

new
MUSICAL EXPRESS

32 pages
BUMPER XMAS NUMBER

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“Warmest” Greetings

For Christmas and
The New Year
to all of you
back home

Tommy Trinder

„DOWN UNDER“
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA



EDMUNDO ROS

with his
Latin American Orchestra
is happy to announce his exclusive engagement at the
**NEW COCONUT GROVE,
London,**

and takes this opportunity to extend the Season's
Greetings to all his friends, listeners, and well-
wishers. He hopes to have the pleasure of playing
to you all at his new club sometime soon.



The Age Old Wish To You All
A Happy Christmas and
A Prosperous New Year

from us both

PEARL CARR AND TEDDY JOHNSON



My Best Wishes to
Everyone

WINIFRED ATWELL

DIRECTION:
KEITH DEVON
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WYN CARTER

The Editor, Staff and Contributors of the NME wish you 32 pages of happy reading and very sincere Christmas Greetings

CHIEF topic of conversation around this week concerns the chaos caused throughout the business by London's week-end pea-souper.

Of those affected, Ted Heath had a one-nighter at Dorking cancelled, due to transport difficulties. Some of the band tried the journey by rail, others gave up and were entertained by the Show Band on their Saturday night relay from the Paris Cinema studios.

Living outside the fog area, Ted managed to get home, as did long-service man Jimmy Coombes; it is not true, however, that at one time Ted and Jimmy were members of "Rogers' Rangers"!



PERCY DICKINS
Advertisement Manager

On Sunday night, Ambrose's Band had to call off a function at the Dorchester, the organisers deciding their patrons would have difficulty in making it, so the Ambrose "West End gentlemen" had the unusual experience of a Sunday evening at home.

Stan Roderick, and drummer Mickey Grieve, who finished in the early hours at the "Coconut Grove," took four hours to reach Streatham. Mickey, grateful for his many hours of summer training on his long-distance walking, was called on to hike in front of Stan's car with a torch for the whole of the journey.

TRUMPETER Bill Metcalf is kicking himself just now for being a bit of a "stump head." At the end of a session last Thursday, he slipped his mouthpiece into his pocket, so that he could have a bit of practice at home.

Unfortunately, he took it out of his pocket whilst in the train going home, and left it there. Now he's in a panic trying to find a replacement, difficult, as this particular model is out of production.

So if anyone has a Trump No. 9 they are not using—let's hear from you!

PLANS seem to be set for trumpet notability Leo Wright to join Jack Nathan's Band at the Coconut Grove, as a permanent fixture.

PALLADIUM trumpeter Harry Letham received a "panic call" from the Star Sound Studios last Wednesday afternoon, when one of London's star trumpet men "forgot" to turn up for the Vera Lynn commercial.

As he lives nearby, Harry was able to appear within a few moments of the call and luckily no one's reputation became tarnished!

SINGER-RADIO actor Benny Lee was ill in bed for most of last week with another spell of his stomach trouble, which, unfortunately, causes him some inconvenience.

Benny tells me that during the time he was confined to bed, he became a discerning radio listener, adding that most radio entertainment is tougher to take than his medicine!

He seems to be suprised at the terrific build-up given to some American singers of doubtful talent, and reckons that some of our own boys and girls would do much better, given half the chance.

Further comments include a liking for the comparatively new Show Band (without trimmings!) when it operates solely as a band, and he positively raved about the vocal efforts of Lee Lawrence and Jean Campbell.

IN case any of you haven't been able to work out who the folks are on our special Christmas front cover this week—there's two bandleaders, Jack Parnell (he's the Father Christmas at the back) and Johnny Dankworth, with Johnny's singer Cleo Laine providing the "fem." interest.

Next week we'll tell you how we took this photograph on the mountain slopes just off Charing Cross Road!

RADIO'S Christmas present for all housewives... Donald Peers booked to present "Housewives' Choice" from Monday, December 22.

PAT on the back for conductor Cyril Stapleton, who although suffering from an attack of shingles, and consequently feeling pretty low, nevertheless appeared on his three radio shows with the Show Band last week, as usual.

HAVE you noticed that, very often, nicknames which originate at school, invariably stick in later life? The music biz is no exception and many star players are known by affectionate pseudonyms to their professional colleagues.

I wonder how many fans would recognise this star-studded outfit? "Dumbo," "Molotov" and "Jiver" (trumpets); "Vots biz-a-boy," "The Doctor," "The Senator" (trombones); "Bod" "The Major," "Chipper," "Garth" and "Poggy" (saxophones); "Stench" (piano); "Sporting Sam" (drums) "Tiny" (bass) and "Charlie Chan" (leader).

For those unfamiliar with these nicknames, personnel would read Kenny Baker, Harry Letham, Leslie Hutchinson, Lad Busby, Tony Thorpe, Jimmy Coombes, Les Gilbert, Dave Shand, Harry



RAY SONIN Editor
JACK BAVERSTOCK Assistant-Editor

Franks, Bill Airey-Smith, Freddy Bretherton, Bert Thomas, Johnny Swinfen, to name but a few, all of whom were, or are, "name" musicians.

As everyone knows, the credentials required for taking over licensed premises are of the very highest order, so it would seem that not all musicians are rogues and vagabonds, as some of the lay Press would have us believe.

ad lib

by 'THE SLIDER'

Hayes, Tommy Whittle, E. O. Pogson, Norman Stenfalt, Mickey Grieve, Tiny Winters... and the leader—well, I think I'll leave you to work that one out!

CURRENT rumour provided by the Archer Street gossips is to the effect that conductor George Melachrino is likely to form an orchestra for the BBC.

READING in the news recently that singer Eric Whitley was taking over a pub near Oxford, caused me to speculate on the number of musical notabilities who enter the "alcohol stakes", and I immediately thought of such names as Len



THE THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE NEWS-DEPT.
Dave Shepherd, Pip Wedge, Les Perrin

FEATURED on Peter Yorke's Sunday night broadcast was solo violinist Louis Stevens, who soloed with a lush arrangement of "A Violin And A Serenade," drawing much praise from both fellow-players and audience.

For Peter's Festival Hall concert next Sunday, Louis will again solo, as will Malcolm Lockyer, on piano, and Dave Shand, on alto sax, surely a treat for the light music and dance music fans.

CYRIL BILLINGS, the drummer at Streatham's fashionable Ice Rink, has a novel assignment in teaching the imported local Canadian Ice Hockey gents the intricacies of Latin-American rhythms.

During some afternoon sessions the boys invade the stand, everyone letting their hair down (if one can, when one is wearing a crew cut!)

Cyril's only worry is that the hockey boys are trying to initiate him into the art of ice hockey. Better lose that RAF moustache first, Cyril.

MUSICAL director of a big-time West End theatre, was instructed by the circuit chief to sack one of the violinists for incompetence. As the player in question was obviously of the standard required, tactful enquiries were made, and after some probing it was discovered that the boss really objected to the player's pre-1914 vintage tuxedo!

Headline worth remembering: "Speak well of your enemies—you made 'em."

RAN into Johnny Gray nursing a sore head following an evening's celebration with Tony Mottram, Britain's tennis ace, whom he bumped into by chance in Bond Street.

They used to go to the same school together, in Coventry, and both played for the same cricket XI—hence the celebration.

Johnny is feeling on top of the world now, due to finally having heard from the BBC that he and his band have passed their audition, given some weeks ago and, consequently, "may now accept radio dates offered to them."



