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Mysterious Death
Of Wardell Gray

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DETROIT 'I Was Robbed,'
Says Jimmy Palmer

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Kenton, Heath
To Exchange?

(See Page 7)

Sammy Davis Jr.
For B'w'y Show

(See Page 6)

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DOWN BEAT

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On the Cover

Jazzman Muggsy Spanier and Chicago Symphony orchestra conductor Fritz Reiner are superimposed over Don Bronstein's excellent photograph of downtown Chicago, taken from a helicopter.

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JUNE 29, 1955

The First Chorus

Chicago's background in music is a rich one. It was here that the biggest boom the dance business ever saw was given its send-off, and where Dave and Jack Kapp started Decca Records, and where a young firebrand named James Petrillo began his climb, and where the song publishing business flamed and flourished. And where vaudeville houses were so numerous, acts could spend a year or more in the city, moving from one to another.

It was the city of brawn that Guy Lombardo came to in 1926 to open at a small south side cafe called the Granada, persuaded the owner to put in a radio wire, and became a national institution thereby.

It was here that the Karzas brothers built a ballroom empire that was world-renowned, and pushed to fame scores of bands: Wayne King, Ted Fio Rito, Anson Weeks, Dick Jurgens, Jan Garber, Lawrence Welk, and Griff Williams among them.

Hotels like the Drake, the Morrison, the LaSalle, the Edgewater Beach, the Palmer House, and the Congress featured beautiful rooms that were jammed at night. And another, the Sherman, rivaled any in the country with its College Inn presentations.

The Blackhawk numbered Hal Kemp, Coon-Sanders, Kay Kyser, and Bob Crosby among its discoveries.

Samuel Insull made Chicago world-renowned as an opera center when he built the mammoth Civic Opera House. And the word Chicago became synonymous with jazz as it poured forth its own creators and welcomed open-armed men like King Oliver, Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Zutty Singleton, Fletcher Henderson, and countless more.

In the midst of all this activity, 21 years ago this week, Down Beat was born. It was a little ragged, and very poor but it was breezy and cocky and willing to challenge anyone. Just like the city in which it originated.

But what about that city now? Is it the same boiling pot of musical activity that once was? Has its heritage carried it safely through the great shift in emphasis from live music to canned, bands to singers, radio to TV that has occurred in recent years?

We thought you would be interested in knowing just exactly what musical picture Chicago presents today. And so we assigned Bernard Asbell one of the city's most capable writers, and one who is well-steeped in music, to find out. He spent several weeks interviewing persons connected with Chicago music, and he came up with a story so interesting, so revealing, we felt it deserved full-scale treatment.

Thus we present in this issue, the longest feature story Down Beat ever has published, one that will take you into all facets of

(Turn to Page 18)

Sammy Davis Jr. To Star In Show

New York—Sammy Davis Jr. will star in his first Broadway show this fall. Titled *Mr. Wonderful*, the musical was written by Will Glickman and Joseph Stein who were responsible for *Plain and Fancy*. A composer and lyricist are being negotiated with, though details are not yet set. Producer of the venture will be Jules Styne.

In addition to Davis, the play will also feature the other members of the Will Mastin trio, Sammy's father and his uncle, Will Mastin. According to Davis, the basic plot concerns a young entertainer whose manager believes him to be of unmistakable star material. The entertainer, though, is afraid to accept stardom, and therein lies the conflict.

Tentative opening of *Mr. Wonderful* on Broadway is planned for the end of October or the middle of December.

EmArcy Seen For Mulligan

New York—It looks, at presstime, as if EmArcy's Bobby Shad has won the heavy competition for Gerry Mulligan. Negotiations were proceeding toward a contract under which the baritone-arranger-composer would record exclusively for Mercury's jazz subsidiary.

Mulligan, incidentally, formed a quintet for one week at Basin Street May 26. With Gerry were Al Cohn, Gil Evans, George Duvivier, and Herb Wasserman.



A PERMANENT HOME for *Down Beat's* Music Hall of Fame has been established at the Berklee School of Music in Boston. Duplicates of plaques given to the personality named each year by the readers of *Down Beat* to enter the Hall of Fame are mounted at the school. Here, Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Pops orchestra, Lawrence Berk of the school, and George Wein, director of the Newport Jazz Festival and Boston nitery owner, prepare to mount the plaques of Glenn Miller and Stan Keaton, second and third members to be named. Louis Armstrong was the first.

Mystery Surrounds Death Of Saxist Wardell Gray In Vegas

Las Vegas—Although at this deadline authorities say they have accepted the explanation that Wardell Gray, nationally known tenor sax player who came here with Benny Carter's band to open the new Moulin Rouge, died after a fall, many points have not been cleared up—and may never be.

Gray's body was found in a field some miles out of town and just off the main highway in the afternoon of the evening (May 26) marking the official opening of the \$3,000,000 interracial hotel-theater-restaurant. His neck was broken and he appeared to have been beaten over the head with a club or some other weapon.

AFTER ARRESTING and questioning dancer Teddy Hale, also given a lie-detector test, investigators said they believed Hale's story that he had gone into a panic after the musician fell and broke his neck, and had dumped the body in the field.

Newspaper reports had it that Hale and Gray were in the latter's room at the hotel taking a shot of heroin when the accident occurred, but members of the band and others who knew him refused to believe the narcotics story as far as Gray was concerned.

Benny Carter said the narcotics angle was not even brought up during his many conversations with police officers on the case. His statement:

"WARDELL GRAY ordinarily was one of the most dependable musicians I have ever known. On this occasion he had been drinking, drinking too much, for him. We had been rehearsing or playing almost constantly for the past three days and nights. Wardell had not been in the best of health recently. When he failed to make our last show on Wednesday night (Thursday morn-

ing) I thought he had gone to his room and collapsed. I still do."

The Moulin Rouge has special press openings on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, with a formal opening on Thursday night; the latter attended by hundreds of celebrities from Hollywood and all branches of show business. A local musician took Gray's place as a temporary replacement pending arrival of a regular from Hollywood.

Capitol Gets Brown, Plus Patti Andrews

Hollywood—Les Brown, *Down Beat* poll winner in the dance band division for the last two years, has moved from the Coral label to Capitol.

In addition to the Brown band itself, individual members will be featured with small groups. They are Dave Pell, tenor; Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Ronnie Lang, alto, and Ray Sims, trombone.

It was understood that Pell, recently signed to record with his own combo on Atlantic, will continue on that label with a quintet.

Another addition to Capitol roster came with the signing of Patti Andrews, the former member of the Andrew Sisters who left to work as a single.

Her first sides were recorded backed by a band headed by Nelson Riddle, Capitol's ace arranger-conductor.

For An Encore?

New York—During a recent set at the Composer, Don Elliott headed a quartet with the excellent rhythm section staffed by Art Magyar, Jimmy Gannon, and Bob Corwin.

Elliott himself played with characteristic skill on the melophone and vibraharp (sometimes simultaneously) and trumpet. He also sang several numbers well and gave impressions of Red Norvo, Milt Jackson, Teddy Charles, and Terry Gibbs that were both funny and accurate. At the end of the set, a customer hailed Elliott as he was leaving the stand.

"Hey," said the ringsider. "How come you're loafing tonight? Didn't you bring your bongos?"

Heath, Kenton Switch?

London—The British musicians union has largely agreed to a direct exchange of the Stan Kenton and Ted Heath bands as a means of breaking the long-term ban on American bands playing in England.

Heath and Kenton are agreeable to an idea whereby each brings his entire band to the other's country for the same period of time in a simultaneous switch. Suggested dates are February and March, 1956, for about five weeks. The one obstacle may be the attitude of the American Federation of Musicians. The AFM has been in favor of a free, unlimited exchange between the two countries rather than a band-for-band deal. If the matter is officially brought before the AFM, it would have to be decided by James C. Petrillo, the president and the union executive board.

New LP A 98-Cent Jazz History

New York—Another index of the growing volume of jazz record business is Columbia's full-scale jazz promotion which began June 1. Headlining the project is a special 12" LP, *I Like Jazz*, which is being sold for 98 cents along with a 36-page jazz catalog, with notes by George Avakian, for free.

Avakian also prepared and annotated the LP which is, in part, a short history of jazz from ragtime to modern sounds. All the numbers on the LP are either out-of-print items or previously unissued performances. Among the artists included are Bessie Smith, Bix Beiderbecke, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, Pete Rugolo, Wally Rose, Eddie Condon, and Dave Brubeck.

Steel Pier Sets Summer Talent

New York—The Steel Pier at Atlantic City, N. J., has lined up most its talent for the summer season. The chorettes were the openers for Memorial day weekend. Starting June 19, with appearances by Lillian Roth and Frank Fontaine, all dates will be for a full week.

Gary Morton and Bill Haley and his Comets arrive June 26. They will be followed by Johnnie Ray July 2 for eight days; the DeJohn Sisters, Gil Lamb, and the Richard Hayman orchestra July 10; the Four Lads July 17; Joan Weber July 24; the Crew-Cuts July 31; the Mariners Aug. 7; the Fontane Sisters Aug. 14; Phil Spitalny Aug. 21, and Julius LaRosa Aug. 28.

Pettiford Directs Music In Cafe

New York—Oscar Pettiford has been appointed director of music policy at Cafe Bohemia, the new modern jazz club in Greenwich Village. It is planned Pettiford will lead the main quintet, changing the front line every couple of weeks.

On occasion, however, jazzmen with their own units will be booked into the club, and then Pettiford will join the house trio on cello. Oscar headed a quintet with Art Farmer, Hank Mobley, Kenny Clarke, and Horace Silver for two weeks starting May 30. On June 13, Lee Konitz, Nick Travis, Osie Johnson, Dick Katz, and Earl May were scheduled to follow for two weeks.

'Top R&B Revue' Being Prepared

New York—Shaw Artists is readying the 1955-'56 edition of *The Top 10 R&B Revue*, which should be ready for the road Aug. 31. Manager Lou Krefetz has signed—along with his own act, the Clovers—the Paul Williams band and emcee Al Jackson. Other entertainers being considered include Gene and Eunice, the Cadillac, the Five Keys, Bill Doggett, and a girl singer.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

ONSTAGE: Lena Horne will play the Queen of Sheba on Broadway in a musical with book by Samson Raphaelson. Michael Redgrave may make his American singing debut as Solomon . . . Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, working on a musical version of Pygmalion, are shooting for a January opening with Rex Harris, Julie Andrews, and Stanley Holloway . . . Mary Martin and Jerome Robbins may work together on a musical version of *The Skin of Our Teeth* next season.

ENTERTAINMENT-IN-THE-ROUND: Xavier Cugat into the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria June 29 . . . Sarah Vaughan goes on a four-week tour July 10 in a show with Al Hibbler, the Red Prysock orchestra, and others. The Gale agency is booking . . . Eddie Fisher headlined the first three days of Monte Proser's *La Vie* at the beginning of June at his old rate of \$125 a week . . . Felicia Sanders is at the Waldorf until June 28 . . . Maurice Rocco has been playing at the Toast on First Avenue . . . Dan Terry goes into Birdland for another three weeks July 28.

JAZZ: Among the musicians going out from New York to make the soundtrack for *The Benny Goodman Story* are Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, George DuVivier, Buck Clayton, Chris Griffin, Hymie Schertzer, and Urbie Green. Krupa, Wilson, and Hampton will also have parts in the film . . . Tyree Glenn has been doing so well at the Embers, he'll go in there again in the fall . . . Guitarist Herb Ellis will rejoin the Oscar Peterson trio . . . EmArcy about to sign Mary Ann McCall . . . Will Bradley Jr. at presstime was about to replace Jerry Segal as drummer with Johnny Smith . . . Bud Powell opened at Maxim's in the Bronx at the beginning of June, along with Sonny Stitt . . . The Teddy Charles-Charles Mingus Cafe Society date fell through. Lucille Reed went in there with Steve Gibson and the Red Caps and Mat Mathews with Bob Carter, Herbie Mann, and Benny Weeks . . . Sonny Igoe may go out on the road with a quartet including pianist Dave McKenna . . . Bethlehem cut an album at the Metropole with Charlie Shavers, Frank Rehak, Red Allen, etc., with Al Collins as master of ceremonies . . . Erroll Garner played the Philadelphia Inquirer Music Festival June 10, the only jazz artist on the program . . . Stan Kenton leaves Birdland June 29 and then the Count Basie band comes in for four molten weeks . . . Marian McPartland played a quick week at the Embers June 6. George Shearing goes in for the summer at the end of June.

RECORDS, RADIO, AND TV: Atlantic has signed Betty Bennett for two albums—with arrangements by husband Andre Previn and Shorty Rogers . . . Kitty Kallen will cut some sides in Hollywood with Bing Crosby . . . Three for Tonight will be on CBS-TV June 22 from 10 to 11 p.m. with the original cast, including Harry Belafonte and the Champions.

CHICAGO

The Blue Note scored a real scoop when it announced that the Lionel Hampton band would take over its stand on June 29 for two weeks. Hamp has been breaking it up everywhere, figures to repeat here. Currently at the spot are Sarah Vaughan and the Marian McPartland trio . . . The Dukes of Dixieland continue to draw big business at the Preview, where it appears they will remain in residence throughout the summer . . . Max Roach and Clifford Brown replace Johnny Smith's combo at the Beehive on June 17.

Lurlene Hunter will grace the Cloister all summer, to be abetted by the return of Sylvia Syms on June 27 . . . The Louis Armstrong-Gary Crosby package was a howling success at the Chicago theater. So much so, that the Chez Paree is interested in landing it. Nat Cole's date at the Chez, by the way, was sensational, both artistically and businesswise. Marion Marlowe is there right now, while the

(Turn to Page 37)

'Interracial' Moulin Rouge Opens In Jim Crow Vegas

By Charles Emge

Las Vegas—This town has acquired a notable addition to its growing list of million-dollar combination gambling casinos and luxury hotels that rise from the sandy wastes. The addition is the new Moulin Rouge, as lush as any of its counterparts, but notable particularly because in one respect it is not in the Las Vegas tradition.

One facet of Las Vegas has received little publicity—it is almost 100 percent Jim Crow.

WHEN OUR PARTY was whisked from the airport to the Moulin Rouge, I discovered that, fancy as it is, its owners had to build it on "the other side of town," in what some cities still call the "colored district."

Like most places of its type here, the lobby is a gambling casino, with bars on two sides and a cocktail lounge with tables at one end. In the adjacent corner there is a small stand on which four small groups play around the clock. Currently there was Wild Bill Davis, Bill Johnson, Ahmad Jamal, and the Three B's.

The supper show was a full-scale revue, somewhat of the old Cotton Club type, presented with a band led by Benny Carter. Music for songs and production numbers is by Mercer Ellington.

CARTER WAS THE biggest name in the opening show. The headliners were Stump and Stumpy, a very good comedy and dance act. There was mood singer Ann Weldon and an all-girl rhythm & blues quartet, the Honey Tones. On the opening bill there was one white performer, mimic Margie McGlory. The chorus line would have made the late Earl Carroll envious.

Commenting on the absence of so-called major names in the initial show, a spokesman said, "Our aim is to put on good shows with real entertainers, rather than movie stars and bad singers with over night record hits who are usually of interest only because of their curiosity value."

Moulin Rouge operators like to make the point that it is not a "colored" establishment but "interracial."

Art Mooney's TV Program Canceled

Hollywood—Art Mooney's *Talent Train*, a television show which was to start this month as a weekly series on KCOP, has been canceled by KCOP because of a "misunderstanding" over union scale for such a combination dance and video date.

Lou Snader, who signed Mooney and planned to release the shows nationally by simultaneously telefilming them, said Mooney still is planning to come to Hollywood and that he "would have a television deal for him with another station."

Simon Leaves Post With 'Metronome'

New York—George Simon, after more than 20 years association with *Metronome*, is ending active association with the magazine although he will remain as editorial consultant.

Simon's main immediate project is as writer of *America's Greatest Bands*, an hour-long CBS-TV summer replacement for the Jackie Gleason show. The first program is June 25. Among groups on the first show will be the Sauter-Finegan orchestra, Steve Gibson and the Red Caps, and a band led by Paul Whiteman. Whiteman will be permanent master of ceremonies of the series.

There will be four different bands each week along with "behind-the-scenes" news notes about each of the leaders.

Among orchestras scheduled for appearances are those of Xavier Cugat, Bob Crosby, Tex Beneke, Phil Spitalny, Enric Madriguera, Charlie Spivak, Duke Ellington, Les Brown, Phil Napoleon, Hugo Winterhalter, Pupi Campo, Count Basie, Rudy Vallee, Ted Weems, Ralph Font, Tony Pastor, Ralph Flanagan, Percy Faith, Claude Thornhill, and Les Elgart.

New Kay Owner

Chicago—Sidney M. Katz is the new owner of the Kay Musical Instrument Co. He replaces H. K. Kuhmeyer, who is retiring after 33 years as owner.

Maltby Band Plays East On Weekends

New York—Richard Maltby has taken his band on the road for the summer. The group played its first dates over the Memorial day weekend in Youngstown, Ohio; Caroltown Pa., and Cleveland. Because of his heavy recording schedule on Label "X," Maltby is limiting his engagements to weekends in the east.

The band's book will consist of arrangements written by Maltby as well as some instrumentals from his SESAC transcription series and his Label "X" recordings.

Jazz By 'Jungle' Author

New York—Evan Hunter, author of *The Blackboard Jungle*, has sold a novel based on jazz to Simon and Schuster. It's called *Second Ending* and is scheduled for October publication.

Jimmy Palmer Assails 'Raiding' By Landsberg During Coast Date

Hollywood—"I just want to warn all bandleaders coming to the Palladium to be sure to have all their key men and featured singers under contract," said a disgruntled Jimmy Palmer. "I've been raided before. But never like this. Klaus Landsberg (manager of TV station KTLA) didn't even call me up to discuss it."

Palmer, out from Chicago with his band for a two-week fill-in date at the Palladium, had that and a few other things to say when he discovered that the television impresario had signed up his pianist, Jack Melick, hailed by Landsberg as a "second Liberace," and was starting him on video as a solo act.

PALMER, AN unknown to the coast and making his first appearance here, made a very good showing under un-auspicious conditions. But he said he has other reasons to feel disgruntled:

"We came all the way out here for this two-week run only because we understood it was an audition for the house band spot and felt the band was a cinch to get it.

"I knew about the television show but didn't know it took place on our

opening night.

"So we open in this tangle of lights, television cameras, all kinds of assistant directors giving orders—and discover on top of that we're sharing the date with an art show. All kinds of queer looking people and pictures cluttering up the foyer, lobby, and both balconies. But after the show everybody in the place rushes back to tell us we were great. I go to sleep thinking we're set.

"**THE NEXT DAY** I come out and find Orrin Tucker rehearsing on the stand and learn that he was set as house band before we even arrived.

"Oh, well; it was worth it anyway. We've got a solid string of one-niters ahead now, and we caught a short at Universal studios. I'm not really mad at anyone—except this guy Landsberg!"

The following single releases were the best received for review for this issue. Titles in capital letters indicate the ranking side. LPs and EPs received for review are discussed at length.

