ohio, 2/6-8, ne
Carroll, Pat (Village Vanguard) NYC, ne
Dale, Alan (Bahara) Las Vegas, Nev.,
2/10-3/8, h
Darnell, Larry (Top Hat) Dayton, O.,
2/9-16, ne
Dillard, Varetta (Apollo) NYC, 2/8-12, t
Duncan, Hank (Nick's) NYC, ne
Ekstine, Billy (On Tour) WMA
Fitzgerald, Ella (Stanley) Pittsburgh, In
2/6, t
 (Turn to Page 21)

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Here's List Of Allowable Deductions To Ease Bite On Leaders, Sidemen

Chicago—This year when you file your 1952 income tax return, it's more important than ever for you to go over your bills, receipts, checks, and financial records carefully and take every permissible tax deduction. The tax bite is bigger, and with the higher cost of living there is a greater pressure to save on taxes.

And, remember, there's nothing wrong in taking all legitimate deductions, nor in choosing the method of reporting that calls for the lowest tax—it's just good business.

Thus, here's a list of permissible deductions for taxpayers engaged in the theatrical and entertainment profession. These are a few—there are others.

- Advertising, publicity, pub-

lic relations services, photographs, press clippings, fan mail.

- Travel expenses (hotel, meals, tips, transportation).

- Entertainment and promotion expense in making professional contacts.

- Cost of instruments, equipment, accessories (instruments and equipment having a useful life longer than one year must be depreciated over their life).

- Agent fees and commissions, employment agency, manager expenses.

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- Automobile used in connection with profession (gas, oil, insurance, repairs, accessories, depreciation).

- Union and association dues. All other necessary professional expenses.



NEW NUMBERS

COLEMAN—A daughter, Teresa Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Davie Coleman, recently in Tulsa, Okla. Dad is drummer with Leon McAuliffe.

CONRAD—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Nick Conrad, Dec. 8 in Philadelphia. Dad plays saxophone with Vince James' orchestra.

JOHNSON—A daughter, Whitley Jo (7 lbs. 10 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Johnson, Nov. 2 in N. Y. Dad is director and choreographer on Kate Smith Show; Mom is Frances Lane, singer.

LEEMAN—A son, Christopher (9 lbs.) to Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Leeman, recently in New York. Dad plays drums at Eddie Condon's.

O'KANE—A daughter, Eileen (6 lbs. 1 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie O'Kane. Dad plays baritone with Elliot Lawrence and records under the baton of Joe Reisman.

SELTZER—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Seltzer, Dec. 9 in Philadelphia. Mom is daughter of bandleader-booker Marty Krumer.

SCHACHTER—A daughter (5 lbs. 11 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Julie Schachter, Jan. 8 in New York. Dad plays violin on the Lucky Strike show, mom is singer Joan Edwards.

SKILES—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Duke Skiles, Nov. 29 in San Antonio. Dad is former trumpet player, currently manager of the San Antonio Municipal Auditorium.

STECK—A son, Cortland (6 lbs. 10 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Gene Steck, Dec. 12 in New York. Dad sings with Ray Charles group.

WATSON—A girl, Jamie Donna (7 lbs. 3 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Buss Watson. Dad plays bass with Sonny Dunham orchestra.

TIED NOTES

BELL-PATTERSON—Carl Bell, vocalist with the Hamiltonians, instrumental-vocal unit, and Christine Patterson, dancer, Dec. 2 in Philadelphia.

CLARK-BRAGG—Lewis Clark and Shirley Joy Bragg, hillbilly singer, Dec. 20 in Ennis, Mont.

HULSEY-BEENE—Joe Hulsey, drummer and Lee Beene, dancer, Dec. 25 in New York.

LEWIS-SUTPHIN—Mel Lewis, drummer with Tex Beneke, and Doris Sutphin, Dec. 25 in Buffalo, N. Y.

WALLACE-PRATHER—W. LeRoy Wallace, entertainer and musician, and Bernice M. Prather, Nov. 27 in Greenwood, Ind.