JOY TAYLOR
Advertisement Secretary



JOYCE RAINES
Editorial Secretary

A Merry Quizmas

What do you know, Joe? Find out on this page

NME CROSSWORD

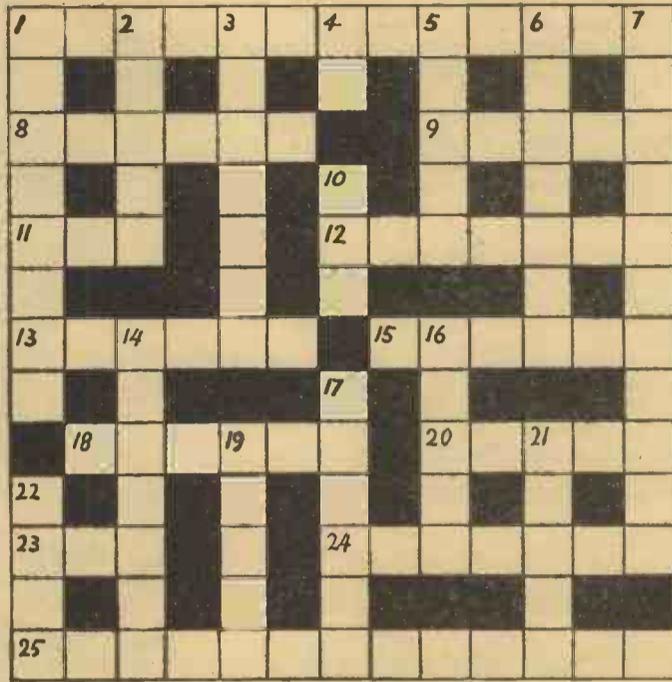
Set by Ray Sonin

ACROSS

1. A peer among musicians is celebrating his silver jubilee (4, 9).
3. At the Royal Festival Hall, he helped to sing NFJO blues (6).
9. This puzzle is not intended to educate, but to this (5).
11. Feminine habit that has made a U.S. singer famous (3).
12. Slang U.S. term for a vocalist (7).
13. The adjective for Sarah Vaughan (6).
15. "I say, Ethel, who's Stan?" (6).
18. A pedal ornament hidden in Frank Letham (6).
20. Gene plays the drums (5).
23. And Paul plays the guitar (3).
24. Mix a drink to get a kind of barrelhouse music (7).
25. Benny Goodman does this (5, 8).

DOWN

1. Instrumental composition. Percy Faith made a good record of it (8).
2. This Baker makes hay, but not corr (5).
3. You are reading the Christmas this of the NME (7).
4. The type of music our contributor "Gourd Time Charlie" writes about (2).
5. Soldiers get their tea, music and radio in here (5).
6. The instrument that sounds like an instruction to a card-player (7).
7. Cook's Ferry fans who want Freddy do this (4, 7).
10. A star is the top of the pack (3).
14. Girl's name is providing instrumental relaxation for bands at this moment (7).
16. Poets say that the this-beheaded rings (5).
17. Read this upside down, and it's a musical instruction to go nice and smoothly (6).
19. The acknowledged master of the 6 down (5).
21. Are you a member of the this? If you're a musician, you should be (5).
22. Backward friends are what a bassist does (4).



.. Show Biz Quiz ..

BY MIKE BUTCHER

Stage and Screen

Radio and Records

1. Name the musical plays now running in the West End of London with music by (a) Richard Rodgers; (b) George Gershwin; (c) Irving Berlin.
2. Next year Pearl Bailey will be starring in a London stage production of "Cabin In The Sky." Who were the two leading ladies in (a) The original Broadway presentation? (b) The Hollywood film version?
3. Which was the last show with music by Ivor Novello staged in London before the composer's death?
4. Who portrayed the following songwriters in films based on their lives and works? (a) Jerome Kern; (b) George Gershwin; (c) Gus Kahn; (d) Bert Kalmar; (e) Richard Rodgers.
5. In what (a) Broadway play, and (b) Hollywood film was Walter Huston heard singing Kurt Weill's "September Song"?
6. Who was Rita Hayworth's off-screen singing "ghost" in (a) My Gal Sal? (b) Cover Girl? (c) Affair In Trinidad?
7. In which stage shows were these songs originally introduced? (a) You'll Never Walk Alone; (b) Almost Like Being In Love; (c) I Get a Kick Out Of You; (d) Someone To Watch Over Me; (e) How Are Things in Glocca Morra?
8. Identify (a) The alto-sax playing bandleader in MGM's "An American In Paris." (b) The trumpet-playing bandleader in Columbia's "Pennies From Heaven." (c) The trombone-playing bandleader in RKO's "Crossfire." (d) The piano-playing bandleader in 20th Century's "Diamond Horseshoe."

1. List the American labels, and their British equivalents, for which these singers now record. (a) Patti Page; (b) Eddie Fisher; (c) Jeri Southern; (d) Mahalia Jackson;
2. Has any British dance band ever broadcast on the Third Programme of the BBC? If so, which, and when?
3. What is (a) The average playing time of a seven-inch 45 rpm record side? (b) The average number of grooves on a 12-inch record side?
4. On which BBC series are the following vocalists regularly heard? (a) Pearl Carr; (b) Ray Ellington; (c) Teddy Johnson; (d) The Ipswich Girls' Choir.
5. Who are the vocalists on (a) Duke Ellington's Columbia release of "St. Louis Blues"? (b) Artie Shaw's HMV release of "Don't Take Your Love From Me"? (c) Harry James's Columbia release of "I Can't Begin To Tell You"? (d) Xavier Cugat's HMV release of "La Cumparsita"? (e) Tommy Dorsey's HMV release of "Without a Song"?
6. List the radio signature tunes of (a) Roberto Inglez; (b) Sydney Lipton; (c) Frank Weir; (d) Ken Mackintosh; (e) BBC Show Band.
7. Which BBC disc-jockeys were mainly responsible for popularising these records? (a) Mel Blanc's "I Taut I Taw a Puddy Tat"; (b) Hue Lee's "Rose, Rose, I Love You"; (c) Teresa Brewer's "Music, Music"; (d) Nellie Lutcher's "Fine Brown Frame."

HOW WELL DO YOU READ THE NME?

By TONY HALL

The correct answers are on page 28. Check them and see how you get on. The possible total of marks is 40. 35-40, you're sharp; 30-35, you're cool; 20-30, you're square. Under 20—you're a peasant!

CAN YOU NAME the following people who have been "in the news" in 1952?

1. The young British singer who recently took part in a broadcast "battle" with a famous American vocalist? In what country was the "battle" held? (3 marks).
2. The two male dance-band vocalists featured in recent touring versions of famous West End shows? What are the shows? (4 marks).
3. Three drummers X played at the Bailey-Bellson wedding reception; Y "depped" with Duke Ellington while Bellson was away; Z is Britain's most famous two bass-drum exponent? (3 marks)
4. The lead alto-saxists with (a) Ted Heath, (b) Geraldo, (c) Oscar Rabin? (3 marks)
5. The bandleader who announced with justifiable pride that his personnel for the '52 Jazz Jamboree was identical with that of the previous year? What was the personnel? (8 marks).
6. Three British pianists have been "news" this year. A emigrated to the U.S.; B recently signed an LP recording contract with Decca; C has only nine fingers, and holds down an enviable BBC residency. Name the pianists and the labels they record for. (In the case of B, the one he used to record for), (6 marks).
7. The "Masked Singer" whose publicity stunts "stopped the roar of London's traffic" several times last April? What was his nationality? (2 marks).
8. The Swedish musician who has appeared twice this year at the Royal Festival Hall? (1 mark).
9. The only artist ever to have the NME's front-cover to herself? For what label does she record? (2 marks).
10. Two well-known West End bandleaders who have recently taken up resident engagements in India? (2 marks).
11. The disc-jockey who first introduced the voice(s) of Yma Sumac to British listeners? (1 mark).
12. The British singer who replaced Dennis Day when the Jack Benny show toured this country? (1 mark).
13. The famous guitarist who left Geraldo after a very long association? After how long? (2 marks).
14. The young Columbia recording artist at present appearing in a West End "musical"? What is the name of the show? (2 marks).

Season's Greetings
to all our friends
from
SUN

MUSIC PUBLISHING Co. Ltd.

