

Fabulous Las Vegas, The Land Of Plenty

By BILL WILLARD

Stand in any plush resort hotel lobby, or beside a row of clanking slot machines in any downtown Las Vegas casino and watch the greatest show on earth. There they are—the most complete and unbridge collection of suckers since old P. T. Barnum coined the phrase. There they are—drifters and farmers, grifters and merchants, newlyweds and lawyers, tycoons and artists, bums and engineers, senators and hustlers, gamblers and preachers, winos and schoolteachers, criminals and doctors, students and sailors, Shriners and politicians, celebrities and cadets, shills and cowpokes, musicians and prospectors, actors and housewives, ladies and gentlemen. The parade goes on 24 hours a day, 52 weeks a year. Somehow they've all landed in this juniper metropole for better or for worse. They've heard that Las Vegas is a combination of Heaven, Hell, Babylon, Gehenna, the Garden of Hedon, and Sinerama.

Everything good and bad has been written or said about Las Vegas, but seldom will you encounter indifference on the subject. This top entertainment spot is a natural for controversy and makes headlines with almost monotonous regularity. The main reason for all this, of course, is gambling—man's relentless search for something for nothing.

From a mere railroad tank town of 50 years ago, Las Vegas has reached out farther than the surrounding mountains to become the byword for chance, the what-might-have-been, and the horn of silver plenty.

The accent is on pleasure. The resorts along the Strip, the noisy Fremont Street casinos, never close their doors while churning out varied forms of entertainment. Seven luxury resort hotels—Flamingo, Sands, Desert Inn, Last Frontier, Thunderbird, El Rancho Vegas, and Sahara—combine with the two blocks downtown—that perpetually neoned "Glitter Gulch" with its Golden Nugget, Pioneer Club, Horseshoe, Westerner, Las Vegas, Boulder, Buckley's, Fortune, California, Monte Carlo, and the new Lucky Strike—in presenting the tempting Lady Luck which few can resist.

Elsewhere from these centers, to complete the gambling picture, note the El Cortez Hotel, the Shamrock (formerly Horace Heidt's Nevada Biltmore and still owned by the bandleader), the North Las Vegas honky-tonks, and the famous Silver Slipper on the grounds of Hotel Last Frontier in its western village.

Also take note of the nine-story Riviera Hotel now building near the Thunderbird; the Desert Spa soon to be ready for its grand opening, and across the highway, the Royal Nevada with its newly-poured foundations. Two more hotels southward are in the groundbreaking stage, while another "Strip" may be in the making when the Showboat prems this month on Boulder Highway east of town.

Can they all make it? Five years ago, the entrenched gamblers bemoaned the opening of Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, the fifth Strip resort to lure the suspecting and unsuspecting. And so it goes. The howlers make noises predicting the quick ending of this bonanza. Many of these wailers have been mourning the kaput of Vegas for some time, but so far as the burg just won't give up and become a ghost town.

Fifty years ago, Vegas had all the honest-to-goodness trappings of the wild west. Gold and silver were in the hills all over Nevada, and the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railroad hauled the ore to the coast after mule teams jerked through the desert with cargo bound for the way-station of Las Vegas.

Later, as a switching and stopover point for the Union Pacific, the busy town sported the usual rowdy saloons with itinerant "professors" or maybe a mechanical piano. That was the entertainment for some time clear into the '20s, although the 18th amendment presumably put an end to public elbow-bending. Nevadans never took the law too seriously and went about their gambling, even though the legislature up in Carson didn't say they could. Legally, that is.

The prohibition amendment had enforcement from time to time just to perk things up a bit. The Review-Journal of 1928 tells about a zealous squad which, under the wing of an agent from San Francisco, went roaring into the Vegas Tenderloin district and padlocked the famed Arizona Club Green Lantern, The Jazz, Honolulu Inn, and Double O.

History records another bit of furious activity on the part of prohibition agents that same year when the Four Mile and Hollywood "resorts" lost some whiskey and home brew to the invaders. Every now and then the sheriff and district attorney would announce that the city and county were bone dry, but no one took the sad news to heart.

Apart from waiting around the fabled Block 16 (that was the red-light district, son) for agents to crack down, many citizens in the late '20s would go scooting out to the airport upon word that a celebrity was arriving. Vegas always was modern. No hanging around the railroad depot—it had to be the airport.

One day quite a portion of the populace placed itself in jeopardy from whirling propellers when movie actress Bebe Daniels dropped in aboard an eastbound Western Air Express plane. Along about that time sportsmen were given an extra dividend one evening during a fight card at the Legion stadium when Will Rogers made a surprise entry into the ring to spin his humor for over an hour. This event caused the newspaper to report that Vegas received \$8,000 worth of political philosophy for nothing. Twenty-five years later, celebrities were a dime a dozen and benefits with over a \$1,000,000 worth of talent were tossed several times a year for various causes.

Contrasted with present-day entertainment, the nights in the good old summertime of 25 years ago offered band concerts on the courthouse lawn, swimming out at Old Ranch or Ladd's pool a mile from the railroad station, and a splash in Lorenzi's man-made lakes, (now Twin Lakes resort). Dancing at Lorenzi's or Elk's Hall was strictly off the country cob.

The only class hotels were the Sal Sagev (spelled backwards is), the Overland, and the MacDonald, all excepting the latter spang against the railroad switch yards. When things got real dull, the sports and business men would take their gals, wives or mothers over to the U.P. Beanery for coffee klatch.

Dull? Not at all. Just ask any oldtimer. He'll get all misty about the good old days while sitting ringside at the Sands watching the beauts in the Copa line execute a very pepsodental pas de bourree.

For the genteel folk, this sort of dulcet hey-nony-nony was okay, but for the roustabout waiting for the dam to begin building over in Black Canyon, the fare was on the mild side. At the dawn of a new decade, the roisterers used their time and money interestingly among

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DOWN BEAT

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A NEW PAIRING of top artists came about recently when Bing Crosby recorded for Decca with the Les Brown orb, the first time in a long while that Der Bingle has used any large orchestra not directed by John Scott Trotter. Bing explained that he just wanted to get a dance band feel on some of his records as a change. (Photo by Dave Pell.)

World's Top Critics Vote In 2nd Annual Jazz Poll

Chicago—Most of the world's best-known jazz critics already have cast their votes in *Down Beat's* second annual jazz critics poll, results of which will be announced in the next (Aug. 25) issue of *Down Beat*, on newstands Aug. 11.

Included in the imposing roster are noted U. S. writers George Simon (*Metronome*), Leonard Feather and Nat Hentoff (*Down Beat*), Bill Grauer (*Record Changer*), Wilder Hobson (*Saturday Review of Literature*), and John S. Wilson (*New York Times*).

Foreign critics number Max Jones (*Melody Maker*, England), Andre Hodiier (*Jazz-Hot*, France), Harry Nicolausson (*Orkester Journalen*, Sweden), and Joachim Berendt, Germany's leading jazz authority.

Here are last year's winners in both the established and new star categories:

Big band—Duke Ellington; combo—Dave Brubeck.

Trumpet—Louis Armstrong; trombone—Bill Harris; tenor sax—Stan Getz; alto sax—Charlie Parker; baritone sax—Harry Carney; clarinet—Buddy DeFranco; piano—Oscar Peterson; bass—Oscar Pettiford; guitar—Barney Kessel; drums—Buddy Rich; male vocals—Louis Armstrong; female vocals—Ella Fitzgerald.

New Stars: trumpet—Chet Baker; trombone—Bob Brookmeyer, Carl Fontana, Frank Rosolino (tied); tenor sax—Paul Quinichette; alto sax—Paul Desmond; baritone sax—Gerry Mulligan; clarinet—Tony Scott; piano—Billy Taylor; bass—Charlie Mingus, Red Mitchell (tied); guitar—Johnny Smith; drums—Art Blakey; vocals—Jackie Paris; female vocals—Annie Ross, Jeri Southern (tied).

New Style

Nashville—Grand Ole Opry star Minnie Pearl now has a new hair style, which she calls "The Haymow." Says that the most distinct advantage of it is that it can be combed with an eggbeater. Minnie says that when she announced she had just come from the beauty parlor, somebody said, "Too bad you didn't get wasted on."

Krupa 3 To Do Australia Tour

Chicago—The Gene Krupa trio will fly to Australia for an 11-day tour at the conclusion of its run at the Blue Note here, which ends Aug. 9.

Gene and the group will play seven concerts during the trip, including dates in Sidney, Brisbane, and Melbourne, and will be the feature act on a bill that will contain an accompanying big band and other acts.

The deal includes air transportation for personnel and equipment, in addition to contract prices.

Song Contest Information

Chicago—Patience!

Although the closing deadline for *Down Beat's* huge songwriting contest was July 1, the flood of entries that in the last week alone totaled more than 1,000 will make it impossible for judges to name winners for several weeks yet. We hope, however, to be able to name the winners in one of the September issues of the *Beat*.

Judges for the contest, as previously announced, are Hugo Winterhalter, RCA Victor; Paul Weston, Columbia; Art Talmadge, Mercury; Milt Gabler, Decca; Harry Myerson, MGM; Alan Livingston, Capitol; Julie Stearns, Broadcast Music, Inc.

Winning tune will be published by Broadcast Music, Inc., and will be guaranteed two recordings—by Ralph Marterie on Mercury and on Label "X" by an artist they feel best suited to the tune. The writers of the top three tunes chosen each will receive a Kelton Cambridge model console high fidelity set. In addition, Moonlight Music, Starlight Music, and Windy City Music each will publish one of the top 15 tunes.

Liberace Booked For Chi Festival

Chicago—In the first booking of a top pop recording star, the Chicagoland Music festival, has selected Liberace as the headliner of its silver anniversary show at Soldier Field here Aug. 21.

If the expected audience holds pace with former crowds there, the pianist-singer will appear before 80,000 or more customers, his largest audience to date. George Liberace will lead the 100-piece symphony orchestra that will accompany his brother.

Otto Harbach, veteran American librettist and former president of the American Society of Composers, Authors, & Publishers, will be the festival's guest of honor.

Point Of Odor

New York—The following press release is printed exactly as received:

"An unusual idea in record promotion has been effected for singing star Roger Coleman and his new Decca release, *L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour*. On July 12, this record will be distributed by field men to disc jockeys throughout the country with a gift bottle of *L'Amour Toujours* perfume. Understandably, the perfume will be passed along to wives and sweethearts; however, the fragrance will remain with each disc jockey because the records themselves are scented with the aroma of *L'Amour Toujours*. To complete the perfume motif, record shops and department stores are being encouraged to hold a national 'spin and squirt' day to herald Roger Coleman's *L'Amour Toujours L'Amour* release."

No comment. Absolutely no comment.

NBC Radio Pushes Orks

New York—NBC has taken a major step in revitalizing the radio dance band picture by starting a weekly series called *Hear America Swinging*, heard Fridays from 8 to 10 p.m. EDT on the network as well as locally. First show was aired July 2.

Initiated by Bob Wogan, formerly responsible for NBC's many late night band remotes, the show is divided into four segments. First half hour, called *Stars in Action*, is a pre-recorded show in cooperation with the National Guard, with Ben Grauer emceeing; featured on the first three shows were Ray Anthony, Patti Page, and Percy Faith. The second half hour is a live sustainer that may include remotes by Benny Goodman from Basin Street and other stars in top jazz spots.

The 9 to 9:30 slot is divided into two 15-minute segments from the Embers and Birdland respectively. The final portion is *All Star Parade of Bands* for the Treasury Dept., with Harry James, Les Brown, Louis Armstrong, and Sauter-Finegan lined up in the first four shows.

Big R & B Show Personnel Set

New York—Full personnel for the Gale Agency's touring rhythm and blues package has been set and includes Roy Hamilton, the Drifters, the Spaniels, the Counts, Erskine Hawkins, Rusty Bryant, Faye Adams, Laverne Baker, Big Maybelle, and King Pleasure.

Among the August dates are: Indianapolis (12), St. Louis (14), Tulsa (16), Oklahoma City (17), Dallas (18), Fort Worth (19), San Antonio (21), Houston (22), and New Orleans (23).

Pleis Tells 3 Factors In Hit Disc

New York—A quiet, unpublicized young expert is in charge of the music for all of Teresa Brewer's recording sessions. He also conducts and scores backgrounds for artists such as Don Cornell, Kitty Kallen and Karen Chandler (who is also his wife). The expert's name is Jack Pleis (rhymes with fleece), and he recently achieved the rare distinction of being music director for the two biggest selling records in the country—Kitty Kallen's *Little Things Mean a Lot* and the Four Aces' *Three Coins in the Fountain*. At 32, the former Benny Goodman pianist-arranger is music director and assistant a&r man at Decca records. In addition to conducting the orchestra for the record dates he handles, Jack is in charge of the arrangements, and does them all himself. He never farms out the writing assignments. With his kind of success in backing the winners, Jack's views on factors that make a hit record should be valuable.

Three Key Factors

"This may be a controversial statement," Pleis began, "but I would list the three key factors in the making of a hit in this order of importance: first, the song; second, the arrangement, and third, the artist and his or her rendition of the material. Obviously you can't make any set rules because there are exceptions to every rule, but if you look at the record, I feel you'll find this order of importance generally holds true.

"While it is a fact that some artists, like Como and Fisher, have so great a name value that almost everything they record becomes a big record, even artists of their stature have known dead periods until a particular tune and arrangement picked them up. With a new artist, the importance of a different kind of tune and a different kind of arrangement to hold the attention of the public is all the greater.

"As for the arrangements them-



Jack Pleis with his wife, singer Karen Chandler.

selves, just look at the arranging the successful artists get. Fisher's all have outstanding work by Hugo Winterhalter—with a different sound. Percy Faith is another example—his background on *Rags to Riches*, for instance, was very important. And Betty Madigan's *Joey* owes a lot to Joe Lipman's arrangement—nobody ever would have thought of doing a minuet-type styling. The thing is that besides the song, the arrangement, too, has to make people stop and listen.

Individualized Sound

"Then there are the individualized sound requirements in each arrangement. Each singer has a different style. Some have a pretty sound; some have a harsh sound; some can sing both soft and loud. A loud singer should be complemented with a full background while a soft vocalist works well with a nice string-and-woodwind background.

"In Teresa Brewer's case, brass and saxophones set her voice off best. We've never used any strings behind her. She has a driving sound and needs a solid background. With strings, her voice would sound overbalanced. Another kind of singer like Karen Chandler

can sing any type of number—ballads, show tunes, rhythm numbers. So the background for her varies with the type of number we select.

"Kitty Kallen is an illustration of how sometimes it takes a while to find the right background for a vocalist. On her first side for Decca, *A Little Lie*, we used brass and saxes, and they seemed to overpower the vocal. Then, *Are You Looking for a Sweetheart?* (which was the other side of the record and really sold it), we calmed down the backing.

It Was Prettier

"It was a prettier sound with reeds and brass, and the brass blew with cup mutes. They weren't loud. We were beginning to fall into a style. Then in Kitty's big one, *Little Things Mean a Lot*, we used strings with just a trumpet fill.

"As for the artist's place in making a hit," Pleis added, "a singer must have the kind of individual sound that makes it possible to tell who he or she is right away. All the top artists—Stafford, Como, Fisher—can't be mistaken for anyone else."

Pleis went on to give his explanation for the sales impact of vocal records in recent years as opposed to instrumentals. "The kids who buy records like to get dreamy when they listen. And when there's someone singing on the record, it feels as if that someone is singing to them."

Pleis hopes to continue indefinitely in his position of making listening to records dreamier for teenagers and lucrative for Decca. He also hopes to get a television show to write and conduct. (He did the Dinah Shore radio series from the coast before coming to Decca.) And also vital in Jack's plans is classical composition and symphonic conducting.

For the last year, the conductor for Teresa Brewer also has been studying classical conducting and composition with the famed teacher, Leon Barzin, conductor of the City Center Ballet orchestra and the National Orchestral association.

'Amos, Andy' To Be DJs

Hollywood—Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, the original "Amos 'n' Andy" team and now in their 26th year in radio, join the ranks of radio's platter chatter men soon.

Contract, one of largest of its kind financially, will put them on the CBS network Monday through Friday with a 25-minute program on which they will play records interspersed with dialogue delivered in the character roles they do in their weekly CBS airshow.

New Firm Forms To Film Bands

Hollywood—What promises to be the most extensive series of telefilms featuring dance bands and other musical units to date has been started here by Melvil Schlank, as operator of Tele-Music Associates, Inc.

Schlank has completed four half-hour band shows, two with Hal Stern and his 19-piece string ensemble, and two with Les Brown and band just before the latter took off on their summer tour. At writing, Schlank was negotiating with almost all major bandleaders working out of this territory. The series will be available to TV stations for release in the fall.

Hutton In 1st 'Spectacular'

New York—Max Liebman, who guided the now-defunct *Show of Shows*, is lining up talent and scripts for his fall and winter NBC-TV series of "spectaculars." Each show will last 1½ hours, and they'll be seen twice a month. Betty Hutton is scheduled to star on the first Sunday night "spectacular" Sept. 12.

Jeanmire who recently starred on Broadway in *The Girl in Pink Tights* will headline Liebman's first Saturday night color "spectacular" Sept. 25.

Radio & TV

How Do You Find Music In The Air?

By JACK MABLEY

Writing a column about music on radio and television is a paradox in itself. The broadcasting bands are simply not the place to turn for music. On radio if it isn't in the Top 10, it isn't played. Because of television this nation is growing a generation of children to whom melody means bridge music from *Captain Video*, mood music from *Ding Dong School*, or the 15-second aria played while persons try to guess the \$1,500 question on Groucho's show.

Music serves a more useful purpose for adult television. It is invaluable in signaling the approach of the commercial on *Studio One*, giving the alert viewer a head start toward the kitchen or whatever other room he utilizes while Miss Furness pushes ice boxes.

Television also finds music useful in setting the mood for stabbings, putting rhythm into hard-sell jingles, and providing an excuse for Mary Hartline to stand in front of a camera and shake.

It is for the simple reason that this garbage represents music to literally millions of Americans, particularly to youngsters, that it has to be treated seriously. There are more than 30,000,000 television sets in operation today.

Some sadistic statisticians say they can prove that 60 or 70 million citizens are immobilized in front of these machines, each for an average of more than 22 hours a week. Your average 5-year-old will give a blank stare if you ask him for *Three Blind Mice*. But feed him five notes of *Ajaz, the Foaming Cleanser*, and you'll get the entire Colgate Palmolive Peet line, in rhythm.

A publicitor for the Admiral Corp., in a statement which was pounced upon by most of the nation's newspapers, heralded the sale of the 26 or 27 millionth TV set, which meant there are more TV sets than bathtubs in our land.

There are more than 100,000,000 radio sets in existence in this country, which means there are more radios than beds. Radios almost outnumber people.

Television, or more explicitly, the broadcasting industry, has performed one service to the cause of decent music. Television has driven sensitive persons back to radio. Radio has quickly driven them to phonographs.

The simultaneous growth of television and hi-fi is more than coincidence. It takes about two years for the novelty of television to wear off a new set owner. After he flees back to radio, it takes about two weeks of the Top 10 and three sobs from Kitty Kallen to make him a ripe prospect for a hi-fi installation.

The thoughtful reader, by this time, may have detected a lack of enthusiasm for the treatment of music by the radio and television industries. It is a generalization, and like all generalizations, is unfair to some in this instance, some stations, and some individual programs.

If you live in New York or Chicago or in one of a few other large cities, you have access to stations, usually FM, which adhere to high musical standards.

Commercial AM stations are known to have in their employ men who recognize musical integrity and are allowed to play records which never made the Top 20 and never will. A good time to catch these programs is from 7 to 8 a.m. Sundays and almost any morning between 3 and 5 a.m. if the station happens to be an all-night station.

And television, too, has had musical programs. They may not be exactly to the tastes of every listener, but they were music.

There was Fred Waring—unfortunately off the air now; *Garroway-at-Large*, unfortunately off the air; *Voice of Firestone*, kicked off NBC but given a new home on ABC, and some network remote pickups of bands—unfortunately off the air now.

But there's always the NBC chime.

Nocturne Signs New Hines Ork

Hollywood—Earl Hines, veteran jazzman whose "new sound band" (*Down Beat*, July 14) has aroused some of the liveliest pro & con argument heard since the bebop movement of a few years ago, has recorded eight numbers with his new combo for Nocturne.

First release will be in the form of an LP made up largely of originals. Hines used the same unit he had at his "preview concert," and later at the *Crescendo*. It's a seven-piece format with two saxes, trumpet, and trombone and three rhythm, including numerous doubles in the front line. Main feature spots on the LP went to trombone Dickie Wells, Jerome Richardson (tenor, flute & vocals), and to Hines himself.

Jack Mabley

—will be writing a regular radio and TV column in *Down Beat* beginning with this issue. A columnist on the *Chicago Daily News* for the last 16 years, Mabley initiated the country's first newspaper television column in that publication in 1947. In addition, he served for three years as mid-west TV and radio editor of *The Billboard* before dropping those duties recently.

A man noted for his forthright (if sometimes incendiary) comments about shows and performers, Mabley long has been an admirer of popular music and jazz. "I turned to it," he says, "because my mother used to teach classical voice and piano and I had to go somewhere to get away from the screeching."

We think you'll enjoy reading Mabley's columns on these pages in every edition of *Down Beat*.

A&R Chief

New York—When the National Education association conference was held in New York recently, an astute reporter for the *World-Telegram*, Muriel Fischer, questioned an attractive lady from Montana, Mary M. Condon. Miss Condon, 36, is in her second term as elected state superintendent of instruction in that state, and is former dean of students at Eastern Montana Teachers college.

Mary Condon, the reporter learned, is the first cousin of another noted educator, Edward Condon, who has been dean of a number of students through the years in Chicago, and more recently, at his liberal arts campus in Greenwich Village. Mr. Condon believes in the progressive education rule of free expression.



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Vallee Offers LaRosa Tips From Experience

(Ed. Note: The following article appeared in the Boston Sunday Advertiser and is reprinted here with permission.)
By GEORGE CLARKE

Crowds of screaming bobby-soxers followed him wherever he went. It was worth his life to venture out of the theater where he was playing, despite the presence of special police details, assigned to keep the kids in order.



LaRosa Vallee

And when he appeared on the stage of the theater, the kids swarmed into the aisles, clamored for his attention, tried to climb over the footlights—yes, and really swooned away.

In at least one New York household all domestic work came to an abrupt halt at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when he was on the radio.

And a girl reporter, sent to interview him, returned to the office literally dizzy, bumping into desks and chairs, and mumbling:

"He's so marvelous! He's so wonderful!"

He engaged in a great controversy with another, then prominent on radio, and newspapers printed hundreds of columns about their differences.

Many Records

He made many records, and every one he made seemed to become a hit.

And he earned an enormous amount of money, probably more than had ever been made before by a performer in the same period of time.

The above, of course, could be written about Julius LaRosa, the Boy Wonder, who began a nine-

Payoff

Cincinnati — Phyllis McGuire of the Godfrey trio backs her hot arguments with cold cash. During her recent appearance on Leo Underhill's WCKY early morning show, the chat got to the subject of women allegedly not paying off their bets.

Phyllis bet Underhill that it would not rain that afternoon. She left town that same morning, but upon learning later that it had rained in Cincinnati that afternoon, she mailed Leo a check for \$2. She lost the bet, but won the argument.

his heyday. As LaRosa opened his engagement, Vallee also opened one the same night, at the Bradford Roof—but not to exactly the same kind of young crowd that once swooned for him.

Rudy knows exactly what is happening to Julius, because it happened to him. And if Julius can stay on top as long as Rudy, can make as much money, he will be a very lucky young man, indeed.

10 Precepts

So you ask Rudy for 10 commandments—10 precepts to hand over to his successor. And here they are, just as he wrote them himself in his Bradford suite, 10 precepts good for anyone who hopes to make it in show business.