WALLINGTON-HENRY—George Wallington, pianist, and Billy Henry, of Prestige Records, Dec. 27 in New York.

FINAL BAR

BRITE—Alda Stevens Brite, 59, western orchestra leader, Dec. 24 in San Antonio.

HENDERSON—Fletcher Henderson, 54, noted composer, arranger, and bandleader, Dec. 29 in New York.

MCDONALD—Groves McDonald, 40, manager and husband of Marguerite Piazza, opera and TV soprano, Dec. 21 in New York.

MILLER—LeRoy Miller, 39, disc jockey at WFIL, Philadelphia, December 28 in Lancaster, Pa.

PETERSON—Binger W. Peterson, 50, former pianist with the Rudy Vallee orchestra, Dec. 19 in Bangor, Maine.

WILLIAMS—Hank Williams, 29 hillbilly singer, composer, instrumentalist, Jan. 1 in his automobile near Oak Hill, W. Va.

Band Routes

(Jumped from Page 20)

Frye, Don (Jimmy Ryan's) NYC, ne Holiday, Billie (Sav When) San Francisco, 2/11-2/10, ne

Jackson, Cliff (Ternassi's) NYC, ne LeDuc, Claire (Mark Twain) St. Louis, h Marlowe, Don (Blue Angel) NYC, ne Parker, Jack (Tip Top Bar) Brooklyn, N. Y., ne

Sims, Sylvia (Vanguard) NYC, ne Vaughan, Sarah (On tour—England) MG

Ventura Lands Disc Jock Show

Philadelphia—Newest disc jockey to hit the air in this area is tenor man Charlie Ventura. His 4 to 5 p.m. daily show was scheduled to start late this month on station WKDN, Camden, with all types of music featured and name guests dropping in occasionally.

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dear Virginia:

Thank you for your letter and for its lucid presentation of your problem. I shall do what I can to answer you.

You say that the Louis Armstrong legend bothers you. You can't quite figure out all the fuss that is made over this man, who is almost old enough to be your grandfather. As a teen-aged fan, you may say you saw Louis perform recently; you saw a clown and a comedy singer who only occasionally played the trumpet, and you now find it hard to separate fact from fiction, shadow from substance in the Armstrong story. You wonder why he won first place in the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame.

There Is One

Well, Virginia, let me reassure you: there is a Satchmo. He may not



Satchmo

live as vividly in the man you saw last month, but he lives in a lot of the music you hear on commercial radio programs; his influence can be felt, and the phrases and ideas he developed can be heard in music that is far removed from jazz.

You say you find it hard to understand the respect with which younger men like Dizzy Gillespie acknowledge Louis' place in the sun. The fact is that to get the feeling of the Armstrong legend, to believe in Satchmo as you believe in Santa Claus, you have to have at least 20 years' background of listening to jazz. This is possible even if you are only 25 years old and recall an Armstrong record as your first real musical experience.

For Dizzy and Roy Eldridge and anyone who has been listening that long can recall the conditions, strange by today's standards, under which we first learned about Armstrong's music and what it represented.

Back in those days jazz was rarely mentioned in the newspapers or the national magazines. You could not, as you can today, open up a *Time* or a *Newsweek* or a *Colliers* and find a long report about some current jazz star. Jazz was living almost entirely by word of mouth among musicians; until 1934 there was not even any *Down Beat* to keep them informed.

In that atmosphere of semi-seclusion, Louis Armstrong rose to become a symbol of jazz improvisation. When many jazz musicians were short on technical ability and improvisation was still in its exploratory phase, Louis came along playing choruses on many of the same sort of bases used by jazzmen today—themes like the blues and *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*—and he applied to them an intensity, a warmth, and a tone that were unique, that came to be regarded as the epitome of what had recently acquired the nickname of Hot Jazz.

Had Quality Called Soul

Louis used to end a lot of those old records with what we naively thought were high notes. Today there are a hundred trumpet players to whom those high notes are virtually middle register; but it was without precedent at the time, and the notes generally were hit with clarity and accuracy. But high notes aside, Louis had the soul, an emotional quality that no other jazzman, on any instrument, had achieved to the same degree in the late 1920s and the early '30s.