Five-Star Discs

- ALABAMA JUBILEE/ *Baff* — David Carroll (Mercury)
- SWEET AND GENTLE/ *Blueberries* — Georgia Gibbs (Mercury)
- BESAME MUCHO/ *Take a Deep Breath*—Eddie Gorme & Steve Lawrence (Coral)

Four-Star Discs

- THE KENTUCKIAN SONG/ *Cattle Call* — Eddy Arnold, Hugo Winterhalter (RCA)
- SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE/ *Stuefoot*—Fred Astaire (Victor)
- SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE/ *Saturday Night Mambo*—Les Brown (Coral)
- SWEET AND GENTLE/ *You Still Mean The Same To Me*—Alan Dale (Coral)
- THE LONE PSYCHIATRIST/ *The Honey Earthers*—Stan Freberg and Dawa Butler (Capitol)
- MAN FROM LARAMIE/ *The Three of Us*—Eddy Howard (Mercury)
- OLD BETSY/ *Be Sure You're Right*—Burl Ives (Decca)
- THE BANJO'S BACK IN TOWN/ *Joe, Joe*—Sammy Kaye (Columbia)
- MARTY/ *East Side, West Side*—Jimmy Leyden & Chappaqua School (Columbia)
- CHEE CHEE-OO CHEE/ *Rusty Old Halo*—The Mariners (Columbia)
- CHEE CHEE-OO CHEE/ *Ridin' Into Love*—Dean Martin (Capitol)
- SECOND HUNGARIAN MAMBO/ *Argentine Fire Brigade*—Freddie Martin Ork (Victor)
- FLYIN' HIGH/ *Give Me Your Word*—Jane Morgan (Kapp)
- CHARLEY MY BOY/ *The Ace in the Hole*—Somethin' Smith (Epic)

Three-Star Discs

- MINE/ *Tress*—Tommy Alexander (MGM)
- LEARNIN' THE BLUES/ *Mmmm Mamie*—Ray Anthony (Capitol)
- BEWARE/ *TU Step Aside*—Toni Arden (RCA)
- CRAZY CRAZY HEART/ *The Forces of Evil*—Jay Brinkley (Dot)
- HURRY HOME/ *So Help Me*—Frankie Castro (Mercury)
- IF I MAD THREE WISHES/ *If We Never Said Hello*—George Cates and Ork (Coral)
- SHANER MAIDEL/ *Fozfire* — Jeff Chandler (Decca)
- MAN IN THE RAINCOAT/ *Sentimental Fool*—Karen Chandler (Coral)
- IF WE ALL SAID A PRAYER/ *The Kentuckian Song*—Guy Chorney (Mercury)

- NO ARMS CAN EVER HOLD YOU/ *Come Back, Come Back*—Jeffery Clay (Coral)
- STORY UNTOLD/ *Magnolia* — Four Coins (Epic)
- RIDING ON A TRAIN/ *Uranium*—Commodores (Dot)
- BRING BACK MY HEART/ *She Acts As a Woman Should*—Ronnie Deauville (Acama)
- HEARTBREAKING/ *What Are You Doing in My Heart?* — Pearl Eddy (Label "X")
- WITH LOVE/ *Getting Sentimental Over You*—Lew Douglas (Dot)
- LET ME LOVE YOU ONCE AGAIN/ *Too Many Doors*—Norman Knuth (Newtone)
- THIS IS ALL VERY NEW TO ME/ *What A Wonderful Way To Die*—Bob Manning (Capitol)
- GOBELUES/ *Celeste* — Red Nichols (Capitol)
- I NEED YOUR LOVE/ *Love Is a King* — Jackie Paris (Coral)
- PLEASE DO/ *It's You*—Roger Roger (MGM)
- HEY MR. BANJO/ *Hallelujah*—Gene Sheldon (MGM)

Albums

Wayne King

Melody of Love

Because You Love Me; I'm Getting Mighty Lonesome for You; Melody of Love; I Love You Truly; Lonesome. That's All; Josephine; None But the Lonely Heart; Just a Dream of You, Dear; The Lamp of Memory; Don't Tell a Lie About Me, Dear; The Day Is Done

Rating: ★★

Victor has reissued a raft of its old King masters on this LP to cash in on the revival in popularity (courtesy of David Carroll) of such items as *Melody of Love*.

Franklyn MacCormack is onhand to narrate some of them, the band dances through the others, and it's all the same schmaltz that King has been selling for years. (Victor 12" LP LPM 1117)

Terry Morel

But Not for Me; I Remember You; I Can't Get Started; Love for Sale

Rating: ★★

Terry Morel, a vocalist who's been working around Philadelphia, makes her record debut accompanied by the Tony Luis trio. Miss Morel has what is by now the conventional husky-Christy-Connor voice, but like many singers of that school, she tends to italicize everything so that her conception sometimes resembles that of a forest fire. She could also pay more attention to what the lyrics are actually saying.

She does have a good, often a very good, sound, and if she can relax more and pay more attention to the differ-

ences inside each song as well as to that "sound," she could make it. Good backing by the trio and good recorded sound. You'll find some updated lyrics, incidentally, in *Started*. (Prestige EP 1347)

Damn Yankees

Overture; Six Months Out of Every Year; Goodbye, Old Girl; You've Got to Have Heart; Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, Mo.; A Little Brains, A Little Talent; A Man Doesn't Know; Whatever Lola Wants; You've Got to Have Heart; Who's Got the Pain; The Game; Near to You; Those Were the Good Old Days; Two Lost Souls; A Man Doesn't Know; Finale

Rating: ★★

This is the original cast recording of the score from *Yankees*, and it is indeed stimulating listening. The irrepressible Gwenn Verdon, who reaches star status in this show, shines through, and the rest of the cast, including Stephen Douglass and Ray Walston, is properly bright and zingy.

The music is by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, who broke through to success on *Pajama Game*. And though the entire score is good, it still has the same fault *Pajama Game* did. The lyrics are excellent, the tunes are catchy, but they still lack the freshness of real originality—it's as if you've heard them all before, somewhere.

A fine package, however, and should be a highly successful one. (Victor 12" LP LOC-1021)

Orrin Tucker To Open Palladium On Aug. 3

Hollywood—Orrin Tucker will open the Hollywood Palladium Aug. 3 for at least 13 weeks as house band, Wednesday through Sunday weekly.

Tucker also will be featured on KTLA's television series, *Palladium Party*, where he will head a larger (19 men) orchestra.

Randle Deal Flops

New York—The deal whereby Bill Randle of Cleveland's WERE was to be featured two hours every afternoon on WCBS in New York fell through. Randle's home station objected to a clause in the projected contract whereby Randle could leave Cleveland entirely after Dec. 31. Randle, however, will continue his Saturday afternoon WCBS program which still has 18 months to go.

Mac's New Singer

New York—Jeanne McManus, vocalist with Hal McIntyre for the last 3½ years, has left the band to go out as a single. She will also devote more time to her songwriting activities. Donna Brooks took her place with McIntyre.

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Jazz Reviews

DOWN BEAT

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

Milt Bernhart

Scarf Dance; Ballade; Lover Man; Safari

Rating: ★★

This is trombonist Bernhart's first set as a leader. No personnel is given, but the background is apparently the same intra-recording Los Angeles nucleus that makes up what some fanciful historians call "the west coast school." The three originals are by Jimmy Giuffre, and they're some distance from his usual inventive standard though *Balade* is pleasant.

Milt blows well and warmly, but the arrangements are heavy, the material not distinguished, and the "feel" of the accompaniment too closely resembles an unenthusiastic studio band. All in all, though Bernhart himself is all right, he can't carry it alone and so this is a rather phlegmatic package. (Victor EP EPA 598)

Georg Brunis

- ★★★★ *Bugle Call Rag*
- ★★★★ *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*
- ★★★★ *Down in Honky Tonk Town*
- ★★★★ *Alice Blue Gown*

Uninhibited New Orleans-styled Dixieland ignited by Brunis' trombone with Teddy Buckner, trumpet; Matty Matlock, clarinet; Roy Zimmerman, piano; Chink Martin Sr., string bass and tuba, and Johnny Edwards, drums. It ain't subtle, but it's sure spirited. A highlight is Sister Elizabeth Eustis singing *Closer Walk*. Brunis is still a far better ensemble jazzman than a soloist. (Southland 78a 9024, 9025)

Kenny Clarke-Ernie Wilkins

Pru's Blooze; I dig You the Most; Cute Tomato; Summer Evening; Os, the Wizard; Now's the Time; Plenty for Kenny

Rating: ★★★

The Clarke-Wilkins septet includes Kenny, drums; Hank Jones, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Ernie Wilkins, alto and tenor; Eddie Bert, trombone; Cecil Payne, baritone, and George Barrow, tenor and baritone. Too bad a trumpet wasn't substituted for one of the baritones to provide a wider range of tone color, and it's also too bad that thematically the originals (three by Wilkins and three by Savoy recording director Ozzie Cadena) for the most part are rather routine and underdeveloped.

The Wilkins arrangements, however, are clean and swinging and give the impression of a larger unit than is actually present. Ernie was chief ar-

ranger for Basie until he left the band to settle in New York, and now he writes for Count, the Dorsey brothers, Dan Terry, and a number of others.

It's interesting to hear Ernie solo (on both alto and tenor) here for one of the few times on record up to now. He blows competently and as could be expected, swings. But actually none of the horn soloists is outstanding on this set though all are able. Chief kicks, then, come from the first-rate rhythm section and from Kenny's experimental unaccompanied drum solo based on Bird's *Now Is the Time*. Good recording by Rudy Van Gelder. In view of the failure of the horns to take fire on this date, the rating can't be higher. (Savoy 12" LP MG-12007)

Dick Collins

The Winter of My Discontent; As Long as I Live; Hold Me, Hold Me, Hold Me; Northern Comfort; Strike Up the Band; It's Love; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Donna Mia

Rating: ★★★★★

Trumpeter Dick Collins of the Woody Herman band leads a unit composed of Al Porcino, Charlie Walp (alternating with John Howell), trumpets; Sonny Russo, Billy Byers, trombones; Al Cohn, Jack Nimitz, Bill Perkins, Dick Meldonian, Ritchie Kamuca, saxes; Nat Pierce, piano; Bunny Harris, guitar; Red Kelly, bass, and Chuck Flores, drums.

Arrangements are by Cohn and Pierce, each contributing an original. High points of the arranging are two extended scores—Pierce's lovely unraveling of Alec Wilder's *Winter* and Cohn's electric *Strike Up the Band*. As a matter of fact, all the writing is good. Also of a generally high level of conception are the frequent and generously distributed solos.

Of particular distinction is the work of Collins, making this the first of the three recent albums in which he has been heavily featured to present him impressively. Collins' warm, modern-Beriganish tone and, above all, his taste come through clearly in this collection, and I can now hear why his partisans are so convinced.

Excellent recording quality and a silly cover. Victor, which puts so much thought and care into its classical and most of its pop packaging, would do well to re-examine the naive state of affairs in its jazz department with regard to both covers and notes. These are not kiddies' records, after all. The title of this album, by the way, is *King Richard the Swing Hearted*. Cute, huh? (Victor 12" LP IJM-1027)

Cool Europe

Simone; Lover Man; Cool Dogs; Diagram; Anything Goes; Brotherly; Yogi; If I Had You; FU Remember April; Deep Purple; Rhumbuses; Two Sleepy People; Amalgam

Rating: ★★★

One-half of *Cool Europe* is devoted to eight recordings featuring the brilliant

German pianist, Jutta Hipp. Two (*Lover Man* and *Diagram*) are characteristically long-lined two-handed piano solos (with rhythm) that are individually conceived and thoughtfully constructed. On four, Jutta is joined by inventive Emil Mangelsdorff's cool-but-not-kalt alto and the hard-toned tenor of Joki Freund with bassist Han Kresae and drummer Karl Sanner. *Brotherly* has Emil and his brother, the swift, skilled trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff. Albert is also heard on *If I Had You*, along with tenor Hans Koller for whom Jutta used to play. Karl Sanner is on drums and Shorty Roeder on bass in these last two. These eight are consistently interesting sides with Jutta outstanding.

The second half is not nearly so stimulating. These are four tunes cut at a 1954 session supervised by Mike Nevard of the *Melody Maker*. On *April*, trumpet Albert Hall plays thinly and unimpressively over a stodgy rhythm section of pianist Ralph Dollimore, bassist Johnny Hawksworth, and drummer David Murray with bass overrecorded as it is on the other three as well. On the next two, Hall is augmented by altoist Johnny Dankworth and tenor Don Rendell with Alan Ganley in on drums. Dankworth and Rendell blow very well and warmly here, but again, the rhythm section is lacking in cohesive spirit.

Harry Klein's capable baritone arrives in *People* which also has Hall, Döllimore, Hawksworth, and Murray. Though Hall is somewhat improved (as also on *Purple*) with a mute, nothing much happens in *People* and *Amalgam* is redeemed only by Rendell. Are these really the best jazzmen in England as Leonard Feather states in the notes? Jutta deserves four stars, but the rating drops because of the English sides. (MGM 12" LP E3157)

Wild Bill Davis

Lullaby of Birdland; Jumpin' at the Woodside; April in Paris; Ooh-Ah-De-De-De; Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Linger Awhile; Make No Mistake; Indian Summer; Without a Song; Chicken Gumbo; Night Train; I Ain't Feeling So Good

Rating: ★★★

Wild Bill Davis at Birdland is a fiercely swinging double-set by organist Davis, guitarist Floyd Smith, and drummer Chris Columbus, excellently recorded at Birdland. The rating isn't higher because Wild Bill's driving beat on this LP is seldom matched by freshness of conception. With a few exceptions the ideas herein are overfamiliar and often slip into repetition.

The LP, however, is rhythmically a wailer. (I should note in honesty a personal bias here—I just can't make it with the supermarket sound of a Hammond organ, even though I recognize Bill is one of the more highly regarded jazz practitioners on the instrument.) Basie devotees will recognize the elements on one track here of the high-

powered *April in Paris* arrangement Wild Bill wrote for the Count. There are, incidentally, a couple of Davis vocals. (Epic 12" LP LG 3118)

Roy Eldridge-Benny Carter

★★★★ *The Moon Is Low*

★★★★ *Close Your Eyes*

A session cut in March this year with a rhythm section of Bruce MacDonald, John Simmons, and Alvin Stoller. Roy is passionately effective on the first side, a jumper. *Eyes* is also uptempo, and again Eldridge takes over most the solo space with his usual drive and swing. Neither side is startling idea-wise, but both are good ex-

amples of moving mainstream jazz (Clef 89143)

Tal Farlow

These Foolish Things; I Remember You; How Deep Is the Ocean; Fascinating Rhythm; Manhattan; Autumn Leaves; It's You or No One; Tenderly; There Will Never Be Another You; Just One of Those Things

Rating: ★★★

Another well-conceived collection of Farlow performances with Tal receiving expert backing from Claude Williamson, Red Mitchell, and Stan Levey. Mitchell and Williamson also contribute a few tasteful solos. One of Far-

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low's highlights is his unaccompanied *Autumn Leaves*. Recording quality of this set is improved over Tal's previous two albums for this label. This one's called *The Interpretations of Tal Farlow* and is further proof that Tal's ideas, beat, and tone place him among the best modern jazz guitarists. (Norgran 12" LP MG N-1027)

Pete Fountain

- *** *Cherry*
- *** *Song of the Wanderer*
- *** *Home*
- *** *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*

Fountain plays liquid, lucid New Orleans clarinet in the Fazola tradition with a touch of Goodman. He's accompanied by his Three Coins, pianist Roy Zimmerman, drummer Johnny Edwards, and bassist Phil Darois. The conception is a combination of a swing era horn over a basically Dixieland rhythm section. Pete blows tenor on *Wanderer* and sounds somewhat like Eddie Miller but not as smooth. He's more effective on clarinet. All four are quite pleasant and rather nostalgic. (Southland 78s 7018, 7019)

Dizzy Gillespie

- ** *Devil and the Fish*
- *** *Rumbola*

The first side is weak material but has a fairly good chorus by trombonist Jimmy Cleveland and a swift if not especially meaningful one by Dizzy. Hank Mobley's solo is routine. The rhythm section has Wade Legge, Lew Hackney, and Charlie Persip. Recording quality could be considerably better. *Rumbola* has a hackneyed theme, but Dizzy plays very competently (which is why the rating). The proceedings as a whole are nonetheless rather lethargic. Doesn't Dizzy care anymore? (Norgran EP 140X45)

Georgia Peach

Little David, Play on Your Harp; Tired; In My Home; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; I'm Gonna Leave You in the Hands of the Lord; I Must Tell Jesus; Does Jesus Care; Silent Night; I Know the Lord; I Ain't Gonna Lay My Religion Down; Only a Look; Precious Memories; My Master's Will; God's Amazing Grace; Well, It's All Right

Rating: *****

Gospel in the Great Tradition is a moving recital by the Georgia Peach (Clara Gholson Brock) with Danny Barker on guitar and banjo on some numbers and James Francis and John Ephraim alternating sides on piano. For those of you who dig singers like Mahalia Jackson, this is another powerful experience in listening to one of the root-sources of jazz. The Georgia Peach has a voice of great power and emotional intensity. She has swing, a dramatic sense of dynamics, and all in all, is an impressive artist. Eleven-year old Anthony Brock sings well with

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the movie, features a composition by WESTLAKE COLLEGE Grad Bill Holman played by the Stan Kenton Band. Bill Holman was first taught arranging on the Blackboards of Westlake in 1948. All classes start Oct. 3. Dance band rehearses 15 hrs. per week. Day & Eve. courses.

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Chico Hamilton

Buddy Boo; We'll Be Together Again; Uganda; Lollypop; Broadway; Street of Drums; What Is There to Say; Nuttye

Rating: ★★★★★

This is one of the most resourceful trio sessions on record. Chico's drums are superbly complemented by George Duvivier's bass and Howard Roberts' guitar. The playing—utilizing a surprisingly extended range of dynamics, tone colors, and rhythmic devices for a trio with this instrumentation—is excellent throughout. The writing, too, is consistently stimulating with arrangements and originals by Duvivier, Hamilton, James Cheatham, Buddy Collette, and Gerald Wiggins.

The last four titles were issued as an EP (*Down Beat*, Oct. 20). An extra star is added to the rating given at that time because of the further degree of inventiveness shown by these three in the four added numbers in this set. An extra accolade to Chico, a great drummer who deserves more recognition than he's yet received. There's surface noise on the second side of my copy. (Pacific Jazz LP PJJP-17)

Woody Herman-Erroll Garner

My Melancholy Baby; I Hadn't Any-ones Till You; Let's Fall in Love; Moon-glow; I Don't Know Why; You've Got Me Crying Again; If I Could Be with You; I'm Beginning to See the Light; As Time Goes By; After You've Gone; I'll See You in My Dreams

Rating: ★★★★★

A most happy collaboration. Woody sings to rich accompaniment from the sensitively extrovertish Garner piano with—in the distance—the tasty rhythmic foundation of bassist Wyatt Ruther and drummer Fat Heard. The idea for the recording came from the vigorous mutual admiration society the two have nurtured for many years, culminating in the wonderful two weeks last summer when Herman and Garner appeared at New York's Basin Street, a combined booking that since has been duplicated successfully several times.

Woody and Erroll have a number of elemental virtues in common—deep personal warmth, wit, a fine beat, and unpretentious imagination. They fuse, therefore, excellently. This LP also indicates again that Woody is perhaps the most underrated ballad singer of this generation. The title of the set is *Music for Tired Lovers*, the subtitle of the uniquely relaxed Torch Hour with which Woody gasses the clientele around midnight on those nights when his band plays the clubs. Good background notes by Erroll's dauntless manager, Martha Glaser. (Columbia 12" LP 651)

Billie Holiday

★★★★ *Willow, Weep for Me*
★★★★ *Stormy Blues*

Billie still can cut all the jazz singers in the world in depth of emotion—when she feels it. And she did when she made these two sides on the coast in September of last year. Her superb yet unobtrusive accompaniment is by Harry Edison, Willie Smith, Bobby Tucker, Barney Kessel, Red Callender, and Chico Hamilton. The best side is Billie's own blues with fine commentary by Edison and an apt blues intro by Smith. Good recording quality. This kind of coupling could bring back 78s in jazz. (Clef 89141)

Osie Johnson

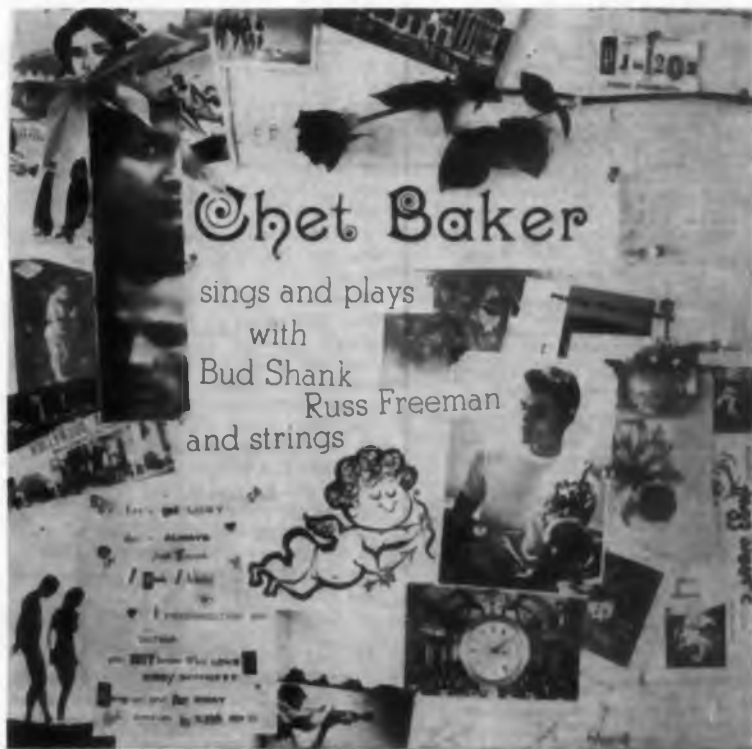
The Desert Song; Cokernut Tree; Jumpin' at the Water Hole; Blues for the Camels; Osie's Oasis; Midnight Mirage

Rating: ★★★★★

Osie's Oasis is the second in Leonard Feather's Osie Johnson series for

Period. On the first two and last two sides, Osie leads Thad Jones, Chiefy Salaam, Henry Coker, Ernie Wilkins, Frank Wess, Charlie Fowlkes, Wendell Marshall, and no piano. On *Jumpin'*, Thad Jones, Wess, and Johnson are joined by Bill Hughes, Dick Katz, and Milt Hinton. On *Camels*, Wess, Johnson, and Katz play with Benny Powell and Eddie Jones. All in all, seven members of the Basie band are used in addition to alumnus Wilkins. Osie wrote four of the originals; *Camels* is by Dick Katz.