1. Be honest with your public; be honest with yourself; and, above all, be yourself.
2. Vary your repertoire—keep your audience guessing.
3. Don't be upset by incapable musicians—you can surmount their mediocrity and, what's more important, the public will not be aware of the flaws if you deliver.
4. Don't let anyone talk you into material you don't really feel fits you.
5. Carry your own amplifying system. Don't punish your vocal cords on the antiquated public address systems you will find in some rooms. Sound is the life-line to your audience. It must be right in volume, treble and bass.
6. Your popularity depends upon originality in demeanor, delivery and interpretation—you can only rise above your competitors by outstanding differences.
7. Choose your handlers carefully, including your financial adviser, and particularly your booking agent, manager, all who work with you and guide you.
8. If you travel by car, equip it with seat belts. Some day you may thank me for your life!
9. If you're going to dissipate, remember that it won't show up until three days later—don't upset yourself three days before a critical performance.
10. Watch your step in all interviews unless you know your questioner—you can be crucified, particularly if you answer honestly, even more so if you declare yourself on controversial subjects—but say, what am I doing in sticking my neck out in penning these 10 commandments!

The commandments, signature and all, will be delivered to Julius promptly.

In passing, it should be added that Rudy has an enormous admiration for him, likes his singing, his looks, everything about him.

But he thinks Eddie Fisher is more like the Vallee that was.

Halloween we provide dance bands in towns and cities all over the country for teenagers. This has been a highly successful attempt to prevent the vandalism on the streets which usually takes place on Halloween.

Another entertainment project Rosenbaum considers of the utmost importance is the veterans hospital program. "I have spent about \$200,000 on buying musicians to play for the sick and crippled all over the country," he says.

"These concerts are given regularly and are greatly enjoyed by the boys. A most interesting example is our project a Green Hospital for Leprosy in Carville, La. We provide music for concerts and dances there. These activities make them feel they're still part of the world."

(The first of two articles.)

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

ONSTAGE: Porgy and Bess will be made into a film musical in Munich in March. Show will be shot in color, using the regular cast of the touring production, now in its third revival year... Stephen Douglass, Kaye Ballard, and Jack Whiting of The Golden Apple turned down agreed-on pay raises until show can meet the weekly overhead... Comic-singer-writer Jimmy Komack is in line for the comedy lead in Monte Proser's Good News for the fall... Johnny Mercer, Jay Livingston, and Ray Evans have contributed to the new Hollywood revue, This Is the Life. It may head east.

ENTERTAINMENT-IN-THE-ROUND: Lionel Hampton has been made an honorary life member of the Friars... There's an English report that Lena Horne has been asked by an independent British film company to have a leading role in a life story of Jelly Roll Morton, to be filmed in the south of France... Robert Clary is at the Village Vanguard and will remain for most of the summer... Richard Hayman is touring New England, Pennsylvania, and Ohio this month, while Boyd Raeburn is traveling through Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia... Nat Cole is at Lake Tahoe (the Cal-Vada Lodge) until Aug. 19. He'll be featured in a fall concert tour, details of which are not yet set.

JAZZ: Charlie Shavers replaced Ruby Braff in the Benny Goodman unit at Basin Street. Benny was reported enthusiastic about Ruby in the first rehearsal, but Ruby was previously committed to a Gloucester that would have made it unable for him to make all the following rehearsals... J. J. Johnson has left the regular day job he's had for some time to return to full-scale jazz. Gale Agency has been booking him as a single with other groups... Storyville cut a Teddi King album here with Jo Jones, Jimmy Jones, Milt Hinton and Ruby Braff. A Lee Wiley date for the same label was also held... Howard McGhee is at the Panama Club in Hyannis for the summer... Jean Thieleman, George Shearing's guitarist-harmonica player has signed a Columbia recording contract. He will stay with Shearing outside the studios... Cadence lining up a jazz roster. Already signed are Beryl Booker and pianist Don Shirley... Bob Parent, many of whose jazz portraits have appeared in Down Beat, will have an exhibition at the Caricature in the Village (McDougal Street). It'll be there all summer while other exhibits of his rotate elsewhere... Norman Granz's second concert group this fall will include Duke Ellington, Brubeck, and Mulligan... The Heat Wave in the Village was to open July 15 with a George Wetling band (including Bob Wilber) and the Salt City Five... Muggay Spanier is due there Aug. 5 for four weeks... Johnny Hodges at Basin Street for a week Aug. 3... Louis Armstrong comes in for a month the following Tuesday.

RECORDS, RADIO, AND TV: Trend records has signed Joe Mooney, and from the Les Brown band, Don Fagerquist and Ronnie Lang... Coral pacted Phil Moore discovery, Eileen Todd... Tony Curtis has been signed by Decca. Like Jeff Chandler, Tony is a teenage favorite on pictures, so why not on records, too?... Frankie Laine and the Four Lads cut a spirituals album for Columbia... Cleveland's rhythm and blues disc jockey, Allen Freed, has moved to WINS under a \$100,000 percentage-and-guarantee deal. Freed is working on a tape program for 40 cities, and will also tape a Cleveland radio show from New York. And he may go on tour with an r&b package.

CHICAGO

Gerry Mulligan's quartet will follow the current Gene Krupa trio-Barbara Carroll trio bill at the Blue Note, opening on Aug. 11 and remaining until Les Brown moves in for a week on the 18th... The Jackie Cain-Roy Kral duo and Eddie South's trio sharing honors at the Streamliner... And Al Morgan is back at the Preview.

Freddy Martin's ork moves to the Edgewater Beach hotel's Beachwalk early in August for a month-long stand... The Crew Cuts, riding high on their Crazy 'Bout You, Baby discing, provide the Chicago theater's first August fare... Singer Johnny Desmond, another in the line of showfolk whose hobbies include painting, will have some of his oils on display at Irv Benjamin's north side restaurant beginning Aug. 1.

Accordionist Leon Sash's trio continues at the St. James lounge, at 1037 Lawrence... Ann Sothorn brings her song and dance act to the Chez Paree as its next attraction... Howard Miller's television deejay interview show switches to WBBM-TV (Channel 2) starting Aug. 27, while Dirk Courtenay has inaugurated a similar-type venture on WGN-TV Sunday evenings... Top deejay Jim Lounsbury also spotted on TV regularly, on WGN's Bandstand Matinee.

Group of young local musicians holding swinging sessions Mondays and Tuesdays at the Sunset club (Wellington and Cicero). Usually on the scene are tenor saxist Andy Anderson, pianist Red Hansen, drummer Dick Hoening, the talented Gene Eposito on piano and trumpet, and Billy Gaeto, drums... Singer-pianist Buddy Charles going into his fifth month at the Biarritz... Jan Garber's ork set to spend most of next month at Melody Mill ballroom... Local musicians still wondering when the sides Coral cut last spring with accomplished studio trumpeter Don Jacoby and a string section are to be released. Those who were there are still ecstatic about the session.

HOLLYWOOD

DANCE BEAT: Jerry Gray on deck at Palladium to follow Harry James Aug. 3, with openings switched back to Tuesdays to coincide with Palladium's new weekly series of bandstand telecasts. Buddy Morrow (Aug. 24) and Woody Herman (Sept. 14) next in line... Les Brown band, before heading out on tour, backed Bing Crosby in two sides for Decca. First BC platters in years without backing of John Scott Trotter studio ork. Crosby said he just wanted something with "dance band feel" for change of pace.

SUPPER SPOTTINGS: Skinnay Ennis back on stand at Statler's Terrace room with opening of Celeste Holm... Los Chavales de Espana (The Kids from Spain), combination of band & show that drew tough assignment of following Eddie Fisher at Coconut Grove, where Fisher broke all attendance records, registered a solid hit and held for eight weeks... Eartha Kitt hotter than ever in her third appearance at Mocambo this typing... Wiere Brothers, fine fiddlers who have the greatest of comedy musical acts, were slated to headline new show at Biltmore hotel's Bowl, where Hal Derwin house ork is tied as tightly as the bandstand.

DOTTED NOTES: Mel Henke trio (with Bill Newman, guitar; Bob Reed, bass), currently at Lindy's, drew big salute from Daily News jazz columnist Bill Brown... Lennie Niehaus, alto playing composer-arranger hailed by many as brightest star among the exponents of the new "Hollywood Jazz" school (like Brubeck he's an academy trained musician), signed an exclusive with Contemporary... Horace

(Turn to Page 20)

Rosenbaum, Music Trust Fund Chief, Gives Free, Live Music To Millions

By HANNAH ALTBUSH

New York—Samuel R. Rosenbaum, trustee of the Music Performance Trust fund, provides free, live music to millions of persons throughout the United States, Canada, Alaska, and Hawaii. He spends approximately \$150,000 a month on musicians. Rosenbaum has been in charge of the fund since 1948. The fund has been in existence since 1945 when it was called the Recording and Transcription fund.

It was created when record manufacturers decided to pay the American Federation of Musicians royalties on all record and transcription sales. The proceeds were to be used for employment of musicians.



Rosenbaum

This decision ended the AFM ban on recordings, in effect since 1942 when the union protested the increasing commercial use of recordings for profit. The AFM contended that mechanical devices such as jukeboxes deprived its members of employment, and the union thereupon prohibited its members from making records. The companies' offer of record royalties to provide more jobs for musicians was accepted by the union, and the strike ended.

The Taft-Hartley law stopped these payments by manufacturers to the federation at the end of 1947. The making of new records again was discontinued, this time until December, 1948, when a new fund was created and Rosenbaum was named as impartial trustee.

Type Of Performances

Rosenbaum's expenditures are for symphonic and chamber music performances; performances of an entertainment or therapeutic nature in hospitals or institutions; and dances for youths and other groups, including personnel in the

armed services, in hospitals, towns, and camps.

The remaining allocations go for civic and educational performances which include music for cultural purposes as well as music for national and local patriotic and community celebrations and charity drives.

Approximately three-fourths of the trust fund projects come under the heading of entertainment. Rosenbaum, a former director of the Philadelphia Orchestra association, explains the reason for the preponderance of entertainment programs by pointing out:

"While my personal taste may happen to run more to music of symphonic quality, I take the position that 'good music' may be 'popular' as well as 'classical', and that to render a rounded public service, it must be recognized that folk music, dance music and 'popular' music in all its forms are an important part of the culture of a nation. And it is this national culture which I am bound, under the trust indenture, to increase the public knowledge and appreciation of."

Emphasis-Cited

"The emphasis must, at all times, be on quality of performance, on rendering a service to the public, and on making a contribution to the cause of music in all its forms as a part of the national culture."

Rosenbaum is particularly proud of that part of the fund's entertainment program concerned with combating juvenile delinquency. With the co-operation of local chapters of service clubs, he provides popular dance music in playgrounds, high schools and, summer camps.

"It keeps them out of jukebox joints and off the streets," Rosenbaum explains. "For example, on

Caught In The Act

Paul Winchell, Monica Lewis, Hamilton Trio; Chez Paree, Chicago

Paul Winchell is out to meet the people—that is, the viewers who have been watching him cavort on television for the last six years, and for this in-person tour, he has put together an interesting and entertaining act which should accomplish the job.

Actually, the Chez Paree gambled with this booking, for the Winchell appeal was considered largely among the younger generation, but the fact that he is an accomplished showman, one of the best ventriloquists around, and has a good solid act has kept business coming throughout the run.

Winchell relies to a great extent on music in his act, with his dummies and himself handling the lyrics. Too, he works with a new wireless mike, tucked snugly in his breast pocket, allowing him complete freedom of movement throughout his stint. His television gimmick of using a live person, unseen except for the hands, with the Jerry Mahoney character, is cleverly worked out for the nitery turn and gets a big hand.

After watching this act, and comparing it with the Winchell of

some six years ago, it must be noted that here is a young man who is extremely versatile, who has learned his lessons well, and who should continue to do the live turns, for he can keep up with the best of the talent now making the cafe circuit.

The Bob Hamilton trio, best known for its work on the NBC-TV *Show of Shows* series, proved a real sleeper on this bill, stopping the show cold. Guy is one of the best dancers around, and the two girls backing him are also excellent. The troupe did four numbers, closing with *Crazy, Man, Crazy*, and then did speaking parts throughout the Winchell turn.

Monica Lewis is no stranger to Chicago. Monica, who has done movie and record work since her last stand here, does an adequate job with her deuce spot on the bill, handling some half-dozen tunes before bowing off. Her accompanist, Jacques Kelly, came in for plenty of attention himself with his piano work during her stand.

Brian Farnon and his band handled the show and the dance sets in excellent fashion. —weiser

Patti Andrews; Hotel Last Frontier, Las Vegas

Billed as the surprise act of the season, vivacious Patti Andrews lived up to the advance buildup as she starred in the Ramona room of the Last Frontier. Opening with a vocal version of the old Goodman standard, *Sing, Sing, Sing*, Patti took the audience by storm and led them through several clever special material type numbers. There was, of course, a medley of Andrews Sisters hits from through the years which had the crowd clamoring for more; and Patti's flair for comedy was ably displayed in a number called *Hawaii*. A swinging two-beat rendition of *South Rampart Street Parade* wound things

up, and another top rate single act was added to show business.

Patti's husband, Wally Weschier, was featured at the keyboard throughout the act, also acting as a foil for Patti's fast repartee. Mr. W. also contributed the excellent arrangements, which were played in fine fashion by Garwood Van and his orchestra.

Also on the bill were the slapstick comedy acrobatics of the Honey Brothers and the rather tired comedy routines of Frank Fontaine. The Frontier Lovelies walked through a couple of routines and did much to enhance the decor of the room. —henry lowy

Oscar Peterson Trio, Gerry Mulligan Quartet, Illinois Jacquet; Basin Street, New York

The Oscar Peterson trio served as a double object lesson to its partners in this diversified triple bill. There were many numbers when Oscar's unit was fully as subtle and graceful as Mulligan's, but Oscar was also cognizant, as Mulligan was not, of the importance of a full-ranged change of pace and dynamics throughout his sets. Oscar, furthermore, always communicated a warmth and swinging intensity that Mulligan's air-conditioned approach too often lacked.

Jacquet, on the other hand, confused frantic exhibitionism with intensity. Oscar, no matter how intensely warm his music became, was constantly relaxed. Jacquet, rather than playing his horn as well he potentially can, was instead overplaying the audience. It may make showmanship sense, but it surely leads to shoddy music.

Returning to the Peterson trio, it has become superfluous to note all the skilled attributes that make Ray Brown one of the steadily outstanding bassists of this generation. Herb Ellis has continued to improve as the vital third member of the interplaying ensemble. Herb has gained confidence, and can swing serenely through a chorus of *Air Mail Special* while with equal ease, he's able to unfold the gentle lines of Django Reinhardt's *Les Nuages*.

It should be noted that Oscar, unlike several trio leaders of past and present, gives his associates ample feature space and frequently

announces who they are. Herb and Ray reciprocate by complementing Oscar not only with imaginative taste, but in the ensemble, they back him with a combined firmly rich sound that must make Oscar feel sometimes as if he's floating.

Oscar himself keeps on growing. The way he builds a multi-colored *Continental* in an impressively tasteful arrangement of dynamics is a most pleasurable listening experience. His *Funny Valentine* is a softly tender mood-setter but like everything else he does, it has strength, too. Then there is the charming Peterson original, *Norcen's Nocturne*, and an earthily moving and humorous *Pompton Turnpike*. Oscar sings on occasion, too. His voice is pleasant.

The Mulligan quartet (Frank Isoia, Red Mitchell, and new trumpeter Tony Fruscella) are all first-rate musicians. Fruscella, still too new with the group to be entirely judged yet in its context, has a Baker-like approach to his horn, though I'm told that he developed the style independently over a period of years. Anyway, he plays with careful restraint and limpid, but limited-range taste. And that's true of the quartet as a whole. They move, but they move within a narrow compass as if repeating a skillful but fragilely formal ritual each evening. I had the feeling that one fanfare from Roy Eldridge could blow them all away into the land of Xanadu.

Nothing short of a typhoon, however, could blow Mr. Jacquet away. —nat

Jean Darling; Shelton Corners, NYC

You don't have to have a microphone to ruin your act—but it helps.

Jean Darling, making her first night club single stint since she scored her big hit in *Carousel* a few years ago, illustrated the point unwillingly. Though she has a big, four-octave voice of musical comedy dimensions and feels comfortable working without a mike, the management insisted on that amplified sound.

This not only changed her na-

tural quality unnecessarily but also restricted her physical movements, and Miss Darling, with her stage background, likes to move around and dramatize her songs.

Nevertheless, she did well here. A tall and attractive blonde, she concentrated on show tunes (including of course, a *Carousel* medley) and indicated that she'll make a nice night club bet—AC, DC or No-C. —len

PERSPECTIVES

By Ralph J. Gleason

There were four acts in San Francisco in June and July which I think point out some interesting things about the entire entertainment business today.

They were Peggy Lee, Nat Cole, Pee Wee Hunt, and Count Basie.

Now Peggy, whatever else she has been, has never been the singer half a dozen other gals in jazz have been. She's a good singer, her best things have been the soft and sentimental songs and, for contrast, the semi-funky blues like *Why Don't You Do Right?*

Never Figured

Personally, I would never have figured her to be a top act on the Fairmont hotel circuit off her performances with Goodman and her records. But she is. She is, as I think Mr. Leonard, the Mighty Fine Feather of New York has said, simply sensational. The reasons she is are the staging of her act, the fact that she attempts nothing she cannot do, the accompaniment she uses, and the fact that everything is organized to present her vocal and visual virtues in the best possible showcase. Without this, she would be just another singer.

Nat Cole, of course, is the perfect amalgamation of commercial-

ism and musical integrity. Whatever he does is in taste, is of high standard and, because of his own natural, unpracticed, and honest warmth, it reaches people. He is the greatest ballad singer of our time and one of the great performers of all time.

Now both of these entertainers have become big record stars and are now, after some years, on the same rung of show business as the Sophie Tuckers and the Ted Lewises. They can go on forever. And they will. They are the new look in show business. The rising generation knows them from records, the older generation appreciates, their showmanship, and it is only a question of time before they are the TOP entertainers on any circuit. Thus have records and jazz and youth come of age. They have become the expression of our times.

Something Else

Now as to Pee Wee and the Count you have something else. The Count hasn't had a record in

Jazz Feature Filmed In N. Y.

New York—That rarity, an authentic jazz movie, is due to open at one of New York's midtown art theaters, The Paris, early in September.

Titled *Jazz Dance*, the featurette will be paired with Vittorio DeSica's prize winning (Europe) *Bread, Love, and Dreams*. Produced and directed by Roger Tilton on the spot at one of the unique Central Plaza concert-dances, the film depicts the high degree of emotional impact generated by unrestrained Dixieland jazz. Band consists of Jimmy McPartland, leader and trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Willie (The Lion) Smith, piano; George Wetling, drums; Jimmy Archey, trombone, and Pops Foster, bass.

years that made any real money, yet his band is so wonderful. So great and so exciting that it drew capacity crowds into the Downbeat every night for a week, and on Saturday night, I'd have been glad for 10 per cent of the door alone.

This band should not be put down for not having soloists; Joe Newman, for one is capable of standing up against anyone. And in Charlie Folwkes and Benny Powell, Count may have a pair of guys who will emerge as stars of the future. His two tenor men will grow, too. But it is the band, as a band, that does it. The joint was jammed and the word of mouth was terrific. Everybody liked it. Apparently you don't have to have hit records to make it in San Francisco.

Right after Count, Pee Wee Hunt, riding high on the crest of *San Oh, The Vamp*, and the fabulous *12th Street Rag*, came in. If records meant it all, Pee Wee should have broken all of them. But he didn't. In fact, there have seldom been such slender nights at the club. The people who buy his records don't want to come out to see him, apparently. The jazz fans, and this was sold and bought as a Dixieland jazz unit, will have no part of him, since he is really a spurious Dixieland group, a novelty band in essence.

He is an utterly charming guy, a good trombone player, and a facile emcee. But the group was misplaced. So maybe a \$ million seller isn't enough. It's certainly no guarantee of a full house in a night club.



WHEN EDDIE FISHER made his first appearance at L. A.'s Coconut Grove recently, a 10-day run in which he broke all attendance records, he not only drew the largest number of teenagers the Grove had ever seen but found he also had a following among Hollywood movie folk. Here is Eddie at a reception given for him by songwriter Jimmy McHugh (right), with guests Pier Angeli and Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Mr. Accordion

Dick Contino

at the Flamingo, Las Vegas
July 29 thru August 18



LATEST

MERCURY RECORD

RELEASE:

SQUEEZE BOX BOOGIE

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LADY OF SPAIN

Personal Management:
LEONARD ROY

Record promotion
BUDDY BASCH

The Hollywood Beat

Movie Producer Derides Record Firms' Practices

By HAL HOLLY

Hollywood—Maybe you never noticed, but the film industry and the music business have been barely on speaking terms for the past several years, though of late, what with music becoming more and more important as an industry, and the filmsters fighting to stay in business, relations have begun to improve.

Take a look at that list of Academy Award-winning songs that appeared in *Down Beat's* June 30 issue. Notice that up until recent years, the Oscar winners were songs of comparatively high quality, songs like *Over the Rainbow*, and others that have become standards. During the '30s, songwriters like Rainger & Robin, Warren & Dubin, Gordon & Ravel, never failed to ring up one or more smash hits every time they turned in a set of songs for a film musical. Nowadays it is rare for a movie song to make the so-called "Top

Ten."

We mentioned this casually to a prominent producer who makes most of the musical pictures at his studio. He blew off, but big. In fact he blew wide open. His comment went something like this:

A. & R. Men Please Note
"In the old days, the music business was controlled by publishers. They could recognize a good song when they heard one. When a publisher picked a good song and launched it with proper exploitation, its success was a foregone conclusion. Today your music business is controlled by a bunch of overpaid office boys who sit in

Solved

New York—Said the interviewer to the jazzman: "What are your plans for the summer?"

"Well, we'd like to stay in New York as much as possible."
"Won't that be difficult since there are just a few modern jazz clubs operating? How are you going to do it?"
"Easy, just don't work."

fancy offices at the record companies and like to be called a. & r. (artist and repertoire) men. They might just as well be spending their time at the track, because they live on luck, and luck alone—from one *Doggie in the Window* to the next.

Some piece of trash that will sell a million records in three months—a million records that won't be worth a junkman's trouble to haul away after the song is dead.

"Under this crazy setup a film songwriter may turn out a truly great song, and if one of these self-styled boy geniuses doesn't select it to be recorded by some phony 'vocal stylist,' backed by a gimmicked-up arrangement, the song never gets off the publisher's shelf. That's why we now almost always include one or more standards—something these fellows can't kill—in our film musicals."

Could he be quoted? We asked hopefully.

"HEAVENS, NO! We'd NEVER get another song from one of our pictures recorded by ANYONE!"

Well, that's what the man tossed us. Anyone want to grab the ball and run it back?

ON THE SOUNDTRACK: Jimmy Maddin, Ray Bolger's blues-blowing protege, drew a bit in *No Business Like Show Business* (Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey, Mitzi Gaynor, Donald O'Connor, Johnnie Ray). Between shots Jimmy, Dan, and Johnnie set the set on end jamming away on alto, drums, and piano—respectively and respectfully. . . . June (Mrs. Billy) Eckstine, whose marital affairs haven't been in headlines for some time now, joined cast of *Carmen Jones* (Harry Belafonte, Dorothy Dandridge, Pearl Bailey, Olga James, Joe Adams, Max Roach). . . . Columbia producer Jonie Taps is looking for a girl singer with some solid-selling platters to her credit to play the feminine lead in his next Frankie Laine starrer. He'll be glad to have suggestions from record fans. Write him c/o this column.

Singer Kay Armen tested for a role in *Hit the Deck* (Vic Damone, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, Tony Martin, Ann Miller). . . . Johnny Johnston and Todd Duncan, both singers, signed for "straight" roles in *Indie Hall Bartlett's* *Unchained*, much of which will be shot at a California penal institution. Background score by Alex North. . . . Small (or large) jazz labels with versions of *There'll Be Some Changes Made* should get ready to plug them. Song is get-

Filmland Up Beat

DOWN BEAT



GOLD RECORDS usually go to singers whose records hit sales marks, but here one goes to L. A. radio station KFI's Andy Mansfield as winner of the Westlake Music college 1954 award for Best Radio Program of Recorded Popular Music. That's Andy at left receiving the platter from Westlake's Director Alvin L. Learned. A flock of Hollywood's music-conscious celebrities who listen to Andy's shows turned out for the presentation. In this photo you can spot Jeri Southern, Stan Kenton, Gloria DeHaven, and a little-known singer named Jeff Chandler.

ting a revival shot via latest Shelley Winters starrer, *Playgirl*. . . . The boys who know, say film studio composers should be known as studio composers.