All over the world, trumpet players started copying Louis, fans started collecting his records, and an international jazz cult centered on Louis, Duke, and a few others quickly sprang into life.

My own personal experience was typical. As a teenaged jazz fan, digging through piles of records in obscure Paris shops for imported jazz rarities, I learned with tremendous excitement that Louis would pay his first visit to Europe, opening the London Palladium in the summer of 1932. I made my first plane trip to be in London for that opening, and not even a bad case of nausea diminished the thrill of seeing Satchmo poke his head around the Palladium curtain.

Can't Be Objective

I don't think you will ever know, Virginia, what Louis' music meant to us in the context of the esoteric climate of those times. Today, as I listen to *West End Blues* (the first jazz record I ever bought) or *Muggles* or any of the other magic Hot Five sides, I can only hear them in terms of the first time I heard them. It's the old story of objectivity vs. subjectivity, Virginia, and Louis Armstrong is one man about whom nobody is going to be quite objective.

Those Hot Five sides still have something for me, and for anyone else who heard them way back when. But I won't deny for a moment that you could superimpose a solo by Lee Castle, or any one of a number of Armstrong-influenced trumpet players, on the same background in a blindfold test, and you might fool me and Dizzy and Roy and Hofer and Avakian and many another trumpet player and critic into believing it was the inimitable Louis.

Can Be Copied

You see, Virginia, Louis is not inimitable, though that word has been applied to him so often. He is, on the contrary, very, very imitable, but he happened to get there fustest with the mostest, and for this we give him credit and reserve a special \$25 loge for him in our hearts. He is imitable and he has been imitated, but it would be hard to prove that he has been improved upon in his own special field.

Sure, he doesn't play much horn today; he is 52, his lip can't hold up forever, and besides, the public would rather hear him sing anyway. In his singing he comes closer to being literally inimitable than in his playing, and this facet of his talent has not been dimmed by time. If it doesn't hit you the first time, Virginia, just study how few changes he can make in a nowhere tune to make it sound like something musically valid. Just tell me what other singer today swings as naturally and as easily.

I hope I have convinced you, Virginia, that Louis Armstrong, the legendary father of jazz improvisation, is not just a straw man set up by publicity agents or sentimentalists. Yes, Virginia, there really is a Satchmo, and I hope you can learn to love him and understand what he has done for our world of music.

Sincerely,
Leonard Feather

Artie Shaw's 'Cinderella'

(Jumped from Page 4)

nights weekly at the little dance hall jutting out into the lake. Here the first of a series of stormy episodes with my employer took place.

On this particular occasion, one of the men in Cavallaro's band decided it would be a good idea to teach me something about the manly art of boozing. Up to that point I had never tasted any liquor.

There were only seven men in the band and we all shared a pretty good-sized cottage. Since I was the junior member of the outfit I had to sleep on a cot in the living room. One Sunday afternoon, a few of my co-workers were sitting around the living room with a bottle of Prohibition rye and a case of home-made beer. They were apparently settling down for a nice quiet Sunday afternoon of gentlemanly boozing. Having no special interest in that particular form of recreation, I decided to go over to the dance hall where I kept my instruments, and do a spot of practicing. In the beginning I had tried to do this in the cottage but the others had raised a big stink about the noise.

A Tastic

As I started to leave, one of the men called over to me, "Hey, how's about having a shot, kid?" He was grinning and holding out the bottle of rye. I tried to make some excuse to get out of this awkward situation, but in a moment the others started ribbing me. Suddenly I decided to show these guys I was not such a baby as they seemed to think I was. I made up my mind to prove right then and there that I could handle a drink as well as the next guy, and force them to let up on me for a while.

They were drinking "boiler-makers." I gulped my rye down and chased it with a big slug of beer. The way they were doing. After that I guess I had a few more but I can't remember exactly what happened, for shortly afterwards I must have passed out.