Wess's welcome flute is featured in the first, and Coker's maturely expressive trombone in the second. The solo roles in the rest are more generally distributed. Thad Jones' is the outstanding single voice. The "originals" are primarily frameworks for blowing with little attempt to work in much structural development. Basically, the set is an informal round of good, swinging jazz. It's not quite as consistently bright as the first LP, but Thad keeps the rating up to four. (Period LP SPL 1108)



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Duke Jordan

Sometimes I'm Happy (F major);
Embraceable You (F major); Jordu
(C minor); Oh Yeah? (F major)

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the first Signal Records' Jazz Laboratory Series, and it's an excellent production all around, more imaginatively produced than the somewhat similar Let's Have a Session on Ad Lib Records (Down Beat, May 18). On one side of the 12" LP, the rhythm section of Duke Jordan, Oscar Pettiford, and Kenny Clarke are heard alone, thus enabling the young jazz instrumentalist at home to join in. What makes this a particularly alive rhythm section for practice purposes is that it was recorded actually backing a soloist—altoist Gigi Gryce, and through a technique Rudy Van Gelder prefers not to divulge, Gryce can't be heard on this side though he was audible to the musicians.

After the rhythm sides were cut, Gryce then recorded his solo while listening to the rhythm section playbacks. Those Gryce solos are on the other side of the record so that the practicing musician can hear how one professional does improvise on these particular changes with this particular rhythm section. The presence of Gryce on one side—playing very well, incidentally—also gives the record more interest for the nonmusician collector than the Let's Have a Lesson LP had. The work of Pettiford, Clarke, and the underrated Jordan also, of course, is of consistent interest.

A bonus with this set is a four-page Musical Analysis booklet by classical composer-jazz pianist Hall Overton. Overton provides "a survey of the general tendencies of jazz harmony" with ample musical illustrations. Overton has also written out Gigi's second chorus in Embraceable You and has outlined the format of choruses on the four sides with alto. All in all, this is an exemplary educational project of its kind and it's so rated. Reason this gets a rating and the Ad Lib LP didn't is that this, while still aimed primarily at the young musician, is also of worth to the general consumer. Excellent recording quality and cover design. (Signal 12" LP S101)

George Lewis

Darktown Strutters Ball; Hindustani; St. James Infirmary; Some of These Days; Dallas Blues; Red Wing; Lonesome-an-i-a; Careless Love

Rating: ★★★★★

First four were recorded in New Orleans in 1951 for the now defunct Circle label with George's regular associates: the rousing trombonist, Jim Robinson; banjoist Lawrence Marrero and bassist Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau with guest artists Red Allen, Lester Santiago, and Paul Barbarin (Red sings St. James). Second four are previously-unreleased 1953 quartet

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sessions with pianist Alton Purnell, Marrero, and Pavageau (Purnell sings on Joe Darensbourg's *Lou-easy-an-ia*). Band sides are richly alive, sometimes rough, and always spiritfiling New Orleans music. And it's good to hear Red on record again. Quartet numbers underline further the artistry of Lewis, which is akin to folk music and is marked by emotional directness, sweet but far from saccharine tone, and, as the notes say, "simplicity, an often lost virtue today." (Riverside RLP 2512)

London Broil

'S Wonderful; April in Paris; Sure Thing; Younger Every Day; Carolina in the Mornings; Peg O' My Heart; Stompin' at the Savoy; At the Jazz Band Ball

Rating: ★★

A collection of British jazz with two sides each from groups led by Johnny Dankworth, Jack Parnell, Freddy Randall, and Kenny Baker. Dankworth and Parnell open with competently scored big band sides. The Dankworth band cuts Parnell's jazzwise with ease, but neither present any gassers. Altoist Dankworth himself is the best soloist on the side. The last four are divided between Randall's Dixieland band and Baker's swing era quartet. It's all rather pleasant, what with Randall including a lady tenor named Betty Smith and Baker using a flugelhorn (his best chorus) as well as trumpet. Baker also has an accordionist who doubles on the piano. The all-around conception on this second side, however, is willing but often lapses into the overfamiliar. Best side of the last four is the driving *Jazz Band Ball*. Recommended mainly for firm Anglophiles. (Angel LP 60004)

Tony Luis

Harvey's House; Tunerville Tommy; What Is There to Say?; Gone with the Wind

Rating: ★★★★★

A second collection by the Philadelphia trio headed by pianist Luis with Ron Andrews on bass and Hank Nanni on drums. The two originals are by Luis, and both are engaging. On the standards, he plays with tasteful simplicity. Luis is a young pianist with thoughtful conception and emotional warmth who should do well. There is some surface noise on the second side in my copy. (Prestige EP 1373)

Charles Mingus

The Spur of the Moment; Thrice upon a Theme; Four Hands

Rating: ★★★

The second volume of *Jazzical Moods* with Mingus, bass and piano; Oliver King (Thad Jones) trumpet; John LaPorta, alto; Teo Macero, tenor; Jackson Wiley, cello, and Clem DeRosa, drums. I don't hear the consistency of invention here that was so absorbing

in the first volume (*Down Beat*, June 15). First side is devoted entirely to *Spur* which is marked mainly by an intriguing set of Jones' choruses and good bass by Mingus. But otherwise, the work's ensemble passages don't wholly come off for me, and the solos by Macero and LaPorta are rather stolid. DeRosa's drumming is routine and could swing more.

Thrice is the most successfully realized work on the LP and creates an unusual and sustained mood. *Four Hands* has some arresting Mingus piano and bass, plus good LaPorta alto, but Macero's tenor again lacks emotional conviction, and the work as a whole is rather diffuse, as is the first. Incidentally, despite information to the contrary on the envelope and label, there is no work on this LP called *Echonus*. Period again deserves credit for giving space to experimental jazz. However, it should give musicians more than one long day to record all the material that wound up in these two sets. The tiredness at the end of the date shows here. (Period LP SPL 1111)

Oscar Peterson

Plays Harry Warren: Nagasaki; Serenade in Blue; Lullaby of Broadway; I Found a Million Dollar Baby; Would You Like to Take a Walk?; I'll String Along; I Only Have Eyes for You; You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby; You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me; Chattanooga Cho-Cho; You're My Everything

Plays Harold Arlen: As Long as I Live; I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues; Come Rain or Come Shine; Accentsuate the Positive; Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; I've Got the World on a String; It's Only a Paper Moon; That Old Black Magic; Let's Fall in Love; Stormy Weather; Blues in the Night; Over the Rainbow

Plays Jimmy McHugh: When My Sugar Walks Down the Street; I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me; Sunny Side of the Street; Don't Blame Me; I'm in the Mood for Love; I Can't Give You Anything but Love; I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night; Digga Digga Doo; You're My Sweetheart

Rating: ★★★★★

To his previous welcome re-examinations of Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Duke Ellington, Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, and Vincent Youmans, Oscar Peterson has now added these three refreshing sets. Oscar's own tasteful musicianship is brilliantly complemented by the artistry of Ray Brown and Herb Ellis. The swinging never stops and the conception throughout is warmly individual. These sets are recommended for both the jazz initiate and the many thousands more who dig these tunes but would like a new perspective on them. Some of these songs, as a matter of fact, have rarely had it so good. (Clef 12" LPs MG C-648, 649, 650)

Jimmy Raney

Spring Is Here; One More for the Mode; What's New; Tomorrow, Fairly Cloudy; A Foggy Day; Someone to Watch Over Me; Cross Your Heart; You Don't Know What Love Is

Rating: ★★★★★

Jimmy Raney 1955 has guitarist Raney in alliance with trumpeter John Wilson; jazz pianist-classical composer Hall Overton (who recently won a Koussevitzky award); bassist Teddy Kotick, and drummer Nick Stabulas. This is a well-thought-out session (though retaining essential spontaneity in the solos), and the writing is knowledgeable without being obtrusive. Especially successful are Jimmy's swinging expansion of a Bach two-part invention (*One More for the Mode*) and the beautifully reanimated ballads. The rhythm section is first rate, and Overton's solos are fluently intelligent and well constructed.

Raney, to my ear, is the leading modern jazz guitarist, and I hear no reason to change my view as of this LP. Raney's is both a maturely thoughtful and emotionally honest musical mind. As a result, he avoids effects as an end in themselves, and whatever he plays in a jazz session, he feels. Thereby he communicates directly to the listener whether his communicative materials are complex or simple.

Wilson is an able young trumpeter, but his work here isn't yet up to Raney's level conception-wise, and his tone is rather shrill. As a result, the rating is lowered by one. But the LP is enthusiastically recommended for Raney. In some copies of this LP, the proper second and fourth titles are reversed on the label. Excellent cover design by David Young. (Prestige LP 199)

Fats Sadi

Ad Libitum; Laguna Leap; Karin; Big Balcony; Sadiamo; Sweet Feeling; Ridin' High; Thanks a Million

Rating: ★★★★★

Set in called *The Swinging Fats Sadi Combo*, and is accurate. But there is also invention and first-rate execution. Sadi is a Belgian vibist of modern predilections but with a debt to Lionel Hampton. Now in France, he is accompanied here by another Belgian-born jazzman who moved to France, the very able modern tenorist Bobby Jasper. Also on hand are: Roger Guerin (trumpet and tuba); Nat Peck (trombone); Jean Aldegon (bass clarinet); Maurice Vandair (piano); Jean-Marie Ingrand (bass), and Jean-Louis Viale (drums). The originals — by Francy Boland, Jose Bartel, Bobby Jasper, and Pierre Michelot — are thematically provocative and the session has been planned with care (in some ensemble passages, that care has been congealed into stiffness).

My one major objection is that Sadi takes so large an amount of the solo

space. True, he's a good jazzman, but there is only a little of Jasper and Vandair and no solos by Guerin, Peck or Aldegou. The session gets four stars because of the largely successful thoughtfulness involved in its planning, the ability of Sadi, the writers, and the good rhythm section. It could have gone higher rating-wise in its import category if Sadi had been more generous with the solo allotments. Recorded sound is one of the better examples released here from French studios. (Blue Note LP 5061)

Hazel Scott

Like Someone in Love; Peace of Mind; Lament; The Jeep Is Jumping; Git Up from There; Foggy Day

Rating: ★★★

Hazel Scott is accompanied by Charlie Mingus and Max Roach in a set containing two Scott originals, (*Peace and Git*), plus J. J. Johnson's *Lament* with chord structure by Mary Lou Williams. The first side is quiet, introspective, and predominantly lyrical. Best of the side is *Lament*. All three are attractive impressionistically but lack rhythmic interest and a general degree of vitality.

Things move somewhat more vividly on the second half, beginning with an up version of Johnny Hodges' *Jeep*. Here the smooth Scott technique is again in evidence, but the conception is rather stilted from a jazz perspective. Hazel's own blues-based *Git* follows and hits deeper than anything else on the LP. Its thematic material isn't especially original, but Hazel indicates here her considerable feeling for one of the jazz roots.

Foggy is again more a technical showcase than a cohesively felt and freshly constructed jazz performance. A pleasant LP but some distance below the best of the jazz pianists. Good work by Roach and Mingus. The album's title is *Relaxed Piano Moods*. (Debut DLP-16)

Billy Taylor

Ever So Easy; Radioactivity; A Bi-entot; Long Tom; Day Dreaming; Live It Up; Purple Mood; Early Bird; Blue Cloud; It's a Grand Night for Swinging; Memories of Spring; Daddy-O

Rating: ★★★★★

The first 12" LP for both the Billy Taylor trio and Prestige is an imaginative success. Called *A Touch of Taylor*, the album is composed entirely of Taylor originals, each one dedicated to a different member of that rare radio species of disc jockey that encourages jazz. (Other Taylor originals of merit aimed at individual AFTRamen can be heard in Prestige LP 184). Billy receives the characteristically empathic accompaniment of bassist Earl May and drummer Percy Brice, who has become much more relaxed in recent months.

The reason for the rating is not only the constantly high level of Billy's

Joe Williams

Basie's Got A Blues Bawler Again, And Everyone's Starting To Rave Over Him

FOR THOSE WHO feel that there is more to the blues than *Ko Ko Mo* and the r&b hit parade, it is good news that for the first time since the monumental Jimmy Rushing, there is a blues singer with the Count Basie band.

Joe Williams, who attached himself quietly to the Basie personnel just about a half year ago, has been gasping both jazz fans and r&b audiences with his laconic, deadpan delivery and earthy, beat-rich blues bawling.

Joe (né Joseph Goreed) is no newcomer. Born Dec. 12, 1918, in Cordele, Ga., he lived in Chicago from the age of 3 and has worked there off and on since 1937.

"MY MOTHER was a very fine concert soprano," he relates. "But I was picking out blues on the piano as far back as I can remember.

"I made my debut with a great guy, Jimmie Noone. Toured with him for three years—not just singing, but carrying his bags and everything—I was his valet, too. After Jimmie left for the coast, I worked clubs around town, sang with Coleman Hawkins' big band at the Chicago Cafe Society in '41, then replaced Ruble Blakely in Lionel Hampton's band."

There were numerous other opportunities for Chicagoans to catch Williams wailing his way through the '40s. A road tour with Andy Kirk, a couple of months with the boogie-woogie piano team of Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson; night clubs with Red Saunders; television shows with Al Benson.

THE FIRST contact with Basie consisted of 10 weeks' work with him in 1950 at the Brass Rail in Chicago when Count had a septet.

"Basie never lost touch with me after that," says Joe. "Every time he came to town, he'd see me at the DeLisa night club or I'd catch him wherever he was. Finally one day a few months ago, I stopped by his hotel, and he asked me to join the band; I started on Christmas day."

Singing with a blues-conscious band like Basie's has been one long ball for Joe. "The other bandleaders never wanted to let me sing the blues—not even Hampton!

"Records? I've made a few—for

conception and execution but the rather startling fact that the fresh, never lazy musical mind of Taylor has come up with a whole dozen originals for one LP. Nearly all, especially the gently distinctive ballads, bear the quality Taylor touch and—as mentioned in previous reviews of Taylor—many would be brightening additions to the books of many jazz units. (Prestige 12" LP 7001)



Joe Williams

Checker and Decca. I recorded a song called *Louella* for Decca with Andy Kirk. With Basie I know I'll get a chance to record some blues."

ASKED TO NAME his favorite singers, Joe voted for Ella and an unexpected second choice—Annie Laurie.

"Yes, but how about male singers?" "Joe Turner. Who else is there?"

That question could be answered. There is Jimmy Rushing. And while Joe Williams may not be able to fill Jimmy's shoes, or his suits, he's proving to be a worthy legatee of the illustrious Rushing mantle in the Basie hall of fame.

—Leonard feather

Hefti Band Held Over

New York — The new Neal Hefti band, scheduled for four weeks in the Sheraton-Astor, was held over for a week. Hefti is set for a July 8-11 tour with the McGuire Sisters. Current plans call for the orchestra to stay close to New York in the summer and start moving by fall.

Montrose On Atlantic

Hollywood—Atlantic has recorded a 12" LP under the leadership of Jack Montrose. Performing the Montrose arrangements and originals are Bob Gordon, Montrose, Shelby Manne, Red Mitchell, and Paul More.



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

Peiffer Finds Tatum Extraordinaire

By Leonard Feather

Bernard Peiffer, France's foremost jazz pianist, emigrated to this country last December and since has impressed listeners at the Embers and other leading boites with his style fantastique and his technique extraordinaire.

For his blindfold test I paired off a few sets of piano records featuring various American and foreign keyboarders tackling the same tunes. Because M. Peiffer's English is limited, the following represents a reasonably accurate translation of his comments. He was given no information before or during the test about the records played.

The Records

1. **Toshiko Akiyoshi. I Want to Be Happy (Mergron).** Ray Brown, bass.

I think it's Bud Powell . . . There was a little too much bass, I thought; too predominant, which makes the result a little confused. If it's Bud, I've heard him play better on other records. Perhaps I'm confusing him with Wallington, but I don't think so. Three stars.

2. **Bud Powell. I Want to Be Happy (Blue Note).** George Duvivier, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Now that's got to be Bud! And George Duvivier on bass; I forget the drummer's name . . . I prefer this one very definitely. You had me lost there, with these two versions! Even if the other was Bud, too, I think this is certainly superior. And I recognized Duvivier, who worked with me at the Embers. Four stars.

3. **Ralph Burns. Perpetual Motion (Parlo).** Two piano tracks by Burns; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Osie Johnson, drums; Clyde Lombardi, bass.

The combination of the electric guitar with the piano is really formidable. The contrapuntal effects are very interesting; I almost had the impression that there might be a clavichord there in addition to the piano. I don't know who's playing. From the touch, it could be Peterson. I like the composition very much. Drummer's fine; bass is recorded a little too loud. That's worth four stars.

4. **Ralph Burns. Perpetual Motion (Mergron).** Burns, arr. & conductor; Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass.

That's Oscar Peterson all right, and Ray Brown on bass. I still don't know who wrote this, but the arrangement is very, very well done. The band I don't know — Stan Kenton, perhaps? This is perfect from every point of



Bernard Peiffer

view — well written, well played and well recorded. Five stars.

5. **Art Tatum. They Can't Take That Away from Me (Clef).**

Now here is some real piano! I'm happy that Tatum's genius is again being brought to the public's attention. Here is the great master of jazz, from every standpoint. Every pianist should find his true inspiration in Tatum. Not just to copy him, but to develop his own ideas from listening to Art.

Stars? You can't limit Tatum to any star rating. Give him all the stars!

6. **Don Shirley. They Can't Take That Away from Me (Cadence).** Richard Davis, bass.

Well, now, frankly . . . I don't want to be malicious, but I'll either have to say everything or nothing! . . . Okay, I'll talk. I don't know who it is. He'd be better off planting carrots than playing the piano. As for the change of rhythm, well, I don't dig it. He doesn't swing at all.

Music without a sense of rhythm, even classical music, is no longer music. Even when you're playing ad libitum. And without any drummer, you have to have a bass player who's solid as a rock. And it takes a rhythmically impeccable pianist to play with only a bass. Nothing happens here. And nothing is what I'd give it.

7. **Bengt Hallberg. Lover Man (Pres-Hge).**

Good music to talk by but nothing much for listening. But it's still way out ahead of that last record! When you think of *Lover Man* by Parker, something like this seems a little pallid. You should either find something new to say with a tune like this or else not bother to record it. Two stars.

8. **Jette Hipp. Lover Man (MGM).**

I am not too enamored of this type of music. I can't quite define it in words, but the way the notes are spaced — ta-ta-ta-ta-tee, too, ta-ta-ta-ta-tee, the quarters and eighths all the way; it's flat as a pancake.

It sounds like something that is trying to be *recherché* but doesn't make it. One *Lover Man* wants to do more than he's capable of and the previous one sounded capable of doing more than he dared. Two stars for this one, too, with a slight preference for the first version.

9. **Joe Bushkin. Once in a While (Columbia).** Buck Clayton, trumpet.

I don't seem to recognize this pianist. It's well played, but one gets the impression of having heard this sort of thing so many times before. I just can't work up any great interest. It's very commercial, that's all; from the jazz point of view it has no message for me. And I have an absolute horror of soloists who use quotes from other tunes in their improvisations, which I think I detected here. The trumpet has a languorous sound; I don't know why he's on the record. Two stars.

10. **Martial Solal. Once in a While (Contemporary).** Pierre Michelot, bass; Pierre Lemerchand, drums.

Well, that's Martial Solal of Paris; I know his style well. I like his performance very much. It's recorded a little too brilliantly, to the point where it destroys the real sound of the piano. He always gets a very metallic sound. There is a certain lack of feeling in his work, and this tune was not meant to be played at that tempo; there are certain numbers that have to be left just the way they were originally intended to be played, and this is one of them.

I know Martial; he doesn't care too much about playing slow tempos. Nevertheless, it's a good record on the whole, and the rhythm section is excellent; I don't know who it is. Because of the overbright recording, make it three stars; but four for Martial himself.

Afterthoughts by Bernard

Why don't pianists remember that they have 10 fingers? These single-note-line pianists are trying to play another instrument on the piano. They should remember that the piano, in effect, can be a whole orchestra. I have no respect for a pianist whose left hand plays nothing but an occasional chord punctuation. Let's get back to the concept of the two-handed, 10-fingered piano player!