JAZZ NOTES: Red Norvo trio into the Tiffany club July 16. And this time Red hopes to be able to settle down in his Santa Monica home with his family for keeps. . . . Joe Castro (Doris Duke's favorite pianist—and boyfriend) has ace trio at Fairchild's, with Harry Babasin, bass; Chico Hamilton, drums;—Geordie Hormel (piano) trio, with Barney Kessel, guitar; Iggy Shevak, bass at Captain's Table this typing. The family meat millions must be a handicap for Geordie, or he would be bigger in music. He has imagination, a lively, marketable vocal style—and while he doesn't play a terrific piano, notice the caliber of the musicians he always uses on his records or nitery dates. . . . We hear Ted Fio Rito is going back to appear at that Newport Jazz Festival. Why?

ADDED NOTES: Leo Guild writes a good column in a local trade sheet—but he should know that the term "Negress" is distasteful. . . . Crawford Music Co. of Beverly Hills now operates its own FM station here, KCBH. Almost no commercials, and oh, boy! no "disc jockeys"! But the diet of all-classical music is just a bit too heavy. Why abstain 100 per cent from America's great show music by writers like Kern, Rodgers, Porter, Schwartz?

Overheard in the Vine Street baffle: "The only honest artists left in the music business are Homer & Jethro. All the rest, from Eddie Condon to Stan Kenton, are either kidding themselves or kidding the public."

Abbott Records Sends Out Tour

Hollywood—The Abbott-Fabor record company, the coast's dual label firm featuring western artists, is putting a "String Music Show" on the road this month as part of its exploitation campaign. The unit, comprised 100 per cent of Abbott-Fabor recording talent, is headed by Jim Reeves, Ginny Wright, the brother-sister team of Jim Edward Brown and Maxine Brown, and several other Abbott-Fabor artists.

Unit was to open July 19 at California's Baldwin park Barn Dance, and after covering several western states, will be in the south to appear on the *Louisiana Hayride* radio show Aug. 19.

Hollywood Telenotes

Hollywood Palladium on TV again, this time with a weekly (Tuesdays, 10-11 p.m.) bandstand teleseries via KTLA, whose top man, Klaus Landsberg, made history here with successful TV shows featuring bands under Ina Ray Hutton. Lawrence Welk, Spade Cooley, Leighton Noble. New Palladium show was launched by Jan Garber, with Harry James taking over July 13.

Gordon Polk, erstwhile Tommy Dorsey singer, emerging as promising new video personality as feature of the *Al Donahue Show* from Santa Monica ballroom (KABC, Fridays, 9:30-10:30 p.m.).

Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys subbing for Jimmy Wakely troupe on Wakely's show from Riverside Rancho (KCOP, Wednesdays, 9-10 p.m.) while Wakely is on a series of one-niters in the East.

Rhythm & Blues show launched via KTTV got off to what looked like a good start as TV entertainment (with good reviews) but folded when it was discovered sponsorship contracts had been forged by an ambitious promoter who hoped to snag bona fied backer after show was on the air.

Laughton Staging Belafonte Tour

New York—After finishing his work in the Otto Preminger filming of *Carmen Jones*, Harry Belafonte will start preparations for a six-month coast-to-coast tour to begin this fall. The tour is under the aegis of Paul Gregory. Belafonte will present *An Evening of Negro Folklore and Music*, to be staged by Charles Laughton.

According to the *New York Herald-Tribune*: "Mr. Gregory is now negotiating with the Governors of the Southern states to permit Belafonte to enter state penitentiaries and road camps, and tape record songs which the prisoners sang in their youth."

New Army Show

New York—*Soldier Parade*, a new musical variety hour presenting leading professional entertainers from the ranks of the army, has been inaugurated on ABC-TV (Wednesdays, 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., EDT). Arlene Francis is hostess, and guest stars are also on hand.

With Gibson Strings

With Gibson Strings



THIS SQUARE DOUBLES...

...but not for scale! He "doubles" by spending as much time fixing his off-brand instrument as playing it. Things would be different, if he owned a C-B clarinet, flute or piccolo. C-B's are famous for trouble-free performance.

AMERICAN MADE...FINEST MADE

Just ask your dealer—**CUNDY-BETTONEY**
Hyde Park 36, Boston, Mass.

Las Vegas

(Jumped from Page 1)

The Block 16 fleshpots, thereby helping to create many a fortune for what were to become the future Vegas haute monde.

That early period "Strip" on North First Street, now Skid Row, was one of the liveliest areas in the west. The joints were jumping—Nevada Bar, Golden Camel, Tivoli, and LaSalle. There was not even one hint of a depression. The town was loaded every Saturday night with working men from Boulder Dam. For several years, the moola clinked and clanged cash registers making fine music. During the mid-'30s, when the Apache Hotel became the glamor hangout and dancing girls kicked up their gams at the Barrel House, the carny spirit entered that section of Fremont Street and never left.

'Wide-Open' Era Dawns

The new decade brought Boulder Dam, wide-open gambling, and the six-week divorce law. Money was more plentiful around the state than at any other time since the historic Comstock days in Virginia City. The population of Nevada was 91,058, including 4,871 Indians.

In 1931, the American Federation of Musicians became represented in Las Vegas, listing one Jack Tenney in the original charter membership of 22. Musicians were paid \$3 or \$5 tops. "Cardboard" clubs along the Boulder Dam highway shot up overnight to take care of workers' thirst and desire to gamble. The bigger and more permanently erected Railroad Pass Casino, Yucca Club and The Meadows engaged the better combos among the handful of local musicians. The Meadows, built by Tony Cornero, former rum runner and gambling-ship owner, was one of the first lavish resorts, importing some fairly well-known name acts from off the west coast vaude circuits.

Legendary Figure

One of the legendary Las Vegas figures is P. O. Silvagni, who left Utah to sink quite a bundle in putting up the Apache Hotel. He appointed the place very well and for almost 10 years after the grand opening in 1935, the Apache kept up its rep as a leading luxury hotel in town, aided by a gambling casino and surprisingly good floor shows.

At the same time of the Apache bow, Clyde Zerby, a former vaudeville performer, promoted the Elks into putting on a typical frontier celebration. The town of 7,000 was still in the country-and-western aspect of its evolution, and the first of the annual "Hellorado" hooplas got off to a good start. Now, the resort hotels and casinos spend thousands of dollars on elaborate floats, the whole shebang is filmed for television, and the rodeo attracts the best riders and busters in the country.

Western Aura Fades

Two years ago saw the last of the "western" acts booked into the hotels to honor "Hellorado." Although a fair amount of tourists are intrigued by the parades, rodeo, Kangaroo Kourt, and assorted shennanigans, they seem to crave sophistication and ultramodern shows flashing noted headliners sans Nashville backgrounds. The three G's rule the Strip roost—gambling, glamor, and gals.

One of the stories floating around has the esteemed hotelier Tom Hull stopped with a flat tire on Highway 91 four miles from downtown in the year 1938. He looks across the vast expanse of desert and gets a vision, a la a Warner's or Metro scenario. "What a spot for a resort hotel!" runs the dialogue. "By gad, I'll build it whether or no!" With chin grimly jutting, he smacks his open palm with flat. And that's the tale of how El Rancho Vegas allegedly got its start. No one ever reported whether he got the tire fixed.

First Big Pleasure Dome

But Hull did find the loot to put up the first big pleasure dome 'way on the outskirts of town. El Rancho Vegas was a deluxe motel-casino at first. During the war, when the gunnery school was established in Vegas by the army, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation lent El Rancho enough to build a batch of bungalows on the sprawling acreage. They are still there, many owners and decorators later.

So began another decade which wound up in putting Las Vegas on the map for good, withal creating a sort of delightfully sinful atmosphere accompanied by a flamboyant *laissez-faire* attitude. All this was supported by seemingly endless stacks of silver and chips donated by a public madly in pursuit of the local mirage—endless passes and no crapping out.

With El Rancho a going concern supporting a show policy backed

by imported name and semi-name bands (Jimmy Dorsey played the hotel and later recorded a jump tune for Decca entitled "El Rancho Vegas"), the Los Angeles to Las Vegas highway came into focus.

Last Frontier Bows

Further south on the site of the 91 Club, Texas movie chain operator R. E. Griffith threw caution to the desert whirlwinds and began constructing the Last Frontier. His son-in-law, William Moore, Jr., was the architect. He carried on after Griffith's death a few years later, guiding the destinies of that colorful hotel, and becoming a big man in town and in the state.

But, back in 1941 townspeople were clucking tongues at the new huge resort hotel going up in the wasteland. "The town just can't stand another," was the comment. Shortly before Pearl Harbor, the Last Frontier opened with a big to-do and went on flourishing nicely to upset all predictions from downtowners.

Rustic, But Modern

Both the El Rancho and Last Frontier were rustic in design, but the rooms were well furnished, a fact which prompted the Last Frontier to hoist a slogan above the porch beams: "The Early West in Modern Splendor." Each spot had show budgets that were in comparison with current coin outlays, fantastically low.

Back in '41 a production in many ways satisfactory enough to lure customers into the casinos, could be presented for less than \$2,500 a week. A special holiday extravaganza with name headliner, dance team, flash act, line of a few femmes, and house band could make it for around \$5,000 a week!

Vegas' 66 Tootlers

In 1942, the musicians local had 66 members working part time or filling vacancies in travelling bands when some of those cats got fed up with the desert heat or gambling losses and blew town. Some were pianists or organists doing a single-o, and quite a few members were organized into units for weekend gigs in the many downtowns or outlying bars.

When war was declared, the lachrymose ones in town were sure that the pleasure days were over. Gamblers became uneasy fearing the fate of their newly-wrought nirvana. Fears were short-lived, however, for the war years not only zoomed profits in town, what with the army gunnery school and



CHARLIE BARNETT'S combo at El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas included pianist Bob Harrington; bassist Ralph Penna; Charlie on tenor sax; drummer Artie Anton, and trumpeter Buddy Childers.

the labor battalion working at the huge Basic Magnesium plant in nearby Henderson, but the hotels and joints became filled with even more frantic dice rollers, roulette wheelers, blackjackers, and slot machine exercisers.

Closed Corporation

Three years before, six well-heeled gentlemen found sanctuary in Vegas when Mayor Frank Shaw was voted out in Los Angeles and reformist Fletcher Bowron took over. Guy McAfee, Tutor Scherer, Farmer Page, Chuck Addison, Bill

Curland, and Jake Kattelman became bonafide "business" men while operating their gambling enterprises without protection handouts.

They bought property and sunk money into several casinos around town. McAfee, a former L. A. vice squad member, had exited that arm of the law to become gambling kingpin in southern California. He and his cohorts managed to keep things controlled on the coast and fairly free from influential eastern gangsters.

(Continued on next page)



MUSIC THAT CHARMS

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Gratefully,
Sunny Gale

Las Vegas

(Jumped from Page 6)

While not exactly babes in the Vegas political woods, they nevertheless did not control setups in southern Nevada enough to keep out Benny Siegel, Benny, or "Buggsy," with his advance man, Moe Sedway, had eased Vegas for some time. Moe took over the Eldorado Club race book and ran the Siegel wire service into other spots. He and Buggsy broke their palship because Sedway like to dabble openly in local politics and Siegel's credo, immense ego notwithstanding, urged shadowy background maneuverings.

After Sedway's groundwork, the time was ripe for Buggsy to move in and become the gambling lord of Vegas with his plans for the \$1,500,000 Flamingo Hotel. He bumped the job, ran into war restriction, was forced to buy building materials on the black market. His eastern hood pals to whom he had sold "stock" and whom he had touched time and again for additional funds, were quite irked when the Flamingo opened on Christmas day, 1946, at a cost of more than \$6,000,000.

Big-Budget Shows

Siegel paid little attention to his critics, but put out princely sums for his shows. The highly-touted opening, with Jimmy Durante, Rose Marie, and Xavier Cugat's ork, was a big deal seven years ago. It would be quite a normal

booking these days!

When Local 369 passed the six-day law for musicians along about this time and raised wages to \$90 per week for Class A spots, Siegel stormed into the union office and almost committed mayhem. He didn't care a hoot about the raise—the law forced one of his main attractions, Xavier Cugat, into taking dance sets off while a local relief band took over!

The terrible Siegel temper forced no 369ers into cowed subjection. They were adamant and the law and pay scale remained as voted. Which reminds business agent, Bob Calkins, of the late Moe Sedway who came back into the Flamingo after Buggsy was long gone, and who was, says Calkins, the only gambling boss in town in full agreement with musicians demands then and until he died. In the current hassle which finds the musicians demanding a 25% increase and operators laying off all local men in favor of travelling "name" bands, Sedway would be their only ally, Calkins claims.

Flamingo Didn't Make It

The Flamingo didn't make it with Las Vegas after the double opening (the casino and nitery at Christmas, 1946, and the hotel in March 1947.) No one liked Siegel with his reputed gangland backers. Not until long after Buggsy's unlamented and mysterious demise (via a shotgun blast in friend Virginia Hill's Beverly Hills manse) and new combine with Gus Greenbaum at the helm did the public begin to patronize the big green

blockhouse at the Strip's end.

The following months of 1947 saw more building activity on the Strip, with Marian Hicks' Thunderbird taking shape. Hicks was bossman of the downtown El Cortez, which, during the war was right up there with the Nevada Biltmore, and the Apache as a leading hotspot showcasing top headliners and bands.

Downtown's Last Big One

These were the last of the downtown caravansaries ever to challenge the lead of the Strip hotel-casinos. After Hicks sold the El Cortez he brought in lawyer Clifford Jones (lieutenant governor of the state), plus southern California money and opened the latest Strip hotel. Everyone concerned almost saw the 'Bird fly into bankruptcy the first night when all the high rollers in town descended upon the casino for that old Vegas custom, the "courtesy" play. Hicks had to borrow over \$100,000 the next ayem in order to keep his tables moving.

Booked Many 'Firsts'

The Thunderbird booked many "firsts" to establish a rep for starmaking. Frankie Laine, Kay Starr, Mindy Carson, Rosemary Clooney, Patti Page all played this nitery for comparatively small checks during the early years of its operation. Now, the 'Bird frankly refuses to shell out the exorbitant loot for the same stars, still preferring to bring in lesser knowns, but perhaps of no lesser potential.

This spot also pioneered in the presentation of big band jazz concerts. Duke Ellington, Ray Anthony, Billy May, Sauter-Finegan are leaders who successfully put their sidemen through excellent concerts to make the offbeat-for-Vegas entertainment a real kick.

Wilbur Clark Arrives

To many innocents at home and abroad, the name of Wilbur Clark is synonymous with Las Vegas. This enterprising guy from Illinois hitchhiked to San Diego, ran elevators and bells in the Knickerbocker Hotel, bought some cocktail lounges with tip money and other backing, running his investments into fairly big dough. He made a fling with Tony Cornero in the ill-fated gambling ship deal off the southern California coast, but managed to recoup his losses in Las Vegas. He bought the El Rancho Vegas in 1944 and built the Monte Carlo, the first plush casino on Fremont Street, then sold both in 1946 to open the lavish Players



THE MARY KAYE trio, appearing at the Hotel Last Frontier in Vegas, keeps things jumping there nightly. Here is the group, with Frank Hodac on drums assisting Frankie Ross, Mary, and Norman Kaye.

Club across from the Last Frontier. All the while, he planned his Desert Inn, a dream hotel to outdistance all others in the deluxe department. His purchase of 16 Strip acres for \$75,000 was a big sum then, but is spoken of today as a downright "steal."

Early Backing Came Hard

Out of all the glittering symbols of Las Vegas fortune, the localite will point to this Bermuda pink rambling spa and say: "If only I had known then what I know now." Clark needed backing desperately for his Desert Inn. For months during 1949, he pleaded in vain around town. His entire bankroll was sunk in the first stages of buildings partially constructed looking like ruins of an old Nevada ghost town.

Then came Cleveland gamblers Morris Kleinman, Tom McGinty, Sam Tucker, and Detroit Moe Dalitz, looking for a nice investment. So wise was their investment that the approximately \$3,000,000 tossed into the Desert Inn became their ticket to business legality with respectability (Nevada style). Not only that, the Desert Inn's overnight success formed another big turning point in the wheel of Las Vegas fortune.

In 1950, Wilbur's Desert Inn started the era of plentiful spending for plentiful returns. Vegas

became the magic word around the booking agencies. They asked for and received more money for their clients. The Inn's opening show with Edgar Bergen, Charliwels, Vivian Blaine, and Ray Noble's ork cost \$50,000, not counting the production figures of the Arden-Fletcher line and cocktail lounge combos.

Little by little, hotel owners began pilfering other owners' headline "property." It was generally agreed for a while that certain top name draws should play the same spots, and hands off. However, the urge to outdo the other guy was strong in the hearts and wallets of these new and mighty impresarios. They turned to old tricks of early days, yet the wars between the hotels were waged without resorting to strongarm methods.

Formed An Association

They formed an association to feed each other double-talk, and heavy bidding went on for talent following the pleasant *lets-a-lets*. The acts often signed contracts binding them to the same hotel for 18 months. A few independent-minded comedians and singers sought the only out from such practices by grabbing television or picture shots which automatically released them.

This cagey contretemps lasted (Turn to Page 16)



Ron Fletcher

Producer, Hotel Flamingo,
Las Vegas, Nevada

Choreographer, "Icecapades"

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Gads—Dads it might even turn
into a STEADY engagement!

Lee Konitz Moving Into 'Valuable Property' Class

New York—From his 21st position in the 1947 *Down Beat* poll, Lee Konitz has risen to an increasingly important place in the jazz scene. Since 1949, when he finished second to Johnny Hodges, Lee has never been lower than fourth in each year's balloting. The 1953 electoral returns saw him second only to Charlie Parker.

This renown among jazz followers and the growing commercial impact of jazz itself has made Lee a "valuable property" in the trade. He may be part of one of the jazz tours in the fall, and recently there's been brisk bidding among several companies to get him to sign an exclusive recording contract. Storyville Records won, and under the agreement, Lee has what is most important to him— independence. On Storyville he will have complete freedom to record what he wants and when he wants.

Increased Freedom

Lee's initial recordings will be with his present quartet—a unit he's already worked with in Boston and Toronto, and has been rehearsing steadily. It was to return to the increased freedom of a small unit like the one he now heads that Lee left Stan Kenton last December after 15 months, a period that certainly helped Lee become better known throughout the country.

Lee's personnel comprises pianist Ronnie Ball, bassist Peter Ind, and drummer Jeff Morton. Like Lee, they're in their mid-20s, and all share with Lee a deep respect for Lennie Tristano, with whom all four continue to study. Ronnie and Peter originally came here from England. Before settling in the States about two and a half years ago, both had played on the boats between here and England, using the between trip layoffs in New York to study with Tristano. Peter recorded with Lennie on *Ju-Ju* and *Passtime*, the sides Lennie made for his own label a couple of years ago. For drummer Morton as for Ind, the Konitz quartet is his first regular combo job.

"I feel pretty good about these three," says Lee. "We have good



Lee Konitz

common ground and they can all play well. The whole idea of this group, when we're functioning properly, is for it to be a fully improvising unit—not just a sax and rhythm section, but one in which we're all integrated.

Improvisation

"Ronnie and I are getting a good feeling for playing improvised counterlines together. Peter is an outstanding bass player—he's been causing quite a lot of comment where he's been heard—and we do things with him too where he plays lines with Ronnie and me.

"Jeff is a good, swinging, even drummer with a nice conception of spacing the beat. He usually doesn't use an afterbeat cymbal. It's just an even four beats to the measure. Accents are superimposed on that foundation. That way there's always a good, steady time going. I really prefer it that way. It gives you a chance to play four even beats when you want to instead of having something jammed into your back all the time.

"Our book is mostly originals, and so far, we've been playing mostly the things I've recorded up to now, but I'm writing some new things. Actually, I never had very

Lennie Hochman Breaking Ice In Richmond With Jazz Unit

Richmond, Va.—A local, beginning jazz band, however promising, has a hard enough time getting publicity in a big city. What happens to a swinging unit in a relatively smaller

city—let's say, Richmond, Va. This kind of problem affects hundreds of units across the country. The majority continue to play weekend dates in their respective areas, and many of the instrumentalists return to their jobs or studies during the week.

In Richmond, there is the modern jazz combo recently organized by Lennie Hochman. Lennie, a saxophonist formerly with Sonny Dunham, Kai Winding, and Ray McKinley, retired from the road a few months ago, returned to his home town and decided to get a steady, stationary job.

It wasn't long before he discovered some talented local musicians, some with professional experience (trombonist Henry Southall is a Dean Hudson alumna and vibist Bud Wattle headed his own group in the Cleveland area), and rehearsed with them whenever possible. The idea of local jazz concerts occurred to him, and he assembled a permanent seven-piece group, consisting of himself on tenor; Southall; Wattle; Steve Dwork, bongos; Eddie Ferman, bass; Buddy Deppenschmidt,

much opportunity to play on dates the numbers I recorded five years ago. That's why we began with those. There are things about some of the lines I wouldn't write today, but they don't sound dated so they're still nice to play." **Sounded Stronger** Lee was asked about the statements of some that his months with Kenton had helped his playing become warmer, less cool. "My conception of playing warmly," Konitz answered, "is a little different from what it seems most people's is. When I was with the Kenton band, it's true I was playing very forcefully. For one thing, it was a struggle for existence against other sounds. But an added fact is that I was also improvising less because of the restricted framework a soloist has in any orchestra. Accordingly, I was bound to sound stronger playing things that were under my fingers, things on which I wasn't improvising extensively.

"But that isn't the kind of playing I want to do. I feel—and this is what I mean by playing warmly—I feel that it's possible to get the maximum intensity in your playing and still relax. Too many people have forgotten what Lester did in the Basie days. To me, his work then is a perfect example of the essence of what I'm trying to do. He never sounded frantic, nor did he sound as if it were an effort to play. He sounded as if he were sitting back and putting everything right into the groove where it's supposed to be. It was very pretty and at the same time, it was very intense.

"I feel when I get the right intensity, I'll meet all the qualifications for warmth, but I'm still probing around. The album I made for Storyville, for example, with Ronnie, Al Levitt, and Percy Heath, was criticized in some places as being too cool. To me it sounded in places too frantic rather than too cold.

"I can say confidently," Lee ended, "that I'm getting better every day. That's my opinion anyway, and it's my motivating force."

Margaret Re-Signs

New York—Margaret Truman has signed a contract with the National Broadcasting Co. for her fourth season of guest appearances on radio and television.

George A. Sloan has been re-elected chairman of the board of directors of the opera association. He announced that the Metropolitan Opera fund has reached \$1,016,000—only \$236,000 short of its goal.

With the exception of one-night stops by jazz groups at the Mosque, this city is largely unfamiliar with jazz concerts. Lennie's first concert was in Johnny's Steak House. It had been widely publicized and drew a good crowd of jazz-conscious or simply curious Richmonders who enthusiastically approved of the music. Dancing was encouraged during the latter half of the evening.

Hochman's plans for the septet include a series of concerts featuring jazz local and national names. "We aim for a good modern sound," he said. "We primarily want to swing. We've been offered some record dates and are planning mid-night theater concerts modeled after those conducted by Willis Conover in Washington. It's not easy to get more people in this area interested in modern jazz, but we're doing our darndest."

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Tape Measure

Lightweight Ampex 600 Has Quality, Right Price

By ROBERT OAKES JORDAN

Of the many tape recorders I have tested, there remain in my mind two outstanding units that deviate from the rule of thumb that increased quality means increased price. The first, on which I have previously reported, was the German Magnetophon sent to me for laboratory evaluation. Now, there is the new lightweight Ampex Model 600.