23 Denmark St
London, W.C.2

For solutions, please turn to page twenty-eight

A merry
CHRISTMAS

to the
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
and its readers everywhere

from

DECCA

Brunswick

LONDON

Capitol

Beltona

TELEFUNKEN

ONE NIGHT STAND

by **HANK HOBSON**



ONE NIGHT STAND. The very name conjures up a glamorous scene, of eager, open-mouthed fans milling around the rostrum; of the reverent hush which greets the famous vocalist as he gives his all, a hush broken only by the occasional crash of a scrubber swooning in rapturous ecstasy; of local semi-pros timidly enquiring of the super-sidesmen what sort of mouthpiece they use—what kind of reed?—How thick are the sticks?

The Call

During a freelance period some time ago, an opportunity to do a One Night Stand came knocking at my door, or rather, ringing on my telephone. "This," said a strange voice tinged with unmistakable genius, "this is Freddy Fabulous!"

I sucked my breath in sharply as I heard the name. Freddy Fabulous—the winner of popularity polls, the eminent guest of many modern jazz clubs, the guy with the gear.

"Listen, Hank. Are you working tomorrow night?" I purred and felt slightly hysterical; he called me by name just as though we knew each other.

"W-e-l-l," I faltered, "I have a little job I do most Saturday nights—" then I thought. After all, it's only a Saturday gig, three smackers, two pints of bitter and a spam sandwich. I went on hopefully, "—but I can always put a dep in if it's worth while."

"Good! I want you to do a job for me with Robin Splendid's Band on the Isle of Wight."

I groaned, just my luck—out of town.

"Sorry, Freddy, I can't go out of town; I have a session at Piccadilly 'One' on Saturday morning."

He seemed to be somewhat surprised about me having a broadcast. There was a pause and I could almost hear the great brain working; in ten seconds, he had it all figured out.

"Right! We'll do it this way. I'll go with Robin, and you do a One Night Stand with the Bob Beat Band at Tonbridge. Travel by coach and I'll arrange for you to be dropped in Piccadilly."

The Journey

So, of course, I took it on. The Bob Beat Band, now unhappily defunct, contained the very cream of young moderns. It was an exciting combination of six saxophones, eight brass, a rhythm section and Freddy Fabulous.

I counted it a signal honour to be selected to deputise for Freddy; after all my rating in popularity polls had never been higher than second, counting from the bottom up, of course.

Selected? I began to wonder, uneasily, how many bass-players he had phoned before me.

Five-thirty at the back of Mount Royal, he had said, and I was there on the dot. The coach was open and I stowed the Monster in a nest of trombone cases on the back seat then I got my pipe going and turned my paper hopefully to the football results.

At ten minutes to six, the coach was invaded by a mob of juvenile delinquents who fought their way grimly along the aisle for possession of the

comic section of a month-old American newspaper.

After much youthful prattle the melee sorted itself out and the dignified figure of Bob Beat entered the coach. He was soberly clad in a two-colour drape shape, tartan shirt, donkey-brown slacks and blue and white buckskin shoes. He did not notice me but his secretary—a prim-looking piece—gave me rather a sharp look as though I was sitting in her seat.

The maestro snapped his fingers, the coach started and I was being borne away on my first one night stand with a big-time band.

The journey was made pleasant by the jovial banter and gentle ribaldry of the Bob Beat sidesmen, then there was one of those sudden hushes.

"It's me," I thought, "I've been noticed."

I was just on the point of turning round with a shy waggle of the fingers and saying: "Hiyah, fellas," when from the rear of the coach a clear young voice, vibrant with suppressed mirth, said: "Who's the old geezer with the pipe?"

The Gig

I felt the back of my neck go red. I gripped the pipe a bit harder and read for the rest of the journey.

We arrived and got set up and tuned up. The handsome young drummer handed me a six-inch pile of soiled, dog-eared manuscript with what I realised afterwards was a smile of pity.

"Number three-one-seven," he said. "From the top."

This, I thought, is where we get on level terms; at least I can read. Number three-one-seven turned out to be a single grubby, beer-stained sheet titled faintly in pencil "Screwball Scramble" and the dread words "Solo quasi Fabulous" appeared over the first few bars. I well remember them, having a keen photographic memory for the bizarre.

Even to me—a hardened bassist with long experience—it was unintelligible!

What the hell is a B mi+aug 4th, and what has it got to do with a bass-player? And pipe those dynamics!

I ran a nervous tongue over dry lips and began to wish I hadn't bothered when all of a sudden the blue and white shoes of the Beat Man tapped the rostrum and I nearly jumped out of my skin.

An unearthly scream, two octaves beyond the impossible shattered my ear drums and I started banging away at the Monster as though the hounds of hell were close on my heels.

After about sixteen bars of sheer panic, a little bird yelled hysterically in my ear. "Don't panic, Hank, it's only 'I Got Rhythm' in D flat."

I finished the number with a self-satisfied smirk which quickly turned to a look of puzzled bewilderment. I shouted to the drummer.

"What goes on? I've finished." "Keep going, mate; there's

three more pages," he screamed. So I had another bash.

Some of the slow tunes had real notes on the parts—big, round fat minims. With these I was on familiar ground and they received the full treatment.

Came the intermission and I made a beeline for the bar at a dignified trot, but even here I was well among the also-rans. Most of the Beat Band were already at the ritual rites—double scotches and chasers.

A pasty-faced youth with a carrot crew-cut saw me and thrust a pint of ale in my hand. "Man," he said, "that was ridiculous."

Not knowing whether to feel offended or pleased at this unusual statement, I smiled weakly and retired with the pint to an obscure corner.

We returned to the rostrum and the thing began all over again. It was certainly a night of experience. Those boys gave out with a verve and vigour that was exhilarating. I managed to box my way through; at least I think I did.

The Girls

My first one night stand (actually it was a factory dance in the works canteen) ended leaving me limp, relieved and with sore throbbing fingers and a firm determination to mind my own business in future.

I slung the Monster in the coach and sank wearily into my seat; there was some delay in getting away while the Beat Men selected half-a-dozen fans of the opposite sex.

The chosen scrubbers were bundled aboard with much giggling and half-hearted protests. They were sorted out and firmly deposited on half-a-dozen pairs of knees. The guy with the carrot crew-cut kept muttering.

"Man! This is ridiculous."

As soon as we started, the couples went into passionate embraces of fervour which indicated that there was no time to waste on tender preliminaries. Vocal encouragement was provided by the unattached.

"Go on, Joe. Give her the ear gear."

"Twist her arm, they love it."

"Man! This is ridiculous."

After we had been going about ten minutes, Bob Beat got up and spoke to the driver. The coach stopped and the girls were turfed out on to what looked like an open country road and we sped on towards the metropolis.

Then the secretary went into action. She produced an exercise book and a handful of

second-hand notes and visited each member of the band in turn. As she got nearer, I heard her whisper to a trombone player: "Here is a pound on account, the rest on Monday."

The trombone player muttered something I didn't catch. Then she approached me and she had only a few notes left. "Do you need anything," she asked primly.

I suggested that Freddy Fabulous would no doubt pay



Freddy amused the boys by bathing his feet in Veuve Clicquot 1948.

me, and she nodded absently and rejoined the Beat Man.

When I woke up the driver was shaking me; we were in Piccadilly and the coach was empty. I struggled out, dragged the Monster round to the baggage room of the Piccadilly Hotel and crossed the porter's hand with a large silver coin.

It was three a.m. of a sickly Sunday morning so I took a cab home. Well, you can lash out a smacker for a cab when you are with a big-time band.

A few days later a letter arrived containing two pound notes, a book of stamps and a piece of paper with "Tonbridge" scrawled on it in pencil. Subsequent calls to a certain telephone number were answered by a strange voice tinged with unmistakable genius; the voice always said: "Man! You got it a wrong number."