Vive

New York—Birdland has wired Marlon Brando, offering him \$5,000 a week to play bongos opposite Candido whenever his schedule allows. Brando in the past has occasionally sat in at Birdland. At presstime, no answer had been received.

Next week: Lionel Hampton in *The Wild One*.

Worldwide Jazz Group Set Up

JAZZ INTERNATIONAL, a new worldwide organization with membership open to all jazz enthusiasts, has been established with Stan Kenton as sponsor. The managing director is Howard Lucraft, jazz critic and a former British Broadcasting Corp. bandleader.

Membership information can be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box 1616, Hollywood 28, Calif. The primary aims of Jazz International are:

- To give its members a voice and direct personal influence in jazz development, plus an exchange of ideas with fellow enthusiasts and musicians.
- To produce a series of radio and television programs and films in various countries to further the jazz idiom.
- To obtain for its members, at special rates, jazz literature and exclusive recordings and photographs.
- To promote local workshop concerts and national and international jazz festivals.
- To affiliate district chapters and jazz clubs wherein members meet together locally for the enjoyment and study of jazz.
- To inaugurate scholarships and competitions for composers and arrangers.
- To establish permanent regional, national and international headquarters.

"Although Jazz International is sponsored by Stan Kenton it is definitely not, in any way, for Kenton supporters only," Lucraft said. "It is equally for enthusiasts and supporters of all good jazz."

Kenton said, "We aim to make Jazz International the vital driving force in the world for the progress and development of jazz. We have representatives in almost every corner of the globe."

Currently, *The Jazz International Show* is broadcast worldwide on the Armed Forces Radio network to an estimated 100 million listeners.

A New Day Is Born; He's Now Dennis The Menace

New York—For 16 years, Dennis Day has been portraying the naive "kid" on the Jack Benny radio show. When Dennis made his New York night club debut at the Copacabana, however, he startled audiences by revealing an entirely different personality.

In a fast-paced act, performing a wide variety of songs, comedy, impressions, and monologues, Dennis emerged as a mature performer. Day finally had arrived as a showman in his own right.

Now that he has convinced night club audiences that he has a personality of his own, Dennis' next problem is to convince recording executives that he can sing popular tunes as well as Irish songs. While recording for RCA Victor he never was given this opportunity.

"Merely because I'm a tenor," Dennis explains, "the record company has been typing me as an Irish singer. Yet I've been singing every conceivable type of song in my night club act, on the Benny show and on my own radio and TV programs. With the right song, I could have had a hit record long ago, but no recent vintage of Irish song has been a money success."

He does love Irish songs even so, Day says, and he'll continue to sing them, but he wants a chance with other material, too. He adds that he thinks Victor missed the boat on his kiddie records. "I recorded *Johnny Appleseed* and *Snow Whites* for them, and they're still selling, but I could have done much more," he says.

"It's generally believed that only baritones make the hit records," Dennis continues, "but look at Eddie Fisher—he's a tenor." On this subject, Dennis recalls an incident which happened on the Benny show. "Bing Crosby was on Jack's program—they used to swap appearances, and it didn't cost either one a dime—and we formed a quartet. I sang first tenor, and when I hit a particularly high note, Jack said, 'Dennis get down where the money is.'"

Day was born and reared in the Bronx. He is a graduate of Manhattan college, where he sang with the college glee club. During his senior year, he auditioned for Larry Clinton, and made several appearances on Clinton's radio show.

Dennis left the show business scene for a while to enter law school, but after an operation interrupted his studies, he returned to singing. He appeared on several local radio programs and did a few shows with Ray Block on the CBS network. He also cut an acetate of two songs with Block, which he sent to Jack Benny after hearing that Kenny Baker was leaving Benny's show.

"Mary Livingston heard the record and liked it," Dennis recalls, "and

shortly after that, I auditioned for Benny. Two weeks later, Benny sent me a round-trip ticket to the west coast and signed me to a five-year contract with a two-week cancellation clause.

"In the beginning, I did nothing but sing on the program, but gradually more lines were added to my part. I've learned a great deal from Jack. He's a great guy as well as a great performer. He makes everybody feel at home on his show, and you never feel you're under pressure."

Dennis is now on the west coast to work on his own new TV program. The pattern of his projected NBC-TV show will be similar to his night club act, and he also plans to use guest performers on his programs.

"I had a TV program last year," Dennis confesses, "but practically no one saw it because I competed with *I Love Lucy*." After Lucy and Desi knocked Dennis off television, he was replaced by *Medic*.

"I made NBC sick—and they cashed in on it," Day testifies. —hannah

Ralph Gari Newest Recruit On EmArcy

New York—The newest recruit to Mercury's jazz label, EmArcy, is Ralph Gari. Gari currently heads a quartet at the Hotel El Rancho, Las Vegas, and plays alto, clarinet, flute, piccolo, oboe, and English horn.

He plays in both the jazz and classical idioms and has worked with Eddie Rogers, Vincent Lopez, Reggie Childs, Frankie Carle, and Paul Whiteman. Gari, 28, has been living in Las Vegas since 1948.

Picture History Of Jazz

New York—A comprehensive pictorial account of jazz from its earliest days to the present is now being prepared by Orrin Keepnews and Bill Grauer Jr. Titled *A Pictorial History of Jazz; People and Places from New Orleans to Modern Jazz*.

The First Chorus

(Jumped from Page 5)

Chicago's music and will give you an intimate glimpse of what makes the nation's second largest city tick—metronomically, that is.

We regret that we had to drop many of the features regularly carried in *Down Beat* in order to bring you the complete Chicago story. We believe however, that the results are well worth it.

Let us know what you think.

—jack tracy

Music

In Chicago

By

Bernard Asbell



(Don Bronstein Photo)

Now, you take Jellico, Tenn.

Jellico, population 1,556, is fiercely proud. It has achieved an identity of its own. It can paint a sign and hang it by the roadside at the corporate limits. The tourists slow down to read it, and no other town may hang up a sign just like it. The sign reads proudly, "This is Jellico — Home Town of Grace Moore."

Chicago, Ill., population 3,620,962, is in a struggle with itself. It wants to achieve in the world of music what Jellico has achieved. It craves an identity.

If push came to shove, Chicago could hang a sign by the roadside, too. The sign could boast that here Louis Armstrong teamed horns with King Oliver; that here is the school which collected the Austin High Gang; that here Benny Goodman first squeaked a clarinet; that here lived Al Capone, who, in his inimitable manner, became the biggest jazz impresario the world ever has known (even bigger than Norman Granz), and that here television put on long pants in the early days of the Dave Garroway show.

IF THE LISTENER or looker still is unimpressed, the Chicagoan raises his voice and declares anxiously that Chicago is "the city of the big shoulders and hog-butcher to the world," and that settles that. But then in the folded and quiet night, the city tosses and asks itself, "Who am I?"

Chicago's anxiety arises from a simple problem. It is the midland metropolis of a nation which has come to value buyers and sellers. Chicago is not a buyer or seller.

It is a maker and a spender. It spends its week pouring steel and heating it into plowshares, then blows its cork on Saturday night, dissipating the world's hugest industrial payroll.

A home town boy now and then, with the raw material of greatness, finds a tolerant audience before which he can goof and learn. Then he blooms. At this point, New York reaches out its long arm. The home town boy becomes the property of the buyers and sellers. Then they turn around to sell the boy back to Chicago at a high price, which Chicago proudly pays.

NEW YORK IS A shrewd city, and Chicago doesn't want to be. New York has brains, and Chicago has brawn. New York is on the edge of the nation, yet close to everything. Chicago is right in the middle, yet feels so far away. New York is a big, fast-talking city with know-how, all the right connections, and plenty of loot to back up a deal. Chicago needs New York. But late at night, Chicago tosses and wonders if perhaps New York is taking it for a ride.

Yet, Chicago has its buyers and sellers. The city is too big to have none. To be exact, it has room for approximately one of everything: one major record company, one name band, one big recording studio, one big night club, one major jazz club, one dominant disc jockey, and one popular song publisher.

Like Jellico, Chicago is a sometime maker of a star. But because it has "one of everything," Chicago is also a miniature model of the American music industry. A little bit of everything happens in Chicago. That's what sets it off from Jellico.

Records



MENTION TO A CHICAGOAN that *Sh-Boom* was recorded in his city and his face lights up with the flattered surprise he'd feel if a meteor fell in his back yard. But it's a fact that in Chicago about one-fourth of the nation's hits are made.

A modern history of Chicago as a recording capital might well begin in 1946 with a mustached harmonica player named Jerry Murad, leader of a trio of harmonica players called the Harmonicats.

Bill Putnam, owner of the Universal Recording Studios, piped the sounds of the Harmonicats into an echo chamber, and recorded a tune called *Peg O' My Heart*. Berle Adams walked in one day with the timely question, "Bill, do you know where I can lay my hands on any good masters?"

ADAMS RECENTLY HAD rounded up some Chicago investment money and formed a new record company called Mercury. The company started right off big with a smash hit in the rhythm-and-blues market. It was an item called *Jockey Blues* featuring the talents of one Eddie (Clean-head) Vinson. Putnam offered Adams *Peg O' My Heart*. He had released it on his own Universal label, and it looked too hot for him to handle. Adams bought it. The record exploded everywhere. The new company felt its confidence rising.

Later that year, Adams saw for himself the long arm that reaches out from New York to grab up any salable article.

Mercury had signed a big-voice singer, Tony Martin, and watched Tony belt out the label's third and biggest hit, *To Each His Own*. The company threw a lavish party for Tony in the Shangri-La restaurant. The blowout cost \$2,000. Next morning, Tony came to Mercury headquarters to break the bad news: RCA Victor had come up with a handsome offer, and Tony took it.

"I didn't have the heart to tell you yesterday," Tony said, considerably. "It was such a nice party."

SO ONE VALUABLE HUMAN ASSET was lost. But without anyone being aware of it, the company had just gained another, a young man destined to be infinitely more important to Mercury than Tony Martin. In fact, in the minds of many, he came to be Mercury.

The man was Art Talmadge. He was a commercial artist of burly build and sometimes brusque manner who showed a remarkable talent for starting too many projects and, even more remarkable, finishing most of them.

He had spent a short time as an artist in the Chicago office of Music Corp. of America. After a wartime army hitch, he was hired at Mercury to look after the company's advertising.

Talmadge, who is not constitutionally equipped to be an underling, soon made promotion the noisiest—and most productive—activity in the company. Since Mercury had no important recording names, Talmadge figured it was his job to promote nobodies into somebodies.

IN THE NEXT TWO YEARS, unknown Frankie Laine broke out with *That's My Desire*; unknown Vic Damone became a national factor with *You're Breaking My Heart*, and unknown Patti Page, after a series of nothings, etched *Confess*, to start a career unequalled by girl singers.

Talmadge's explosive touch with publicity was becoming the talk of the industry. Even when something went wrong, it turned out right. When Laine's *Mule Train* was rushed to market with record-breaking speed, Talmadge set up a series of wild promotions to grab first identity with the tune. In Cincinnati, he scoured the region to find a team of live mules for a parade.

Just as the parade started along the main drag, a fire engine went screaming down a cross street. It scared the jewelers out of the mules, who proceeded to run berserk through downtown Cincinnati. The incident broke across the first pages, and the tune was properly launched.

MEANWHILE, ARTISTS-AND-REPERTOIRE directors were walking through Mercury as though the company were a revolving door. Adams was long gone. He had taken up with MCA on the west coast, where he is now a vice president. Jimmy Hilliard took over long enough to prove his unusual ability, whereupon Decca lured him to New York. Hilliard now is a&r chief of Victor's Label "X."

Then Mitch Miller laid aside his classical oboe to join Mercury and produced an amazing run of hits with Laine, Damone, Page, and Richard Hayes. Before long, Miller was invited away by Columbia. Joe Carlton became New York artistic chief for Mercury, long enough to convince Victor he was worth stealing.

"How," Talmadge shouted one day, "are we going to stop this?"

"ONLY ONE WAY," SAID IRV GREEN, the president. He usually sidesteps problems involving music, being a manufacturing specialist.

"Art, you take over a&r. We know New York will never get you." And so it was.

Talmadge's already harassed life became more so, and a fast-growing company grew even faster.

As unlikely a commercial sound as that of the Gaylords attracted Talmadge. He stuck with it until the Detroit trio erupted with a series of hits. He watched an arranger named Nook Schrier help singer after singer make hits with sparkling orchestral backings. He convinced Schrier to borrow the combined names of his son and daughter, David and Carol, and start recording on his own as David Carroll and His Orchestra.

HE FOUND THE CREW-CUTS and prepared for a long haul, only to watch with glee as they boiled over on their first Mercury release, *Crazy 'Bout Ya Baby*. They haven't simmered down yet.

Maybe some of his success was luck. But certainly the elevation of Ralph Marterie into the top circle of dance bands is the result of Talmadge's skilled calculation.

It became clear to Talmadge in 1950 that the ballrooms were opening for big business again. He wanted a brassy, danceable band like Victor had developed in Ralph Flanagan and Capitol in Ray Anthony.

Marterie, an ace trumpeter and leader at American Broadcasting Co. Chicago studios, was the kind of man Talmadge envisioned to front such an outfit. Together, they organized a group for the recording studio and cut a few sides.

THEN TALMADGE BROUGHT IN General Artists Corp. to book the band into key midwestern spots on weekends, places where a following could be built. Mercury appropriated \$37,000 for an initial promotion drive—even before the band was on a full-time basis. The concerted effort started paying off in crowds, record sales—and good bookings.

Soon, the band was grossing \$2,000 to \$3,000 for a week-end. For a full year, meanwhile, Ralph kept his post at ABC. Finally, James Petrillo, American Federation of Musicians president, ordered in effect:

It's time to make up your mind. Go or don't go.

Ralph—and Talmadge—had to choose between dropping the radio spot or the road orchestra. Talmadge decided the gamble was a safe one. He persuaded Marterie. The profitability of the band, record-wise and tour-wise, has grown ever since.

MERCURY NOW IS OFTEN CALLED the "fifth major" record company. For the last three years, according to the company's statistics, it always has ranked first or second in the percentage of its popular releases which have become best-sellers.

Because of its distance from Tin Pan Alley, sometimes Mercury loses one of Broadway's frantic races to record a hot new tune. But few rumors get past the alert ears of Kenny Myers, now the label's director of promotion.

"When a tip is dropped in Lindy's on Broadway, one of my pipelines can get to a phone booth and call me a lot quicker than a competitor can walk back to his office." Myers' phone crackles constantly with the lively gossip of the disc business on both coasts. He, as much as Broadway's most energetic gadabout, is in the center of things.

CHICAGO'S POSITION AS a recording capitol might well be the result of the remarkable balance in talents of a trio of men.

One of these is Talmadge, brusque and bull-headed, overburdened and disorganized, but the man who ties everyone else together and gets things done.

Second is quiet and self-effacing Nook Schrier who refuses to go out on the road with his own David Carroll orchestra, preferring to sit up all night at home penning hit orchestral arrangements for Mercury singers.

Third is another man who makes a growing number of artists want to schedule their record dates in Chicago. He is Putnam, of Universal studios, the sound engineer who first recorded the mustached harmonica player in 1946.

PUTNAM DENIES A LEGEND that on *Peg O' My Heart* he employed the men's room on the 42nd floor of the Civic Opera House for an echo chamber. "I didn't start using



Billy Strayhorn, Bill Putnam, Duke Ellington
No Plans At All

that room for an echo chamber," he protests, "until a year later." But he does have, he claims, an unused cutting of Eddy Howard where at a poignant moment in a love ballad, the mood of the echo is suddenly jarred by the water flushing apparatus.

About seven-eighths of all Mercury's output is recorded at Universal, plus about one-quarter of Capitol's and one-quarter of Decca's, according to Putnam.

Last year some 3,500 sides were cut at his new studio on Ontario St., making it unquestionably the busiest recording room in America. A few weeks ago, Putnam checked the 30 top tunes to find he had recorded 11 of them. When only a half-dozen of the top 30 are his, he feels he's slipping. Of the top 10 rhythm-and-blues sellers, it is not uncommon for six to be Universal products.

WHEN PUTNAM IS ASKED what magic he puts on tape, he shrugs and says:

"I try to get what we call a live sound. What you hear should not sound like it's coming off a record."

Stan Kenton and Duke Ellington, two men who are more difficult to please—and whose bands are most difficult to record—try to arrange all their record dates at Universal.

The Duke used to scare Putnam. He always arrives before any of his musicians. He messes with the piano keys, hums a theme and asks for reactions from anybody, so it quickly becomes apparent to Putnam that Ellington has come to the session with no plans at all.

WHEN ELLINGTON RECORDED *Ellington '55*, after some puttering at the piano, he announced to Bill, "We ought to do a mambo on one of the old things. What do you think of *Twelfth Street Rag*?"

This turned into *Twelfth Street Mambo*, one of the high spots of the album. With the whole band assembled, Duke worked out the main ideas on the keyboard. Then he'd tell Cat Anderson for the brass section, or Harry Carney for saxes, "When I do this, you come in with something like this." Anderson and Carney would slice up and portion out the idea to their respective men.

Somehow, within minutes, a complex and scintillating Ellington arrangement emerged. Now Putnam has learned to relax at Ellington's sessions, knowing that they start with nothing but end up as wild, creative things.

SOMETIMES THE HEAVY TRAFFIC through the studio produces an amusing incident. Marterie once scheduled a secret session to record a hot title. The tune was expected to break for a hit. It was called *The Creep*. He asked Putnam to edit the tape alone and behind locked doors, lest anyone hear it.

The publisher, said Marterie, had given him an exclusive to break the tune first. When the band was leaving the studio, salutations were exchanged with another band coming in, Ray Anthony's.

Minutes later, Ray asked Putnam to bar all visitors and shut off all phones within hearing of the studio. He had an exclusive on a hot tune.

Putnam complied and suppressed a smile while Anthony went into his arrangement of *The Creep*.

Disc Jockeys

One Makes 200 G's A Year, The Others Wish They Did

A DISC JOCKEY CAN SPIN a tune until it comes out your ears, but he cannot shove it down your throat.

Contrary to general belief, the public doesn't blindly follow the taste of the disc jockey. The disc jockey, in fact, is highly sensitive to the early reactions of the public. After the public bites, he spins and spins hard, all the time hollering, "This will be a hit. I predict it will be a hit." When it becomes one, persons talk about him.

Thus, a disc jockey becomes A Big Man in Town.

Howard Miller, Chicago's most influential disc jockey and as of last month the highest paid disc jockey in America, has a \$200,000-a-year contract with CBS to prove it. Miller talks with the promotion men of every major record distributor every day.

"IF THEY DON'T CALL ME—and they nearly always do—I call them," Miller says. He wants to know what's selling. He asks about artists, about tunes, about who said what about whom. "I listen and ask questions," he says. "I want to know everything they know."

Then he gets on the air and talks. Miller's secret, which he says he never disclosed to anybody before, is disarmingly simple. He never introduces a record merely by reciting its name and artist. He must say something provocative about the recording session or the artist or the tune.

He once heard (and told) how Doris Day was recording *Mister Taptoe* and Johnny Ray was sitting around the studio, waiting to use the same orchestra for his session. Idly, he tapped a drumstick against the sole of his shoe to keep time. "That's just the sound we need," cried Mitch Miller, Columbia's recording chief. "Keep it in." It's an intimate, "inside" kind of story. It makes you want to hear the record."

THE STORY, IT HAPPENS, was a complete fabrication. But it was told to Howard Miller as truth, and he used it with good effect. His aim is not to win laughs or drop names or sound newsy. He wants to engage the listener's mind just enough to make him ask, "I wonder what the record he's talking about sounds like." Then he plays it. That's all.

"A sense of production," Miller says, "even in a simple record show makes that much difference."

While Miller restricts his fire now to a small number of important shows, he once was splattered all over the air waves. In Chicago, more than in any other city, the free lance disc jockey fits among as many as five stations in a single working day. Thus Miller, for a 14-month stretch, was doing a live show on WIND at 6:15 p.m. If a listener spun his dial to WCFL, Miller was there on tape. WJJD was no escape hatch, for a Miller tape was unreeling there, too. "The competition," Miller quips, "was fierce."

Today another successful deejay carries a work load that would stagger even Miller. Bill O'Connor talks his way through more than 175 quarter-hour record shows a week, sliced up among four stations. He tapes most of them—because live television commercials keep him so busy.

IN ADDITION TO THIS burdensome schedule, transcription of spot announcements nets O'Connor more in a week than the entire take-home pay of some free-lance announcers. One close associate figures O'Connor's take to be safely beyond \$100,000 a year.