Jordan

The first thing that appealed to me was the total weight of about 26 pounds, case and all. Not often is a unit such as this so consistent in every aspect of its design. At the deadline for this column, I had not received the Ampex specification sheets or circuit diagrams, so my tests were of a rather standard nature. These data sheets are of considerable value, since they indicate what can be expected of any particular unit. Not having them, each test had to be performed several times in order to find the correct base on which to start.

The Ampex 600 is enclosed in a strong, resilient carrying case that looks like a small suitcase. The cover, which has cord and reel storage space, is removable.

Stephens Unit Drives

Shortly before I received the Ampex 600, the new Stephens 5206-AX (500-ohm voice coil) speaker mounted in the "Cavalcade" baffle and the new Stephens 600-ohm output "Citadel" amplifier (without output transformer) came in for test.

Having finished the first tests on these new products, I used them in conjunction with the Ampex, with pleasant results. (Remembering the difficulty in the first models of the new Stephens amplifier, I was glad to see this unit reappear in final perfected form. It will be reviewed in a later column.)

When the Ampex 600 came, I hooked it up to the Stephens Citadel, with no equalizer, mixing unit, or additional glossing equipment. I listened for the better part of two days to tape after tape, some commercial tapes and others of my own, but all with wonderful sounds—round, full sounds I still can recall.

When the time came to test the Ampex, I hated to carry it to the lab. Taking it apart was almost unnecessary. The unit test showed the Ampex had all but animated responses. This is what the Ampex showed at 7 3/4" a second with a full-trackhead arrangement on Hazeltine and Hewlett-Packard test equipment:

1. The 600 uses the standard 7" reel (1,200 feet average).
2. Thirty minutes (average) of playing time.
3. About 94 seconds rewind time.
4. About 92 seconds fast forward.
5. To eliminate the possibility of tape saturation, the response check was made somewhat below the operating level. The response range was 33 to 15,054 cycles a second, only varying about 2 decibels (plus or minus) from 50 to 10,050 cycles a second. As I passed over 15,000 cycles a second, there was a drop of about 3.4 decibels.
6. Having no information on how the Ampex engineers checked the signal-to-noise ratio I found that it was well over 61 decibels below the peak recording level, including measurement of all transient component noises.

I do not think it is necessary to give further details on the tests of the Ampex 600. When I receive a copy of the spec sheets and response curves, I will report again on how well the 600 lives up to the claims for it. Thus far, the exceptional quality of its performance indicates that the claims need only be honest, which should make its manufacturers proud and you and me happy.

Low Price Tag

The 600 is the first Ampex which offers Ampex quality without the usual price tag. It will sell in competition with many of the other fine units in the next price range lower than that of the previous Ampex machines. I would not hesitate to suggest it—in fact, I would recommend it—for professional use as well as amateur.

Additional accessories are available for this unit, including half-track heads for the new tape recorder—and for the more economi-

High Fidelity **DOWN BEAT**

Hollywood Bowl Installs Hi-Fi, Stereo Sound

By OLIVER BERLINER

Of interest to all musicians and music lovers is the new high fidelity stereophonic sound system installed at the Hollywood Bowl. This system, perhaps the most pretentious and expensive ever installed for sound reinforcement, was de-

signed acoustically by RCA's John Volkmann and electronically by Walter Midcaff of their Hollywood sound products outlet, in co-operation with Al Leach, representing the Hollywood Bowl.

A number of unique features are of interest to the audiophile, most important of which is the stereophonic sound. Three hi-lo frequency theater loudspeakers are mounted atop the shell covering the stage. Although one might first believe this to be the entire stereophonic speaker system, they constitute actually only the center channel.

On each side of the stage is a tower containing another loudspeaker combination, thus providing the right and left stereo channels. A fourth channel for auxiliary or emergency use is included.

Many Obstacles

Many obstacles present themselves in an installation of this magnitude. First of all, an outdoor system requires a great deal of power, especially for covering an audience of many thousands, some of whom are close to the stage, while others are hundreds of feet away. Sound disperses very rapidly in the open air. The problem becomes extremely critical when this sound must have a wide frequency range.

A total of 300 watts of audio power is available. Feedback from loudspeakers to microphones is always a problem, especially with the close proximity of speakers to microphones. In addition there may be an echo to contend with besides an occasional airplane overhead.

Located in the box seating area is the mixing console handling 10 microphones. Actually, up to 35 microphones may be used with additional mixers. No electronic components are included in the console.

I discovered only one thing about the Ampex 600 that showed room for improvement. The company could make it easier to put the cord back into the cover quickly or with one hand. This is a common problem, and a unit as carefully designed as this deserves a cord retractor reel. Tapes are wound on reels; why not the cord?

(Ed. Note: Send questions to Robert Oakes Jordan at 929 Marion Ave., Highland Park, Ill. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for personal reply.)

sole, for they are located in the sound control room, to the left of the stage. It is planned for classical music that no sound reinforcement shall be used; however, if necessary, a musician will operate the mixer.

Red Light Shines

Before being turned on, a microphone may be auditioned by the audio operator to be certain that the channel is working properly. Then, when the microphone is "on," a red light attached to it will indicate that fact to the soloist.

The five audio equipment racks are located in the control room. All speech input components are of the highest broadcast quality. Provision for quick changeover to a spare in the event of failure of a unit is provided at the control room and at the mixing console. The console may be placed inside the control room and operated there, although this is to be avoided if possible.

Also at the left of the stage is a separate broadcast control room which may either receive a program from the public address system or utilize its own microphones. Coaxial cables besides audio circuits connect this room to the telephone company office for both television and radio programs, such as the Easter sunrise services.

The lighting director sits near

Class

Chicago — Muzak was never like this!

We've seen Mario Lanza die and the Boston Pops on jukeboxes before, but the Mona Lisa restaurant here, on lower Rush St., has on its bubble-up phonograph the complete opera production of *La Boheme*.

For those with enough dimes and long lunch hours, it's great, man!

Tucker To Appear Twice At LaScala

New York — Richard Tucker, Brooklyn-born tenor of the Metropolitan Opera (*Down Beat*, April 7), will sing a unique double-header at Milan's famous opera house, LaScala. At the invitation of Antonio Ghiringhelli, he will record *La Forza del Destino* for Angel Records in August in the official LaScala recording. Also in the cast will be Maria Meneghini Callas, Tito Gobbi, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, and Tullio Serafin as conductor.

In the spring, after his regular Metropolitan season, Tucker will return to Italy to sing the same role in his public debut at the opera house. For the last six years, Tucker has had a standing invitation from General Manager Ghiringhelli to sing at LaScala, but this is the first time his commitments in this country could be scheduled to make his appearance possible.

the audio console and gives instructions to the switchboard operator in the control room at the right of the stage. There is a total of six light towers at the Bowl to provide spectacular lighting effects. All towers are connected by two-way interphone.

The complete technical system should prove to be one of the most outstanding in the world.

(Ed. Note: If you have further questions or subjects you would like discussed, write to Oliver Berliner at 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif. Enclose stamped return envelope.)

Hi-Fi Flashes

E. M. C. (Educational-Musical-Cultural) Recordings Corp., St. Paul, Minn., will issue educational prerecorded tapes in the school field. Plans for the fall call for pre-re musical tapes, featuring young, modern American composers. The firm also will issue a series of great literature of the world on tape, accompanied by appropriate background music. In addition, a tape playback unit will be marketed at less than \$40.

Jerrold Electronics Corp. has introduced a new line of amplifiers designed to deliver "snow-free" pictures in most critical television areas. The line consists of two antenna-mounted preamps and one indoor distribution amplifier. The mounted units operate on

24 volts and the single from the preamp to the receiver.

A new automatic FM booster designed to improve FM reception in virtually every area has been announced by Electro-Voice, Inc., Buchanan, Mich. The new Tune-O-Matic, high-gain model 3305-FM booster is said to make a good signal impervious to noise and makes a weak signal useable. The booster increases signal strength more than 10 times. The circuit amplifies the signal at the receiver antenna and does it uniformly through the entire spectrum from 88 to 108 mc. It has 300-ohm input and output from 105-125 volts, 60 cycles AC.

(Ed. Note: For further information on products mentioned above, write to Hi-Fi, *Down Beat*, 2001 Calumet Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.)

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See your local dealer to learn more about the Clavinoline.

The Devil's Advocate

By Mason Sargent

The most important music theater event in New York this year was the presentation of *The Threepenny Opera* in English in the Theatre de Lys.

More space and more enthusiasm, however, were lavished by critics on *The Golden Apple*—a flat, pretentious work that Harold Clurman accurately described as "... a clever exercise, lacking in original point or creative spontaneity. Like so much of our entertainment it is a made-to-order machine, well devised in all its parts, functioning smoothly but serving no human function. It has no central life."

The Golden Apple moved up to Broadway, was recorded by Victor, and in the usual manner of well-publicized mediocrity probably will continue to be the subject of artful conversation for some time until it disappears into that limbo reserved for critics and for all other overinflated phenomena. (There's a place waiting there, too, for 90 per cent of Rodgers and Hammerstein's productions despite the current New York critics' myth that R&H have "elevated" our music theater to "an art form.") *Carousel* was indeed close to a work of art, but their other shows, for the most part, are likely to be as enduring as Brooks Atkinson's prose.)

It Will Last

But *The Threepenny Opera* will last long past our deaths. Since

its first performance in Germany in 1928, the Kurt Weill-Bert Brecht work has shown through its success in many countries how permanently applicable an accusation it is. Fortunately, MGM records has now released an LP of the Theatre de Lys performance—a remarkably successful English adaptation by Marc Blitzstein. (MGM LP E3121.)

On the record, as on the stage, Lotte Lenya, the widow of Kurt Weill, leanly towers over the rest of the cast in her original role of Jenny. And the others, while they're not all as secure in the music and in the characterization as they could be, still catch and communicate the harsh sweetness of the work. Also outstanding is Charlotte Rae as Mrs. Peachum, and a special accolade is due the orchestra and conductor, Samuel Matlowsky.

The 1928 Berlin work was based on John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*, performed in London in 1728. Blitzstein returns the scene to London in his adaptation, only this time it's London in the 19th century. But it doesn't matter where this slashing satire is set, for it applies wherever there is poverty and hypocrisy.

Biting Musical Score

Weill's musical score (left unaltered by Blitzstein) bitingly underlines the bitter humor and pragmatic morality of the poor and of the outlaws of society. It is unique in music theater history for barely controlled ferocity, salty tenderness and deliberately tawdry bathos.

And the over-all effect is of pained wonder that man can so consistently rob others of life all the while he is despoiling himself. Once you hear *The Threepenny*

Duplication

Hollywood—Carolyn Leigh, who did the book and lyrics for the musical version of *Peter Pan* (music by Moose Charlap) opening here next month, attempted to check in with the local office of the agency representing her. After trying in vain to get past several top underlings to whom she was an unknown, Miss Leigh tried again with: "I'm Carolyn Leigh. I have a song called *Young at Heart*," and drew this cutoff: "Sorry, kid. We can't do a thing for you. There's already a song out by that name."

Opera, you're not likely ever to forget it—even when you want to.

La Bonne Chanson: Francophiles have had growing reason to be grateful to the LP. Not before that wondrous extension of the recorded repertoire had it been possible for Americans to gain access to many of the witty, graceful French chansons. For imagery, melodic charm, and dramatic impact, many of the French popular songs are unequalled for consistency of quality in the western world.

Four LPs Issued

Columbia has issued four 12" LPs that will not only please those already hopelessly enamored of the French chanson but also will provide an excellent introduction to that casual art for those of you who have been wary of approaching the language barrier.

The collections are by Maurice Chevalier (CL 568), Juliette Greco in what are loosely termed exis-

tentialist chansons (569); Jacqueline Francoise (570), and the intriguing Patachou (CL 571). The liner notes and texts will make comprehension easy whether you've been cajoled through high school French or not, and the way of the music along with the flair of the artists will quite likely make you, too, a Francophile. It happens before you know it.

Unlike Columbia's previous first-rate French releases, these are in the less expensive CL series. (\$3.95 for each 12" LP.) Another incidental note—two of Miss Greco's songs are from *The Threepenny Opera*.

Angel records has issued the best collection yet of Edith Piaf, perhaps the most widely known exponent of the French chanson in the United States. The set is called *Bravo pour le Clown* (ANG LP 64005). Some of the other Piaf LPs on Columbia, Vox and Decca have been excellent, but this one somehow conveys the essence of that tiny, black-garbed tragedienne with a force and a tenderness.

Less Successful

Less successful is Angel's dance treatment of several Charles Trenet songs with Trenet himself and the orchestra of Jacques Helian, plus a group of effervescent young women. Trenet's songs are too graceful and incisive to profit by this routine, rather cloaking treatment (ANG LP 64004).

Elektra records has released a second volume by Jean Ritchie, the folk-singer from Kentucky (*Kentucky Mountain Songs*, EKL-25). The first volume by Miss Ritchie (EKL-2) was a model of both performance and engineering fidelity in the recording of folk music. This is equally impressive and pleasurable.

The clear, cool beauty of Miss Ritchie's voice is an aural experience of rare excellence. It is, I fear, a trite analogy, but this urban-bound listener thinks invariably of all the adjectives associated with a mountain stream when listening to the young woman from Kentucky.

Absorbing Collection

Elektra also has made available an absorbing and rather moving collection of *Russian Folk Songs* (EKL-20) sung by Hillel Raveh with guitar accompaniment by Anatoly Malukoff. Full texts and translations are included. . . . A more formal Russian recital can be heard on Capitol (Capitol LP P8265) whereon Maria Kurenko

Hurok Importing Choir

Rome—Sol Hurok has signed the Santa Cecilia Choir for a 10-week tour of the United States, beginning Oct. 1, 1955. The tour will mark the first appearance in America of one of the world's most renowned a cappella choirs.

sings eight quite lyrical songs by Rachmaninoff along with Mousorgsky's just plain lovely song cycle, *The Nursery*. Again, there are full translations.

Capitol deserves credit for having made these rarely recorded works available. It is the first LP performance of *The Nursery* and of several of the Rachmaninoff songs.

Important

Another important release is the Vox LP of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* along with his *Mass* and the two motets: *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*. They have been recorded by Margaret Hillis and her concert choir with the assistance of the New York concert orchestra.

When these works were performed by the same interpreters at Town hall (*Down Beat*, Feb. 24), this magazine's reviewer wrote that Miss Hillis illuminated the compositions "so that they sounded with . . . convincing power" and that she conducts with "totally admirable skill and clarity of purpose." These comments apply equally to this recorded performance. Note especially the distinguished work of soprano Adele Addison in *Les Noces*.

For Really Adventurous

For those of you who are really adventurous in your curiosity, I recommend two works by the contemporary German composer, Carl Orff: *Carmina Burana* (Decca LP DL 9707) and *Catulli Carmina* (Vox PL 8640). The first is a setting of rousing secular medieval songs, and the second is a setting of some of the poems of that resolutely secular Latin poet, Catullus. ("For obvious reasons," say the notes at one point, "the translation of the following lines has been omitted.")

Orff is of no stylishly contemporary school. He composes in his own strongly tonal, lucidly harmonic way. Some may think his musical language regression, but it's quite valid for what Orff wants to say. I think you'll find both these works unusually stimulating. Vox is the better recorded.

CLASSICS IN CAPSULE

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

Current Events

Disc Data	Ratings	Comments
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: <i>English Folk Song Suite, Norfolk Rhapsody, Fantasia on Greensleeves and Thomas Tallis, Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult, Westminster WLS270, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● A guy who gets married when he's 80 years old is not the kind of fellow who composes innuendo, banal, or weary music. Ralph Vaughan Williams has a hard time getting out of a rut, but his product packs a wallop even when, as in these cases, it is largely fancy work with old, established material.
TAYLOR: <i>Through the Looking Glass, Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Howard Hanson, Mercury MG40008, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Thomas Taylor penned his wittiest workmanship, in this series of Lewis Carroll pictures, and they need a light, fast touch. Hanson and the Rochesterians here come up with one of the most efficient of their many recording jobs, filled with life and color and animation.
IVES: <i>Symphony No. 2, Vienna orchestra, F. Charles Adler, S. P. A. SPA39, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Just why a Vienna orchestra should be recording American music on an apologetic New York label is hard to understand, at least when the performance bears so few signs of sympathy and depth. This is not a work that appeals on first hearing. It deserves a more feeling interpretation than this.

The Old, Old Days

PALESTRINA: <i>Missa Papae Marcellii, Netherland Chamber choir, Felix de Nobel, EPIC LC3948, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Marcellus was pope for just three weeks; Palestrina's mass dedicated to him is a fairly exciting addition to the choral record catalogue exactly 400 years later. The reverse side, containing 15 and 16th century choral music from the lowlands, is sang with feeling but without great conviction.
VIVALDI: <i>Concerto, Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano, DECCA DL9679, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Simple title, simple music, played simply but with overwhelming effect. This is primarily a string orchestra, with parts for harpsichord, viola d'amore or oboe, and it is magnificently in control throughout.
BADEL: <i>Balchassar, oratorio, with Berlin Chamber choir, Berlin Symphony Orchestra, orchestra, Helmut Koch, VANGUARD VG534, 2-12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Not so melodious as <i>The Messiah</i> and seemingly twice as long, this opus is an acquired taste. Fortunately, this performance is bright enough to make repeated hearing not only advisable but interesting and pleasant.

Chamber Chores

TURINA: <i>Lo Oracion del Tercero, WOLF: Italian Serenade/CRESTON: Quartet, Hollywood String quartet, CAPITOL P8360, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Here's one of the freshest quartet releases in years. Haydn-Mozart-Rosenthorn have been doing them to death. There aren't any speech makers on these two sides. Yet they sound lively, rewarding, and exciting in that off-the-beat-path fashion.
DYORAK: <i>Quintet for piano and strings, Clifford Carson, Budapest String quartet, COLUMBIA ML4825, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Dyorak could be quite a chatty fellow at times, and he really took the conversational bit in his teeth in this loquacious exercise. Carson stands out—and is that all to the good?
POULENC: <i>Sexteto/HINDEMITH: Quintet, Fine Arts Wind Players and Loona Lurie, piano, CAPITOL P8258, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● A couple of sets who know the meaning of subtlety, played by a deft little ensemble that knows better than to press too hard. The Poulenc is especially intriguing, for its understatement.

The Protean Prokofiev

PROKOFIEFF: Four portraits from the opera, <i>The Gambler</i> , London Philharmonic, Wilhelm Schuchter, MGM ES113, 12".	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Gambling and romance don't mix. Any of the sun-tanned vice guys in the Comiskey Park bleachers can (and will) tell you that, but Prokofiev does it much better. Khabalov's Calas Brougnon suite rounds out the slightly thin pair of sides.
PROKOFIEFF: <i>Chant, ballet suite, St. Louis Symphony orchestra, Vladimir Goluchmann, CAPITOL P8257, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Chant is the best little clown character since Till Eulenspiegel. Goluchmann sketches him brightly with a somewhat routine version of de Falla's tired <i>Three-Cornered Hat</i> dances on the other side.
PROKOFIEFF: <i>Classical Symphony, Leo for Three Oranges suite, Piano Concerto No. 3, Orchestra des Concerts, Lesconcerts, Jean Martinon, and Sage Philharmonic, Willem Van Otterloo, EPIC LC3948, 12".</i>	★★★★★ Performance ★★★★★ Recording	● Martinon brings out nothing new in the <i>Classical</i> and <i>Oranges</i> efforts. Van Otterloo, with Alexander Uninsky on an earnest pianist, makes something fresh and exciting of the concerto.

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Popular Records DOWN BEAT

FOR THE DISCRIMINATING

These records are the cream of the musical crop—the most interesting and musically sound ideas reviewed for this issue as selected from various categories.

None of the records reviewed for this issue met with Down Beat's reviewers' standards for this classification

GOOD COMMERCIAL BETS

These are the records received for review which seem most likely to achieve excellent sales because of their broad appeal and the probability that they'll be pushed strenuously by disc jockeys.

Mills Bros.—How Blue? (Decca) . . . Add a top vocal group, the music of Blue Danube and you can overcome some awful lyrics Frank Sinatra—The Gal That Got Away/Half As Lovely (Cap) . . . Either side could make it but it looks like Gal might get the nod David Whitefield—Cara Mia (London) . . . English lad has a fine set of full pipes just right for this love song

VOCALISTS

The best-sung vocal records received for review in this issue.

Sammy Davis Jr.—Hey There/And This Is My Beloved (Decca) . . . Sammy sings well, as those who remember him from his Capitol days will attest; no impersonations here, just straight singing Mills Bros.—How Blue? Why Do I Keep Lovin' You? (Decca) . . . Blue is a rework of Blue Danube with new and corny lyrics Frank Sinatra—Half As Lovely/The Gal That Got Away (Cap) . . . More top Balladeering by Frankie David Whitefield—Cara Mia/How, When, or Where? (London) . . . Junior-voice Lanza-type does a warm job on Cara

COUNTRY & WESTERN

The best country and western sides received for review for this issue.

Elton Britt—One Way Ticket/Trailing Arbutus (RCA) . . . Fine voice with fine material Wilma Lee and Stony Cooper—Can You Forget?/Brand New Baby (Col) . . . Fine for country audience Moon Mullican—I'm Hanging Up All My Work Clothes/No Stranger (King) . . . Moon shines on both sides Hal (Lone) Pine-Betty Cody—In Sunny Tennessee/Columbus Stockade Blues (RCA) . . . Good Country disc Jimmy Skinner—John Henry & Water Boy/Don't Get Around Much Any More (Decca) . . . Already showing strength Carl Smith—If You Saw Her Through My Eyes/Go, Boy, Go, (Col) . . . Carl has another strong one here Hank Snow—The Alphabet/My Religion's Not Old-Fashioned (RCA) . . . Both sides great Faron Young—In the Chapel in the Moonlight/Place For Girls Like You (Cap) . . . Chapel, the oldie, could be a new hit for Faron

INSTRUMENTALS

The best pop instrumental sides received for review in this issue.

Leroy Anderson—Buglers' Holiday/Summer Skies (Decca) . . . Buglers' is a precision-like, beautifully-played exercise for trumpets Stanley Black—Play a Simple Melody/Say It Isn't So (London) . . . Simple is engagingly done by the large Black ork Edmund Ros—Lovers' Tango/Military Samba (London) . . . Maybe it's time for a tango revival, and this could set it off. Charlie Ventura—I Love You/Intermezzo (Coral) . . . Ventura does a fine bass sax solo on Love

EVERYBODY DANCE

The best dance band sides received for review for this issue.

Ray Anthony—Cat Dancin'/I Don't Hurt Anymore (Cap) . . . Dancin' has an odd appeal; Hurt is sung by Marcie Miller Ralph Flanagan—In the Chapel in the Moonlight/Out of the Bushes (RCA) . . . Chapel is a quiet, dignified arrangement excellently played

The Open Mike

By FRED REYNOLDS

Quite a long time ago, Miss Irene Dunne delightfully convinced a flock of small children in the film Love Affair, that Wishing Will Make It So. She swayed me, too, or at least

enough so that I don't have quite the hopeless attitude of Joyce Kilmer, who knew that he would "never see a poem as lovely as a tree." So, if I may indulge in several flights of yearning . . .

I WISH . . . that a certain very few popular artists would be treated with an air of profound deference by their various record concerns. Take the case of Ella Fitzgerald, who is only the best there is. Last year the elegant Ella was saddled by Decca with a collection of some of the most insipid songs that I have ever heard. What a complete waste of talent! Considering the success that these records didn't enjoy, wouldn't absolutely top material have been far, far better?

Miss Fitzgerald's way of singing a song is something that should never be lost. I feel very strongly that Decca has an artistic obligation to record Ella in a series of the best songs from all of American popular music. After all, it's

been more than two years since Ella sings Gershwin. Let's renew immediately with Ella sings Rodgers, and to accompaniment by Gordon Jenkins and his orchestra, let's have her sing: People Will Say We're in Love, Quiet Night, Ten Cents a Dance, Here in My Arms, You Took Advantage of Me, What's the Use of Wonderin', Glad To Be Unhappy, and Thou Swell.