Robin Splendid paid out eight smackers for the Isle of Wight job and I heard on the grapevine that Freddy amused the boys by bathing his feet in Veuve Clicquot 1948. When asked to comment on his stint with Splendid, by the secretary of the Freddy Fabulous Fan Club (a semi-pro cat burglar), Freddy said: "Man! It was ridiculous."

The End

ORCHETTES

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LET'S CALL IT QUIPS by NORMAN STEVENS

CHRISTMAS is always associated with Carols (Carr, Levis and ex-King for a start) but there is much scope there—as Lulu White once said of the Dean of Canterbury.

There is only one way to tackle this Christmas lark and that's to give the cash customer topical news and Festive Hints. So help us, here we go...

LAST WEEK, DEFINITELY

FOR those who like their crotchets in bow ties and spats, there is the Symphony Concert at the Halibut Hall (the world's finest echo chamber). Musical talent from theatre queues of ten continents have been engaged, despite opposition from the Society for Suppressing Rude Noises from the Woodwind Section.

You will need your top hat and tails. If you already have a tail, tuck it in your jumper and hope nobody notices. Get your girl friend (or, in emergencies, your wife) to put on her high brows, high heels, high C's and high teas—not forgetting her P's and Q's.

The programme includes the following fruity items: Tocata and Fugue for Dustpan and Brush; With Care, by Handel; The Feather Song from the Merry Widow; Concerto for Bassoon and Humming Drainpipe; The Sofa Song from Così Fanny Tutte; Greig's Queer Birt Street; Flimsy Korsetsoff's You Can't Do That There Aria; Enigma Variations with a Pickled Gherkin; Dressing Room Ditties from The



... the management frowns at bubble gum. . . .

Changing of the Guards; The Swearing Song from the Crack Knuckle Suite; and, finally, Trees by Bach, Offenbach and Lassie.

And here are some tips for those not familiar with such classy binges.

Don't laugh if the tenth violinist looks like Vic Oliver; it might be him.

Never shout: "Play That Thing" when the trombonist blows the conductor's wig off; "Sock It Boy" is more usual.

Spittoons are not provided, but they will not be needed if the music comes up to your expectorations.

Feet-tapping is taboo. If you must keep time, take along a Metronome (or Leonard Feather). And remember that the management frowns at bubble gum, bubble dancers, yellow ties and tartan kilts. But don't worry—just frown back. That'll teach 'em.

THE LOWER DEPTHS

OR you could go to the Christmas Ball given by the NAJR (National Association of Jazz Resignations). This unfortunately will not be held until July 27, 1953, owing to serious Union trouble (the entire Band getting married on Christmas Eve).

A riverboat will shuffle round the hall, which has flexible walls so that it can be compressed to the usual suffocation point. A loud-speaker will be fitted to every chair so that the noise will drown the band and straps will be provided for anchoring those with

low blast resistances. And a team of navvies will play their Symphony for Pneumatic Drills in Five Easy Lessons.

Artificial smoke and Cola fumes will be pumped into the arena by a device actuated by hot air sucked straight from the mouths of the jazz critics present. The air-conditioning plant will suck out the foul air—and blow back even fouler air.

A space for dancers has been reserved—three layers above the band. Everyone will be pounded to pulp, drowned in Cola, bitten by mad musicians, beamed by balmy jitterbugs and mutilated by minor sevenths. Just like old times.

DRIVEN SNOW DEPT.

OR would you go to the Mammoth Recital given by the Jazz Purists' Record Society, who cater for those who want to purify jazz? New members must eschew all discs by Max Miller, Izzy Bonn, Webster Booth and other earthy race artists, except Steve of that ilk.

They must also produce a certificate to guarantee their purity. And, where other jazz clubs hold venue in pubs, this shower assembles in a milk bar.

Following the recital will be a discussion on Arctic Folk Singers (Part 5: Ice Flo and Eskimo Nell). To conclude will be a lecture by Douglas Dumbell on The Social Significance of Comic Postcards.

New visitors should enter the Suckit Andsee Milk Bar, go down the cellar, through the door on the left, up the stairs and slide down the dumb waiter shaft. At the bottom knock twice and ask for Tallulah.

As she is never at home you go back the way you came until you are out in the street again. You're back where you started. You've had a lucky escape, Buster.

MORE LIKE IT

OR you could stay at home and read "Forever Asman."

PARTY POLITICS— (Left, Right and Boyd Senter)

SO you are having a Christmas party? You poor sap. Come closer and let Auntie whisper a few words of grisly cheer.

TALLY HO!

The first thing in a party is to break the ice. For this you need some ice and a few pickaxes. When broken, the ice can be made into fancy shapes; failing this, find a fancy shape and put the ice down her gownless evening strap.

Some hosts, however, find that their guests get too friendly. To overcome this, lock the men in the linen cupboard and the ladies in the coal cellar.

Then go out to someone else's party.

WELL OILED, SIR!

For good rollicking fun try a modern version of "Sardines."



... for those who want to purify jazz. . . .

Fill an old water tank with nitric acid (or British Railways tea) and get all the saxophone players to lie in it side by side. If there is still room, bung in a few dance band vocalists and leave to simmer.

GOOD OLD TUBBY

Another side-splitting dollop of merriment can be had by playing "Hunt the Tuba." This is similar to "Hunt the Thimble" but, whereas there are many places you can put a thimble, the tuba has its limitations. So you don't waste time looking for it. The game was specially devised for bop musicians with high I.Q.'s.

IN THE FIRST DEGREE

The game of "Murder" can be modified for musicians. Contestants draw for cards marked Pee Wee Hunt and Jelly Roll Morton instead of Murderer and Detective. There are also cards marked Lana Turner, Betty Hutton, Rita Hayworth, Oscar Wilde and Errol Flynn.

When the lights are switched off, Morton plays Third Man Stomp on the zither and Pee Wee Hunt invents jazz. Errol Flynn tires of trying to find Mesdames Turner, Hutton and Hayworth (now locked in the spare bedroom with Ma Rainey's Washboard Wonders) and seeks new Objectives. Oscar Wilde is reciting Gunga Din to Lord Byron, who has just arrived at the back door selling bottles of pickled quavers and saying: "I think your bass players are marvellous."

Then—this is important—Benny Goodman forms a jug band led by King Oliver and supported by the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Frank Sinatra sees the whites of Errol Flynn's eyes and swoons in the lap of Eddie Lang who promptly calls three no trumps.

Apart from this, the game is the same as normal.

DUMB IS THE WORD

Screamingly funny, rivalled only by a visit to the local morgue, is Musical Dumb Crambo. If this game seems stupid, that is because it is. Make up ten teams and get one of the captains to toss an Oliver Gennett at Tony Hall.

One team goes out of the room, one remains and the other eight adjourn to Mahogany Hall. The team in the room decide on a musical term—such as Allegro Moderato Crescendo Rallentando Pianissimo (or Shake That Thing). The other team enters in music-hall Scotsman attire singing the Indian Love Lyrics.

They have to guess the musical term by acting in dumb show whilst being pelted with back numbers of the New Musical Express wrapped up in cold rice puddings. The barrage stops when the term is guessed correctly but, as nobody ever admits as much, the contestants are dragged out screaming and sent by parcel post to Colney Hatch. Reserves are called in from Mahogany Hall and the process continued until all the available victims have been used up.

The winners switch on the radio and listen to Gerald for an hour. Then they are carted off to join their friends in the loony bin.

WHAT, MORE?

Of course, there are many other party games for musicians. Some of them are even printable. Much fun can be had by running a three-legged race for trombonists, but the usual difficulty is in finding more than one three-legged trombonist.

To play "Find the Lady," invite Artie Shaw and point his nose wind-

wards; then relax, happy in the knowledge that a master technician is at work.

There is also a variation of "Postman's Knock" called "Sidesman's Sock." A sidesman leaves the room—unknown to anyone including himself



... in music-hall Scotsman attire. . . .