That was the end of me for that day.

Cavallaro was away that afternoon and apparently didn't even come back to the cottage before going to work. No one else bothered to wake me. When I finally did come to, it was dark outside. For a few seconds I had no idea where I was. I got to my feet in a daze and hunted around the cottage to see if I could find anyone. Then I looked at the clock and my heart almost stopped beating. Nine-thirty!

That meant the band had already been at work for an hour and a half!

Just a Suit

I lost my head and began to run barefooted down the cinder road toward the dance hall. All I had on was the bright red bathing-suit I had been wearing when I came into the cottage that afternoon. But I wasn't thinking of anything but getting up on that bandstand as fast as I could.

On Sunday nights a movie was shown, beginning at eight o'clock and generally ending around nine-thirty. Then there would be a short intermission, long enough to clear the benches from the dance floor, after which the dancing would begin immediately and continue till twelve-thirty, which was Sunday night closing time. During the movie the orchestra would play quietly, just enough to kill the sound of the projector and lend some sense of underscoring to the movie itself. For those were the day before movies became audible.

I finally arrived at the dance hall, all out of breath. To my great relief I saw that the movie had not ended yet and that the place was consequently still in semidarkness. I stealthily threaded my way through the audience, climbed onto the bandstand, took up my saxophone, and got ready to bluff it through somehow. I hoped I might

get away with no more than a mild reprimand from Cavallaro. I was sure that when he heard the full story of how I had come to oversleep, he would bowl out the guys who had been responsible, and I would be forgiven.

When the lights went on at the end of the movie, and Cavallaro got his first look at me, there I was, all dressed up in that wild getup. His eyes popped. Then he let out a howl of rage.

Escape

During the roar of laughter that went up, first on the bandstand, and soon spreading out over the whole dance hall, he grabbed his banjo like a huge club and came after me. With him chasing me, I tore across the dance floor, ducking between customers and hurdling benches all the way out the door, while he brandished his banjo over his head and threatened loudly to smash it over mine if he ever caught up with me. I have no doubt he would have kept his word if he had been able to, but luckily I was a fleetfooted kid. I managed to keep out of his reach until I got out to the end of the short pier alongside the dance hall. At that point I had no other recourse but to hop into one of the rental rowboats, swiftly cast off, and drift a few yards offshore. From there I pleaded as eloquently as I could that it hadn't been entirely my fault.

No use. He raved on like a crazy man for a while; but finally, apparently not quite mad enough to take the risk of throwing his banjo at me and having the thing fall into the lake, he went cursing back to the ballroom. Eventually I got back to the pier without oars, but for the rest of the night I carefully stayed out of Cavallaro's sight.

I don't remember where I slept that night. Certainly not at the cottage, where he could have got hold of me. The next day, when I came back after having given him what I considered sufficient time to have heard the whole story and cooled off a bit, I was informed that I was through, fired kaput.

Nothing I could say or do would make him change his mind. I pleaded and begged, but with no effect at all. He told me, some months later, that he had only been trying to give me a little scare. However, I had no way of knowing that at the time. I was so filled with a sense of blind outrage when none of my colleagues would bear out my assertion that they had been partially at fault in getting me drunk in the first place that, acting out of fear of Cavallaro and anger at having been made the victim of an injustice, I accepted my dismissal and made it stick by running off.

(Copyright, 1952, By Artie Shaw)
(To Be Continued)

Small Talk

New York—Former Beat staffer Jack Egan is now handling a special campaign for the Mars Candy Co. to find the top child entertainer of the year.

What connection is there between Mars and child entertainers? It's simple, explains Jack.

Mars makes a candy bar called Milky Way. And the Milky Way is a constellation of small stars. Small stars. Get it?

New Dance Ork

Atlanta—Al DeFoe, Dixieland cornetist, is putting together a new dance crew to work primarily in the southeastern states. Unit is composed of four brass, four saxes, and four rhythm.