I WISH . . . that recording companies would print the date of release on each record. It isn't such a fabulously unfair thing to ask, and it would be of invaluable help. Just think. A disc jockey could then say: "This record was released on January 14, 1954," and what'dya know, he'd be right.

I WISH . . . that disc jockeys would learn that it is more important to give the name and artist of a record after it is played than before. So many times you are concentrating elsewhere, and suddenly a record catches you fancy. You

want to know who and what it is. So what happens? The man seizes to commercial.

I WISH . . . that somebody would devise a good LP jacket. Because what we have now is definitely not the answer.

I WISH . . . that most all song pluggers would become bear salesmen or second basemen for the Chicago Cubs, or something other than what they are. I purposely leave the door open, as I've met a few music promotion men who handle their jobs with respect, with understanding, with diplomacy, and with distinction. The great majority, I'm sorry to say, I find pretty repulsive. I feel that a good song, together with good records, will make its point with the public without all the plugging palaver. Who could stop a Song from Moulia Rouge or an Ebb Tide? Who would want to?

If a music publisher feels strongly enough that his song will be a hit, but that plugging is vital to make it one, then let that concern buy sponsored time on any or all of the DJ shows necessary to turn the trick. Let's cut out this buddy-boy begging!

Finally, I WISH . . . that we had more fine dance bands! I know I'm not alone in this desire. How we're going to get them I have no way of knowing. I just sincerely wish that we would!

THESE WILL ALSO BEAR HEARING

The following records also received for review, are considered of sufficient interest to Down Beat readers to merit sampling.

- Pearl Bailey—He's Gone/I Wouldn't Walk Across the Street (Coral)
Paula Clark—Helpless/The Little Shoemaker (King)
Anno Cole—I'll Find a Way/Oh Love of Mine (Timely)
Roger Coleman—As You Desire Me/L'Amour, Tonjours L'Amour (Decca)
Birk Costica—Lady of Spain/Squeena No Boogie (Merz)
Don Cornell—Hold My Hand/I'm Blessed (Coral)
Tony DeSimone Trio and Ernie Kovacs—Hot Cubes & Sausage/Oriental Blues (Decca)
Rusty Draper—Phoebe Plans/The Workshop of the Lord (Merz)
Dolores Gray—Too Bad/One (Decca)
Bill Haley and his Comets—Shake, Rattle

- and Roll/A.B.C. Boogie (Decca)
Jo-Ann Jordan—Ecstasy/When We Said Goodbye in the Rain (Dominion)
Peter Knight Singers—Chiqui Chiqui/Whisper in the Dark (London)
Junkie Lee—The Dankey Sarnade/Mr. Hot Piano (Coral)
Roberta Lee—You Can't Stop Me From Dreamin'/I Was Just Walkin' Out the Door (Decca)
Joe Lipman and his orchestra—Manhattan Sarnade/Central Park Romance (MGM)
Art Mooney and his orchestra—Carnegie Symphony/Mathballs (MGM)
Tommy Mars—Need Someone/Rough Ridin' (MGM)
Horrah Minnervitch and His Harmonica Revue (Cap LP H 490)
Ted Norman—4 Reg. a Bone, and a Lark of Hale/Ramblin' and Gamblin' (RCA)
Luis Prima—Dummy Song/Paper Doll (Decca)

- Dorothy Squires—Get Me Free/Excuse Me (London)
Taster Singers—Little Shoemaker/Sabrina's Woman (Cap)
Carlos Thompson—Paddler Man/No One But You (MGM)
Dimiri Tomlin—High and Mighty/Dial '911' For Murder (Coral)
Eileen Todd—Goodnight, O' My Darling/Paradise (Coral)
Tony Travis—It's Entire Said Than Done/Mama, Mama, Mama (RCA)
Billy Williams Quartet—Sh-Boom/Whisper, Whisper (Coral)
Fran Warren—Man That Got Away/Love Me, Love (MGM)
Wright Bros.—If I Give My Heart to You/Luscious (MGM)
Vicki Young—Riot in Cali Block Number Nine/Honey Love (Cap)
Victor Young—High and Mighty/Moonlight and Roses (Decca)

THE BEST IN PACKAGED GOODS

The best albums (LPs and EPs) received for review for this issue.

- Louis Armstrong and the Mills Brothers (Decca LP DL 5509) . . . Some of these sides were waxed as far back as 1937, but they are timeless in their easy swing and happy humor. Louis' trumpet is much in evidence, but as you might guess, this entire LP is chiefly vocals.
Frank Chacksfield—Evening in Paris (London 12" LP LL 997) . . . Familiar tunes played well by Chacksfield's string-filled ork. It's all lush and lazy and pretty ideal for relaxed listening.
Sammy Fain—I'll Be Seeing You (MGM LP E 241) . . . On the heels of the marvelous Trend LP of Matt Dennis playing and singing his own songs, comes this one by Fain, who certainly has an imposing list of hits to his credit. He doesn't, however, have Dennis' singing ability, but it's all neat and pleasant stuff. Van Alexander's backing band is excellent.
Al Goodman—Relax With Victor Herbert (RCA 12" LP LPM 1023) . . . Unfortunately, Victor Herbert's have been just about played to death, but if you're in the mood for some pretty, polished music, this one should be your dish. Al Goodman's ork does a most acceptable job.
Guy Lombardo—Everybody Dance Vol. 4 (Decca LP DL 5523) . . . All of these, unless we be mistaken, have been issued previously as singles. They are all unmistakably Lombardo, all unmistakably geared to the dancer and/or listener who likes the melody straight and the tempo exactly right for moving about the floor.
Frank Sinatra—Three Coins in the Fountain (Cap EP EAP 1-542) . . . Frank's back again, this time on an EP collection of four more previously-released singles. One and Only was his first release for the label and still stands up as one of the best.
Top Hits of 1954—Capitol LP H 9117 . . . Capitol had to stretch a little to assemble eight sides that could be called hits for this collection, but there are a few here (Starr, Sinatra, Cole) that should not be missed if you don't already have them.

Jazz Reviews

DOWN BEAT

All jazz records are reviewed by Nat Hentoff, except those initiated by Jack Tracy. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Backgrounds of Jazz: Ida May Mack/Bessie Tucker

Mr. Forty-Nine Blues; Elm Street Blues; Good Bye Rider; Wrong Doin' Daddy; Got Cut All to Pieces; Fort Worth and Denver Blues; Fryin' Pan Skillet Blues; Penitentiary Blues

Rating: ★★★★★

Another valuable addition to the Label "X" Vault Originals reissue series. First four are by Ida Mack (EP EVA-7) and represent "urban" blues. Second set are by Bessie Tucker (EP EVA-8) and are designated "country" blues. As the notes point out, it's hard to fix the city limits with regard to that kind of difference between these two singers. But a slight change in approach is evident from one to the other, and with the help of the Keepnews-Grauer text, the listener will learn why the distinction was made in the first place. Neither of the two (both sessions were cut in Memphis in August, 1928) was a Bessie Smith, but both were honest, moving mistresses of the blues. And if any one element dominates all the others in the background of jazz, it is the blues. The records, therefore, are worth having for historical reasons, and also because they still speak with power. Paul Bacon's cover is the best he's done—a sensitively distinguished achievement. ("X" EPs EVA-7, EVA-8; also available on LP)

Harry Babasin

La Rosita; Skylark; Tangerine; Easy to Remember; The Girl Friend; When You Wish Upon a Star; Babo-Ling

Rating: ★★★★★

Nocturne's Jazz in Hollywood series scores again with a set on which Harry Babasin, the music director of the label, is featured on cello as well as bass. Babasin and Oscar Pettiford had once recorded some cello duets (Imperial EP 122), and ever since, Babasin has "been experimenting with various combinations . . . and vibes seem to work . . . well with the cello sound in the contrapuntal style." They do indeed, at least when the musicianship is as skilled as Harry's and that of vibist Larry Bunker (also known for his drum work for Gerry Mulligan, Georgie Auld, Art Pepper, etc.).

Jimmy Rowles plays his characteristically excellent piano (he has a rare kind of lyrical economy); Roy Harte is lightly steady on drums, and Bob Enevoldsen is heard on both valve trombone and bass. Nocturne promises an Enevoldsen LP soon which should be worth much hearing in view of Bob's brief trombone solos here and on other west coast records. The general feeling on this date is of warm, swinging chamber music made for evening ears. (Nocturne LP NLP 3)

Betty Bennett

Nobody's Heart; Some Other Time; Sure Thing; When I Fall in Love; Remind Me; Time After Time; You're Nearer; A Hundred Years from Today

Rating: ★★★★★

I'm not sure whether or not this belongs on the jazz page, but I am sure of the importance of Miss Bennett's exciting musicianship. She has a postgraduate ear, intelligently sensitive phrasing, and a major artist's ability to sing from inside the song. If you want to hear the difference between real musical talent and ornolu pretentiousness, contrast Miss Bennett's version of *Remind Me* with Mabel Mercer's recording of the same

tune. The tasteful backgrounds here were scored by Miss Bennett's husband, Andre Previn, no undergraduate either.

There is a string quintet (and, man, what a distinguished lineup—was this for scale?) in addition to bass, drums, celeste, oboe, and flute (also distinguished). Dig also the mature choice of tunes. Notes are by Ralph Gleason who, as I recall, was the first writer to call national attention to Miss Bennett—in *Down Beat*, of course. This one is a real pleasure. (Trend LP TL-1006)

Dave Brubeck

Balcony Rock; Out of Nowhere; La Souk; Take the "A" Train; I Want to Be Happy; Don't Worry 'Bout Me; The Song Is You

Rating: ★★★★★

Dave's Columbia debut with Paul Desmond, Bob Bates, and Joe Dodge is called *Jazz Goes to College* (the tapes were from concerts at Oberlin, the University of Cincinnati, and the University of Michigan). The Brubeck quartet's recent level and consistency of performance on record has been close to astonishing, and these sides keep it up, though I still think the best single Brubeck collection so far has been Fantasy's *Jazz at Oberlin*. But the point is that all the live-performance LPs from Oberlin, College of the Pacific, Storyville, and now this, not only stand up under repeated listenings, but grow more enjoyable with familiarity. That's why the quartet is so valuable, and it's completely beyond me how anyone can listen to any of these sets and say the group doesn't swing. Man, they wail!

George Avakian's notes give Brubeck's quartet the most extended tribute yet, some of it a little overrated. As a whole though, the essay is illuminating, but it is distressing to see the careless use of musical terminology. This is already too much an age of oversimplification without extending the habit into music. Item: Brubeck's music is often polytonal, but is not "atonal" by any operating definition of the latter device I've ever heard. (Just what are "the melodic intervals . . . more common among the atonalists" that Brubeck employs? Do you mean he uses the chromatic scale? And wasn't Schoenberg right, to begin with, when he indicated the term itself is meaningless?)

Item: whether you define a fugue as freely as Bach or as strictly as Cherubini, Brubeck does not improvise fugues, as Avakian implies. He and Desmond often play with fugal-like figures, but there's a big difference between that and really fuguing. Item: the "raga" in eastern music is not just a "rhythmical pattern." It's a lot more complex than that (c.f. W. Singh's notes in *Music of India*, Ethnic Folkways Library LP P409). Why mention the term if you're going to skim by it inaccurately?

Anyway, the music's just fine, and I'd recommend the set if only for Desmond's amazing flow of variations in *The Song Is You*. But watch out for those liner notes. Like my father warned me years ago, just because it's in print doesn't mean it's necessarily so. (Columbia 12" LP CL 566)

Miles Davis

Blue 'n Boogie; Walkin'

Rating: ★★★★★

Prestige has recently been re-

cording at Rudy Van Gelder's in New Jersey and using better material in its pressing. Believe me, the difference is enjoyably noticeable. Miles uses the unit he worked with at Birdland and for a week at Basin Street a couple of months ago (Lucky Thompson, J. J. Johnson, Horace Silver, Percy Heath, and Kenny Clarke). First side goes a few seconds over eight minutes, after which the sextet walks for over 13 minutes. The Silver-Heath-Clark rhythm section could even swing the Pittsburgh Pirates. Lucky hasn't had this kind of recording opportunity for quite a while, and it's good to hear his firm, drivingly intense tenor on both sides. J. J. also sounds well, especially in his extended choruses on *Walkin'*. Same is true of Miles, who sounds more relaxed on *Walkin'* than *Blue*. Closing ensemble on the former is too drawn out while what little the ensemble work there is on *Blue* wasn't carefully enough planned. It's a good, vigorous date. With a little more advance work, it could have been a five-star session. (Prestige LP 182)

Wilbur De Paris, Vol. 2

Under the Double Eagle; Shreveport Stamp; Battle Hymn of the Republic; Sensation; Marchin' and Swingin'

Rating: ★★★★★

Personnel includes Wilbur on trombone; Sidney de Paris, trumpet; Omer Simeon, clarinet; Don Kirkpatrick, piano; Eddie Gibbs, banjo; Harold Jackson, bass; Fred Moore, drums. Outstanding soloist by far is Simeon, but even Omer is getting a little careless after long association with this group—e.g., his work in *Shreveport*, and a tendency in a couple of places on the last two numbers not to articulate the individual notes in a phrase as clearly as he usually does. It sounds as if he were playing in a hurry. But his solo conception, his inventive ensemble lines and above all, his swinging beat, cut everybody else in the band. Omer's best solo is on *Double Eagle*, and there are a lot of kicks in his work on *Hymn*, too.

The rest of the band is stiff in conception with a rigidity of beat, and the rhythm section can best be described as overweight. Professor Stearns' notes err on the side of enthusiasm. This is no enriching or evolution of the New Orleans tradition. It's a well planned, commercially successful (with the college trade) exploitation of it. Recording balance is pretty bad—in the ensemble, the band sounds as if it's coming from just around the corner, but never does make that turn. All three stars are for Simeon. (Atlantic LP ALS 143)

Art Farmer

A Night at Tony's; Blue Concept; Stupendous-Lee; Deltinu

Rating: ★★★★★

A well-recorded session on which Art used altoist Gigi Gryce and the rhythm section of Horace Silver, Percy Heath, and Kenny Clarke. This is the best example of the alto work of Gryce (also a gifted writer and arranger) on record up to now. He shows a very interesting conception and a keen musical mind, though his tone could be somewhat improved. Farmer, too, plays with a continually integrated flow of ideas. The reason for the middling rating is this: there is a sameness of structural context, dynamics, and emotional range on all four numbers. (All originals by Gigi.) The horns never seem exhilarated in their expression. There is a feeling of rather too cerebral intensity in exploiting skill and technique rather than a real desire to communicate essential feeling. Some of this is what a musician I know calls "typewriter music"—a lot of notes, all well connected, but meaning not too much. *Stupendous-Lee* hit me as closest to relaxed freedom from

self-consciousness with Tony's also good. Art and Gigi have too much talent to box it into tight formulas. (Prestige LP 181)

Don Elliott

Angela; Five O'Clock Whistle; Everything I Love; Long Ago and Far Away; Imagination; There Will Never Be Another You; Susan Stands Pat; I Just Don't Care Anymore; Nettie But Nice; Laura; Bingo, Bango, Bongo; Don's Dilemma

Rating: ★★★★★

This may well be the most unusual example of musical diversity in the history of jazz recording. Don is backed ably by Ralph Martin (piano), Joe Puma (guitar), Mort Herbert (bass), and Jimmy Campbell (drums), but the six-string show is Mr. Elliott. On his Victor debut, Don plays mellophone, trumpet, vibraphone, and bongos. He sings very well on one (*I Just Don't Care*) in a musician's way that could appeal to a wider public if it is true that the era of gimmicks is ending (I doubt if it is). Don even hums through a side in an echo-chamber falsetto in the only mistake on the session—he sounds like a suddenly orphaned kazoo.

In addition, Don wrote four of the five originals for the date (Ralph Martin wrote the other), and the lines are inventively pleasant. On all of the instruments, he plays well—even the bongos build into a divertingly exciting exercise. And Don always swings. It's really quite an exhibition, all the more remarkable for the fact that Don is at ease in a wide range of moods and tempos. (Victor 12" LP LJM 1007)

Maynard Ferguson

All God's Children Got Rhythm; Somewhere Over the Rainbow

What a clambake! Helplessly involved are Bob Cooper, Herbie Harper, Bud Shank, Bob Gordon, Shelly Manne, Russ Freeman, and Curtis Counce. Despite the brief solo bits of several of the aforementioned on *Children*, the routine conception of the tasteless tightrope walker ruins the side. Now *Rainbow* is a lovely tune, and there are moments when Maynard seems to realize this, but finally, mediocrity shrilly triumphs. The childish arrangement doesn't help either. Ferguson, I'm told, is Emarcy's best seller. I'm not being facetious when I ask who buys these records

and why? I'd really like to know. (Emarcy 16013)

Ella Fitzgerald

★★★★ Later
★★★ Lullaby of Birdland

A lot of people are waiting for the time when Ella is free to record for Norman Granz, and this is another reason. Here is an artist who simply cannot by herself turn out anything musically bad, and who also could be a big commercial seller if given the right material. But aside from a few dates like *Ella Sings Gershwin*, somebody at Decca has a wide incomprehension of Ella's talents. *Later* makes it only because Ella's swinging scat singing manages to rise above a nowhere tune, an intrusive tenor, an unessential chorus, and a plodding musical background by Sy Oliver. On *Birdland*, Ella's trapped by a set of banal lyrics to a good tune, a dull arrangement, and all the above obstacles repeated. Ella, as always, is still worth hearing through the fog, but why make it so tough for her? Everyone of those stars is just for Ella, and if they'd recorded her all alone in an empty studio, she would have had a full 10. (Decca 29198)

Med Flory

★★ No Thanks
★★★ Three Times Around

The review of Flory's first release said, "There's excellent potential in this band. It deserves better material and more inventive arranging." It still does. *No Thanks* is what Med should have said when it was suggested he record the number—a trite collection of big band cliches. The other side is a little more interesting with a fair (but occasionally uncertain) trumpet chorus (Doug Mettome?), good alto by Flory, and a too-brief tenor chorus (Al Cohn?). I just don't understand going to the expense of hiring first-rate musicians, a good sound studio, and then recording thematic material that's been around a lot more than three times. I know, it's none of my business. But I can't help wondering. (Emarcy 16011)

Benny Goodman

All the Cats Join In; After You're Gone; There'll Be Some Changes Made

Rating: ★★★★★

First two were originally part (Continued on Next Page)

Gretsch Spotlight

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Jazz Reviews

(Jumped from Page 12)
of the musical background for Walt Disney's full-length *Make Mine Music*, and then, say the notes, the Goodman episodes were released as a short by themselves. Anyway, on the big band side (*Cats*), the arrangement is rather dated, but the proceedings swing and Benny plays well. Among those present are Caceres, Schertzer, Rollini, Byas, Shavers, Butterfield, McKimble, Vernon Brown, Jack Satterfield, Sid Weiss, Allan Reuss, Teddy Wilson, and drummer Jack Rubin. Teddy, Vernon, Shavers, and a tenor (Rollini?) solo briefly. *Gone* swings with Teddy, Weiss, and Cozy Cole. *Changes* has another relaxed set of choruses by Benny with an unliated trio. *Gone* has an interesting rehearsal-room-in-a-conservatory opening. A rather nice EP to have around. (Capitol EP EAP 1-519)

John Graas

Egypt; Be My Guest; Bananera; Frappo; Argyle; Pyramid; 6/4 Trend; Not Exactly

Rating: ★★★

Four of these have already been reviewed (*Down Beat*, Dec. 16) when first released on an EP. Personnel includes Shorty Rogers, Shelly Manne, Jimmy Giuffre (baritone), Bob Cooper (tenor), Russ Freeman, Bob Manners (bass) and Bud Shank. Originals are by Rogers, Nelson Riddle, Graas and Giuffre. Musicianship is high all around, and I find Graas' tone better than I did at first. But these sides fail to move me. For one thing, the writing is too contrived, too conscious of effect, and over eight bands, it contains too much of the same kind of sound and too similar melodic and harmonic figurations. Secondly, except for the brief solo excursions by those involved, there's a closed-in, hot house feeling to much of this. Contrast it with the greater vigor and range of the Pettiford-Julius Watkins (French horn) LP on Debut (*Down Beat*, July 28). I'd like to hear more though, but with less self-consciousness. (Trend LP TL-1005)

Fletcher Henderson

St. Louis Shuffle; Variety Stomp; My Sweet Tooth Says I Wanna; Roll On, Mississippi, Roll On; Singing the Blues; Oh, It Looks Like Rain; Strangers; Sugar Foot Stomp

Rating: ★★★★★

A historically interesting collection of one phase of early big band jazz, a phase that particularly influenced (through Henderson himself and his arrangements) Goodman-type swing. The sessions range from 1927 to 1932 and as the notes indicate, you can hear the increas-

ing "smoothness" of the overall approach. Included are some of the pop tunes of the period even unto period vocals. The most memorable solo work on these is by Coleman Hawkins and Rex Stewart. The latter has an unusual chorus on *Singing the Blues*, done by Henderson in the Bix-Tram arrangement of four years before. It is Rex's impression of Bix, one he executes with empathy but without losing his own individuality. Notes don't identify the hot violinist who shows up on two sides nor the clarinetist on *Singing the Blues* on several is Clarence Holiday (spelled Holiday here) who, I recall reading somewhere, was Billie's father. But my genealogical facts may be awry. ("X" EPs EVA-1; EVA-2; also available on LP)

Joe Holiday

★ ★ *Mertha's Harp*
★ *I Don't Want to Walk Without You*

First is a dull "original" related to several well-worn riffs I'm sure you're all familiar with. Holiday's tenor is a little more interesting than usual, but not for long. On the dirge, Joe is joined by Billy Taylor on organ and a timidly Latinized rhythm section. Billy would have been wiser to have used a pseudonym. The result reminds me inexorably of breakfast food gone soggy. (Prestige 887)

Wingy Manone

Panama; Swingin' at the Hickory House; Tormented; Hesitation Blues; Basin Street Blues; Dallas Blues; Rhythm Saved the World; Sing Me a Swing Song

Rating: ★★★★★

Among Wingy's associates on these free and easy 1936 dates were Matty Matlock, Joe Marsala, Eddie Miller, Nappy Lamare, Carmen Mastren, Ray Bauduc, and Artie Shapiro. The approach could be described as swing era Dixieland, and it's all robustly relaxing. Seven of the sides have the added attraction of a hoarsely swinging Manone vocal. Wingy's is the kind of jazz that will always sound alive. ("X" EPs EVA-3; EVA-4; also available on LP)

Mezz Mezzrow

35th and Calumet; Sendin' the Vipers; Old-Fashioned Lones; Apologies; The Swing Session's Called to Order; Blues in Disguise; That's How I Feel Today; Red Club Stomp

Rating: ★★★★★

Reissues of sessions organized by jazzdom's out-of-tune Mickey Spillane. First four (1934) include Max Kaminsky, Floyd O'Brien, Benny Carter, Bud Freeman, Willie the Lion, John Kirby, and Chick Webb, among others. Second set (1937) involves J. C. Higginbotham, Sy Oliver, Happy Caldwell, Bernard Addison, Sonny White, Pops Foster, and Jimmy Crawford. None of the sides make it as a whole, largely because of unimaginative arrangements that were dated before they were born. But there are good solo bits by O'Brien, Freeman, Caldwell, and

J. C., and generally good rhythm section work. Solos, though, are too brief. Mezzrow, it grieves me to admit, can play passable blues figurations provided he doesn't get involved in anything too complicated. Chief oddity: the way Benny Carter, known all through the years for his immaculate tone, comes on after O'Brien's chorus in *Apologies*. ("X" EPs EVA-5; EVA-6; also available on LP)

Lizzie Miles

Some of These Days; St. Louis Blues; Old Gray Bonnet; All of Me; Darkness on the Delta; Swanee River; Some Day Sweetheart; Fidelity Feet

Rating: ★★★★★

What makes this release important is not so much the music, but the fact that Cook Laboratories has put out another jazz LP. Cook's sound is among the best balanced and reproduced in the record field, equal in jazz to Vanguard and Contemporary. This is a session made in New Orleans, featuring the relatively uninhibited Lizzie Miles who, according to the notes, worked with Ory, Oliver, Bunk, and Jelly Roll. She is accompanied by bugler Sam DeKimmel (who claims to play only in the key of G) and some professionally sounding New Orleansians (best among them are clarinetist Tony Costa, trombonist Jack Delaney, and tenor Nina Picone). Lizzie sings four, Sam two, and two are instrumentals. Lizzie is lusty, but not an especially memorable jazz singer. She has a good beat though and does belt. Cook promises more New Orleans sessions in the fall. (Cook LP 1181)

Thelonious Monk

We See; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes; Locomotive; Hacksack

Rating: ★★★★★

One of Monk's more interesting recent sessions, well recorded. Present are tenor Frank Foster (from the Basie band), trumpet Ray Copeland, Curly Russell, and Art Blakey. This is Foster's most extended chance on record so far to indicate his swinging, muscular power and straightforward conception. Copeland is promising but rough in places. His tone could be fuller, and he blows more notes than ideas, not having learned yet the value of well-spaced silence. Rhythm section is good, and Thelonious is as enigmatically interesting as usual. Monk's three originals are like his piano playing—provocative but unfinished. The lines are not filled in, just as his piano technique doesn't seem thorough enough to fully express all of his ideas. *Eyes* is made by Monk into a rather percussive rhapsody for piano and small orchestra. In everything he does, Thelonious does have a marked sense of drama so that though he occasionally turns into dead ends, he's rarely dull. (Prestige LP 180)

Leon Sash

★ ★ ★ *Swing, Brother, Swing*
★ ★ ★ *Minority for Gold*
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Bud Shank Finds Some Limelight Of His Own

By PATRICIA MORRISON

Overlooked until recently, multiple woodwind star Bud Shank, a senior member of the California jazz tribe, now is making a quiet but definite entrance into the music public's eye.