—takes off his left sock and slips it over a B flat woodblock.

To start the game the sidesman taps on the door with his wooden leg (if he hasn't got one throw him away and find someone who has) and yells "Hot Tomale, man! Come and get it."

Everyone files out the door and is duly beamed by the bloke with the augmented footwarmer.

The idea of the game is to guess the name of Stanley Black or, if you prefer it, Cyril Stapleton.

SHOPPING HINTS

WHAT shall I buy the boys in the band, or in the club, or pub, or the Brownies? Mind your own perishing business. But I can give some hints, a few of which have been passed for publication, sadly mutilated, by the Lord Chambermaid.

There are some nice elementary music primers which would make a useful present to your music critic friend (if such a thing is humanly possible). Or you could give him a fat cigar—preferably with a small atom bomb inside.

Drummer friends are easy to please. If he is of the modern school buy him an old tank locomotive and a length of track. He will then be able to shunt goods trucks back and forth to reproduce the effect necessary in the band. If, however, he is of the Revivalist school, get him a nice open razor—he may have an accident.

For junk shoppers there is the Rusty Brain Junking Kit No. 3 (Senior). This useful addition to Kits 1 and 2, includes an electronic matrix locator, a special box of soft soap to administer to shop owners who know that "Golden Leaf Strut" is worth a couple of quid, and a new-type harpoon gun for shooting lines to magazine editors.

For the high quality fans, we note a new record player by Dekko. This is the same as their normal model but should be used on the roof to get the highest possible quality. It has a super-sonic pick-up which reproduces sounds that were never even recorded and which are impossible to hear.

Combined with the Rejectostatic ten-coned loudspeaker, which rejects all sounds distasteful to the human ear, this makes for very smooth and peaceful listening. Especially as the amplifier has no valves.

But if you have friends connected with the BBC Jazz Club, you don't have to buy anything for them. They bought it years ago.

It is customary at Christmas to ask celebrities to recall "My Most Memorable Christmas". But we're absolutely original and have thought of something entirely different. So instead, we have hit on a brain-wave and have asked celebrities to recall

My Most Memorable Christmas



GERALDITO

"Was my face red!"

I DON'T remember the year off-hand—but I do remember what happened! We had flown to Germany, to play for the Forces in the British Zone. We arrived in Germany on Christmas Eve, and on Christmas Day played for the gala dance of the year, the "British Army of the Rhine Ball".

The reception we received was staggering. Half the Army, most of the RAF and some of the Navy seemed to be there, and a large squad of MPs had their work cut out keeping back the crowds round the stand; they wanted to chair us round the room, I think.

But one person, a pretty little ATS girl, was more determined than the rest. She broke through the cordon as I stepped down from the stand, and covered my face with kisses.

The result—my face was red, with embarrassment and lipstick . . . and the immaculate maestro was immaculate no longer.

I shan't forget that Christmas in a hurry!

TED HEATH

"Saved on the last green!"



IT was Christmas Eve, 1945, the evening before we had just played our second "Swing Session" at the London Palladium, and the Band—though officially only recently formed—had in fact been running since the previous May.

We had over this period been losing several hundreds of pounds, when on this particular Christmas Eve, a lot of arrangers had been calling, asking for their cheques for the arrangements that they'd done, so that they could buy Christmas presents.

The bills ran up to some £400 and, frankly, the money just wasn't in the bank, so there we were, all set for a thoroughly depressing Christmas.

During the afternoon a near-miracle happened, and, lo and behold, by post came a cheque for £740 as royalties on the song my wife, Moira, and I had written: "I'm Gonna Love That Guy"!

It was a case of all hands on deck. We rang all the arrangers and asked them to come up to the office, immediately, to collect their money.

I rushed out and bought a couple of bottles of wine for every member of the Band, toys for the children, Chanel perfume for Moira, and two dozen golf balls for yours truly.

So, in the words of a golfer, that Christmas was "saved on the last green."



IVY BENSON

"Cotton-wool snow in Egypt!"

TURN back the clock, and the girls and I were at Tel-el-Kebir in Egypt. It was stifling, sweltering weather, the temperature had rocketed up above the "hundred-in-the-shade" mark, and our only inkling that it was Christmas came from the sentimentalists in the band who had stuck cotton-

wool to the windows to make everyone homesick for snow.

Our festivities began with the reveille. From 6.30 a.m. it became a procession of parties—the soldiers' mess, the sergeants' mess, then to be guests of the officers, followed by a very special "date" with a camp of native troops.

Dinner with the General and two concerts were thrown in for good measure. By three o'clock on Boxing Day twenty girls had found that the rigours of Christmas in the Middle East can be very wearing.

We are spending this year with the boys in Germany . . . so listen, fellers: I've made up my mind as to a schedule! Not more than four dinners and/or eight parties in any one day!

CYRIL STAPLETON

"One for the road was one for the aisle!"



THIS is the third anniversary of my most memorable Christmas. In 1949, I had been out on a Christmas shopping expedition and had dropped by at a bar in Fischer's Restaurant, Bond St. (now the Celebrite), for a drink while I waited for a cab to turn up to remove me—and my presents—to my flat.

The time ticked away and still no cab, and then into the restaurant came some girls, evidently set on a short snifter for Christmas before going home for the holiday.

I happened to be on a nodding acquaintanceship with one of the company so I invited them all to join me in "one for the road." One young lady refused; I gathered she didn't drink. This abstinence led to conversation, the conversation to a dinner date that night, a show on Boxing Day and a wedding on January 8, 1951.

We never did find out what happened to the cab driver who didn't turn up . . . but Sheila and I feel that he played his part in making 1949 our most memorable year.



JOHNNY DANKWORTH

"Two pounds of cold Christmas pud!"

1947 seems a century ago, but two days before Christmas of that year I was at home on leave from the Army when a telegram arrived "inviting" me to return for Christmas so that I could play at an officers' mess party.

I willed myself into not listening as Mother read out the message. But another telegram came on Christmas Eve, and by Christmas morning the folks had talked me into going back—"it isn't the thing to be AWOL" and all that sort of thing!

So at dawn, fed up and morose in the extreme I set off for camp. The journey was miserable; I had to change three times, wait ages for connections, and generally suffer all the purgatory that goes with travel on Christmas Day.

Finally, after a two-mile walk with all my kit, I arrived at the guard room to find only one solitary MP present. "Name?" he asked. I told him . . . and then he rocked with laughter!

"Didn't you get the telegram? No one answered the return-to-camp orders so the CO cancelled the officers' party. You can go home now."

I got back at 3 am, to find the house in darkness. I made my way into the pantry, and weary,



travel-soiled and thoroughly fed-up, sat down to eat my Christmas dinner. Have you ever tasted two pounds of cold Christmas pudding?



LITA ROZA

"Five shillings a week in pantomime!"

PUT me down for Christmas 1937, will you? It was then that two things—no, three—happened to me all at once: I got my first wrist-watch, I came to London for the first time, and I landed my first stage job.

With no experience—except a few basic steps learnt in the back room at home—I got a job as one of a team of child dancers in "Dick Whittington" at a theatre in Norwich. It was my first Christmas away from home.

There were twelve of us kids in digs together. We didn't hang our stockings up, but we had a great time opening parcels from home on Christmas morning. I was so thrilled at the thought of opening in a real show on Boxing Day that I quite forgot to feel homesick.

They paid us the princely sum of 5 shillings a week; the rest, they said, went in "board and lodging". So after six glorious weeks I proudly took home 30 shillings worth of savings stamps—and back to school I went.

But what a Christmas I'd had!

JACK PARNELL

"My first drum kit"



I DO not have to think very deeply to recall the most enjoyable Christmas of my life. When far more important events have faded from my memory I shall still remember THAT Christmas.