Yet O'Connor is not a big wheel in the record business. Record promotion men don't worry about him half



as much as they do the whims of two modestly paid staff announcers, Jay Trompeter of WIND and Jim Lounsbury of WGN. To O'Connor, a record is a necessary time-killer between urgent commercials. When a hit is established, he programs it on not one show but perhaps 60 during the course of the week. But he won't pioneer the picking of hits.

Trompeter and Lounsbury, the two comers in town, watch records carefully. When they feel the public bite, they start to push. This, according to Trompeter, fulfills his first obligation—building an audience for the station that employs him.

TROMPETER PLACES THE SPONSOR second on the ladder of obligation. Next is the recording artist, "the only one involved in the whole doggone chain with any talent"; then the record company for shouldering the risk; next, the songwriter, and, last, the song publisher, who risks and contributes least.

Lounsbury, like Trompeter, is amiable but quiet, which keeps many record promotion men wondering where he stands. Whether Lounsbury plans this effect, and he probably doesn't, it helps him. Promotion men keep coming to him with ideas and audience-building gimmicks calculated to win him over.

Record promoters are an eager lot of gimmick men who think fast and flashily. One top promotion man intimates privately that if he were a disc jockey, he would become the biggest man in town by the simple means of always being mad at one record company—and always shifting the objects of his disaffection.



Howard Miller
The Big Man In Town

To win back his good feeling, the company soon would learn he wanted inside news tips, early sales information, first crack at interviewing visiting stars, and tie-in publicity with the stars. Then he would laugh off any offer of payola. He'd be so big, he wouldn't want to clutter up his income tax report.

INCESSANT POLITICKING IS WHAT drives record promotion men into an early ulcer or into the comparative quiet of an advertising agency. The veteran in Chicago is Natt Hale.

When Hale a few years ago was hustling for Columbia Records, he noted one day a simultaneous release of a tune called *Solitaire* and another called *Gambella, the Gambler's Lady*. It is such left-field coincidences which set the creative promotion man to thinking.

Hale picked up the phone and called E. K. Drake, president of the U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati. He called collect, the call was accepted, and Hale proceeded to convince Drake that his company was about to get on the map.

All he had to do was manufacture a small quantity of a special brand of playing cards, double packages in a deluxe suede box. The back of each card was to say: "Frankie Laine and Jo Stafford Have Invited *Gambella the Gambler's Lady* to Play *Solitaire* with Tony Bennett on Columbia Records. Why don't you?"

DRAKE THOUGHT IT WAS a marvelous idea, he made them and shipped them to Hale with dispatch. Natt distributed them to every disc jockey and record librarian in the region, touching off thousands of words of amused chatter on the air and dozens of plays.

As it turned out, both records bombed, which just goes to show you. But Natt had no regrets. It was a conversation topic for months, and the total cost to Columbia Records was 12 cents, the cost of mailing autographed photos of Bennett, Laine, and Stafford to Drake. Recently Hale became the manager of a new record distributorship.

An up-and-coming man in the promotion field is Warren Ketter, who spent the last few years in New York as Dave Garroway's production assistant. Ketter recently was pondering, "What can I do to promote an album called *Music in the Sky*?" Then it hit him like a flash.

He called up TWA and posed to the airline's publicity manager the intriguing question, "How would you like to have every disc jockey in town talking about you?" Needless to say, the TWA man kept listening.

THE NEXT SATURDAY a disc jockey party was held—about a mile above the highest radio antenna—in TWA's spanking new Super-G Constellation. As the mammoth ship

swooped over Chicago, its speaker system broke out with *Music in the Sky*. Nobody paid much attention to the music, but the jockeys enjoyed the sky immensely and the record company will gain in the long run.

Its gain, however, will have to be netted on another album. *Music in the Sky*, as it happens, is narrated by Howard Miller. And while Howard is surprisingly well liked by his competitors, considering he is top man of the heap, nobody is going out of his way to make him still bigger.

When disc jockeys are not in the sky, or at a cocktail party for a visiting record star, or behind the mike, the best bet is that they are at a restaurant called the Steak House. The spot is owned by a disc jockey, Linn Burton.

AT ANY MIDNIGHT, half a dozen record spinners, as many promotion men, two or three big name stars and a couple of trade reporters are engaged in conversation that is gay, quick, fluffy and endless. It is there more than anywhere that the observer comes to realize the music business in Chicago, while it is huge and highly competitive in one sense, is also a small and cozy world, too small for open unsheathing of swords.

One of the favorite subjects of gossip at Burton's is whether Howard Miller will stay in Chicago, now that CBS has locked him up for television. Everyone knows the network wants him to go to New York. Were he to go, he would leave a vacuum every disc jockey in town features himself as the ideal man to fill.

But Miller insists he will stay. "Why must a show take place in New York?" he demands. "We have the same popular music here as there. Lighting? Our lights work just as well. Do they say that only they could provide a 600-seat theater? That they would provide an Elia Kazan or an Anatole France? No. They just pat your knee and say, 'Better move to New York.'

"LOOK AT SOME OF THE great things done in Chicago. I don't care what you personally think of *The Breakfast Club*, but Don McNeill's show has outrun anything in New York. Ralph Atlass, the owner of WIND, is the smartest radio magnate in the country. I'll stack my young TV director, Phil Bondelli, against anybody I'd get in New York.

"NBC here had to argue to put on *Ding Dong School*. Then they had to argue to keep it here once the show proved itself—and now they finally lost. All the fresh, new things come from Chicago. The only thing that ever failed from here was the Dave Garroway show—after it moved to New York."

Hidden behind these impressive arguments, however, lurks the fact that Miller enjoys being The Big Man in Town. This is a status not easy to achieve and worth fighting to keep. Miller has been around long enough to know that in the unmapped jungle which is New York show business, nobody to the same extent ever can be The Big Man in Town.



Jo Stafford, Frankie Laine
A Gambit On Gambella



AT 11 O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT of July 8, 1922, the train from New Orleans gasped to a halt in Chicago's old La Salle Street station. A short, squarish young man got off carrying, in one hand, a cornet case and, in the other, a suitcase bulging enough to hint he came to stay.

A few minutes later, Louis Armstrong climbed out of a taxicab in front of the Lincoln Gardens. From inside the building he heard for the first time the sounds of the band he was about to join.

During that evening, Joe (King) Oliver and Armstrong stumbled upon a device that no other two trumpeters ever pulled off. While the band was swinging, the King leaned over to the kid, moving the valves on his cornet to form the notes he'd make when his chorus came. Louis watched and at the same time figured out his second part to the lead. When the break came, Louis blew a part that twined right around the searing lead of his new employer. The crowd, sensing the uncanny closeness of the men, went mad.

CHICAGO IS THE PLACE where jazzmen, who never knew each other before, come closer together than any place else on earth.

They say that young Bix Beiderbecke, a kid in Davenport, Iowa, would take a rowboat out on the Mississippi and wait for the riverboats up from New Orleans. He would listen to the great Negro bands, mostly to the trumpets. Then back at his house, Bix would copy them phrase for phrase.

It's an unlikely story but a good one. It is true, however, that the Negro bands from New Orleans and Bix Beiderbecke from Davenport each were destined for Chicago.

Musicians would go down to a battered joint at 35th and Calumet, the Paradise, because they heard Bessie Smith had come to town. "When they finally poured us into the street," Eddie Condon recalls, "we could only mumble one thing, 'Well, we've heard Bessie.'" In Chicago.

A GANG OF TEEN-AGERS FROM Austin High school on the west side of town memorized the exciting phrases of the New Orleans Rhythym Kings and practiced them afternoons in an empty apartment belonging to the father of one of them.

Meanwhile, in a poorer section of the west side, another kid, Benjamin Goodman, blew clarinet in Hull House, disturbing his teachers with unorthodox musical inventions.

On the south side, a long-faced Irish lad named Francis Spanier attended parochial school and tormented himself trying to decide whether to become a doctor or a baseball player. When the struggle reached an impasse, he would turn to his hobby, blowing a cornet.

ALL THESE PERSONS LATER floated in and out of each other's lives in the city which pulled them together and kept an amorphous kind of unity among them.

Jazz in Chicago grew up arm in arm with prohibition. A marriage of convenience took place between the music and illegal booze.

You might be sitting in a speakeasy and be informed that for the rest of the night drinks were on the house. Al Capone, the entrepreneur, had wandered in, ordered the doors closed, and settled down to enjoy himself.

When Capone was in, the music kept going no matter what. Once when Jim Lannigan, of the Austin High gang, played the Friars' Inn, the Boss and some of the mob arrived.

ONE OF THEM WAS DISTRACTED by a reflection of light from Jim's bass fiddle. The hood kept looking at it, measuring the distance. Finally he pulled out a revolver, drew a bead on the reflection and fired. The bullet caught the fiddle right in the seam and the whole back opened up. The band kept playing while the hood, with a flourish, peeled enough off his roll for Jim to get his box fixed.

One night Muggsy Spanier saw two persons killed in front of him. Later, his clothes were so drenched from nervous perspiration, he even had to change his shoes, but the music kept going through the excitement.

No one ever will collect all the stories, and no one ever will know how many of them are true. But when jazzmen get together, anywhere and anytime, and the old days are rebuilt in words and laughs and wistful silences, the memories are mostly of Chicago.

ONE OF THE STORIES THAT will find its place in the accumulation of Chicagoana will be of Nov. 29, 1953, when the Blue Note closed—that is, at its old location in a cellar below Madison St. "Here," as one night club critic wrote, "Duke Ellington packed 'em in to overflowing and Stan Kenton blasted cracks in the ceiling, and Benny Goodman discovered his home town still loved him, and Eddie Condon discovered it never heard of him. Here Sarah Vaughan started up the ladder and Davey Tough did some of his last drumming. . . . Here Woody Herman rode herd and the righteous came to worship at the shrine of Satchmo. . . . Here Frank Holzfeind held court at the tiny table which was his 'office.'"

Newspapermen come to look upon the openings and foldings of cabarets as mere news items, something to report coldly in a sentence. But at about 10:30 p.m. on the Blue Note's closing night, a busload of newsmen departed from the Palmer House and proceeded on a winding tour of downtown Chicago.



Lurlene Hunter, Claude Jones
A Cluster At The Cloister



Ed Sauter, Stan Kenton, Frank Holzfeind, Bill Finegan
Company In The Office

IT WAS LIKE ANY standard sight-seeing tour, except that emblazoned on the side of the bus, to the puzzlement of passers-by, were huge letters reading "Firs Annual Tour to the Blue Note."

At 11 p.m. the bus pulled up to the Blue Note door and somebody went down to fetch Holzfeind, who knew nothing of the plan. Holzfeind laughed and then cried on the sidewalk of Madison St., as his friends alighted from the bus.

Then they went downstairs and cabareted merrily until 1 a.m. when Louis Armstrong tilted his horn high in the air and blew *Auld Lang Syne*.

When the story is retold over the years, it is not likely anyone will remember for example, that Will Leonard of the *Tribune*, who constitutionally is repelled by causes, spent two days on the phone as reservation clerk to assure the success of the tour. Or that Fred Townsend, press agent for the Palmer House, somehow talked Gray Line Sight-seeing tours into providing a free bus. Or that all the newsmen paid their checks at the close of the evening. Or that the press agent for the Blue Note was aboard, yes, but only by last-minute grace of the tour's promoters. This was not his stunt.

IT BECAME A HABIT IN THE press to call the Blue Note the world's greatest jazz club. Nobody can quite explain why. Jazz clubs in New York have been bigger, have offered bigger talent packages.

Holzfeind, however, wanted not only the best names, but he wanted their best music. He usually got it, by the simple means of handling artists in the manner to which they have become quite unaccustomed—that is, treated with respect. The warm feeling that grew between jazz artists and this unusual employer couldn't help but expand to a triangular love affair. It took in the audience which senses, somehow, when it is getting an artist's best. Thus, an aura developed around the Blue Note.

Armstrong's birthdays on July 4 had to be played at the Blue Note. It became a rule in his life. For two years, every time Stan Kenton passed through Chicago he and Holzfeind spent a session with a pencil trying to figure how to make the Blue Note's maximum talent budget and Stan's minimum weekly income for his outside payroll balance. Kenton wanted the Blue Note, and Holzfeind wanted Kenton.

WHEN BENNY GOODMAN GOT FIDGETY in his too-long retirement from jazz, he organized a sparkling quintet of young comers, and broke them in with a date in the obscurity of Nova Scotia to build up to two glorious and historic weeks at the Blue Note. Then he breathed a satisfied sigh and went back to retirement.

In May, 1952, the Blue Note surprised the persons on its sizable mailing list by sending out a four-page publication called the *Blue Note News*.

It blurbed about the artists, philosophized about the world, and told jokes about itself. Persons liked its off-beat tone, and requests for free subscriptions kept coming in. When

the old Blue Note closed, 21,000 names were on the list. In March 1954, a new issue came out, headlining happily, "No More Blues; The 'Note' Is Back." Names for the mailing list kept mounting. In June, Frank had to stop it. The newspaper was too successful. The mailing list exceeded 30,000 names, and he no longer could afford the postage.

HOLZFEIND HAD SPENT MOST of his adult life—20 years of it—as a contract clerk on the Chicago North Western railroad. Two men, more than any others, contributed to his development as a merchant of jazz.

One was Dave Garroway whose midnight radio show, the 1160 Club, helped develop many jazz fans in Chicago, Holzfeind among them. Holzfeind became convinced that jazz, if it could build a big radio show, could build a big night club. He befriended Garroway, bought spots on his show, and retained Garroway to advise him on talent.

The other influence was Fred Williamson, who heads the Chicago office of Associated Booking Corp. Williamson had natural entree to Holzfeind's private problems, if for no other reason than that he was the seller of many jazz names which Holzfeind was eager to buy—Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong among them.

BUT HE PROVED, TOO, that he was a man of uncanny instinct about what will go over, when, and where. This instinct, and his ability to persuade his clients of it, has made Williamson a singular influence on the recent Chicago scene.

Four years ago, the owner of a restaurant, the Streamliner, with an unusually pleasing interior and a terrible location at the foot of Skid Row, decided to install tasteful entertainment at night.

Williamson got to the owner's ear first and talked best. He turned up with a subdued show of four near-unknowns which added up to more talent on a lower budget than a club owner is often privileged to find. It included Lucille Reed, a statuesque song stylist now in New York; Ernie Harper, a suave and able singer-pianist; Lurlene Hunter, a songstress of unusually controlled voice, and Les Strand of whom word soon got around town, "He played jazz on an electric organ and believe or not, you will like it."

The bill stayed for months. Business was never sensational, but it was steady.

OUT OF THE SUCCESS OF THE Streamliner grew a new spot on the near north side, the Cloister inn, which has observed a nearly identical talent policy.

Meanwhile, the Preview, in the busiest block of the Loop, had switched to jazz, after eying with envy the success of the Blue Note and the intimate jazz spots.

Charlie Ventura and Herbie Fields went well there, creating a new market for the action-packed visual sort of combo. Recently, the Preview got on a Dixieland track. Muggsy Spanier spent a profitable month there, and the Dukes of Dixieland, up from New Orleans, are contracted for the whole summer.

WHILE DIXIELAND COMES and goes in the Blue Note and the Preview, it's a way of life at a unique spot on lonely Grand Ave. The place is called Jazz, Ltd. It is small, seating fewer than 100; single-minded, since in about six years of life its walls have heard nary a note but Dixie, and it is stable.

It is owned by Bill Reinhardt, who plays clarinet in the house band, and his wife, Ruth, who hostesses the place with the efficiency and capacity of an International Business Machine.

It is Mrs. Reinhardt's good fortune that, over the years, Chicago high society has selected Jazz, Ltd., as the place to go for occasionally witnessing how the other half lives. The other half is never there anymore, but presumably it is spiritually present in the hot music.

Men must wear jackets, unescorted women are not admitted, and prices aren't low, three circumstances which discourage attendance by the other half. "But," Mrs. Reinhardt might comment, "with our small capacity, who needs 'em?"



The Beiderbecke Story
Chicago Knew Him First

GEORG BRUNIS—WITH GIGS elsewhere occasionally—has been playing at a far north side spot, the 1111 Club, for so long it is rumored he might restore the e's to his name to lend freshness to the billing. Another steady Dixie spot is the Red Arrow in suburban Stickney township, where Johnny Lane is in his second year.

Meanwhile, the Bee Hive, a south side place which used to sell Dixie in wholesale quantities to University of Chicago students, and where Jimmy Yancey played his last jobs, has gone "progressive." Sonny Stitt, Max Roach, and Clifford Brown were scheduled in early June. A new place, the Stage lounge on E. 63rd St., was feeling its oats with Roy Eldridge in early June and the Milt Buckner trio scheduled to open June 22. The Crown Propeller lounge on 63rd St., offers current names on rhythm-and-blues best-selling records.

ON THE RADIO, jazz is given crumbs. But the fans seize the crumbs and savor them. Daddy-O Daylie has substantial chunks of time on WAIT and a late night show on WGN where he sports a careful mixture of popular jazz and jazzy pop tunes. He never goes way out, and the policy seems to pay off commercially.

Mike Rapchak, a quiet fellow, serious about his jazz, is finding a growing audience despite an unfortunate time of 11 a.m.-noon. Studs Terkel is the jumping bean of jazz in Chicago radio. A series of circumstances have put him down, but he always pops up again. He has a daily afternoon show now on WAAF.

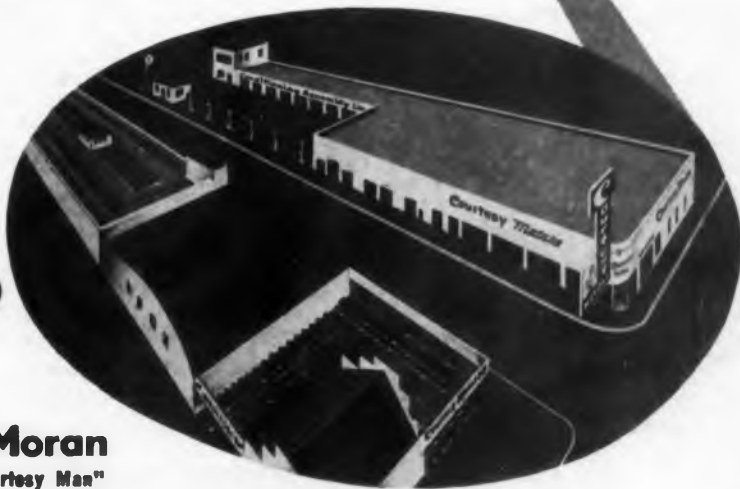
Many new jazz fans from the longhair set are being developed on a weekly show by S. I. (Don) Hayakawa on WFMT. (See section on classical music).

Hayakawa, by trade, is a top-echelon general semanticist. But he has a vast store of jazz knowledge as well as jazz records. His programs are just academic enough to demolish any snobbery on the part of his classically oriented audience, and just peppy enough to be highly enjoyable.

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June 17, 1955



Night Life

When Conventions Come, The Night Clubs Flourish

NIGHT CLUB BUSINESS in Chicago is highly dependent upon the state of the convention calendar. Conventions and trade shows often bring tens of thousands of outsiders into the city at one time, most of them geared for a blowout.

The Chez Paree is the big night club. In size, lavishness, talent budget, and reputation, it has no close competition. Names like Jimmy Durante, Martin and Lewis, Danny Thomas, Tony Martin, Nat (King) Cole headline its bills.

From a lounge off the main room, Jack Eigen conducts a nightly broadcast, as he used to do from the Copacabana in New York. The main difference is that names to drop are harder to find in his new location.

THE BLACK ORCHID IS two years old and apparently set for a long stay. It is a small place, seating about 125 persons who get hit with big checks. The talent lineup is close to the sophisticated, intimate roster that plays the Blue Angel in New York and, contrary to predictions of all the experts, it's going over big in Chicago. Josh White, Harry Belafonte, Robert Clary are typical.

Chicago's Blue Angel, after fooling around with everything from opera to Elizabethan ballads, has found a steady market for Calypso music and dance.

MANGAM'S CHATEAU AND Hollywood Supper club do well in the outlying residential districts, serving up dinner and the best nonname variety show they can get on a weekly budget of about \$1,000.



The big attraction on hotel premises is the Empire room of the Palmer House. Jose Greco, Yma Sumac, Hildegard, Dorothy Shay, George Gobel are some of the class names who have played the room.

The Palmer House is a Hilton hotel, and shows are put together by Hilton's Merriel Abbott. In the Boulevard room of the Conrad Hilton hotel, Miss Abbott has found her best luck with an ice show policy.

ENTERTAINMENT MORE DIFFICULT to fit into a visiting businessman's expense account is to be found in the strip joints. For the last three or four years, the heat has been on. In common with steel furnace workers, exotic dancers don clothes to protect themselves against heat.