Twenty-eight-year-old Bud, after studying at the University of North Carolina 2½ years, set out in 1946 for California to "learn more about jazz," thereby becoming a ranking member of the current west coast jazz stars.

His willingness to work with all types of bands after reaching the coast added to his experience and technical ability. He served with such groups as those headed by Charlie Barnet, Horace Heidt, Alvin Roy, Stan Kenton, Shorty Rogers, Dan Terry, and Pete Rugolo.

Most Valuable

Though he considers his three years in the lead chair with Kenton the most valuable of his career, he was overshadowed during that period by altoist Art Pepper. Until April of this year, after coming into his own as a soloist, he never had recorded a solo with Kenton.

Ex-Kenton men have a faculty for looking out for one another, and after playing with Roy and George Redman around Los Angeles, Bud was invited by Howard Rumsey to join the group at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach. Here he plays alongside other former Kenton band members Bob Cooper, Stan Levey, and Rumsey.

Shank held an affection for the flute during his period of musical development but only for study and relaxation. Several off-hour woodshed sessions with Cooper, who has been studying oboe in recent years, resulted in several duets on the woodwinds.

Try Experiment

The enthusiasm of other members of the group led them to try the experiment on the club's patrons one Wednesday night last fall. The acceptance was instantaneous.

Special arrangements for the new horn combination then were



Bud Shank

worked out by Max Roach and Claude Williamson of the rhythm section. These were added to the originals by Cooper and Shank.

The next step was a logical one—the decision of Contemporary records executives to make the fourth Lighthouse long-play album an oboe and flute affair.

Bud's recent climb into the limelight has been a double-barreled one, since he has won accolades for both his flute and alto work. His next goal is to perfect himself in the field of composition, where he now considers himself a beginner.

er with a band (Les Brown) is now a single, and this is her first album for Trend. On this well recorded set, Lucy Ann is backed by Dave Pell (tenor and English horn), Ronny Lang (alto and baritone), Don Fagerquist, Tony Rizzi, Claude Williamson, Rol'v Bundock, Jack Sperling, and Ray Sims. Shorty Rogers arranged the first four and Wes Hensel scored the others. Backgrounds and solos are tasty, everybody's relaxed and swinging, and the result is a happy, unpretentious collection. Lucy has good diction, a fine beat and though her vocal quality and phrasing don't always gas me, she knows what she's doing musically (Turn to Page 14)

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COUNTERPOINT

By Nat Hentoff

As I tried to indicate in an article in the anniversary issue, a man cannot extend jazz unless and until he knows its living history. Those experimenters who are succeeding in enlarging

the language of jazz are those who for years have listened to and learned from the contributions of Jelly Roll Morton, Bix Beiderbecke, Duke Ellington, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Count Basie, and all the others who form the permanent strength of the jazz tradition.

It should be pointed out that many of these permanent contributors who always will be important jazzmen currently are receiving from the jazz audience very little of the recognition and remuneration they deserve. I mean musicians like Eldridge, Ben Webster, Benny Carter, and Hawkins.

Anyway, it is clear that while a Juilliard degree or its equivalent can be of great aid to a young jazz musician, by itself it cannot make a jazzman. When a musician does know the jazz language and can improvise in it professionally; when he knows where he's come from; then he can begin meaningfully to apply polytonality, atonality, tonal centers, counterpoint, modes, to the extension of jazz.

Where It Begins

But it doesn't begin in the classroom. The foundation is in the years of gigs and the listening—all the way back and forward again. That's why the Guffreas and Russos are making it and the Marceros and Graetingers so far are not.

There's another problem concerning modernity that I did not touch on in the anniversary issue. Too large a part of the jazz audience is making the perennial mistake of arguing about which approach is the "right" one if a young jazzman wants to be truly "modern."

Is there any way these embroiled listeners can know for sure whether they're backing a seer or a "liberator" with a toy sword? A good way to analyze this dilemma might be to look at a parallel situation in classical music.

Nothing in classical music in this century has detonated as much bitter controversy as the method of composing with 12 tones. Arnold Schoenberg wrote of his critics in 1947: "I could never understand what I had done to them to make them so malicious, so indignant, so violent and so aggressive. . . . I don't know what saved me, or why I wasn't drowned or boiled alive—perhaps my only merit was that I never gave in."

Method Survives

Today, though the controversy continues, the 12-tone method survives and grows as younger composers adapt the medium to their own needs, thereby making it less rigid and more viable. The neoclassicist techniques, meanwhile, are still strongly represented among the younger classical composers, and the newest phenomenon—electronic music—is enlivening more and more adherents, especially in Europe.

Inevitably schools and cliques have formed around these varying compositional methods, and a large amount of energy and print have been wasted in acrid attacks and counterattacks.

The independent composer and listener, however, ignore the factionalists because they realize that what is really at issue is the relationship between form and content. And they know, too, that what causes so much of the needless bitterness is the fact that among many of us, as John Berger, the incisive art critic for *The New Statesman and Nation*, said recently: ". . . There is a fundamental confusion about the relationship between form and content. Here I should emphasize that content is not the same thing as subject matter; it is what the artist discovers

in his subject. It is content that makes any work of art dynamic. It is the content that the artist distills from life and which, through its influence on the spectator (or listener) as he comprehends it, flows back into life. The function of the form of a work is to concentrate, to hold the pressure of both the artist's and the spectator's (or listener's) experience of the content."

No One 'Right' Way

The point, then, is that for some temperaments, content is most deeply discovered and held by use of the 12-tone form. For others, the neoclassic approach is more suitable. In any case, there is no one universally "correct" approach. The listener who wishes to enjoy and learn the most from music will judge a composer not on the superficial basis of what form he uses, but rather on the content of the work. If the content has been alive to him, then the form—no matter what it was—was successful. If the content was sterile and stillborn, then the form—no matter what it was—was a failure.

Same thing in jazz. Some men, who grew up with that form, still make the most communicative sense through Dixieland; some through swing; some through any one of the various "modern" approaches. What counts is not the way it's being said—but what is being said.

The only thing that remains applicable to all methods in jazz or classical music is that the young must absorb the contributions of all those who have preceded them. Then each must find his own resolution of form and content.

Brookmeyer Exits Mulligan; Trumpet Tony Fruscella In

New York—Trumpeter Tony Fruscella has joined the Gerry Mulligan quartet, replacing valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer. After four nights with the unit in Providence, Fruscella opened with Mulligan for the latter's return engagement at Basin Street June 29-July 11. Fruscella had been heard frequently during the past few months at Bob Reiser's Open Door sessions in Greenwich Village, and recently recorded for Atlantic.

Explaining the change in personnel, Gerry Mulligan said: "Bob Brookmeyer left to get more time to write. He'd only had a chance to write one arrangement while with us. I expect he'll stay in New York and I hope he'll be able to write for the group, too."

"As for myself, I think we're going to set up headquarters in the east. I have already made arrangements for an apartment in New York, and I hope to finally get time to write. Sometimes I feel I've almost forgotten how."

Vox Signs Ballet Ork

New York—Vox Records has signed the New York City Ballet orchestra and its conductor, Leon Barzin, to an exclusive three-year contract. First release is scheduled for early fall.

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Band Reviews

Hal McIntyre; Meadowbrook, Cedar Grove, N. J.

What do you do about someone like Hal McIntyre? Here is a man who has retained an organized band through all the thick and thins of the last decade, instead of just throwing one together whenever a few weeks' work come up, as has become common practice among survivors of the frantic '40s.

Today he works steadily, it's true, but always moving in a straight line, never with any real chance to be heard in top jobs—and without even a record contract.

It's a depressing thought when you consider, as we did on hearing the band during its recent stint (without air time) at the Meadowbrook, what Mac has on the ball that a couple of the newer big-time bandleaders conspicuously lack.

He has, first, his own talent as a fine alto sax and clarinet man, his good appearance and pleasant personality both on and off the stand. He has a good, varied book of danceable arrangements, plus some swinging things that he hardly ever gets to play, because the Basin St.—Birdland—Blue Note circuits shun him.

He has in Carl Fontana (ex-Herman) and Cotton Davidson two great modern trombonists, and in Benny Clements a first-class trumpet comparable to Chet Baker. In Jeanne McManus, a gorgeous petite redhead, he has the surest movie bet since Abbe Lane, if only the band ever gets within eyeshot of a Hollywood scout. His reed team, on standards like *I*



Jeanne McManus

Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me, is one of the best in the business, though lacking a strong tenor solo man.

Mac's isn't a great band; just a good band caught in a rut that should have ensnared some less qualified leader. With about 946 new record companies springing up every day, it seems eerie that not one of them has yet found room for the McIntyre crew.

By the time you read this, let's hope GAC will have found a disc outlet that may provide a channel of escape from that rut.

—Len

Music On Television

Stage Show, CBS, Sat. July 3, 8 p.m. EDT.

As surely as the small fry have to await the winter for snowballs, sledding, and Santa Claus, the TV fan has to look forward to summer for their seasonal indulgence in the inspection of band shows. Summer replacement status, generally, is the optimum fate of the average dance orchestra hoping for a show of its own.

What usually happens was illustrated again, all too vividly, when *Stage Show* made the first of its 12 weekly appearances with the Dorsey Brothers starring in Jackie Gleason's time slot (and with the Gleason Enterprises outfit in charge of the venture).

In the entire hour, there were four band numbers: an opener, a middle spot, a closer and one other. Even in one of these, the *Dixieland Mambo* finale, the band served as a backdrop for laughs induced by a midget mambo dancer, while Candido, added to the band for this item, was seen but not billed.

For the rest, it was just another vaudeville mish-mosh of good, bad, and indifferent. The good included Kitty Kallen, introduced as a Jimmy D. alumna; the bad included a comic (comic?) named Johnny Morgan; the in-between status was shared by a trampoline act, better than most but still a trampoline act, and the Lancers, a competent vocal group.

Jimmy and Tommy were no more to blame for this than for the awkward manner in which they were initially presented, fumbling over lines that they could have

improved by replacing them with ad lib. Both pleasant personalities, they alternated in introducing the acts and did their best with what they had.

That the show was soundly and roundly panned by a majority of the critics, that the great name of the Dorseys was abused, that the production values were below par, can only serve to re-emphasize the lesson of so many of these summer shows of uncertain character and vacillating policy.

Bands can be used effectively as a medium of entertainment on television, as has been proved from time to time, though more often than not the opportunity to prove it has been denied the bands concerned by the unending conviction, on the part of the Madison Avenue bigwigs, that music, not being videogenic, must be submerged or embroidered until the original objective is lost.

If a name like the Dorsey Brothers means anything—and their record sales and one-night grosses attest to it as surely as the fact of their being selected for nominal stardom on this show—there should be enough viewers willing to sit still for a show that aims at musical values, commercialized not by vaudeville acts but by intelligent camera work, musical pacing, and the true personalities of the bandleaders and their personnel. Who knows? A show like that might even wind up with a job in the wintertime.

—Len

Jazz Reviews

(Jumped from Page 13)

all the time and fits into this easy setting very well. This is a good set to relax to. (Trend LP TL 1008)

Frank Wes

Basie Ain't Here; Some Other Spring; Wes Point; Mishawaka; Frankois; You're My Thrill; Flute Song

Rating: ★★★★★

Commodore's first release in its Contemporary Jazz Series is a full-bodied, swinging success. Wes, the Basie tenor-flutist, is backed by a magnificent rhythm section of Jimmy Jones, Oscar Pettiford, and Osie Johnson and the work of two first-rate Basie trombonists—Henry Coker (four sides) and Benny Powell (three bands, actually two). Wes' swinging tenor is in the Hawkins tradition, a vein he proves is still a significant one, and his flute sound is of impressive jazz quality (Frank's tone and approach to *Thrill* would indicate he'd be interesting to hear on Debussy and Ravel works for the instrument. Frank could be a real impressionist).

The feeling of the whole date is of unusually relaxed integration. All the musicians seem to be of the same mind and intent; there's a wide enough range of tempos and types of tunes; and there's a valuable sense of planning too often missing in the current rush of jazz LPs. Above all, there's no exhibitionism—just warm, relaxed jazz. The flute-trombone exchange on *Mishawaka* is particularly fun. Session director Leonard Feather also deserves full praise (the cover portrait is by him, too). (Commodore LP FL 20,031)

N. Y. Continues Free Park Dances

New York—This year, as happens here every summer, New Yorkers who like to dance are taking frolicsome advantage of *Dancing in the Park*, a series of free dances sponsored by the Consolidated Edison Company and the Park Department. Beginning in June, dances are held every night, Monday through Friday, in a different borough park. Among the bands taking part in the program this year are Hal McIntyre, Ralph Flanagan, Charlie Peterson, Roger King Mozzian, Dean Hudson, Sonny Dunham, and others.

The free dances originated during the depression under the sponsorship of the WPA. When the WPA federal programs were discontinued, New York City felt it was a good idea to continue the dances, but was unable to finance the program. The city therefore asked help from the large industrial firms, and in the late 1930s, Consolidated Edison volunteered to sponsor the dances, and has continued to do so ever since.

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The Blindfold Test

(Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Satch Mellows A Little On Bop, But Only A Bit

By Leonard Feather

Several years ago, Louis Armstrong stirred up a little sandstorm in jazz circles when he began to berate bebop, as it then was called. His criticisms, taking the form of private comments, public interviews, official pronouncements, invariably proclaimed that the newer noises in jazz were sounding its knell.

Five years have passed since the contest of words was at its height; Satchmo and the music he condemned are still around, both healthy and vital, thoroughly capable of finding mutual Lebensraum.

Louis, as ever, retains his love for the old and most of his resentment for the new; but he has mellowed a little, as I discovered on interviewing him out at his Long Island home.

This *Blindfold Test* took place while Louis was getting ready for work. Placing the phonograph and tape recorder strategically equidistant from bedroom, bathroom, and hall, I documented his comments as he listened closely and talked freely.

The visit produced enough material for two *Blindfold Tests*, the first of which is reproduced below. Louis was given no information, before or during the test, about the records played for him.

The Records

1. Les Brown, *Stamping of the Savoy* (Coral). Ronale Lang, alto; Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Tony Rizzi, guitar.

Who is that? Is that Basie, or Sauter-Finegan? I like it, as far as swing goes... I like all swing music, but it got kinda complicated there—the arrangement was heavily loaded. I notice they're trying to bring some of those things back.

I like the solos, as far as—but they remind of the bop kick, you know; nothing against it, but, I don't know. I'll take Benny Carter or one of them cats; or Georgie Auld, since I played with him on the tour last year, I like his solos. When Benny Goodman copped out, we got together and fixed up a finale that was really jumping. Benny came back and just stood there—he didn't have to play!

This record, though, it won't make you stand on your head. Not from the way music's played today. Let's give it, ah, ordinary rating. Two stars.

2. Eddie Condon, *Squeeze Me* (Columbia). Eddie Miller, tenor. Four stars, boy, four stars! I



Louis Armstrong

like everything about that! You can dance by it, you can talk while it plays, you can understand it while it plays. I like the tune, too—the one we used to call *The Boy in the Boat*. Sounded like Eddie Condon's band.

3. Shorty Rogers, *Merpe* (Victor). Milt Berahart, trombone.

That's what I call jujitsu music. You better give him one star. That's what causing music today to go bad. I'll tell you why. Didn't any one of those guys end up their solo on the nose. It's not a matter of being old-timey, but, shucks, we can get too damn modern, you know? And that's just what it is that spoiled 52nd St. and a whole lot of places that we used to have.

Now you take that trombone player in there. He wouldn't move a crowd of people that pays money; the people that spend money wouldn't go to hear that but once. I didn't like none of the solos, because they tried to be too out of this world. They're played for musicians.

That's what happens with that bop, all that weird stuff, up there at Minton's... Now the generation that's going to follow Dizzy is going to catch hell, 'cause Diz is an old hustler, he's an old-timer, he's a good musician. And a showman. But this generation that's coming up, shoot, they don't have no chops within six months' time.

No, man, there's no way you can preserve yourself with that kind of music. And that's not even progressive jazz!

4. Duke Ellington, *Stormy Weather* (Capitol). Willie Cook, Ray Nance, Cat Anderson, trumpets. Yeah, you can put five on that

one for me. Well played... even to them trumpets, they were never scared of the notes. You take the average trumpet, they've got to put a cup over their horn when they've got high notes and things, for protection, like a money-clip or something.

Everything was good here, in my estimation; the boy played good horn. And the arrangement, you could follow everything they did. It sounded like Duke. Was it Duke?

5. Jelly Roll Morton, *Black Bottom Stomp* (Victor). Morton, piano. 1924.

Put four on them. They played it too fast for five stars, they couldn't keep up with it. The trumpet player attacked his notes like Joe Oliver and Mutt Carey. The piano, if that ain't Buster Wilson, it's that other boy that went to California in the early days—it's one of the old-timers. It could be Harvey Brooks or Freddie Washington? From New Orleans?

Well, the tune jumps, but they play it so fast, other than a concert, you just could stand up and listen to it, but that other number you played, you can listen, you can dance, you can talk... this is worth a hell of a rating over that bop stuff, but not a five-star rating for a cat that would like to dance by it. Give it four.

6. Chet Baker, *Imagination* (Pacific Jazz).

Sure is a perfect record; the tone is beautiful, but what puzzled me is how he can get in such a low register. In a way he sounded like Red Rodney, that's the way he used to play with Charlie Parker at Pop City. Well, it's a solo, and a solo has got to be appreciated, if it's played right.

The man takes a chorus and don't miss no notes at all. You got to give him credit. That's what I tell my band all the time, I say, what good is jumping out there, and you think you're gonna kill 'em, and you make five bad notes right off, and then make the rest of them good? That would be still there! All the people give 'em that applause, but they're still thinking about the bad notes, man... Give him four stars.

7. Roy Anthony, *Moonlight Serenade* (Capitol).

Got to give that five. Any time a musician can balance himself and play a straight and a beautiful lead like that, you know—you don't hear it every day. Very few musicians can carry a lead. And very few can play slow and still swing. And that's why I say it's either Bobby Hackett or some son-of-a-gun who's been studying him awful deep. Because that's the way Bobby is always playing. He's a fine musician, plays guitar, too; he knows them chords, makes them pretty variations. Behind *Pennies from Heaven*, when I sang it at the Town hall concert, the one they put out on the Victor album, he would fill in so pretty.

I like this band, too; but I don't think it's Glenn Miller's band, because I listened for one little thing in there, the one Glenn made of this—I've got it on tape, but trying to find it now is like looking for a needle in a haystack, because I changed my filing system around. But there's one thing that I miss that comes from the piano, a thing Glenn's piano player did that killed me! But this goes for five anyway.

8. Roy Eldridge, *Rockie's Chair* (Clef). Oscar Peterson, Hammond organ.

That ending—the high note—well, I know it's Roy Eldridge. You know I'd hit that, right out of bed—just get right out of bed, give me a cup of coffee, where is it? I'd hit it. But Roy is the only one that's going to have the nerve to hit that note like that. Now if it ain't Roy, it must be his boy, ha ha ha! But it's got to be Roy Eldridge.

That organ background is beautiful. And the boy played the solo on his horn just like Heifetz would—well, I wouldn't say like Heifetz, but you take a great man, even a fiddler like Joe Venuti. Roy has that musicianship. Four stars.

(How will Satchmo react to Clifford Brown, Maynard Ferguson, Charlie Parker, and Turk Murphy? Read this feature in the next issue.)

FEATHER'S NEST

By Leonard Feather

There's nothing novel about the flute. Dig into Egyptian history, from pharaohs to Farouk, and you'll find flutes of one sort or another. Examine East Indian and Melanesian musical lore or go back 450 years to find *Sinfonia for Three Flutes* in Peri's *L'Euridice*, and you'll observe that while earlier flutes may have been structurally crude, they definitely were around.

So how come they took so long to reach jazz?

A plausible answer is that jazz began as a bastard art, using whatever instruments were most accessible and cheaply available.

Almost Unheard Of

The flute was almost unheard of in jazz through the late 1930s when Wayman Carver of Chick Webb's reed section used it as an occasional double. He appeared briefly in a solo role on some Decca sides, by the "Little Chicks" combo from the Webb band, that still attest to his prescience and diligence, though the writing and phrasing are a little creaky, by 1954 standards. (*Dig I Want to Be Happy* in the *Five Feet of Swing* LP.)

The 1940s saw no further progress except for the occasional use of flutes sectionally in arranged passages by a few of the bigger bands. The only interesting jazz solo event, as I recall, was Harry Klee's *Caravan*, with a Ray Linn group on the defunct Encore label, later transferred to the now no less defunct Signature.

In the 1950s, the flute has made positive and permanent inroads in jazz. Though there are still only a handful of outstanding soloists, the trend is as unmistakable as the Hammond organ movement started three years ago by Bill Davis; within the next five years, it safely can be predicted, a flute double will be a prerequisite of every name band's reed section.

Biggest Impact

The biggest impact to date, in terms of the volume of his record output, has been made by Bud Shank, a 28-year-old alto man from Dayton, Ohio, now resident on the west coast and a lucky member of the tight little clique of jazzmen who seem to have cornered the market for combo jazz on the California scene.

The first important flute's-eye view of Shank reached me in the form of a Barney Kessel LP on Contemporary. His solos on *Just Squeeze Me*, *Lullaby of Birdland*, and Kessel's original *Bernardo* in this set took the flute out of its hitherto almost exclusively sectional role to full view as a jazz solo instrument.

Shank proved an important point with these performances: that the flute can be just as effective a medium for ad libbing as the clarinet is for Buddy DeFranco and the tenor for Stan Getz.

If you could obtain one of these solos on 78 rpm and play it at one of the slower speeds, I'm sure a resemblance to the improvisations of lower register instruments, in the actual notes played, in phrasing and in the whole jazz approach, will be even more apparent.

Shank carried the idea a little further with an alto flute solo on a pretty Shorty Rogers original,

Lotus Bud, on the Shank LP for Nocturne.

On the east coast at least two outstanding musicians have entered the flute sweepstakes to substantiate this trend. Frank Wess, the brilliant Basie tenor man, unveiled his flute talent for 36 bars during *Close Quarters*, in the Joe Newman LP for Vanguard, and in three solos (*Mishawaka*, *You're My Thrill*, and *Flute Song*) on his own Commodore LP.