It was my eighth Christmas and I knew that I was to receive my first really big set of drums. At first light, I popped my head over the sheets to behold the most beautiful bass drum standing at the foot of my bed, white as the snow on the window sill, with chrome fittings as shiny as the icicles hanging from the roof.

But that was all; just a bass drum.

I frantically emptied stockings and pillow cases, but failed to find any other components. Just a bass drum.

It was a bewildered JP who stumbled down the stairs that Xmas morn. What was the use of just a bass drum? Parents, huh!

However, I soon learned that I was the lucky victim of a great joke that my family had planned for me. With each post came a separate parcel containing an essential drum part. My aunts, uncles and cousins were all contributing to my first big drum kit, by arrangement with my parents.

I shall always remember the excitement of rushing up the path to meet the postman, anxious to tear open the parcel and discover what new surprise it contained.

Eventually I had everything except the foot pedal and bass drum beater. As the day drew on, I knew that the last post had been. I looked at the Christmas tree but it was empty, except for a fairy atop it. I was just about to climb up the stairs to bed again when my mother called me back and suggested that I should have the doll to take with me.

I remember pouting and saying "Only girls take dolls to bed".

"Ah," she said, "this one has been made especially for boys." And there it was; my foot pedal and bass drum beater dressed up like a Christmas fairy.

The day was complete—and I've never spent another Christmas quite like it.

I only hope that one day Richard will ask us for a drum kit. Just so that he can have the fun that I once had.

PAUL CARPENTER

"My most memorable Christmas? Don't be silly—you can't print that!"



BENNY LEE

"Now that I'm sober again . . . !"

ON Boxing Day, 1948, I was due to appear at a concert in Bangor, with Sam Costa and the Henderson Twins. We were to fly by charter plane from Rochester, but when we arrived there the airfield was blanketed in fog, there was a heavy frost and the runway was like a skating-rink.

As a potential first-tripper, I was pleased to find that everyone else shared my relief when our pilot declared that he wouldn't dream of taking off in such circumstances.

While frantic phone conversations took place between Rochester and Bangor about the concert, I retired to the adjacent bar for "something to keep the cold out". This I had.

Then I had a Christmas drink with a member of the flying club; then I had one with Sam Costa (I think), and then one with Sam Costa's moustache (I remember this one quite distinctly).

Then one with the Henderson Twins (four of the nicest girls I've ever met), then one with a bevy of beautiful females who were all married to the pilot, and one with a most intelligent dog, who kept insisting that it was not a fit day for a man to be out in.

Then one for the road, one for the sky, one for the fog, one for the ice, one for his nob, two for . . . h'm?

I did not fly to Bangor. I had no difficulty, though, in floating home (eventually) to London.

MY MOST MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS

time, and everyone in the compartment had also brought their own food—not caring to rely on railway fare for that one special day. In fact when the dining car attendant came along to announce lunch was served, we all turned up our noses at him.

However, we later found out that an equally marvellous Christmas lunch could have been had in the dining car—and that practically nobody went along to eat it!

We travelled back to town after the concert, as I was in the midst of playing a season at the Bagatelle Restaurant and had to work Boxing Night. We actually arrived back at the flat around 4 a.m. on Boxing Day, and the rest of the "holiday", I just slept!



NORMAN BURNS

"When I met Alan's sister!"

I AM sure that the most memorable Christmas for many a musician was the one spent at Ken Mackintosh's flat in 1947. Each of us in Frank Weir's band at the time contributed £5 each towards the cost of running this Christmas Day party and Ken's wife undertook to cope with the cooking. And how she coped!

In the gathering were Alan Dean, George Shearing and many other musical notabilities . . . and Alan's sister Peggy. That's why this Christmas was the greatest for me.

At that party Peggy finally agreed to throw in her lot with this drummer. Five Christmases later, we still think she did the right thing..

There was food and drink for all those who cared to drop in; eventually the place was packed and we really had fun.

Alan Dean was escorting Terry Devon and, later, he had to pop over to the BBC to do a broadcast. He needn't have worried about leaving her alone. His good friend Tito Burns took great care of her during his absence.

Little did we know then that Alan and George were going to rise to such fame across the Atlantic—and have to spend so many Christmases away from home.



EDDIE STANDRING

"Three hits and no tonsils!"

I HAVE had quite a few memorable Christmases; one I'm not likely to forget is Christmas, 1941. The previous August Mr. Scott-Brown, the Harley Street specialist, told me I must have my septic tonsils removed. Immediately I explained that it was impossible then but that Christmas would be convenient.

"Blimey," all my friends said, "tonsils out at your age (40)! It's a major operation!" So I had from August until Christmas to work myself up into a frenzy of fright

On Christmas Day, we had to lunch Jack and Tommy White; they were wonderful guests. My wife must have overloaded them for all I could hear were snores all the afternoon. Came Boxing Day, I too was full, either of turkey or fright. Wally Moody—nice little may!—suggested that it was only fair to my family that I should make a will.

what with the major operation and the bombs, well you never know.

To make sure I didn't back out wee Wally brought his own car along and took me to the University College Hospital. I lay awake all night listening to sirens and one or two bombs, and next day out came the tonsils.

I didn't know if it was the tonsils coming out or the fact that we had three smash hits—"My Sister and I", "St. Mary's In The Twilight" and "Stage Coach"—but Christmas 1941 turned out the happiest I've had.

WINIFRED ATWELL

"Turkey on the train"



MY most memorable Christmas was spent in a railway carriage travelling between London and Blackpool. It was in 1949, and I had been working very hard all that year, so I had promised myself a nice Christmas at home. We had bought the turkey and all the usual Christmas fare, then on Christmas Eve came a telephone call offering me a concert at the Opera House, Blackpool on Christmas Day!

At that time I was in no position to refuse work, so I accepted. We put the turkey in the oven at once and cooked it, and next morning loaded up a picnic basket with all the good things we had intended to eat at home—including the turkey, a bottle of brandy for Lew (my husband), and even a few crackers to cheer us up.

Thus equipped, we caught the train to Blackpool on Christmas morning.

We had a wonderful party round about lunch-

VIC LEWIS

"The guard on the water tower"



MY most memorable Christmas is the one I want to forget, but can't. You remember how cold Christmas, 1939, was? Well, I had been in the RAF for two months, and was at the time stationed at a place deep in the wilds of Wiltshire, ten miles from the nearest town.

And it snowed. . . . And it snowed some more. . . . Till at last the snow lay round the camp in drifts several feet deep, and we were completely cut off.

Christmas Day came, and I went to look at the duty board. Half an hour later you could have seen me deposited at the top of a very steep hill, attired in steel helmet and gas mask, seventeen scarves and a dozen greatcoats, clutching a rifle and bayonet in my frozen fingers—and guarding the camp's frozen-over water supply.

My lunch that day? One Lyons' Individual Fruit Pie, and half a ham sandwich. And as a special treat to follow, the CO came up to inspect me and make sure I hadn't let anyone run away with the water-tower!

JOHNNY JOHNSTON

"A letter from Burma"



ONE Christmas night toward the end of the last War, I was in a foxhole near the Chindwin River in Burma. By my side lay my sole companions—a 2-gallon can of over-proof rum and a box of cigars.

I started writing to my girl-friend; I wrote in seasonal fashion, and in a pleasantly chatty sort of vein. I wrote quite neatly, doing about ten words to a line, twenty lines to a page.

It was a long letter, and the rum was a good companion . . . and as the letter grew longer and the rum supply dwindled, so did my chatty, seasonal words become more and more interesting—and larger, too. In fact, the last four pages contained four lines to a page, and no more than two words to a line. But the censor did eventually pass it.

I know the story is true. I saw the letter again only recently. My wife showed it to me.

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THE GLEE CLUB
AND THE CHOIR

MU RESCIND DUTCH BAND BAN

British outfits may play in Holland

Geraldo Signs New Singer

VOCALIST Alma Ross leaves Jack Nathan on December 20 (as we reported last week). Vocalist Alma Warren joins the Geraldo Orchestra on December 22. And both names mean the same person.