When clothes stay on, business drops off. N. Clark St. and W. Madison St., once centers of undraped charm, are in a bad way. The Silver Frolics, biggest of the G-string temples; the 606 club, and a new place, the Crossroads, are going strong.

★
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Thank you again."

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Josh White
Goes Over Big

Next Issue

The July 13 issue of *Down Beat*, onstands June 29, will feature a complete eight-piece arrangement by Bill Russo on *Bacante*, a mambo. It will be only one of the many features you find only in *Down Beat*.

The Key Clubs

IN MOST PARTS of America when a saloon keeper moans that things are so bad he's going to put a lock on the door, his friends fade before they get tapped for a loan. But let him mutter such a thing in Chicago today, and any musician will comment, "Good! That means another job for a piano player."

According to a new social pattern erupting in Chicago the shortest road to success in the booze business is to open up by locking the door and announcing "Sorry, this is a private club."

Members of these "clubs" are given keys which they use with flourish and display with pride. One club has switched to membership cards because too many members loaned keys out to nonmembers which tends to run up the cash register tape but it spoils the whole idea.

ANOTHER CLUB issues a card printed in a metallic ink. This card, when inserted into a slot in the door, completes an electrical circuit, buzzes a buzzer, and converts a customer from an outsider to an insider.

As every hamburger joint has its jukebox, so does every key club have

its piano player. The Gaslight club, which is less than two years old but sells more Scotch, it says, than any bar in the world outside of New York's Stork club, has two piano players.

One, Larry Repplinger, is in the saloon proper, continually adding credence to the legend that he knows every song there ever was. The other is Bobby Hahn. He plays in a back room, which also houses the smallest ice rink in the world on which a miniature musical revue with a cast of three is presented.

AT THE 12 WEST at 12 W. Maple St. a Hungarian jazz pianist, Bela Kanitz, who came here via Australia two years ago, is enjoying America immensely, just as a growing number of keyholding Americans are enjoying him.

A breathtaking place is the Nocturne, with the most cool decor, at W. Burton Pl., a street whose architec-

ture is dominated by glass brick. Here the piano player is called Orlando. He also plays a white harp and sings sad songs. Spelling him off is Jan Parks who plays piano and sings sophisticated songs.

At the Hucksters, a new place opened by a barrel-shaped key of the kind used to shut off burglar alarms, the grand piano is played by Kokomo Wellington who, during the day, is a bond salesman on the South Side.

THE OPERA CLUB, a locked appendage to the Blue Angel, recently junked opera in favor of the inevitable piano player. His name is Gene Early, and he is a great believer in the do-it-yourself philosophy.

He gets the customers singing up a storm on such arias as *Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie*. Norman Wallace sings French songs to his piano accompaniment at the Walton Walk, one of the most subdued of the key clubs.



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Ballrooms

An Empire Crumbles, But The Suburbs Blossom

THE ARAGON BALLROOM, a great stone palace near the north end of the city, is one of the remains of a fallen empire. Once it was the jewel of the Karzas chain of midwest ballrooms. Today, most of the industry doubts that the Aragon turns a profit.

In contrast, the Oh Henry ballroom in a southwestern suburb has the snap of a well-bred youth. Unlike ballrooms of the old school, it was not designed to look like it's built of plaster and sequins.

Its interior has a soft, wooden feel to it. Similarly, its band policy largely steers clear of flash. Semina danceable bands are the rule, working an end-of-week schedule. Bookers call the



Oh Henry a "class operation."

The Melody Mill in Riverside, owned by Ben Lejcar, is the most profitable ballroom in the area. Lejcar too, plays "spot" names. Sometimes he'll book an expensive outfit like Ralph Marterie's for a three or four-day weekend and come off in good condition.

But the fiber of Lejcar's business is in the semina rock-solid dance band. Jimmy Palmer, Larry Faith, and Jan Garber are regulars there.

Al Hausberg has built a tidy business in dances for folks with long memories and short wind. He calls them "Over Thirty" dances.

At the Milford ballroom, he plays Hal Munro four nights a week to steady houses. In the Loop, he uses various groups in the Oriental ballroom. Hausberg is not saddled with the superbudgets of the name-band buyer. He safely can avoid names because he features a policy.

Classics

WHEN PERSONS IN the classical concert world talk shop—the managers, the publicists, the illustrious artists themselves—leading American cities are divided into two general groups:

- Live concert towns.
- Dead concert towns.

Boston, for example is a live concert town. Detroit is a dead one. Cleveland used to be a live one. Now it's shaky. Washington recently was dead. Now it's coming to life. The main cities of the south are good, and so is Philadelphia. Los Angeles is mournfully quiet. Denver has been excellent although it now may wither. Pittsburgh has been very bad, but things may pick up. St. Louis seems to be hopeless.

Chicagoans continually write off their own city as a dead town, a cultural desert. What outsider, for that matter, would expect much of a factory-studded, cattle-scented city like Chicago?

THE COLD FACT is, however, that as great American cities go, Chicago is a virtual year-round music festival. Read the list of recitals in Orchestra hall in a season, and you have inventoried the big time of classical music.

The Chicago Symphony orchestra is thriving. Two summer outdoor seasons—one fancy and the other free—rival each other. To top it off, more classical music is played on the radio than in any city in America—yes, including New York.



This highbrow harvest grows out of a peculiar mixture of disconnected facts:

- A virtual monopoly over Orchestra hall recitals is enjoyed by one aggressive and able businessman.
- Chicago's music critics are the crabbest in the world.
- James C. Petrillo is a Democrat.
- Chicago quarters two FM stations operating on a nonprofit basis—one that wants to be nonprofit and another that doesn't want to be just is.

Harry Zelzer, owner of Allied Arts Corp., is America's biggest buyer of classical talent for a single city. He

stages more than 50 recitals a year in Chicago. For a sideline, he sets up small-size concert seasons in Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, and South Bend.

EACH YEAR, Zelzer's eye runs down the list of the magic names of music, and he checks off those likely to turn a profit for him. If he by-passes an artist, the artist usually must by-pass Chicago.

Zelzer has accumulated, in his 25 years as a concert manager, first call on virtually every artist worth a curtain call. Sometimes he denies, however, that he has any call at all. "Anybody," he argues, "can buy Heifetz who

offers \$600 more." Then, leaning forward, he turns on his appeal-to-reason tone. "But why should Heifetz go somewhere else when I have filled a hall for him every year for 22 years?"

Even if a potential competitor could get Jascha Heifetz, he'd be hard put finding a date to play him. Long before the season, Zelzer locks up every Sunday afternoon and half the Saturday nights at Orchestra hall. The other half of the Saturday nights are reserved by the Chicago Symphony orchestra, which owns the hall. The orchestra also keeps all the Thursdays, Wednesdays and Sunday evenings are booked solid for religious gatherings.

AFTER ZELZER takes a batch of Fridays and a sprinkling of Mondays, the remaining ones are pounced upon by an assortment of charities, travel lecturers, and small city orchestras in search of big city reviews.

The alternative is to move to the Civic Opera House which offers 1,000 more seats, considerably more elegance, and you pay for both. It simply was not built for recital economics. Fullerton hall, seating 500, is too small even to gross the fee of an important artist.

The critics on Chicago's four newspapers periodically throw a cultural rock at Zelzer's iron-clad control over the recital scene. But the fact is that Zelzer has an enviable talent for filling empty seats with cash customers. Since his ascent as ruler over recitals, Chicago enjoys more programs than ever before.

PERHAPS THESE same critics can be thanked partially that the Chicago Symphony orchestra today is ranked among the great orchestras of the world. The manner in which Chicago's sports writers have learned to stomp vigorously all over the Chicago Cubs is nothing compared with how Chicago's music critics walked on the faces of a series of conductors employed by the symphony.

But for the 1953-54 season, the orchestra put the distinguished Fritz Reiner on the payroll. Reiner brought a skilled baton, an RCA Victor contract, and a smile to the faces of the critics—the first one in years. The orchestra's world reputation—and local box office—have enjoyed a steady climb.

In mid-April, the orchestra folds its season but not its year's work. It heads for one of the world's swankiest clumps of suburbs, north of the city. Nestled in Highland Park is Ravinia, deeded to the symphony for a series which has become a distinguished summer festival. Ticket prices are comparable to those at Orchestra hall.

TICKET PRICES form one problem which do not harass the management of the other outdoor concert series. The entire budget for the Grant park concerts—about \$90,000—is put up by the Chicago Park board. In 1934, when things were lousy all over and an employed musician was a conversation piece, a member of the park board was the rambunctious, up-and-coming pres-

ident of musicians union Local 10, James Caesar Petrillo.

Petrillo demanded money to hire musicians for free summer concerts. The board came across with a park to play in but no money. The union appropriated thousands of dollars from its own treasury, but Petrillo stepped up a campaign to enlighten the park board—and the democratic party—about the sweet joys of music.

When President Roosevelt came to town for a speech, Petrillo greeted him with an ear-shattering 300-piece band. He celebrated Mayor Kelly's re-election with a musical soiree in Chicago stadium, hauling out 19 top name bands and four symphony orchestras. Soon after, the park board capitulated.

TODAY, 31 FREE concerts under the stars feature the 85-piece Grant Park Symphony orchestra. Resident conductor is Nicolai Malko.

A crowd of 5,000 is a small one. Police estimates have soared as high as 200,000. In 1936, the record-breaking crowd for Lily Pons was so large the police never estimated its size. Last summer, total attendance exceeded 600,000, averaging 20,000 a night. Andre Kostelanetz, conducting the orchestra in a Gershwin program, drew 120,000 in two nights.

If the attendance statistics at Grant park are staggering evidence that Chicago is a longhair center, so is the quantity of classical fare put out by the two FM stations, WFMT and



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Country & Western

More Than 2,000,000 Persons Have Seen 'Barn Dance'—And That Ain't Hay

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT the corner of Eighth St. and Wabash Ave., although laden with train and factory soot, becomes the village green and social center to one of the world's rich farm areas sweeping across Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin.

The streets for blocks around fill up early with parked cars. The ages of the gathering folk span a wide range, three generations often unloading from a single car. Shadings of local dialect are many. But the purpose is common—to have an old-fashioned whopping good time at the *National Barn Dance*.

The *Barn Dance* is a radio broadcast, one of America's oldest. But you don't find little piles of free tickets at the

local visitor's bureaus. You get them at the box office—for money. Twelve hundred persons are seated in the Eighth St. theater by 7:30 p.m., show time. At 9:30, the audience is cleared out so another 1,200 customers can be seated by 10.

THE PROGRAM IS 30 years old. For 26 years, station WLS has been enjoying this double-deck ticket-selling bonanza. To date, more than 2,400,000 persons have bought their way into the live show. Chartered busloads of fans from far-flung home towns are common.

By 7 p.m., waiting patrons are lined up for half a block, each carefully guarding his priority in arrival. After 26 years, the theater management still can't convince the customers that they can go and relax somewhere, that every ticket represents a reserved seat. At about 9 p.m., the same queuing repeats for the 10 p.m. show.

Inside, the crowd stomps and claps to a comparatively citified brand of country music. Homer and Jethro, the hilarious satirists who have been successful north and south, call this northern brand of country music "uptown hillbilly." Jethro adds, "It's educated hillbilly. You can educate this northern audience to anything. The southern audience will never change."

STATION MANAGER Glenn Snyder, a short man with husky-voiced humor, calls the southern style "hungry hillbilly," and he'll have none of it on WLS. His station is directed to "lovers of better music."

Besides Homer and Jethro, there's Bob Atcher, billed as "top hand of the cowhands." His fancy embroidered and bespangled shirts cost him \$250 apiece, and he owns about 100 of them. Lulu Belle and Scotty have been teamed on the show since 1934. Scotty Wiseman is an "educated hillbilly" in a literal sense. He just earned his master's degree in English.

Red Blanchard, the Texas Yodeler, is the court jester. Woody Mercer sang his way through the University of Arizona law school and established a going law practice in Phoenix. But songs were his first love, and he couldn't turn down the WLS offer.

JOHN DOLCE LEADS an actual square dance during the program's station breaks. Then there are Betsy Ross, the Girl with the Golden Hair and the Blues in Her Voice, not to mention a master's degree in biology from New York university; Cap'n Stubby and the Buccaneers, an instrumental and singing quintet and a solid fixture in WLS



programming; Colleen and Donna Wilson, the Beaver Valley Sweethearts; Dolph Hewitt, who has enjoyed some success on records; Arkie, the Arkansas Woodchopper, and Lola Dee, who has been known to switch bonnets and belt out a jump number with Ralph Marterie, and who once sang under the name of Lola Ameche.

Of all the current talent, only Grace Wilson, the Girl with a Million Friends, was on hand April 19, 1924, in the mezzanine studios of the Hotel Sherman for the first *National Barn Dance*.

BUT NOT ALL COUNTRY music in Chicago is of the uptown variety. You can find hungry hillbilly, too. Out on Madison St., about two miles beyond Skid Row, several taverns display neon signs: Live Hillbilly Music.

At any one time, more of the signs are turned off than on, but on the average, three places are working. The most successful appear to be La Conga, the 3022 club, and the Casanova. Bartenders and waitresses are southern, and so are most of the customers.

Yankee tourists from other Chicago neighborhoods don't come in often. A veteran performer of the street is Randy Barnett, who has been singing and fiddling for various proprietors for 15 years. He says, "These are all people from Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina come up here to take jobs. They finally settle down in this neighborhood because they know other folks here."

THE MUSIC ON Madison St. is different from that of the *Barn Dance*. So is the dress of the performers and the studied absence of polished showmanship. To the northern ear, the Madison St. players are "nasal and twangy." To the southern ear, they are "more sincere, less slicked up."

The two styles of music help separate two distinct audiences for country en-

Classics

(Continued)

WEFM. This is not to mention a weekly telecast of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, relayed to other cities by the DuMont network. It is the only regular symphony telecast in the country.

WFMT is owned by a serious young couple, Bernie and Rita Jacobs, who have kept the station afloat against seemingly impossible economic tidal waves.

A year ago, it looked like the end. The owners, with lovable nerve, got on the air to announce they needed \$75,000 from listeners or they would be forced off the air. Money started pouring in. The Jacobses broadcast a weekly financial report.

ADVERTISERS GREW so wide-eyed at the demonstration of listener loyalty, that for cold business reasons they began buying handsome blocks of time. After \$21,000 had been raised from listeners, the Jacobses called, "Stop!" Between new advertising and a sharp increase in \$4 subscriptions to the station's program guide, the Jacobses figure they can make it now on their own.

WEFM is a strange radio operation. Listeners never hear a live voice. From 9:30 a.m. to midnight, classical music keeps pouring out like water over Niagara Falls. Every half hour, a recorded station break butts in and sometimes a brief Zenith commercial. Even music titles go unannounced.

After World War II, Zenith Radio, a Chicago firm, was betting that FM was the future of broadcasting. To help create an appetite for FM, the company opened its own music station. No one will ever know how many Zenith sets the station has sold, but a lot of FM radios would be stashed in the attic if the station ever folded.

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tainment. These two audiences are related by blood and history, but there the spirit of kinship ends. One is the basic audience for the *Barn Dance*, the gentry of the north, fairly prosperous, settled, and republican.

A hundred years ago, their forebears streamed north from Kentucky, the Carolinas, Virginia, and Tennessee, to cross the Shawnee river into Illinois and scramble for a land claim. But this memory is diluted by the influences of modern northern life, just as their mountain music, while still present in solution, is diluted by the streams of pop music flowing out of radio antennas.

SUPPLEMENTING THIS basic *Barn Dance* audience is a modern industrial creation, the city hillbilly, whose speech is freshly southern, whose unsettled home is in an apartment hotel or an old tenement and whose vote is democratic.

This customer will tolerate the finely sandpapered variety of country culture at the *Barn Dance*, where at least he can bring the wife and kids, but he's musically happier in the Madison St. taverns.

He is the factory worker up from the impoverished farm areas of the south. Perhaps he came during World War II or perhaps last week. The in-and-out traffic is brisk. His roots in Chicago are not planted deep. And the music on Madison St. is the warm sound of home.

The tendency for industrial country folk to flock together, like Poles, Irish, Greeks, or any ethnic group in a strange region, is reflected in a pattern of record sales and jukebox plays.

HUDSON-ROSS, the largest record retailer in the city, reports that downtown about 50 pop records are sold for every country disc, or about 2 percent. But the Wil-Ken Music shop at Wilson and Kenmore, on the north side, says 30 percent of its volume is country.

The largest jukebox operator in the city, the ABC Music Service Corp., employs 12 route men. Of these, only two place country records, and they use them heavily. One works up around Wilson Ave., and the other covers Madison St.

Singer's One-Stop Service which supplies many of the independent jukebox operators, confirms this pattern, adding the industrial centers of Gary, Hammond, and East Chicago, Ind., and the manufacturing cities of Rockford and South Bend.

Finale . . .

NOBODY in Jellico, Tennessee, ever thought of it this way, but one of the most concisely informative signs in the world is downtown on its main street. It tells the basic story of Jellico in eight words and never mentions the town is the birthplace of Grace Moore. The words, carved in stone on the sturdiest building in town, say simply,

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Circus

"United States Post Office and Mine Rescue Station."

Thus the tourist learns the basic essentials about life in Jellico. It's a quiet town that digs the coal out of its ground and minds its own business save for an occasional letter to the kinfolks and the whistle that informs the world a mine blew up and the coal won't be coming for awhile. You can't live on a memory of Grace Moore.

SIMILARLY, Chicago's musical meaning is subordinated to what the city itself is. In 1945, the history of the world changed under the grandstand of a has-been football field, where the first man-controlled release of nuclear energy took place. After Chicago enabled the bomb to be built, nobody asked the city where to drop it, or whether it should be dropped at all. That was somebody else's problem so Chicago set about meeting its next tasks, among them the task of setting up defenses against an atom bomb.

Chicago had weaned the movie industry, then watched it pack up and move westward. Chicago had built a formula for network radio, then for intelligent television, and watched while both were snatched eastward. Even its most celebrated gangsters moved off to Miami to die.

But Chicago's mission is to keep starting something new. As someone wrote recently of Chicago, "It's perpetually looking like a has-been, and then triggering a revolution."

CHICAGOANS concerned about their city as a cultural center always fear it will fade away into an anonymous fog, even while they know it cannot: that it is too gross, too impetuous, too busy, and too ambitious. They quietly hope, too, that someday it will shine again as an artistic capitol, even while they know it cannot: that the financial marionette strings are elsewhere, entangled forever in the jumble of wires which light the lights of Broadway.

But Chicago, now and always, because it is so big and feels so small, must, like a muscle-bound brute with an arty bent, keep seeking its identity. It must try to find out, "Who am I?" It may never find out, but the world will keep feeding off its impetuous search.

The Devil's Advocate

By Mason Sargent

New Sound for the Jaded Hi-fi Ear: Owners of high fidelity sets are being treated to an increasing range of vicarious experiences. For example, you now can break through the sound barrier while seated in your living room. McIntosh, maker of hi-fi equipment, has issued a 12" LP called *Thru the Sound Barrier with McIntosh* (MM 105).

The first side contains a jet aircraft sequence, the sounds of three sonic booms, and the Red Stone Rocket motor at the White Sands proving grounds in New Mexico. Less exotic activities are heard on the reverse—the noise of IRT Subways in New York, alarm clocks, machinery sounds, and 20-mm. aircraft cannon. There are intelligent notes and also a brief essay on record care and proper choice of turntables and needles.

Equally unexpected on an LP are the sounds to be heard on *Tape Recorder Music*, the first album produced by Gene Bruck's Innovations company. The attractively boxed 10" LP (GB-1) contains explanations of the theory and practice of tape recorded music, including *Counterpoint's* discussion of the phenomenon in *Down Beat* (July 29, 1953).

The record is made up of performances of tape recorder compositions by Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky. The music is best heard first and explained afterward, but as a preface, Leopold Stokowski has succinctly explained tape music this way:

"Tape music is music that is composed directly with sound instead of being first written on paper and later to sound . . . Several or even many tapes are superimposed; the tapes sound together the groups of tones that are recorded on them." The results are unlike anything you are likely to have heard before.

Virtuosity of an equally demanding and rarer kind illuminates the remarkable harpsichord mastery and interpretative depth of Fernando Valenti in Vol. 6 of his performance of Scarlatti's *Sonatas for Harpsichord*. The

recorded sound is a model for this instrument, a most difficult one to capture fully on record (Westminster 12" LP WL 5325) . . . Finally there is an unusual virtuoso collection of the 12 sonatas Paganini wrote for violin and guitar. The dashing duo involved comprises violinist Michel, who has been heard on several recent gypsy recordings, and guitarist Anatoly Malukoff (Romany 12" LP 1501).