And Gigi Gryce, the alto sax man heard last year with Lionel Hampton, brought his flute into service for some of the more provocative sounds on the Clifford Brown sextet's LP for Blue Note.

Others Noted

There have been others: the young and promising Sam Most, Leroy Harris of the new Earl Hines band, Bobby Plater with Lionel Hampton, and Herbie Mann with the Mat Mathews quintet.

And there have been unrecorded moments that passed regrettably almost unobserved, notably the few weeks Tony Scott spent as a member of the Duke Ellington band. When Duke found that Tony doubled on flute, he featured him in a duet routine with Ray Nance on violin. It was one of the newer and more exciting things that have come out of the band in recent years, and there has been nothing to replace it. The death of young Sam Staff, who cut a couple of short spots on Woody Herman's Mars sides, left another deplorable gap.

The flute has been called the coloratura of the woodwind section. It could and should be called the youngest and most promising adopted son of the instrumental family of jazz. It is up to the Ellingtons, Kentons, and Hermans to take control of the wheels, set in motion years ago by Carver and Klee, to assure that the flute consolidates its rightful place on the jazz scene.

Milwaukee Hops To Jazz Again

Milwaukee — Milwaukee, lukewarm jazzwise for the last few years, now has two clubs catering to aficionados.

Treading on the heels of Scaler's, which opened early last month with Buddy DeFranco and did sock business, came the Three Dolls, which began about three weeks later on a Dixieland kick. Muggsy Spanier came in for 10 days, with other units set to follow.

Frank Scaler and Mike Albano, partners in Scaler's, followed DeFranco with Conte Candoli and Chet Baker groups for heavy trade, with Flip Phillips and Charlie Ventura due later.

The owners also are thinking of running several jazz concerts, catching the many Milwaukeeans who travel to Chicago for the various promotions.

Woody'n You?

One Hit, One Run, One Erroll

New York—The week during which Woody Herman and Erroll Garner shared the stand at Basin Street proved to be the most profitable yet for the club. Musically, it was also profitable for both the patrons and the musicians. So happy, as a matter of fact, were Woody and Erroll to be working together that plans are being made for the two units to be booked on the same bill wherever possible once present commitments are filled.

During the last night of the engagement, camaraderie especially flowed. During one of Erroll's more aphrodisiac choruses, Woody thoughtfully placed a candelabra on the piano. Later that night, when Woody was slightly late in getting back to the stand after Erroll's set, Erroll seized the opportunity to direct the band—which he did with great vigor for a number. Woody rushed onstand, the two leaders embraced, and Woody turned to the audience and said: "Tell me, ladies and gentlemen, do you think we look like Sauter and Finegan?"

BOB ELLIS and his Orchestra



currently:

2nd Year

El Rancho Vegas
Las Vegas, Nevada

Las Vegas

(Jumped from Page 7)

until the next hotel became a reality in October, 1952. Milton Prell's Club Bingo, a large casino down-Strip and opposite El Rancho, was converted into the Sahara. How big a part this hotel was to play in the power politics of show business could not be ascertained until several months after its razzle-dazzle opening.

Created A Furor

The cue came after the Sands created a furor with its opening in December. On the site of the defunct LaRue restaurant, little Jake Freedman from Houston built his colossus of wood, stone and marble. He brought in Jack Entratter from New York's Copacabana to manage the nitery room. Entratter had Danny Thomas to start things rolling, plus a well-planned four-day opening that brought in leading columnists, magazine writers, wire and newswall photos from all over the country. Both of the new hotels stimulated business for months.

The Sahara contracted Bill Miller from the Riviera to handle booking with an eye toward the Entratter magnum opus up the line. Miller, whose Jersey nitery was condemned by the state to make way for a new highway, later made his home in Vegas, and the battle of the titans was on.

Talent Prices Zoom

Both hotels denied this. Still, prices paid for talent went up and up. The Sahara investors were giving Miller an unlimited budget. The Sands reportedly kept a \$20,000 ceiling for headline talent. The whopper broke when the Sahara disclosed that Marlene Dietrich was to receive \$90,000 for her services over a three-week booking in December, 1953.

Naturally, with these prices, a couple of hotels had to suffer. More and more visiting revelers were dropping money on the tables, but mostly at the spots where big names headed the marquee. The Last Frontier is currently under-way with a change calling for more financial backing and resultant renovation. It will be called the "New Frontier," and will lose forever the western rustic decor of the bygone Griffith era. A recent shake-up at the Thunderbird gives promise of bigger purses for talent.

Owners' Moratorium?

There seems to be a moratorium among owners. Things are a bit more stabilized, what with leading cafe talent making the usual rounds once or twice a year. Occasionally one even hears of a gentleman's agreement between operators that results in the "loan" of a headliner.

The Flamingo's standbys are Kay Starr, Tony Martin, Rose Marie and Lenny Kent, Pearl Bailey, Spike Jones and His City Slickers. The Sands can rely upon

In Hollywood, It's Spelled La\$ Vega\$

By STAN HOFFMAN

Hollywood—Las Vegas is proving to be one of the biggest boom towns the west has ever known, and its glittering gambling palaces are shelling out coin of the realm to movie stars, top bands and combos, vocalists, and night club circles of top movie talent, and it seems to have paid off as well for the proprietors as for the performers. Marlene Dietrich's stint at the Sands earlier this year at the above reported figure is an outstanding case in point.

Big Fanfare

The Flamingo set the pattern right after the war by opening with a mercurial fanfare including a \$25,000 show headlined by Abbott & Costello and Xavier Cugat. Wilbur Clark then raised the ante to \$100,000 when he premiered his Desert Inn in 1950, with Edgar Bergen, Vivian Blaine, and Ray Noble. Of course, all of that loot wasn't spent directly on the floor-show since a sizable portion was allocated for the hospitality of specially invited VIPs and members of the press from all over the country.

Following the lead of the Flamingo and the Desert Inn in using big Hollywood names to lure free spenders, the long established El Rancho Vegas and Last Frontier saw the handwriting on the cash register and instituted big name policies of their own.

A new trend was launched by the newly opened Sands when the management brought out professional producer Jack Entratter from the Copacabana in New York who, in turn, brought slick Broadway show techniques to the desert oasis. Among his innovations were a couple of insane weeks with Martin & Lewis, persuading Tallulah Bankhead to take the trek west, and the aforementioned Miss Dietrich who sang but had the added insurance of a costume that the Hollywood wags are still talking about.

Amazed Critics

After many years as a Hollywood leading lady, Ann Sothern returned to her first love, singing and dancing, when she opened at the El Rancho recently and amazed the critics with her show-stopping ability. A list of other Hollywood stars of five-figure caliber that have developed night club acts specifically for Las Vegas, is too long to set down here in total, but here is a rundown of the more outstanding acts that have been presented: pert Jane Powell at the Desert Inn; Donald O'Connor, Martha Raye, Kathryn Grayson,

were separated from active duty completely. Studios that had been producing from 40 to 60 major efforts yearly were down to 10 or 15.

Freelancers

Consequently, with such a drastic cut in income, the studios couldn't afford to maintain large stables of high salaried stars on their payrolls. The result—a large segment of top-drawer Hollywood thespians began freelancing, looking somewhat desperately for new markets for their talent. Las Vegas came galloping to the rescue with a bankroll for entertainment that could have financed the Panama Canal and the Civil War, both sides.

At present, the cream of Las Vegas entertainment is controlled



Noble Dietrich

by the seven fabulous hotel casinos that comprise the "Strip." These altars to the gods of pleasure have been known to lay out as much as \$30,000 every Friday for the serv-

ingly buying the entertainment. Frank Sennes, long associated with the Clevelanders' various sub rosa gambling rooms throughout the country, plus his own Moulin Rouge in Hollywood, is said to be contemplating a glamorized Minsky Follies production for the Showboat's opening along about Aug. 15.

By this time next year don't pull a skull or triple-take if you read that Vegas is spending \$1,000,000 a month for entertainment. It's in the cards. Or if you prefer the lingo of the dice—it's a natural, dad.

Danny Thomas, part-owner Frank Sinatra, Milton Berle, Tallulah Bankhead, Louis Armstrong, Robert Merrill, Lena Horne, and Billy Eckstine. The Desert Inn seems assured of getting Jimmy Durante, Ted Lewis, Lou Walters' Latin Quarter revues, Carmen Miranda, Frankie Laine, Patti Page, Betty Hutton.

The Last Frontier counts upon Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat, Dorothy Dandridge, the Dorsey Brothers' ork, the Will Mastin Trio featuring Sammy Davis, Jr., and Liberace, when available. The Thunderbird nests the Mills brothers, the Ray Anthony ork, the Sauter-Finegan ork, Robert Q. Lewis, Tennessee Ernie and Irene Ryan, Henry Youngman. El Rancho Vegas welcomes Joe E. Lewis, Sophie Tucker, Billy Daniels, Guy Lombardo's ork, Harry James and his ork, Lili St. Cyr. The Sahara salutes Red Skelton, Marlene Dietrich, the Jose Greco company, Dennis Day, the Ames brothers, Ray Bolger, Martha Raye, Anna Maria Albergheggi, Lauritz Melchior, and Donald O'Connor.

The emphasis is certainly upon bigness. The little casinos and clubs, or even hotels, have to be content with the overflow from major spots. Yet institutions like the bawdy, burley Silver Slipper at the Last Frontier (which remains as is, despite the change in the big nitery room), the Golden Nugget (with its medium price talent policy), and El Cortez (under the aegis of Bill Moore, who pioneered the Strip), all are prospering.

Moore is the guiding hand and stockholder in the new Showboat, the unique resort hotel built like an old-fashioned Mississippi side-wheeler around a swimming pool. The Desert Inn operators will take over the Showboat's casino, ulti-



O'Connor Grayson

Sonja Henie complete with ice rink, and Dennis Day at a reported \$20,000 weekly at the Sahara; Ronald Reagan and Howard Keel at the Last Frontier; Shelley Winters, Tony Martin, and Keefe Braselle (incidentally presenting one of the finest acts seen in L.V.), all at the Flamingo.

However, it should be pointed out that the majority of Hollywood stars playing Las Vegas clubs where prices are low and salaries high, are understandably leery about trying the other big clubs around the country such as the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles and the Waldorf in New York, where prices are high and salaries low (relatively). The latter patrons are not satisfied with merely seeing a big name make a personal appearance. They want performance. Las Vegas is proving to be an excellent testing ground in the process of "separating the men from the boys," and has seen the unexpected development of some of this country's finest night club entertainment as well as some of the biggest duds.

Bellson Joins James While Rich Tours

Hollywood—Louie Bellson, a former Harry James drummer, rejoined James as the band opened at the Hollywood Palladium (July 13), replacing Buddy Rich. Rich took a leave of absence to join a unit packaged by the Australian firm of World Entertainers Circuit of Sydney and containing Jerry Colonna, Ella Fitzgerald, and the Artie Shaw combo.

Rich said he would rejoin James after his Palladium stand here.

Hotel Last Frontier

Las Vegas, Nevada

Choreography

by

Louis Da Pron



CARLTON HAYES

and his

Orchestra

6 Years

In

Las Vegas

THANKS TO MY BOSSES...



Jazz In Las Vegas Is Still Limited In All Respects

By Henry Lewy

Las Vegas—The closing of the Patio club on the strip has been a big blow to jazz in this area, since the club was the only place in town with an announced jazz policy. At the time of the shutdown, Dinah Washington was headlining the show, with Scat Man Crothers, Sarah Vaughan, and Ella Fitzgerald reportedly booked for later dates.

The club's demise leaves the various hotel lounges as almost the only places that can showcase jazz combos. And there some problems arise. If the group plays too loud, the casino bosses complain that the noise disturbs the gamblers, and even though all the local jazz fans turn out in droves, the majority of the tourists come to the lounges not to sit, listen, and appreciate, but mainly to relay and hold conversations. The end result is that a group of the stature of Artie Shaw becomes nothing more than background music to the rattling of a pair of dice.

Another detrimental factor locally is the fact that the magnetic attraction of entertainment type combos such as the Mary Kaye trio and Mickey Katz and Company kills the chances of success for any group featuring only swinging sounds.

Every now and then a local impresario will go out on a limb and bring in some big bands, and find to his surprise that he has a successful show on his hands. During the last year we have been treated to the sounds of Ray Anthony, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Harry James, Billy May, and the Sauter-Finegan aggregation. However, since there is virtually no chance for any dance sets locally, the bands are limited to playing background music for shows, with maybe one or two solo numbers.

Ed Sauter and Bill Finegan were the exception to the rule. For the benefit of local show folk and other interested listeners, the band gave two after-hour concerts, just featuring the intricate sounds created by the organization. Both times the house was very crowded,

and this may be one answer to the local problem of how to present big bands.

Local sessions are sporadic in nature. When good combos or big bands are in town, after-hours sessions have been known to swing, but in between, most sessions degenerate to 30 monotonous choruses of *Idaho*. The west side has several clubs featuring jazz, most notably Oscar Crozier's Club Morocco, where a girl bartender named Connie Strong has been responsible for not only organizing some good sessions, but also in booking one of the two organized local jazz groups.

Featuring Jake Garehime on trumpet, ex-Kenton trombonist Jerry Finch, bassist Max Gaber, and the piano work of Phil Raphael, the combo produces happy sounds.

The other local organized jazz group belongs to pianist Dave Rodgers, who has Dick de Gray on bass and Gordon Fry on drums. Dave currently is playing in the Gay 90's Bar of the Last Frontier, where even though the sounds have to be subdued, Rodgers manages to swing very nicely.

There is room locally for jazz combos, but only if they can at the same time appeal visually and personally to the majority of their square listeners.

Our bright hope is the fact that with more and more spas scheduled for Las Vegas, the need eventually will arise for a small club catering to local show people and featuring cool, relaxed, and happy sounds. Until then, however, the majority of local listeners will have to bide their time and listen sharply to whatever sounds come their way from behind the hotel bars, over the noise of the casinos.

Janet Brace At Chase

Chicago—Janet Brace, Decca songstress, has been signed for a two-week engagement at the Chase hotel in St. Louis starting Aug. 11. Preceding this, she is to appear at the Park Lane hotel, Denver; Kim-Wa-Lo nitery, Toledo; the Skyway, Cleveland, and the Moose Club, Erie, Pa.

Washington—There is increasingly wide interest throughout the music, theater, and art world in a recent bill sponsored by Rep. Howell (D-N.J.). The bill favors government grants-in-aid for the arts—opera, drama, ballet, literature, photography, architecture, radio, television, painting, and sculpture.

Under the proposal, a guiding unit, to be called the American national war memorial arts commission, would operate the program. Members would be leaders in fine arts, education, and public affairs. There also would be specialized divisional committees to deal with various art forms.

The bill provides, among other things, "for scholarships and fellowships, and an international exchange of artists. Those necessary to form the pivotal group of operation as musicians, artists, actors, and technicians would be placed on a yearly salary."

Music Center Cited

There would be a national theater program, radiating from a theater and music center in Washington, D. C. Other theatrical, music, and art groups, to be formed throughout the country on a nonprofit basis, would be encouraged by appropriations. Rent would be paid on theaters and auditoriums. Local autonomy and participation is a major part of the program, and a separate section of the bill concerns "grants to states for the development of fine arts programs and projects."

As Howell pointed out in a letter to the *Musical Courier*, "... my bill is primarily a pump-priming measure for the fine arts and is a concrete means of recognizing the importance of the arts at the national level.

"The matching funds principle it demonstrates ... that it is my belief that the fine arts must always get most ... financial support from the local community ..."

Need Long Felt

The need for such a bill long has been felt in art and music circles. In a recent interview Giovanni Martinelli lamented the lack of places in this country where fledgling opera singers can get training. "Why in Italy," he said, "there

are dozens of opera houses. I started in small towns and it was only then that I could make my debut at La Scala in Milan ... Such a condition (as exists here) is unfair to American singers ... one of my best pupils, Alice Farnsworth, I had to take to Italy, so she could make a debut."

Conductor Antal Dorati of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra recently said, "If 50 cities had working opera theaters in this country, producing with home forces, we would have a swarm of wonderful conductors."

Met tenor Richard Tucker told *Down Beat*, "A composer these days can't find private investors in a new opera because it takes years to become established."

Long-Term Process

"Much also can be done to help in the growth of opera in English. This is another long-term process. You can't get a quick translation. It needs patience and many minds working together. And the commercialized aspects of music have no time for that sort of thing. That's where government subsidy comes in."

In view of Tucker's concern with opera in English, Section 116 of the Howell bill states, "All opera and drama productions and programs presented by or under any arrangement with the commission, with the exception of performances by visiting foreign companies, shall be presented in the English language to the maximum extent practicable. Suitable translations in English shall be provided when foreign opera and drama productions are presented."

Howell has summarized the basis for the bill and emphasized its importance in counteracting the impression of America abroad as

a wholly materialistic country as follows:

"There are those who recoil at the word 'art' as though threatened by some strange unnamed animal. Someone should tell them, to paraphrase an old adage, art is here to stay; someone should tell them that art is in the furniture they use, the clothes they wear, the homes they live in, the chair they sit on. They are like the gentleman in the Molière comedy who, much to his delightful surprise, discovered he was talking prose all his life. . . ."

Fully Aware

"Least I be accused of oversimplifying the major problem of the development of interest in art, let me add that I am fully aware of the complexities in the approaches in developing wider and deeper appreciations of the meaning of art in our lives.

"Canons of judgment and taste are not established by governmental decree. But—and this is the crux of our discussion—the facilities of government can be used not only to quicken responses but to feed the evident hunger of our people for participation in and appreciation of our cultural expression in every one of its manifold forms."

The number of the bill, which has been referred to the committee on education and labor, is HR 7185.

Trumpeter Signs

Baraboo, Wis.—Dick Reudebusch, young trumpeter from the Madison, Wis., area, has been signed by Andoll records of Baraboo. His first recording session was set tentatively for July 10.

Reudebusch has been fronting a six-piece in Wisconsin night clubs for several years.



"MUCH COIN from this one," predicts actress-interviewer Hilda Sims of the *Dominoes*' waxing of *3 Coins*. Billy Ward (left) sang along as the record was premed. Looking on are fellow *Dominoe* Milton Merle and WOV record spinner Johnny Van.

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Country & Western **DOWN BEAT**

Bonnie Lou's Yodel Hits In U. S. — And In Holland, England, Too

By Bea Terry

Cincinnati — To have a hit record in this country is a big deal for any artist, but when records start hitting in other countries, too, then the artist has something to yodel about. That's how it is with King records' Bonnie Lou. Americans like her well, but they like her in Holland, too.

Her recording of *Seven Lonely Days* was the No. 1 disc on the *Holland Hit Parade*. More recently, her *Tennessee Wig-Walk* hopped onto the *England Hit Parade*.

Bonnie Lou's Swiss grandmother taught her to yodel, and she was only 14 when she started her radio career in Bloomington, Ill. When she finished high school, she moved to Kansas City, Mo., where she appeared on a network show called *The Sagebrush Follies* with the Rhythm Rangers.

Still going under her real name.



Bonnie Lou

Mary Joan, Bonnie Lou auditioned for a job at WLW in Cincinnati, where she was hired in 1945 for the *Midwestern Hayride*. It was here that she was given her new name. During the same year, she married Glenn Ewins, who had returned home after four years in the service. Bonnie then left the entertainment world for five years. Meanwhile a daughter, Connie Jo, was born.

Now Bonnie Lou is back here and is seen and heard over WLW radio and television. She now has her own show Tuesday and Thursday evenings—and she also is seen on the NBC-TV network show, *Midwestern Hayride*, which made its debut June 15.

Town Hall Party after an absence of several weeks because of an operation. And Mrs. Marty Landau, who with her husband operates Riverside Rancho, is recovering from major surgery. . . . Ferlin Huskey, also known as Terry Preston, is now making his headquarters at WSM. A pact to make him

Nashville Notes

By BILL MORGAN

Tragedy again has struck the country music field. Bill Lyles, bass singer, and R. W. Blackwood, baritone, both of the famous Blackwood Brothers quartet, lost their lives in a plane crash June 30 in Clanton, Ala., while attempting to

land. A mass funeral was held in Memphis at the city auditorium with 4,000 persons in attendance, plus 27 quartets. Frank G. Clement, governor of Tennessee and a faithful follower of country music, also attended the services. . . . The Gulley Jumpers, long famous on the *Grand Ole Opry*, lost their leader Paul Warmack. Paul died the last week of June and will be missed by all of the fans of country music.

Floyd Wilson, writer of *Darling, Am I the One, It's Been Nice, and I Could Cry My Heart Out*, has a

regular on the *Grand Ole Opry* was signed after a guest appearance on the Prince Albert NBC *Grand Ole Opry* portion of the show June 12. Huskey had been living in California.

Regardless of other reports, Jim Halsey will continue to manage Hank Thompson, Billy Gray, and the Brazos Valley Boys. His stint with the army is not expected to hamper his managing operations too much for he has the boys booked well in advance. . . . Eddy Arnold fans are happy to hear that the Plowboy has been signed as a summer replacement on Dinah Shore's NBC television show. . . . Tex Williams and his Western Swing band opened at Harmony Park, in California, July 30 as home base. Tex and boys have left their posts at Knott's Berry Farm and Town Hall for a regular stand at the new place.

Our sympathy to Wesley and Marilyn Tuttle on the loss of one of their 4-year-old twin daughters. Wes and Marilyn, after three weeks off, are back on *Town Hall Party*. Speaking of *Town Hall Party*, this show now probably has more air time than any other of its kind in the United States outside of *Grand Ole Opry*. Besides three straight hours on KTTV Hollywood, and one hour on KFI each Saturday night, it now will be heard for an additional hour each Friday night as a summer replacement on KFI, a 50,000-watt clear channel NBC outlet in Hollywood.

in show business, Jimmie Davis has never had a fan club. That is, until now. Miss Alice Johnson is head of his new club, and you can join by writing her at P. O. Box 2552, Nashville. . . . The Carliales have a new one out, *The Salesman's Song* backed with *Moody's Goose*.

Larry Dexter, who made quite a splash with his Republic recording of *Throwing Kisses* has a new escape, *I Understand Just How You Feel and Huggin' and Kissing*. . . . Uncle Joe Allison, one of the top country jocks in Nashville, has penned a song just released by Gene Autry, *20-20 Vision*. . . . All major a&r directors due in town this month for recording sessions.

Ferlin Huskey has been added to the *Grand Ole Opry* cast. . . . Hill and Range songwriter Gary Walker, now a Pfc. in the army, was married to Peggy Boone in ceremonies at Gainesville, Mo., this week. . . . Dub Allbritten returned to Nashville this week after a successful tour with Ernest Tubb and Hank Snow through Louisiana and Texas. Allbritten is Tubb and Snow's manager.

For information, facts, and features about music, read *Down Beat* regularly.

Town And Country Music

By Bea Terry

Bob Wills started a series of weekend dates at the Riverside Rancho in Los Angeles July 9, replacing Jimmy Wakely who is taking a rest from television, radio, and personal appearances. . . . Rose Lee and Joe Maphis travel to New York to join the Old Dominion Barn Dance group Sept. 13. The group starts a two-week engagement at the 48th St. theater on Broadway. . . . The father of Tex Cherry of KFOX, Long Beach, and *Town Hall Party* died in July.

Judy Hayden (Mrs. Merle Travis) made it back to home base

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Top C&W Discs

Here are the top country and western records for the last two-week period as named by the country's leading c&w disc jockeys.