Gerry told the NME last week: "I think the new name sounds nicer, don't you?—and I've often been lucky with name changes."

Alma will broadcast for the first time with Geraldo in the Christmas Eve edition of "Tip Top Tunes;" she also appears with the band at a dance in Nottingham that evening, and sings with them again in a late-night broadcast on Christmas Day.

It is emphasised that the new signing will in no way affect the position of singer Jill Day, now a permanent fixture on the Geraldo scene.

Sax-player Bob Adams sang a couple of numbers on the



Geraldo, Jill and Alma

band's late evening broadcast on Monday (8th), but will not entirely forsake the sax.

Owing to the illness of Eric Delaney, Jack Parnell is sportingly helping out this week on drums.

TENNESSEE ERNIE FOR PALLADIUM

CAPITOL recording star Tennessee Ernie, whose waxings of such numbers as "Shot Gun Boogie" and "Smoky Mountain Boogie" have sold by the thousand on both sides of the Atlantic, is to appear at the London Palladium for a two-week season commencing April 6, followed by a tour of Britain.

Other big names reported to be scheduled for the Palladium during Coronation year include Nat King Cole (making a return visit), the "Wheel of Fortune" girl Kay Starr, and Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who should be here about the end of May, 1953.

Johnnie Ray is definitely set for the weeks of March 23 and 30 at the Palladium, followed by Glasgow Empire, April 6 week.

These artists, the 'booking of whom is the responsibility of the Lew and Leslie Grade office, are part of a steady stream of American stars who are due to cross the Atlantic during next year.

Dublin band flare-up over Chick Smith!

THE entire pit orchestra of seventeen musicians at Dublin's Theatre Royal received two weeks' notice last week-end. Unless some agreement can be reached between the musicians, the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union and the Irish Federation of Musicians, the theatre will be without an orchestra from December 20.

Up to last June, musicians working the Theatre Royal could either belong to the IT and GWU or the IFM.

But when ex-Skyrockets trumpeter Chick Smith joined the orchestra for Danny Kaye's Dublin appearance, the IFM objected to his having only an ITGWU card and said that only members of their Union could be engaged.

Result was that fourteen ITGWU members in the orchestra resigned to join the IFM; now, the ITGWU claims that the entire theatre is a closed shop for their Union, and the stage hands—who are members—will not work with the musicians after December 20.

'RHYTHM BALL' OFF

THE Big Rhythm Ball, scheduled for the Lyceum, Strand, on December 15, has had to be postponed. As reported last week, the Jack Parnell Band could not, after all, appear, owing to a barring clause in their contract with the Rabin Office. Harry Dawson told the NME:

"We shall definitely run the Ball soon. Possibly on December 29."

out of its own country; that a complete list of dates and places where both bands are to appear must be submitted in advance to both Unions, with any subsequently arranged dates having to be approved by the Unions; and that the British MU shall be given full details of the net sum of money to be paid to both bands after all expenses and commission fees have been met.

JOE SAYE'S BASS LEAVES

AFTER over two years without a single personnel change, the Joe Saye Trio is to lose the services of bassist Laurence Anthony, who leaves the group immediately after its appearance at the Capitol, Cardiff, on Sunday, December 14.

Laurence is returning to Bradford, his home town, in order to be near the relations he has not seen for some years.

Joe Saye informs the NME that he has not yet fixed a replacement for Laurence.

Coloured pianist Mary Lou Williams, star of last Sunday's Albert Hall concert, recorded for EMI at a special session on Wednesday.

She is scheduled to visit Scandinavia following her appearances here, with January 12 as the probable departure date.

Christmas present slightly in advance which Oscar Rabin lead tenor Vince Bovill received this week from his wife Jean, was a baby daughter.

CONDITIONS

Most important condition is that, before any contract is signed by or on behalf of a British group wishing to appear in Holland, a sum of money equal to two weeks' salary, plus the return passage of the British musicians from Holland, shall be deposited with the British MU, before the group leaves this country.

Among the other conditions agreed on are clauses stating that the permission of both British and Dutch Unions must be secured before either of the reciprocating bands may broadcast, televise or record while

WE TALK TO EDDIE FISHER

"JUST four months from tomorrow, and I'll be a civilian again. I can hardly wait!"

Private First Class Eddie Fisher of the United States Army, lay sprawling on a bed in his luxurious suite at the Savoy Hotel on Tuesday. Just across the room sat RCA Victor recording MD Hugo Winterhalter.

"I'm over here for another three weeks," said Eddie. "I was supposed to be singing at Bushey Park tomorrow night (Wednesday) but I've been sick,

and I'm still hot well enough."

"And when do you go back to the States?" we asked.

"December 28 we go back. I'm stationed in Washington, and I have to sing at the Presidential Inauguration on January 20. Meantime, I'll be appearing at American Air Force bases in Britain."

Over in the corner, Hugo Winterhalter stirred, moved in his chair. Eddie explained that Hugo had come over "to see how they were treating him (Eddie) over here."

We switched the attack back to Eddie. He told us he'd seen London at last, after four days of fog.

"Today I took a cab to the Palladium. I just wanted to see that building."

We asked the obvious question.

"Well, funny you should ask that," he replied, "because Val Parnell was on the phone to me today—we're probably going to see him this evening" with a nod of the head indicating Mr. Winterhalter as the other half of the 'we.' "Naturally I'd very much like to appear there more than that I can't say at the moment."

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Music Charts

BEST SELLING 'POP' RECORDS IN BRITAIN

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	HERE IN MY HEART	AI Martino (Capitol)
2	2	YOU BELONG TO ME	Jo Stafford (Columbia)
4	3	ISLE OF INNISFREE	Bing Crosby (Brunswick)
7	3	HALF AS MUCH	Rosemary Clooney (Columbia)
5	4	FEET UP	Guy Mitchell (Columbia)
3	5	BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE	Mario Lanza (HMV)
6	5	FORGET-ME-NOT	Vera Lynn (Decca)
9	6	COMES A-LONG A-LOVE	Kay Starr (Capitol)
12	7	SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY	Nat Cole (Capitol)
8	8	SUGARBUSH	Doris Day-Frankie Laine (Columbia)
11	9	HIGH NOON	Frankie Laine (Columbia)
12	10	BLUE TANGO	Ray Martin (Columbia)
—	11	BRITANNIA RAG	Winifred Atwell (Decca)
10	12	ZING A LITTLE ZONG	Bing Crosby (Brunswick)

TOP TUNES IN BRITAIN

Last This Week	Rank	Title
1	1	Here In My Heart
2	2	You Belong To Me
3	3	Isle of Innisfree
4	4	Half As Much
5	5	Forget-Me-Not
7	6	Walkin' To Missouri
12	7	Faith Can Move Mountains
9	8	Feet Up
6	9	Sugarbush
8	10	Homing Waltz
10	11	Zing A Little Zong
11	12	Walkin' My Baby Back Home
13	13	Somewhere Along The Way
16	14	I Went To Your Wedding
18	15	Meet Mr. Callaghan
14	16	Blue Tango
20	17	My Love and Devotion
—	18	Take My Heart
—	19	Auf Wiederseh'n, Sweetheart
17	20	I'm Yours
23	21	Because You're Mine
19	22	Faith
—	23	Moon Above Malaya
—	24	Snowflakes