Sashayin' Round

By DEL WARD

There's one thing for sure! Roy Acuff is a fella who can tell you all about square dancing. For Roy and his Smoky Mountain Boys throughout the past years have played at thousands of just such get togethers.

Roy grew up knowing all about square dances and the folks who go to them. His family, the Neil Acuffs, were good farm people. Their house got to be the meeting place of all the neighbors. People would come from far and wide because it was here that they could sing and hear the old time music.

And it was this old time music that made Roy Acuff famous. He loved to sing, and people loved to hear him because this boy sang from the heart. According to a lot of people it is because Roy sings from the heart that he has been so successful. Religious songs were always his favorite. And because his daddy was a preacher in Maynardville, Tenn., he learned all the hymns and church songs. He never forgot them. And even today Roy Acuff includes religious music on all his programs.

Like so many little boys, Roy wanted to be a big league ball player. He thought there was something awful wonderful about a fellow standing at home plate and the crowd all cheering. But fortunately for the music world, instead of a bat Roy was to spend his life making hits with a fiddle.

It's interesting to note that he started to chalk up his high score of musical hits in Nashville, home base for a lot of talent in the hillbilly world. In him, Nashville's Grand Ol' Opry found a star who sang the songs the way the people like to hear them.

From making many top Columbia records to starring in motion pictures, Roy Acuff has been constantly in the public eye. To say his name is to remember *Sweeter Than the Flowers*, *Jole Blon*, *Wreck on the Highway*, *Great*

Speckled Bird, and countless others. Although Roy lives now in his home state, folks in every state count him as truly tops in the folk music field. That's one thing for sure!

THE PROMENADE: Everybody's talking about how cute is this new 12-year-old hillbilly star, Jimmy Boyd. A plaid shirt, a straw hat, and a guitar make him popular everywhere, not to mention the bare feet and the good singing voice. . . . Pert Goldie Hill is looking for a hit in her new Decca *I Let the Stars Get in My Eyes*. . . . Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook is featuring hillbilly talent nowadays. Well, good! Like to see those names like Elton Britt and Rosalie Allen on the marquee.

Tiny Murphy's *Nicotine Fits* makes you wonder what they'll think of next in the way of something to write a song about and in a new way to record it. . . . Burl Ives' new album of Australian folk songs will be out soon. . . . Lefty Frizzell, one of the younger of the hillbilly stars (although he has a year or so on Jimmy Boyd), has recorded a new one for Columbia called *I'm An Old, Old Man*.

Eddie Kirk has returned to KXLA, Pasadena, Calif. . . . Ted Kirby, WZOB, Fort Payne, Ala., is now doing six hours of country records a day. Fine, Fine! . . . Tom Diskin, manager of Jamboree

Mercury Inks Bill Bailey

Bill Bailey, country and western TV, radio, and motion picture personality, rounded out his coverage of this field recently when he was signed by Mercury to a long-term disc pact.

Bailey has already cut his first four sides for the label, and will feature the records at his "Western Round-Up" weekly dances at the Ashland auditorium in Chicago. Dances are also seen over WGN-TV and the DuMont network.

Fields To NYC

New York—Snookie's, one of this city's most recent jazz clubs, brought in Herbie Fields on Jan. 26 for a two-week stay. He'll be followed by Tiny Davis on Feb. 9 and Earl Hines on Feb. 23.

Attractions out of Chicago, has signed folk artist Skeets McDonald for personal radio and TV appearances.

Smiley Burnette sure does get around. He not too long ago added four Hawaiian stations to the list carrying his transcribed show. And in addition to wide distribution here, the *Smiley Burnette Show* is being aired regularly over 24 Canadian stations.

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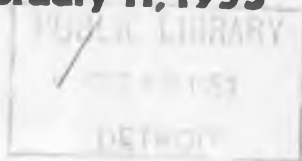
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New Discs, Hi-Fi Section

See
Page 9

DOWN BEAT

February 11, 1953



Win A Band!

(See Page 1)

Fletcher Henderson's Story

(See Page 2)

Meet Julius LaRosa

(See Page 3)

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