International Music: World Festival of Folk Song and Folk Dance is an absorbingly diversified selection of music from the second World Festival of the International Folk Music Council held in Biarritz and Pamplona under the auspices of the International Music Council, UNESCO. Nineteen countries are represented (Westminster 12" LP WL 5334) . . . *Songs of Corsica*, a collection never before available in this country of music from the "Island of Fire and Granite," is passionately sung by Martha Angelici (Angel 12" LP ANG 65017) . . . Also marked by rarity and fire is a set of *Sardanas*, the folk dance of Catalonia. The music is played by the Barcelona Sardana Band whose idiomatically unique instrumentation has a whirling play of sonorities you'll hear nowhere else (Angel LP ANG 64007) . . . A second volume featuring the uniquely stirring *Amalia of Portugal* has been released on which the leading singer of Portugal and the reigning expert on fado songs is heard in eight highly effective performances (Angel LP ANG 64013) . . . Of unusual beauty and depth are the Mexican melodies sung by *Trio Leones of Cabrito* in one of the most satisfying folk recordings of the year (Cook LP 1080) . . . Finally, I would recommend a subtly expressive recital by *Olga Coelho* in songs of Brazil, France, Spain and Italy. Her repertoire will be strikingly new to most of you (Vanguard LP VRS 7021).

Kay, Kameron Pool Clients, Form Office

New York — Personal managers Monte Kay and Pete Kameron have formed Jazz Artists Management, an office which will pool their clients in addition to new talent they sign.

Their current roster includes Stan Getz; J. J. Johnson; Kai Winding; Billy Taylor; Chris Connor; Ralph Sharon and his wife, Susan; the Modern Jazz quartet; Kaye Ballard; Sylvia Syms, and Charles DeForest. Jazz Artists Management is at 15 E. 48th St., New York City.

New Jazz Department

New York — Universal Attractions has organized a new jazz department headed by Don Palmer, former personal manager of Charlie Ventura. Already signed are Mary Ann McCall, the Artie Romanis quintet, and the Tony Luis trio.

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They're Calling Mr. ZaBach The Liberace Of The Violin

By Don Freeman

FLORIAN ZABACH, the violinist, was in San Diego for a multiple sclerosis fund-raising telethon on a local TV station and, catching him between fiddles, I asked him about the future of music on television.

ZaBach was bullish on the subject, possibly because of his success in the medium and also as a result of his fan mail.

"I don't know why exactly, but in the last few months my mail has contained many more requests for classical music than ever before," ZaBach said.

As a result, the emphasis on ZaBach's filmed television program has been altered. The handsome violinist remains faithful to the semipopular tunes and novelties that first hoisted him to popularity ("At this point, you don't just stop playing *Hot Canary!*) But the classic has become the anchor spot of the ZaBach show. And with ZaBach stressing the long-hair music, the popularity of his show—contrary to what you might assume—has shot up.

IT'S POSSIBLE that popular songs have become so dreadful of late that the public is turning in self-defense to the classics. That was my scattershot theory, not ZaBach's. It is ZaBach's contention that people, having been exposed to more and more classical music—such as ballet background music on TV—are developing a fondness for it.

ZaBach has come along in fine style since his first show was filmed for syndication by Guild Studios.

"Syndication is far better than being on a network," ZaBach suggests. "The networks quite often have trouble reaching the right markets at the right time. But with syndication, you can reach plenty of people and make more money in the long run."

Currently, the ZaBach show is syndicated to 151 TV stations and picking up outlets all the time.

SINCE GUILD also produces the Liberace show and because of some superficial similarities in the ways their respective programs are put together, ZaBach has been called "the Liberace of the violin," a description which, once started, has proved difficult to live down.

For a number of reasons, all fairly obvious, ZaBach would rather discourage any comparisons, preferring to be judged on his own merits.

At any rate, ZaBach can't be compared easily to anyone else in the violin field. "I guess you could categorize violinists this way," ZaBach pointed out. "There's the classical people—the Milsteins and Menuhins. And there's jazz violinists—Joe Venuti, Stuff Smith, Eddie South. The trick



Florian ZaBach

stuff is what I do, and there doesn't seem to be anyone else around doing the same thing."

Oddly, ZaBach discovered his new career in the army. He had been classically trained—at Chicago Conservatory and, for two years, in Prague. At 12, he played his first concert, with the Chicago Symphony.

But in its eternal wisdom, the army, when war, came, placed ZaBach in the medical corps aboard a ship doing convoy duty in combat waters. He got bedpan hands and the uneasy feeling that his career as a concert violinist was finished.

SHORTLY BEFORE the war ended, ZaBach found his way to an entertainment unit. "Before then," ZaBach admits, "I'd have been aghast at even whistling a popular song. But I found that GIs had little patience with Beethoven." ZaBach, in turn, found that he could not only play pop tunes with a spark of individuality but he had a flair for being an entertainer as well as a violinist, these being assets which he parlayed very nicely in the years that followed.

At the moment, ZaBach is popular, he's making good money and his TV career must be described as highly rewarding. Occasionally, however, ZaBach ponders another road he might have taken.

Six years ago, he won first place on an Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* show and but for his refusal of Godfrey's offer to join his troupe, Florian ZaBach today might be appearing on *Toast of the Town*.



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Glamor At The Met

Rise Stevens Emerges As A Symbol Of The Sex Appeal Opera Has Added

IN AN ERA increasingly brightened by the visual as well as vocal appeal of operatic stars, slim, titian-haired Rise Stevens is an attractive symbol of the heightened glamour that has been added to opera. Her vividly uninhibited portrayal of *Carmen*, for example, has made Miss Stevens the most demonically plausible *Carmen* in the history of the Metropolitan. Similarly, Miss Stevens as Delilah in Saint-Saens' *Samson and Delilah* makes it sensuously clear why Samson's judgment became blurred.

Rise Stevens is equally and aptly poised, however, when cast as a boy or young man in the differently demanding roles of Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*, Cherubino in *The Marriage of Figaro*, Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel*, Orlevsky in *Die Fledermaus*, and Orfeo in *Orfeo ed Euridice*.

In addition to her continuous operatic achievements, Rise Stevens is seen and heard regularly on radio and TV, has been in several films, and is one of RCA Victor's best selling classical recording artists.

ALSO CONTRIBUTING to Miss Stevens high glamour is her role as an international star. She averages now some 45,000 miles of cross-and-transcontinental traveling a year, but her most unprecedented and widely publicized conquest of time and space occurred during a frantic 36 hours last spring. It all began when she was invited to become the first American-born



Rise Stevens

Metropolitan Opera star to perform in a world premiere of an Italian opera in Italy itself—at La Scala in Milan. The work was Virgilio Mortari's *The Devil's Daughter*, and Miss Stevens was seen and heard in five performances during which she attained a tumultuous personal success.

The final performance took place on a Thursday night. Miss Stevens was scheduled to sing in New York the next Saturday afternoon for a Metropolitan Opera broadcast performance of *Carmen*. Leaving Milan at 8 a.m. Friday, Miss Stevens and her husband made hasty plane connections to Zurich and then to Paris, where they caught the Paris-New York plane. The plane, however, had to detour and land in Iceland. After that delay, it proceeded to Gander, and finally arrived in New York at 10:30 a.m. Saturday. By 2 p.m., Miss Stevens was on the Metropolitan stage and she gave a skilled, exciting performance.

During that afternoon, however, she occasionally had the eerie experience of feeling her ears pop during an aria—a phenomenon that often happens after a long flight. So Miss Stevens, ears tingling, became the first opera star to perform in the two most famous opera houses in the world within the space of 36 hours.

THE FACT RISE agreed to undertake the exacting work of learning a new role for Mortari's world premiere underlines her interest in new compositions for the operatic stage. In fact,

Gospel Truth

Hollywood — A publicity release quote:

"Biblical music themes that the world has never before heard and of which there is no historical record have become the dramatic composing assignment of Elmer Bernstein" for *The Ten Commandments*."

Should be pretty safe from infringement suits, anyway.

Swing, Modern Jazz Get Stuyvesant Voice

New York—Bob Maltz has been enlivening his weekend Stuyvesant Casino concerts recently by adding swing era and modern jazzmen to the list of traditionalists who usually perform.

A few weeks ago, observers were intrigued by a set that presented a short history of jazz in simultaneous form. On the stand at the same time were Sonny Greer, Pops Foster, Percy Heath, Horace Silver, Milt Jackson, Harold Baker, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, and Johnny Hodges.

the first opera in which she ever performed—she was a senior then at Juilliard around 1935—was a new opera by Robert Russell Bennett, *Maria Malibran*. These days, Miss Stevens is enthusiastic about Gian-Carlo Menotti. "He has something in his music," she exclaims, "that is not only modern but has great heart and sensitivity. And I thought highly of Mortari's writing in *The Devil's Daughter*. It was not a great success at La Scala, but that doesn't mean it might not be someday." She also points to Prokofeff's work in opera and to Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress* ("Heavens knows, he's wonderful.")

The big problem in present-day writing for opera, Miss Stevens feels, is the lack of good librettists. "Menotti has found one for his works in that he writes them himself. But otherwise, if only there were librettists today of the stature of Hofmannsthal, who wrote such wonderful material for Richard Strauss, material that makes so much sense."

Rise meanwhile continues busily in more performances with the Met, including its spring tour; an appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra at Ann Arbor in May, and a performance of *The Marriage of Figaro* at Glyndebourne July 2 and 7 that will be recorded shortly after for HMV in London. There are two further possibilities for late summer that particularly excite her. One involves a staging of *Carmen* out of doors in Verona, and the other is concerned with a plan by the Greek government to invite her to sing in a new production of *Orfeo* that would take place with no sets except for the actual Greek ruins.

—mason sargent

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Strictly Ad Lib

(Continued from Page 7)
McGuire Sisters light up the Chicago. Dorothy Collins and the Four Lads move in on Jun 24, and the theater figures to rock and roll in July with Bill Haley's Comets.

Organist Les Strandl is back on the scene again, working at the Duet, on W. Lake street . . . Ex-Chicago deejay, Stan Dale, attached to the Fifth army here now, will emcee a fortnightly variety show on WGN-TV starting June 24. All the talent will come from the Fifth army . . . Studs Terkel's Sunday night WBKB-TV show has been featuring jazz artists regularly.

. . . Same video station now features bassist Chubby Jackson five days a week as narrator of The Little Rascals (Our Gang) kids films . . . New bill at the Black Orchid contains The Mascota, Ann Henry, and Yonelli . . . Spanish Fantasy show is the bill at the Palmer House's Empire Room.

HOLLYWOOD

SUPPERSPOTTING: Harry James (June 21) and Ralph Marterie (July 22) hold Palladium stand until opening (Aug. 22) of Orrin Tucker with new house band . . . Statler hotel comes up with revue-type show in Terrace Room June 15 headlined by the Dorman Brothers supported by singer Jenny Collins and The Cabots, with Skinny Ennis band still on "indefinite" ticket . . . The Modernaires, plus comedian Harry Mimmo into Cocanut Grove June 15, with Yma Sumac and Co. on deck for July 6 debut. After Yma, Grove expected to close down for refurbishing . . . The Mills Brothers (their pop has been on sick list but was expected back) current at Ciro's . . . Herb Jeffries in one of his rare local appearances with date at Crescendo holding through June.

DOTTED NOTES: Red Nichols calls 36-piece concert ork with which he records for Capitol his "Penny Symphony" . . . Al Marx, who founded and scrapped two promising record companies (Discovery and Trend), has opened personal management office in Beverly Hills. First client signed was singer Johnny Holiday, last heard on those Pacifica sides with solid orchestral backing by Russ Garcia . . . Trombone Milt Bernhart got himself snagged up in Local 47's complicated "work-spreading" rules and had to turn over (as a "fine") \$992.01 worth of over-quota studio earnings (that hurts!)

NOTABLE QUOTES: A reporter here, when someone suggested he call MCA to verify a news story — "I wouldn't call MCA to get a confirmation of the Second Coming—though I don't doubt they'll be booking it!"

San Francisco

Fantasy has signed Red Rodney and Jerry Coker, a brace of Woody Herman alumni, for upcoming LPs . . . Bob Mielko's Bearcats, who recently cut an LP for the Empirical Records line, are

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working two nights a week at the Lark's club in Berkeley . . . Bobby Short, and the Al Belletto Sextet replaced Jeri Southern and the Hi-Los at Fack's June 3 for a month.

Red Nichols, in his first local date in several years, opened at the Dixie room of the Italian Village June 3 . . . Brew Moore exciting the local musicians, but also knocking out the Dixielanders when he plays clarinet with the Mielke Bearcats . . . Jimmy Lyons throwing a concert in Carmel in June with the Hi-Los, Jeri Southern, comic Mort Sahl, and Dave Brubeck.

—ralph j. gleason

Las Vegas

Two concerts within a week highlighted the early ayem hours, with Jerry Fielding's exciting bash at the Royal Nevada, and the Dorsey Brothers' tours de force at the New Frontier. Both hung up SRO signs and turned away hundreds of rounders. Fielding not only drove his crew with whiplash precision during the terrific portions of music, but emerged as an emcee of formidable ad lib strength complete with hip wit delivered in sardonic fashion . . . Followup concerts at the Royal Nevada will feature top west coast soloists every Friday morn at 8, beginning with bonist Milt Bernhart . . . Ralph Gari's Quartet, first local combo to be signed by major jazz label, waiting for dubs from April sesh in Hollywood for Bob Shad at Em-Arcy.

Benny Carter at the Moulin Rouge, and Jaye Ruboff, at the new Dunes, inaugurate experimental policy for local showbands—working seven weeks straight with week off, or 14 with a fortnight to laze . . . Policy of hotels to sign big name acts for extended contracts of two years and more is now in force with many lounge combos, for instance The Treniers at the Riviera, Billy Ward's Dominoes & Louis Prima at the Sahara, Mary Kaye trio at the New Frontier, Louis Jordan at the Sands, and so on . . . Turk Murphy exists the Showboat after couple of months backing shows and very little exhibit otherwise of the band . . . Nomination for most consistent jazz efforts nut forth by any unit in town—Terry Gibbs at the Royal Nevada.

—bill willard

Cleveland

Cedar Point, long a big name in big bands in this area resumes a policy the management had dropped for the past few years. Charlie Spivak will kick off the proceedings on June 18. Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are booked for June 30; Johnny Long for July 4; Jan Garner July 23. August will see Ted Weems, the Sauter-Finegan crew, and perhaps the McGuire Sisters with Neal Hefti . . . Mentor-On-The-Lake is in full swing Russ Harmon is the weekend house band. Plans are to book name vocalists beginning in late June . . . Norman Knuth and his Starlighters are back at the Statler's Terrace

Room . . . The new Cotton club followed the Eddie Heywood trio with Teddy Charles.

—m. k. mangan

Detroit

Johnny Smith took the stand at the Rouge June 14-19, to be followed by the Oscar Peterson trio June 21-July 8 . . . Scheduled to close June 19, Johnny Maddox has been held over at Baker's Keyboard lounge . . . Art Hodes closes June 19 at the Crest and the Four Freshmen have been booked back for four weeks, opening June 27 . . . Billy Farrell set for June 17-26 at the Falcon Show bar.

Jefferson Beach started summer Saturday night dancing with Buddy Morrow and the Gaylords on May 28, followed by Ralph Flanagan June 25 and Stan Kenton July 2 . . . Walled Lake Casino ballroom kicked-off the season with Woody Herman May 28-29, Billy May June 3-4, Tony Pastor June 10-11. Russ Carlyle booked for two weekends there June 17-18 and 24-25, with Pee Wee Hunt up for a oneiter July 1, followed by Les Elgart July 2-3.

—azalea thorpe

Philadelphia

Former Shearing vibes man, Joe Roland brought his new group to the Showboat . . . Sonny Stitt featured currently at the Blue Note after two week showing of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach quintet . . . Woody Herman in for three days at Pep's, with Ella Fitzgerald following . . . Busy Walnut street traffic halted at midday when Billy Krechmer Dixieland group played swan song for Rendezvous, for several years leading local jazz room. Building was sold.

—harvey husten

Cincinnati

Ault Park opened for its summer dancing season on May 28 . . . Pianist Mike Schiffer now working as a single at Benny's Bar on weekends . . . Rusty Bryant, of Carolyn club fame, took his band on a tour of the eastern states June 10 . . . Enthusiasm about the Lenox Grill and San Souci was premature. Both clubs, which were headlined by jazz policies, dropped their jazz groups. The San Souci, only after one week.

—dick schaefer

Montreal

The Four Tunes were added to the Joni James show at the Seville in May . . . Ellis McLintock's band travelled from Toronto to accompany the George Formby show at the Forum arena during the Canadian portion of their tour . . . Guy Lombardo did a one niter at the Show Mart May 29. He played in Quebec City the following night . . . Buff Estes fronting a Goodman-styled sextet Saturdays at 7 p.m. on the CBC Trans-Canada network from Ottawa.

—henry f. whiston

The Hot Box

By George Hoefler

THERE WAS once a time when this column catered exclusively to hot record collectors. Just to see if any of you collectors are still reading the *Hot Box*, I'm going to devote this space to matters of particular interest to old record ferrets.

A new magazine for collectors has just arrived on the scene. It is called *Record Research*, a magazine of record statistics and information. Published by Len Kunsteadt at 144 Tapscott St., Brooklyn 12, N. Y. It costs \$1 for six issues and comes out bimonthly.

They stopped numbering the pages at 14, but there are 25 pages full of information on the more obscure jazz records of days gone by.

FOR INSTANCE, there is a Ford Dabney discography, a directory of department store labels (in several cases, but the stores themselves are long gone), an Edison label date chart, a not only have the labels disappeared, technical piece on the electric reproduction of Edison Hill and Dale Records, a list of jazz records recorded in Italy between 1933-1943, a piano roll-ography, and, of course, a batch of items listed for auction with condition specified. The most up-to-date feature is a rhythm and blues section.

Another new project of interest to the pavement pounder seeking an accumulation of old records (we used to hunt through piles for rare items—now you have to hunt for piles) is an organization called International Record Collector's Society, Inc.

You can be a member for one year for \$2 and for three years for \$5. To get in on this, write Editor, International Discophile, 1227 N. Jackson, Fresno 2, Calif.

FOR YOUR MONEY you will get the regular club journal and a questionnaire asking what your favorite "cut-out" recordings are, whether your collecting interests run to cylinders, discs, tapes, or sound tracks, and whether you wish to trade, sell, buy, or listen. You will be invited to furnish material for the magazine on anything from how-to-do-it articles to the compilation of discographies.

Data on the above developments have enveloped me in a wave of nostalgia. I was walking up the Avenue of the Americas and came upon a place called Bell Music Box, on the window of which was a sign announcing 100,000 rare and out-of-print records.

The dust-covered window display included copies of the *Esquire Jazz Books*, in pamphlet form, for 1945 and 1946. I entered and inside of two minutes had uncovered a mint copy of Duke's *The Sergeant Was Shy* on Columbia.

THE OWNER ADVISED me his collection at home included every complete opera ever pressed, rarities by Bix, Louis, and Beanie, and a Rudolph Val-

entino. The store also makes a specialty of duplicating your rare shellac 78s on LP.

Jack Fine of the Commodore Music shop tells of a recent jazz date on the Kingsway label for issue on a 12" LP. The group in studio was Jack Fine, cornet; Tony Parenti, clarinet; Bob Thomas (of the Paul Barbarin band) trombone; Arthur Trappier, drums; Danny Barker, banjo; Arny Hyman, bass, and Hank Ross, piano.

They cut *Milenberg Joys, Da Da Strain, New Orleans, Tishomingo, Someday, Sweetheart, Buddy Bolden's Blues, See See Rider, and Gee, Baby Ain't I Good to You?*

COLLECTOR'S CATALOGUE: John Larsen Jr., Korsegt. 4, Aalesund, Norway. An American pen friend is desired who digs Mulligan, Roach, Kenton, and Brubeck. He's 19 years old.

Constant Bonneux, district officer, Bluwa-Djugu territory, Via Irumu, Belgian Congo, Africa. He is 25 but wants to write jazz fans between 19-22.

John Griffin, 3 Duneden Park, Crumlen Rd., Belfast, Ireland. Likes both Dixieland and modern but is inclined toward the latter. Kenton is his No. 1 band. Would like to get in touch with someone who will exchange *Down Beats* for copies of the *Melody Maker* and *Musical Express*.

Claude J. Dugay, Route 1, Buckfield, Maine. Has a collection of records he would like to dispose of for cash. The

Granz Records Basie, Plus Singer Williams

New York — Before sailing for a European vacation, Norman Granz recorded several sessions in mid-May. The Count Basie band cut some sides, including the first numbers with their blues vocalist, Joe Williams.