- CARL FITZGERALD, WTOK, MERIDIAN, MISS.**
1. Hank Snow—*I Don't Hurt Any More* (RCA)
 2. Webb Pierce—*Sparkling Brown Eyes* (Decca)
 3. Hank Thompson—*Honky Tonk Girl* (Cap)
 4. Billy Walker—*Thank You for Calling* (Cap)
 5. Ray Price—*Too Young to Die* (Cap)
- MOST PROMISING**
1. Jimmy Collins—*My Heart and I* (Mercury)
 2. Jimmy Newman—*Night Time Is Cry Time* (Dot)

3. Jack Ford—*I Understand Just How You Feel* (Chess)
 1. Folia Huskey—*Homesick* (Cap)
 3. Jim Reeves—*Mother Went A-Fishing* (Abbott)
- PETE (TATER) HUNTER, KRCT, BAYTOWN, TEXAS**
1. Johnny & Jack—*Goodnight, Goodnight, Goodnight* (RCA)
 2. Red Foley & Kitty Wells—*One By One* (Decca)
 3. Jimmy Newman—*Cry, Cry, Darling* (Dot)
 4. Hank Snow—*I Don't Hurt Anymore* (RCA)

5. Marty Robbins—*Pretty Words* (Cap)
 - MOST PROMISING**
 1. Jimmy Newman—*Night Time Is Cry Time* (Dot)
 2. Carl Smith—*Go Boy Go* (Cap)
 3. Johnny & Jack—*Money, I Need You* (RCA)
 4. Jim Reeves—*Pedro Of Old San Antonio* (Abbott)
 5. Freddie Hart—*Love Talk* (Cap)
- DALE STALLARD, KCMO, KANSAS CITY, MO.**
1. Hank Snow—*I Don't Hurt Anymore* (RCA)
 2. Webb Pierce—*One By One* (Decca)
 3. Hill-Tubb—*Looking Back To See* (Decca)
 4. Ray Price—*I Love You So Much* (Cap)
 5. Webb Pierce—*Even Tho* (Decca)
- MOST PROMISING**
1. Carl Smith—*Go Boy Go* (Cap)
 2. Homer & Jethro—*Hernando's Hideaway* (RCA)
 3. Faron Young—*A Place For A Girl Like You* (Cap)

'Not Happy,' Report DJs On 45 RPM Sample Sides

By Nelson King

Received my first shipment of disc jockey samples on 45 rpm this week, and you can quote me along with every other disc jockey I've talked with as saying, "We just ain't happy." Regardless of what any exploitation man from any record company has to say, if a jock spins his own platters he's got trouble. I tried using the new cue disc sent out by Capitol (with a Capitol 45) and ran into this difficulty. The 45 was definitely saucer shaped. When I played it with the bulged side down, the record fit the large center post, but since it cupped up around the edges, you can imagine what it sounded like with the slippage. Flipping the disc, there was so much cup in the record that I couldn't get the middle down on the center post. So what do we do now?

Discussing the situation with Syd Nathan, prexy of King Records, and thinking strictly along material and postage saving lines, we came up with the thought of placing both sides of a release on one side of a disc jockey sample platter, the platter to spin at the standard 78 rpm. Do any of you other jocks have an opinion to express on this idea? It seems to me that the record companies have jumped into this thing without due consultation with their most valuable exploitation medium—radio.

And for the life of me, I can't see why radio as an industry doesn't just say "Gentlemen, we are not interested in receiving 45s to use on our disc jockey shows." Of course, the record industry will come right back and say "OK, then you won't be spinning the new hits," but let's face it, fellows, there won't be hits until they are played enough times on the air to gain public acceptance.

The major labels all seem to be screaming about the cost of supplying stations and jockeys with 78 rpm samples, but I can't recall reading recently where any of them have been losing money. So, it simply comes down to this—do we select the material to be heard on our shows or will we let the record companies tell us what to use. I, for one, am staying as far away from 45s as possible.

Right here, I'd like to commend Tom Edwards of WERE, Cleveland, for taking the definite stand he has evidenced in his weekly news letters and I echo his thought when I say that you're much more apt to get 'em played, when you supply 'em on 78s. That's a tip to publisher's contact men, too.

One of the highlights in Cincinnati radio recently, June 26, was the celebration of Gil Shepard Day in North College Hill, Ohio. Gil who spins them on WCPO afternoons and late night was feted by his own teenage canteen with a parade, the keys to the city, and a talent review at the high school (Turn to Page 22)

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Strictly Ad Lib

(Jumped from Page 3)

Heidt, now doing his TV shows from the KTLA studio-theater, in a row with the L. A. city planning commission. His San Fernando Valley neighbors filed complaints of "too much noise" from the ranch-like establishment where Heidt houses, trains, rehearses, feeds, and entertains his troupe of talent tyros. Bandleader's answer was a petition to withdraw the property from Los Angeles municipal boundaries, or to "secede" as it were and have his own little private city.

LAS VEGAS

Here's what's happening here for the next couple of weeks. Sands hotel—Frances Langford and Sam Levenson, with Ray Sinatra leading the house ork and the combos of Noro Morales, Teddy Noel, and Gabor in the lounge . . . Flamingo hotel: Dick Contino and the Sportsmen, plus combos of Bobby Page, Marco Rizzo, Dave Sloan, and the Whipporwills . . . El Rancho Vegas: Joe E. Lewis, Gloria De Haven, Bob Ellis' band, and Charlie Barnett's quintet and Jovita's ork in the lounge.

Desert Inn: Val Parnell's London Palladium Varieties, Carlton Hayes' house ork, and the trios of Henry Rose and Grover Shore . . . Last Frontier: Herb Shriner and Lisa Kirk until Aug. 2, to be followed by Marilyn Maxwell and comic Will Jordan. Garwood Van directs the show band, and the lounge features Mary Kaye's trio, Mickey Katz' bunch, and the Dave Rodgers trio.

Hotel Sahara: Mae West to headline, backed by Cee Davidson's band. Combos are led by Jose Carbelo, Irving Fields, and Sando Deama . . . Hotel Thunderbird: singer Frances Faye, comedian Phil Foster, the Al Jahn band, and the Don Gregory trio.

SAN FRANCISCO—Brew Moore in town, sitting out his AFM card . . . Cal Tjader's new group was scheduled to open at the Macumba on July 15 . . . Louis Jordan drew 2,300 persons to a one-nighter at the Oakland auditorium July 4 after 10 days at the Manor Plaza in Frisco . . . Jumpin' George Oxford switched from KWBR to KSNB for six hours' airtime a day and a TV show.

Gogie Grant followed Nat Cole at the Fairmont hotel . . . Mel Torme into the Italian Village for his first local date in several years . . . Fantasy cooking a deal to take over 20 Erroll Garner masters . . . Woody Herman due on the coast in August with five days at Jantzen's Beach in Portland, starting Aug. 5, and a two-week date at the Golden in Reno on Aug. 11.

Fantasy Records has made arrangements for rights in this country to two LPs cut in France for Vogue by Dick Collins and a group from the Third Herd . . . Buddy Motesinger doing intermission chores at the Black Hawk while Johnny Hodges was at the club . . . The Don Cornell-Gaylords' package being offered, with so few interested that it dropped from \$1,500 to \$1,200 against 50 per cent of the gross. It probably will end up in a dance hall instead of an auditorium.

—ralph j. glasson

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ralph Marterie's Glen Echo date has been certified for Aug. 13. The regular weekly dancing fare there is provided by the Roy Stevens orchestra, with an hour-long air shot every Friday through WMAL . . . The Dorsey Brothers will invade the NCO club at Andrews air force base for a one-nighter on July 29 . . . Service bands and orchestras are providing much free entertainment locally in the form of outdoor concerts. Bob Dini, billed as the army successor to Eddie Fisher, was featured vocalist with the U. S. army band at Watergate on July 6.

Miki Marlow's first club date here was a week at the Casino Royal which ended July 25 . . . Jack Holiday—pianist and arranger for THE orchestra—abdicated his stand at Jack Rowes' in favor of the Charlie Parish trio . . . Carr's Beach continues to bid for heavy week-end traffic with Paul Quinichette closing a four-day stand on the 11th, and Big Jay McNeely finishing a similar stint a week later . . . Entertainment at the Roger Smith hotel has moved to the Starlight roof, where Mert Curtis' band supplies the musical menu.

—Joe Quinn and Tex Gehlings

MIAMI—Martha Raye returned with a midsummer reopening of the Beachcomber club in Miami Beach . . . A spot called La Vie En Rose opened in Miami just off Biscayne Blvd. with Pat Morrissey in the top position on the bill . . . The Vagabonds' club imported an ice show, and the boys worked out some skate routines for the few weeks before they were to leave for dates in Las Vegas, Reno, San Francisco, and Chicago. They'll re-

turn in December. The Facundo Rivero quintet was again a top draw at the Sans Souci hotel . . . Joya Sherrill came down for a stint in the Black Magic lounge where she shared billing with Hal Winters . . . Jack Goldman closed his Clover club for a couple of weeks for alterations . . . The Stark Brothers, Dottie Martin, and Freddie Barchand comprised the bill in the Dream bar . . . The Four Bits moved into the Albion hotel lounge . . . The Olympia theater offered Tito Guizar and Gil Lamb . . . Paul Mallory, Jeanie Burkett and Frank De La Font were at the Bombay hotel lounge.

—bob marshall

CLEVELAND—July 4th came in with a large bang with Woody Herman and the Third Herd whooping it up at Crystal Beach park, being followed at the same place by Pee Wee King on the 5th. Other bands inked for the ballroom are Billy May with Sam Donahue, Lea Brown, Ralph Flanagan, and Ray Anthony . . . Mentor-On-The-Lake ballroom books Russ Harmon for the season, with big acts on the weekend, July 10, for example, had Fran Warren and Don Cherry as added attractions.

The Skyway brought in the Three Suns on July 9, with the Harmonics following on the 19th, and the Four Aces on the 26th . . . The Loop lounge really swings these days. Sonny Stitt and Paul Quinichette were replaced by the frantic sounds of Bull Moose Jackson . . . At Kornmans, a new policy has been inaugurated. A new lounge complete with pictures of local personalities, newspaper people, et al, has been opened, and the very wonderful piano of Dick Mone has been added. The net result is almost S.R.O. each evening . . . Sylvia Syms knocked 'em dead at the Theatrical.

—m. k. mangan

PITTSBURGH—Don Cornell, the Gaylords, and the Jerry Fielding orchestra, played a recent six-nighter in the Vogue Terrace . . . Lisa Kirk played the lead in the Pittsburgh Civic Light Opera production of Panama Hattie in June . . . Patrice Munsel, starring in The Merry Widow, was the attraction at the CLO the week of July 5 . . . The Cecil Young quartet appeared for two weeks in the Midway, followed by baritone Leo Parker . . . The Deuces Wild, under ex-JATP trombonist Tommy Turk, have been playing a series of Sunday afternoon dance-picnic-jazz concert dates, at nearby Lake Jo-Ann.

Jill Corey, local girl who made good, at the Copa for two weeks from July 5 . . . Semiclassical duet of Mary Martha Briney and Bob Carter at the Ankara the week of July 5 . . . Roy Eldridge filled a two-week engagement in the Hurricane Music bar . . . Jimmy Wake-

THE HOT BOX

By George Hoefler

Ben Pollack, the famed bandleader and jazz drummer, has lived an exciting life, his career more dramatic, as far as the band business is concerned, than was the band life of Ben's sideman, Glenn Miller. Ben scorned his family's fur business, despite strong parental pressures, to play drums at the Friar's Inn with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. He was playing the night Louis Alterie shot up the place and a bullet went through Jim Lannigan's string bass.

The nervy Pollack argued with gangster Schemer Drucci about taking Ben's Californians out of the Rendezvous cafe to play for another cafe operator.

And there was the time that most of Ben's band walked out on him in New York because the young leader was paying more attention to his girl singer than he was to the music.

Representative Sides

The RCA Vault Original program has made available on Label "X" (LX-3003) some representative sides made during 1926-27-28-29 by the Ben Pollack orchestra. Pollack was the only white big

band leader who was a sincere jazzman himself.

Both Gene Goldkette and Paul Whiteman asked other musicians to select personnel. Pollack brought into the big time, before even other musicians had heard of them, such men as Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Jimmy McPartland, Glenn Miller, Harry James, Irving Fazzola, and Muggsy Spanier.

The earliest side on this reissue set was made Dec. 17, 1926, while the Venetian room at the Southmoor hotel on Chicago's south side was billing Ben Pollack and His Sunkist Serenaders fresh from California.

One night Roy Shields, who was with Goldkette in Detroit and was doing a little talent scouting on the side for Victor Talking Machine co., walked into the room. Ben thought Goldkette had sent him to steal some of the boys. It turned out that Roy got them their first recording date.

Both Men Young

Miller was barely 21 and Goodman has just turned 18. The date covered two sessions a week apart. One of the tunes, *He's the Last Word*, included in this "X" set, features an early Goodman solo.

It was a year later before they recorded again in Chicago. The band had been through several lay-offs, a stint at the Rendezvous, and then was ensconced in the Blackhawk cafe with McPartland on trumpet. Both sides made on

ly was featured at Kennywood park July 4 and 5 . . . Dot recording artist Jimmy James recently worked the Carnival . . . Jerry Grey was in the Horizon room for a week from July 12.

—charles sords

CINCINNATI—Zoo Summer Opera enjoying one of its best years in history. Faust was featured July 15 and 17, with Dorothy Warenskjold, Eugene Conley, and Nicola Moscona. The Barber of Seville on July 18 and 21, with Dolores Wilson, Costanzo Gero, and Frank Guarrera. Aida and Madame Butterfly were featured July 20 and 23, and 22 and 24, respectively, with Herva Nelli and Tomiko Kanazawa in leading roles . . . Hildegarde slated for Beverly Hills on July 30 for a two-week stand. Jackie Miles and Billy Williams quite a hit . . . Tex Benke at Coney Island Aug. 27 to Sept. 2.

—si shulman

MONTREAL—Mary Martha Briney and Bob Carter at Ruby Foo's. This marks their umpteenth return appearance in this city . . . Wyoma Winters had a quick return engagement at the Down Beat. Laura Berkley still is singing there, too . . . Henry Ramer started a new jazz show, Easy Living, on CBM Fridays. He uses Rockin' in Rhythm by Oscar Peterson as a theme. Mantovani here to lead a 60-piece orchestra in three Canadian concerts. He then goes to the U. S. and other Canadian points.

Heather Woods, who uses the stage name of Jill Terry, back in Montreal after a trip to California . . . Union wrangling still keeping local niteries in a state of jitters, not quite sure what is going to happen next. AGVA and AFM are at each others' throats here.

—henry j. whiston

Dec. 7, 1927, are included on "X." They are *Memphis Blues* and *Waitin' for Katie*, and are two of the few jazz-emphasized tunes the Pollack big band were allowed to make.

The set next includes three versions of *Singapore Sorrows* made during two seasons in April, 1928, shortly after the band had opened on Broadway in the Little club. Bud Freeman had been added to the roster as a replacement for Larry Binyon when the band came east early in '28. Two of these versions were not issued originally because of the hot solos.

Big T Discovered

The Pollack boys discovered Teagarden in a theatrical boarding house jam session around the middle of 1928. By the time the next Victor recording date took place in October, 1928, Jack had replaced Miller.

During 1928-29 Goodman, Teagarden, McPartland, and others were getting a lot of studio recording dates under pseudonyms. They were able to improvise more freely and play more jazz tunes on these sessions.

One such date was made for Victor in January, 1929. Several members of Pollack's band made the date under the name Ben's Bad Boys. Ben himself was on drums. They waxed *Yellow Dog Blues* and *Wang Wang Blues* both heard on "X."

The last record on the set is *Bashful Baby* made July 25, 1929. Pollack now was in front conducting. He had heard New Orleans drummer Ray Bauduc in Atlantic City, N. J., at the insistence of Teagarden. So we find Ray in place of Pollack on this date.



ANOTHER ENTRY in the Glenn Miller sweepstakes came to the fore recently—bandleader David Carroll, who waxes on the Mercury label but here gives a free plug to a rival concern in showing how much he looks like the late bandleader.

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Jazz Roundtable In Three-Week Meet This Year

Lenox, Mass.—The fifth annual post-Tanglewood Folk and Jazz Roundtable will be held at the Music Inn from Aug. 15 to Sept. 7. This is the first year the combination of panel discussions and live performances by singers, dancers, and instrumentalists has been extended to three weeks.

The Roundtable circumference has been divided into three sections—European and Negro folk music in the United States (Aug. 15 to 22); Caribbean music: its elements and influences (Aug. 22-29); and American jazz: its origins and evolution (Aug. 29 to Sept. 7). During the three weeks, there will be a lecture-recital followed by a performance every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening. There will be a roundtable discussion every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning concerned with the concerts of the night before. Audience participation will be encouraged.

Panel members will include Professor Marshall Stearns, director of the Roundtable; Rudi Blesh; Henry Cowell, composer and folk music authority; S. I. Hayakawa, semantist and jazz authority; Geoffrey Holder, dancer-musician-painter from Trinidad; Langston Hughes; Willis Lawrence James, professor of music and folklore at Spellman college, Atlanta; and Tremaine McDowell, chairman of the American Studies program at the University of Minnesota. The lectures and discussions will be taped, and will be part of the archives of the Institute of Jazz Studies.

Chubby Jackson's Mother, 59, Dies

Chicago—Mrs. Dorothy (Mom) Jackson, 59, mother of bassist Chubby Jackson and close friend of many of the musicians who worked with him, died in Chicago July 1 of a heart attack.

A former vaudeville performer who retired 10 years ago, Mom spent 36 years in the entertainment field. She worked with her husband in an act billed as Stonewall and Jackson, appeared with singer Harry Richman in 1913, and later did much radio work.

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Future Bright For Pre-Recorded Tape



Cross-section of music available on tape is indicated in this window display of A-V Tape Libraries.

New York—As the music-buying public becomes increasingly high-fidelity conscious, the future for pre-recorded tape looks more and more bright. Although there is no immediate mass market for pre-recorded tapes, several recent develop-

ments indicate that the present market is already bigger than is generally realized. And the only direction the size of that market can go is up. "In the light of events of the past year, and more recently, in view of developments in the recorded tape field in the last few months, I would say that music on tape is 'here,'" said Paul W. Jansen, magnetic products division sales manager of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, in a recent interview.

"Its coming has been predicted ever since tape came into use, but only recently have events borne out the predictions," he said at the Chicago N.A.M.M. convention.

"I would say such events include (1) The rush of many new firms to get into the tape recorder field; (2) the introduction, or plans for introduction, of tape "playback only" units which have recently been announced; (3) the increase in the number of selections now available on tape both by the pioneers in the field and by a number of new firms; (4) the widespread tape activity that has resulted in the "functional" background music field; and most significant, (5) the entry of a number of the record companies with their vast music libraries into the music-on-tape field."

Victor Enters Field

One of several recent significant events in the tape world was the decision of RCA Victor in June to begin the sale of pre-recorded tape reels for home use. Victor, the first major company to make the move, announced 17 reels totaling more than 11 hours of music. Each reel provides approximately the same amount of music as is offered on a 12" long-playing record. Victor set the suggested retail prices of the tape reels at \$10.95 for an album of popular music, \$12.95 for its Bluebird classical label, and \$14.95 for its Red Seal classical selections.

The other major companies are watching Victor's vanguard en-

trance into the land of tape with marked interest. A Columbia spokesman says that company plans to issue pre-recorded tapes "eventually" but nothing immediate is planned.

Watch And Wait

And this watching-and-waiting attitude is so far representative of the other companies as well. Decca, for example, "is investigating the field," and Capitol's president Glenn Wallichs reports that "Capitol Records is watching the growing interest in pre-recorded tape, but intends to issue its library or some portion of it in this fashion only when there are sufficient means available for playing the tape to make such an operation profitable. Just when this will happen is hard to speculate on, but in any event, Capitol executives are intimately familiar with the development and . . . they can get into production in short order if and when the right time comes to issue the product at a reasonable profit."

The independent classical labels, meanwhile, are waiting to see what the majors do, but there is little doubt that once the majors join the parade, everybody will be in line.

Widening Uses

There are, meanwhile, several growing organizations in the tape field which have been widening the use of pre-recorded tape not only for home and commercial location purposes, but also as an aid to educational and religious organizations. Among them are Hack Swain of Sarasota, Florida; Webcor in Chicago; the A-V Tape Libraries in New York, and Minnesota Mining.

To cite in some detail the activities of one of these pioneering outfits, let's look at A-V Tape Libraries, Inc., a division of Audio & Video Products Corporation. Their first recorded tape release goes back to 1961. Currently they have what is probably the largest

available catalogue of recorded tape—about 180 different reels. By the end of the year, there should be 200 titles.

Significant Move

A few months ago, A-V Tape Libraries took a further merchandising step that indicated how full their confidence is in the future of pre-recorded tape. The company released a one-shot 99-cent retail price leader in their pre-recorded tape line. A promotional device, the tape features musical standards and semiclassical selections, and has 15 minutes of playing time. At the same time, A-V Tape Libraries decided to expand its distribution outlets by adding additional record, appliance and photographic distributors to its national distribution program.

And the A-V catalogue is continually becoming more diversified.

Another interesting A-V series is *Music for Young Listeners*—a music appreciation program through tape recordings. And there's a course in French, developed by Fernand Marty, assistant professor of French at Middlebury College in Vermont. Recently A-V Tape Libraries introduced the first tapes recorded in stereophonic sound for the home tape recorder. The tapes feature the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and the Helsinki University Choir.

To further interest the consumer, A-V Tape Libraries is embarking on a development program of new artists for exclusive performance on their pre-recorded tapes.

Swain Expanding

Hack Swain, an enterprising studio organist who with his wife and partner, Marie, presiding at the recording equipment, has turned out countless 30-minute programs of organ music in addition to open-end radio-TV shows and eight-hour music tracks for commercial background use, has this to say of his current operations:

"We now have factory representatives covering 22 states, serving approximately 50 dealers and distributors, and this list is growing daily. We are adding to our stable of artists and will soon release four outstanding artists and groups on 30-minute 'Musikon Tape' programs."

Webcor's First Releases

Webcor recently shipped the first releases in its new library of high fidelity music on tape, featuring classical artists. The initial series consisted of six reels, including one reel by the John Halloran Choir, another by the Leonard Sorkin Strings and four other reels by the Fine Arts Quartet.

According to H. R. Letzter, the firm's general sales manager, Webcor's recorded tapes have been well received by the trade. He said the firm plans to bring out additional releases from time to time, and is now preparing three additional reels by the Halloran Choir, the Sorkin Strings and the Sorkin Symphonette. Critical response, too, he says, was good on the first releases, but "it is still too soon to know what to expect in the way of consumer sales."

Minnesota's Entry

To date Minnesota Mining has issued only one release, a hi-fi tape recording of the *Desert Suite* from the score of Walt Disney's film,



Paul W. Jansen

The Living Desert. It is being sold through hi-fi dealers at retail prices of \$3.30, \$4.40 and \$8.40, respectively, for tape recorders operating at 3%, 7 1/2 and 15 inches per second.

Why the Optimism

With all this tape activity underway, it is now possible to look at some of the tape industry's statistics and see whereon the optimism of the industry is based. Latest McGraw-Hill figures indicate an estimated 1,000,000 or more tape recorders in homes over the country. Some 275,000 tape recorders were sold last year alone. Estimates are that sales will double this year. The tape recorder boom seems to be on.

Much of the thinking, also, has changed in regard to music on tape, according to Mr. Jansen. Instead of regarding music on tape as being competitive to music on discs, he says, many of the record companies now realize that it instead offers them a entire new market for their music, in addition to their disc business.

Reasons Cited

Reasons, as cited by the Minnesota Mining executive are: (1) tape cannot now compete with discs on the basis of prices; (2) it is still easier to place a disc recording on a phonograph than it is to thread a reel of tape on a recorder; (3) tape is primarily a long-playing medium and to date, cannot compete with disc recordings when it comes to selecting a number widely divergent selections to be played one after another; and (4) tape players can't compete price-wise with \$16.95 record players.

Where Does Tape Fit?

What, then, has created the demand for recorded tapes? Says the Minnesota Mining spokesman, "The fact that more than 1,000,000 people in this country alone have tape recorders and want to buy music on tape as a means of further utilization and enjoyment of their machines."

"Probably every person ever to own a tape recorder has asked for recorded tape. It has been the subject of every magazine in the trade on numerous occasions; various writers have outlined the pros and cons of the matter in their columns time and time again; each new release on tape has prompted rather widespread attention in the trade press; and now—finally—the market or, if you like the demand, is here."

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William S. Clark's
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