There was also an all-star session under the leadership of Buddy Rich. Included were Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Freddie Greene, Ben Webster, Frank Wes, Thad Jones, and Joe Newman.

Nocturne, Liberty Record Firms Merge

Hollywood—Two independent record companies, Nocturne and Liberty, have merged, and Nocturne regulars now will appear on the new Liberty label.

Harry Babasin, founder of the Nocturne label on which many distinguished west coast jazz musicians were heard, will continue to produce his "Hollywood Jazz Series" for the Liberty label.

records mostly feature fretted instruments. Many banjo, Hawaiian guitar, and ukelele with Eddie Peabody, Harry Reser, the Van Eps, Pietro on mandolin, and many others.

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Radio And Video

By Jack Mabley

PERSONS WHO LIKE JAZZ generally don't like disc jockeys. If persons who like jazz understood disc jockeys better, they might regard them with more compassion.

Jim Lounsbury is a disc jockey, one of the 10 or 20 best known in the country. He has been playing records on the air for 11 years, in Des Moines, Louisville, and Lexington, and today has 14 hours a week of radio and television record shows in Chicago.

We asked Lounsbury a number of questions, all of which can be boiled down to one: "Why?"

Here is Jim's side of the conversation: "To start with, I have a degree of bachelor of musical education from Drake university. I studied music in high school.

"I HAD A TRIO, and helped pay my way through college playing in small joints around Des Moines. I played piano, clarinet, and sax. I idolized Goodman. We used to catch all the big names there in the early '40s—the Dorseys, Basie, Sinatra, Artie Shaw, Miller.

"My tastes, ideas and theories in music have changed. Not for the better necessarily. Say it's more contemporary. That's a better word than commercial.

"Frankly, it's amazed me how I've changed. When I was first on the air, I played what I thought people liked, because I liked it—Kenton, Shaw, Duke Ellington.

"IN LOUISVILLE AFTER THE WAR I was caught up in the bop era. I played only occasional ballads. I was completely in love with progressive sounds—when they were well done.

"In 1949 I was in Lexington, a college town, and you could play pretty good stuff. About that time the record companies began lambasting everybody with their promotion.

"I moved to Chicago in 1960, and took over an all-night show on WIND. I programmed good, easy things—Lester Young, Shearing, Kenton, Ray Anthony, almost what I pleased.

"I STARTED PUTTING IN A pop ballad every third or fourth record. Then I started watching our Pulse figure. The more ballads, the higher it went. It was fantastic. It doubled.

"Frankly, my tastes have done a complete turnabout in 10 or 12 years—but not to the complete exclusion of jazz. I still love good jazz. But I enjoy things now I wouldn't have played eight or 10 years back.

"I may end up a big square on this thing.

"Pop-wise, I think the reason I enjoy that stuff more than ever before . . . There's so much coming out . . . Always something new and fresh to be discovered.

"WE GET 100 OR SO RECORDS a week. I go home and play every one of them. I toss out 80 of them, but out of the 20 that are left, you find the potential hits. There's the excitement. There's so much to discover—more so than in jazz.

"It's exciting to find a thing like Nat Cole's *Je Vous Aime Beaucoup*, for instance. Of course we miss, too. I think every deejay in the country threw out Joan Weber's *Let Me Go, Lover*, and then they played it on that TV show, and we had to dig the record out of the trash heap.

"As far as the caliber of the music goes, there are still good things. *Little Things Mean a Lot*, *Danger*, *Heartbreak Ahead*—good songs. I don't object to any of the current things as far as musical worth is concerned.

"They're interesting just in the standpoint that they're different.

"THE NEXT BIG TREND? Maybe the rhythm ballad . . . ballad with a little beat to it. *I Need You Now* by Eddie Fisher is one. Oh yea, the vocal groups are here to stay.

"But as far as today's stuff goes, I don't see anything wrong with what we're playing. You should hear what we throw away."



Mabley

By Hal Holly



Doris Day and Percy Faith

Etting Film Strong On Frankness, Performances By Doris, Cagney

Love Me or Leave Me with Doris Day, James Cagney, and Cameron Mitchell.

As with all biographical films, this one, on Ruth Etting, top recording star of the late '20s, is a mixture of fact, fancy, and pure fiction. Nevertheless, it is in some respects a notable departure from formula.

It is notably so particularly in the frankness with which it delves into the less savory aspects of Miss Etting's relationship with the strange character she married in the early days of her career and divorced when she was some years past her peak.

The Ruth Etting story, MGM version:

FRESH FROM THE country and working as a dancer in a Chicago speakeasy of the Prohibition era, she arouses the interest, or rather the instincts, of Marty (Moe, the Gimp) Snyder, a small-time racketeer who supplies night clubs with linen whether they want it or not. Cagney is superlative in this role.

Though eager to get out of the chorus line and become a singer, Miss Etting at first resists Snyder's offers to help her "through his connections."

She even quits her job to evade his persistent propositioning and becomes a taxi dancer. Fired for refusing to permit dime-a-dance customers to paw, she permits Snyder to get her a job as a singer but manages to keep him at a safe distance until he traps her in an apartment.

THE NEXT MORNING, instead of calling the cops, she agrees to marry him. Yes, it's a bit fuzzy, but so, too, were the facts in the story of Ruth Etting and Marty Snyder.

As the singer pushes toward the peak of her career, her husband and self-styled "agent" becomes more and more of a liability, driving her to the brink of alcoholism.

Finally, as she is about to star in a movie, she tells Snyder she is going to divorce him. Snyder seems to take the

news in stride, but when he suspects the cause is her renewed romance with pianist Johnny (his real name is Myrl) Alderman, music director on the picture, he shoots the musician as he leaves her apartment.

TO THIS POINT, *Love Me or Leave Me* is good screen drama. Here it disintegrates into the usual Hollywood hokum.

Miss Etting, assured of Alderman's recovery, comes to Snyder's rescue by appearing as opening attraction at a night club into which he has sunk his (their) last cent, thus assuring its success. This tired ending may have been felt necessary to show Snyder in a somewhat more sympathetic light.

In no biographical picture to date has a living person been depicted as so thoroughly detestable as is Snyder in the earlier portions.

EXCEPT FOR THE ending, *Love Me or Leave Me* is so well knit production-wise that of its 12 songs*, all sung by Miss Day, not one impedes the flow of action.

Doris as Ruth Etting may be a shock to some of her admirers, but she also will be a surprise to her critics, or those who will admit it. Possibly she is not, and never will be, a great actress, but here she is a very good one, putting into this performance a vitality that Miss Etting herself never demonstrated, either as singer or actress.

*Two new ones: *I'll Never Stop Loving You* (Cahn, Woodmark); *Never Look Back* (Chilton Fries); principal old ones: *It All Depends on You* (De Sylva, Brown, Henderson), *You Made Me Love You* (McCarthy, Monaco), *Man to Me* (Turk, Ahlert), *Everybody Loves My Baby* (Palmer, Williamson), *Sam, the Old Accordion Man*, *At Sundown*, *Love Me or Leave Me* (Donaldson), *Ten Cents a Dance* (Hart, Rodgers).

SOUNDSTAGING: We caught a swinging session at Warner Brothers, where a handpicked unit headed by French horn ace John Graas was soundtracking his jazz sequence for the Liberace film, *Sincerely Yours*.

Johnny, who was given a free hand by Warner music chief Ray Heindorf to engage his own men, had Shorty Rogers, fluegelhorn; Bud Shank, alto; Jimmy Giuffre, baritone; Marty Paich, piano; Lou Singer, drums; Bob Manners, bass. They did an as yet untitled original by Graas. When they finished, Heindorf and a flock of by-standers, including Jack Webb, who had come over from the Pete Kelly's Blues set, were beaming. (And everyone thought Webb was strictly from Dixie).

Another day we heard Liberace pre-recording a portion of *Cornish Rhapsody*, with the Warner staff ork boosted to symphony proportions. On the first take Liberace rippled through his solo portions so neatly and unerringly that the entire orchestra, at the close, broke into applause. For a guy who never has tried to prove anything except that he is an entertainer first and a pianist second, he's a much better musician than his critics realize.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: At least one thing will be 100 percent authentic in *The Benny Goodman Story*—the quartet, as is, and as was: Goodman, Krups, Hampton, and Wilson. They were expected to report to Universal-International June 15 for their first soundtrack session. And for those of us who were there, it's hard to realize that BG's first, history-making stand at L. A.'s old Palomar ballroom, which burned down in 1938, was a full 20 years ago this August . . . The Les Brown band was engaged intact for a sound-track-only stint at Paramount to back Bing Crosby in his *Blow, Gabriel, Blow* number for *Anything Goes* . . . Peggy King has nixed all screen offers, saying she wants to go out and "meet the people" first via night club and theater dates this summer . . . Herm Saunders, Jack Webb's personal publicity assistant, who used to head (on piano) his own trio here in local hot-spots (as recently as last year), drew a featured music spot, visual and sound-track, in a nitery sequence in Pete Kelly's Blues.

Andre Previn drew the music director assignment on MGM's upcoming film version of *Kismet* with Vic Damone Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, and Dolores Gray.

And since the success of *Kismet*, U.-I. has reactivated Song of Norway, for which the same songwriters, Wright & Forrest, warmed over the melodies of Grieg as neatly as they did themes from Borodin in *Kismet*.

Band Routes

**DOWN
BEAT**

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS: b—Ballroom; h—hotel; nc—night club; cl—cocktail lounge; r—restaurant; r—bar; c—country club; rh—roadhouse; pr—private club. NYC—New York City; ABC—Associated Booking Corp. (Joe Gizal), 745 Fifth Ave., NYC; AF—Allbrook-Pumphrey, Richmond, Va.; AT—Abe Tuchen, 209 W. 57th St., NYC; GAC—General Artists Corp., RKO Bldg., NYC; JKA—Jack Kurto Agency, 214 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; MCC—McConkey Artists, 1780 Broadway, NYC; MCA—Music Corp. of America, 578 Madison Ave., NYC; MG—Moe Gale, 48 W. 68th St., NYC; OI—Orchestras, Inc., c/o Bill Black, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.; RMA—Rag Marshall Agency, 6671 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; SAC—Shaw Artists Corp., 545 Fifth Ave., NYC; UA—Universal Attractions, 2 Park Ave., NYC; WA—Willard Alexander, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC; WMA—William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway, NYC.

Alexander, Hlan (On Tour) Associated Orchestra Agency
 Beck, Will (Utah) Salt Lake City, Utah, h
 Blair, Buddy (On Tour—Texas) GAC
 Bartley, Ronnie (On Tour—Midwest) National Orchestra Service
 Beecher, Little John (On Tour—Midwest) National Orchestra Service
 Beneks, Tex (Coney Island Park) Cincinnati, Ohio, 6/24-30
 Borr, Mischa (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, h
 Borris, Russ (Merry Garden) Chicago, b
 Brandwynne, Nat (Malibu Surf) Lido Beach, L. I., Out 8/5, nc
 Brown, Les (Palladium) Hollywood, Calif., b
 Byers, Verne (On Tour—Texas, New Mexico) National Orchestra Service
 Calama, Bob (On Tour—Midwest) National Orchestra Service
 Cayler, Joy (Officers Club) Montgomery, Ala., Out 6/18, pc; (Kessler Air Force Base) Biloxi, Miss., in 6/20, pc
 Clayton, Del (On Tour—Texas) National Orchestra Service
 Coleman, Emil (Balmora) Miami, Fla., h
 County Gentlemen (Gray Rock Tavern) Fernwood, Pa., nc
 Cugat, Xavier (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, Out 7/10, h
 Donahue, Al (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, Out 6/30, h
 Elgart, Les (Elitch's Garden) Denver, Colo., 7/20-8/1, nc
 Ellington, Lute (On Tour) ABC
 Ferguson, Danny (Robert Driscoll) Corpus Christi, Texas, h
 Flisk, Charlie (Palmer House) Chicago, h
 Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h
 Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
 Foster, Chuck (Aragon) Chicago, 6/28-7/31, b
 Garber, Jan (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, N. J., 6/17-23, b; (Iroquois Garden) Louisville, Ky., 6/27-7/2
 Glasser, Don (Melody Mill) Chicago, 7/20-6/17, h
 Harria, Ken (El Rancho) Sacramento, Calif., nc
 Herman, Woody (Basin Street) NYC, 6/18-29, nc
 Howard, Eddy (Elitch's Garden) Denver, Colo., 6/28-7/18, nc
 Hudson, Dean (NTC) Bainbridge, Md., 6/14-18; (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., 7/3-11, h

Hunt, Pee Wee (On Tour—East) GAC
 James, Harry (On Tour—Texas) MCA
 Jaron, Joe (On Tour—California)
 Jerome, Henry (Edison) NYC, h
 Jurgens, Dick (Indiana Beach) Monticello, Ind., Out 6/17
 Kaye, Mammy (On Tour) MCA
 Kenton, Stan (Birdland) NYC, 6/16-28, nc
 King, Pee Wee (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
 Kisle, Steve (Statler) Buffalo, N. Y., Out 7/2, h
 Laine, Buddy (On Tour—Midwest) Midway Artist Corp.
 Lombardo, Guy (On Tour) MCA
 Long, Johnny (On Tour—California) MCA
 Love, Preston (On Tour—Midwest) National Orchestra Service
 McFadin, Wayne (Highland's Clubhouse) Kennewick, Wash., Out 7/23/55, b
 McIntyre, Hal (Steel Pier) Atlantic City, N. J., 6/24-30, h
 McKinley, Ray (On Tour—East) GAC
 Marquis, Gary (Capitol City Club) Atlanta, Ga., in 6/7, nc
 Marterle, Ralph (Lakeside) Denver, Colo., 6/17-23, b; (Golden) Reno, Nev., 6/29-7/12, h
 Martin, Freddy (Ambassador) Los Angeles, h
 Master, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h
 May Band, Billy; Ram Donahue, Dir. (On Tour) GAC
 Melba, Stanley (Pierre) NYC, h
 Mooney, Art (On Tour—West Coast) GAC
 Morgan, Russ (On Tour—Midwest) GAC
 Morrow, Buddy (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., Out 6/18, h; (Lakeside) Denver, Colo., 6/21-7/7, b
 Mozian, Roger King (On Tour) GAC
 Neighbors, Paul (Pleasure Pier) Galveston, Texas, 6/24-7/7, b
 Noble, Ray (On Tour—England) MCA
 Pastor, Tony (Peabody) Memphis, Tenn., 6/20-7/3, h
 Peeper, Leo, Lake Delavan, Wis., 6/21-30
 Perrault, Clair (Statler) Buffalo, N. Y., h
 Phillips, Teddy (Flamingo) Las Vegas, Nev., h
 Prima, Louis (Sahara) Las Vegas, Nev., h
 Ray, Ernie (Crystal Terrace) Duluth, Minn., nc
 Reed, Tommy (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., h
 Reichman, Joe (Roosevelt) New Orleans, La., in 6/23, h
 Rudy, Ernie (Roosevelt) New Orleans, La., Out 6/22, h; (On Tour—South) GAC
 Sands, Carl (Cleveland) Cleveland, Ohio, h
 Sheldon, Kenny (Jersey City Garden) Jersey City, N. J.
 Spivak, Charlie (On Tour—Chicago Territory) MCA
 Straeter, Ted (Plaza) NYC, h
 Sudy, Joseph (Roosevelt) NYC, h
 Thornhill, Claude (On Tour—East) GAC
 Towles, Nat (On Tour—Texas, New Mexico) National Orchestra Service
 Waples, Buddy (Henry Grady) Atlanta, Ga., h
 Watkins, Sammy (Statler) Cleveland, Ohio, h
 Weema, Ted (Pleasure Pier) Galveston, Texas, Out 6/23
 Welk, Lawrence (Arakon) Ocean Park, Calif., Out 1/5/57, b
 Williams, Billy (Rice) Houston, Texas, h

Burgess Trio, Dick (Strocco) Hollywood, Calif., nc
 Cavannah, Fage (On Tour) GAC
 Charles, Ray (On Tour—Midwest) SAC
 Charley & Ray (Apollo) NYC, Out 6/16, t
 Charms (On Tour—Chicago Territory) SAC
 Clovers (On Tour—South) SAC
 Condon, Eddie (Condon's) NYC, nc
 Dante Trio (Colonial) Hagerstown, Md., 6/20-28, h; (Chatterbox) Seaside Heights, N. J., 6/28-7/4, nc
 Davis, Johnny (Officers Club) Chateau Lamoths, France, pc
 Denett, Jack (Colonial) Hagerstown, Md., Out 6/27, h
 Jorgett, Bill (Crown) Chicago, Out 6/19, nc
 Domino, Fats (Ebony) Cleveland, Ohio, Out 6/19, nc
 Five Keys (On Tour—Chicago Territory) SAC
 Gaudaboue Trio (Clear Lake Lodge) Clear Lake, Calif., in 6/22, nc
 Garner, Erroll (Basin Street) NYC, 6/16-29, nc
 Jordan Combo, Stomp (1042 Club) Anchorage, Alaska, Out 7/30, nc
 Griffin Brothers (On Tour—South) SAC
 Hudes, Art (Crest) Detroit, Mich., Out 6/29, t
 Hope, Lynn (El Rancho) Chester, Pa., 6/16-19, nc
 Howard Quintet, Phil (Beck's) Hagerstown, Md., r
 Jagers, The (Blus Room) Elizabeth, N. J., 6/13-29, nc; (Circus Bar) Seaside Heights, N. J., 7/2-8/3, cl
 Johnny & Joyce (Chamberlin) Ft. Monroe, Va., h
 Johnson, Buddy (Apollo) NYC, Out 4/16, t
 Jordan, Louis (Banda) Las Vegas, Nev., Out 6/21, h
 Keith, Ripper (Tony Mar's Lounge) Somers Point, N. J., 6/20-9/11, cl
 Laud, Sonny (Continental) Austin, Texas, Out 6/26, pc; (Montana) Houston, Texas, 6/27-8/20, cl
 Lee, Vicki (4300 Club) Rochester, N. Y., nc
 Leonard, Chuck, Fargo, N. D., Out 6/26
 McGuire, Bill (Astor) NYC, h
 Mayo's New Yorkers, Frank (Manor) Wildwood, N. J., 6/29-8/5, h
 Milburn, Amos (On Tour—South) SAC
 Monte, Mark (Plaza) NYC, h
 Parker, Howard (Trade Winds) Denver, Colo., nc
 Pavone, Tommy (Rock Garden) Williamsville, Conn., r
 Per'l Combo, Bill (Pump Club) Pensacola, Fla., nc
 Peterson, Oscar (On Tour—California) SAC
 Stey, Alvino (Lal-Neva Lodge) Lake Tahoe, Nev., h
 Hico, George (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., h
 Rivera Trio, Ottilio (Hillman) Spokane, Wash., Out 6/18, h; (Greenwood Lounge) Springfield, Ore., 6/30-6/16, cl
 Roth Trio, Don (Shawnee Inn) Shawnee-on- Delaware, Pa., Out 9/11, h
 Salt City Five (Paddock Club) Ocean City, Md., 6/17-17/17, nc
 Schiff's Aristocrats, Murray (Flamingo) Las Vegas, Nev., Out 6/29, h
 Scott, Tony (Minton's Playhouse) NYC
 Simmons, Del (London Chophouse) Detroit, Mich., Out 6/26, nc
 Smith Quartet, Johnny (Rouge Lounge) River Rouge, Mich., Out 6/19, cl; (Cotton Club) Cleveland, Ohio, 6/20-26, nc
 Somethin' Smith & the Redheads (Muehlebach) Kansas City, Mo., in 6/17, h
 Sorrell Trio, Frank (Piccadilly) NYC, h
 Spanier, Muggsy (Colonial Tavern) Toronto, Canada, Out 6/26, nc
 Stevens, Sammy (Chas Jay) Estes Park, Colo., nc
 Tutuu, Art (Town Room) Indianapolis, Ind., Out 6/26, nc
 Three Jacks (Wheel Bar) Colmar Manor, Md., nc
 Treniers (Riviera) Las Vegas, Nev., Out 7/3, nc
 Triads (Syracuse) Syracuse, N. Y., h
 Tristano, Lennie (Confucius) NYC, r
 Vined, Sam (Metropole) NYC, nc
 Young, Lester (Peps) Philadelphia, Pa., 6/20-26, nc

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 Boyd's Jazz Bombers, Bobby (Beachcomber) Wildwood, N. J., 6/24-9/5, nc
 Braxton Trio, Bob (Mardi-Gras Grill) Seattle, Wash., nc
 Fruback, Dave (Downbeat) San Francisco, Calif., Out 7/24, nc
 Buckner, Milt (Peps) Philadelphia, Pa., Out 6/18, nc

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