RECORDS MOST PLAYED BY U.S. DISC JOCKEYS

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	You Belong To Me	J. Stafford
2	2	Glow Worm	Mills Bros.
5	3	Why Don't You Believe Me	J. James
3	4	Went To Your Wedding	P. Page
4	5	It's In The Book	J. Standley
12	6	You Belong To Me	P. Page
6	7	Lady Of Spain	E. Fisher
13	8	Keep It A Secret	J. Stafford
—	9	Why Don't You Believe Me	P. Page
10	10	Yours	V. Lynn
9	11	Jambalaya	J. Stafford
17	12	I—D. Cornell	
8	13	Lady Of Spain	L. Paul-M. Ford
20	14	Bunny Hop	R. Anthony
7	15	Wish You Were Here	E. Fisher
—	15	It's Worth Any Price	E. Howard
11	17	Outside Of Heaven	E. Fisher
14	17	Trying	Hilltoppers
—	19	Nina Never Knew	J. Desmond
—	19	Don't Let The Stars	P. Como

BEST SELLING U.S. POP SINGLES

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	Why Don't You Believe Me	J. James
2	2	It's In The Book	J. Standley
3	3	Glow Worm	Mills Bros.
4	4	Went To Your Wedding	P. Page
5	5	You Belong To Me	J. Stafford
11	6	Keep It A Secret	J. Stafford
8	7	Takes Two To Tango	P. Bailey
6	8	Jambalaya	J. Stafford
13	9	Lady Of Spain	E. Fisher
7	10	Because You're Mine	M. Lanza
—	11	Don't Let The Stars	P. Como
9	12	Trying	Hilltoppers
—	13	I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus	J. Boyd
17	14	Outside Of Heaven	E. Fisher
14	15	You Belong To Me	P. Page
12	16	Wish You Were Here	E. Fisher
10	17	Yours	V. Lynn
18	18	Why Don't You Believe Me	P. Page
15	19	Heart And Soul	Four Aces
—	19	Oh, Happy Day	D. Howard

As a service to our readers we have arranged with "The Billboard," the U.S. show trade paper, to reproduce its Music Popularity Charts.

BEST SELLING SHEET MUSIC IN U.S.

Last This Week	Rank	Title
1	1	You Belong To Me
2	2	I Went To Your Wedding
3	3	Glow Worm
—	4	White Christmas
5	5	Because You're Mine
—	6	Rudolph, The Red Nose Reindeer
6	7	Why Don't You Believe Me?
4	8	Jambalaya
—	9	Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me
9	10	Takes Two To Tango
8	11	Lady Of Spain
12	12	Trying
—	13	Meet Mr. Callaghan
—	14	Frosty The Snowman
11	15	Half As Much

BBC CHRISTMAS BANDS

RADIO programmes which the BBC will be presenting over the Christmas period include a late-night BBC Ballroom feature on Christmas Eve to be compered by Paul Carpenter.

It will present the bands of Ted Heath, Geraldo and Edmundo Ros. The Billy Cotton Band will broadcast on Christmas Day, and there will be an airing by the BBC Show Band plus strings, titled "Melody Serenade."

On Boxing Day, the evening "Rhythm Merry-go-Round" will feature the bands of Joe Loss, Sidney Lipton and Stanley Black, while earlier in the day there will be a Tolchard Evans "Tuneful Twenties" programme.

Disc-jockey shows include a Jack Watson "Watson's Choice" programme on Christmas Eve in the Home Service, some Overseas Family Favourites requests on Christmas Day in the Light programme and Jack Jackson's "Family Record Roundup" in which his wife and children will be in the studio to help—in the Home Service.

Soundtrack music from the new Danny Kaye film "Hans Christian Andersen" may be heard on both Christmas Eve and Boxing Day.

JACK NATHAN SET TILL '54

COCONUT GROVE bandleader Jack Nathan announced this week that he had just signed a revised contract with the Grove management which will ensure that the Jack Nathan Orchestra—with no reductions whatever—will be playing there from now until January, 1954.

In addition to the signing of drummer Peter Coleman (see story on page 21), Jack also reports that trumpeter Leo Wright will be joining him on December 29.

"Leo is an old friend of mine," Jack told the NME, "and has worked with me several times since we were together in the RAF in 1940. I look forward to having him in the band."

Said bandleader Johnny Gray, "Naturally I'm sorry to be losing Leo, but I think I shall be getting someone very interesting."

Leo is at the moment in the pit orchestra at the Adelphi.

This Saturday Dec. 13

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Compere Michael Block

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BIG RHYTHM SHOW OF 1952

CAB CALLOWAY, MARY LOU WILLIAMS, MARIE BRYANT, LESLIE (Jiver) HUTCHINSON, HAROLD SMART and CAST OF EIGHTY (from ALBERT HALL SHOW)

THE STUDENTS MEET MARY LOU

An interview between youth and experience
arranged and reported by **MIKE BUTCHER**



Mary Lou Williams, at the piano, is admirably watched by Mike Butcher, John McKellen and Alan Bates.

HALLMARKS Tony Hall's Modern Gossip

Christmas or no Christmas, there's plenty of jazz-activity around town. The club "war" increases in intensity weekly. The Battle of Attractions between the '51 and Rik Gunnell's new "Blue Room" is keeping both clubs on their mettle, and giving the fans an unprecedented choice of good jazz. The '51 has undoubtedly the finest-ever list of residents since the Club Eleven days—Whittle, Kinsey's Trio, Skidmore, and now the Scott Quintet—and it's heartening to see that business is excellent, especially when one considers how fickle-minded the average club-habitue has been in the past.

Gunnell will certainly be hard put to it to compete, but he's a stubborn guy (and incidentally, a former British international amateur boxer)—and he'll fight hard.

He has, however, one tremendous potential crowd-puller... Ambrose Campbell's African Rhythm Brothers, for years the apple of revered critic Ernest Borneman's eye. I heard them last Wednesday for the first time, and it was quite a tremendous experience. For authentic unadulterated African rhythms, played with a beat and cross-beats that defy description, they must be without rivals here.

But next time, shorter sets, Mr. Gunnell, please.

A MOST INTERESTING CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME PROSPECT is the news that on

December 28 "Jazz at the Flamingo" are presenting a new Kenny Graham Afro-Cubists, drawn from within the Parnell band.

This will mean that Jo Hunter will be back with his old boss again, and that Phil Seaman and Sammy Stokes will be in the rhythm section. Should make for interesting listening. Phil tells me the Parnell boys are very happy having KG in the band, and that he's blowing tremendous baritone.

Incidentally, though the fog prevented JATF from opening last Sunday, the fans will definitely be able to hear the tenor-playing of Rabin's "Find of the Year" (see NME last week), Don Pashley, this Sunday (14th).

★ ★ ★
Tony "Off the Christmas envelope."

Thanks and congratulations to Jimmy Grant and Steve Race for last week's Scott broadcast recording. Some two hundred NME readers were present and thoroughly enjoyed it...

Changes in the Brookes-Efford Sextet see former Sharonite Dave Smallman on drums and (I'm told) Leon Campbell (alto) for Stan Watson (guitar)?... Jeff Kruger won the Treble Chance last week... Congratulations to Rik Gunnell on his engagement to lovely Sherman-Fisher girl, Madelaine Shaw...

THERE are countless student musicians who would give their right arms for the chance to chat, alone and uninterrupted, with one of the truly important personalities in American jazz.

Thanks to the gracious co-operation of Mary Lou Williams, two young men had their wish fulfilled a few days ago—and no physical amputations were necessary, either!

For an hour, during the break between gruelling late evening rehearsal, Miss Williams answered questions, swapped opinions, compared notes with saxophonists John McKellen and Alan Bates, both instrumentalists of only a few months' standing, taking their first steps along the road that Mary has travelled so long.

Musicians

Here are some of the things that John and Alan wanted to know, together with the replies that Mary made:

John: Whom do you consider to be the most worthwhile creative musician in present-day jazz?

Mary: Well... the field is so wide, it depends a lot on which corner you are looking at. For harmonic maturity my choice is one that may surprise you. Remember Will Bradley, the bandleader who used to feature all those pseudo-boogie things like "Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar"? Now he mostly earns his money playing trombone in studio bands, but you should hear the things he's been writing! They leave Tristano and the rest absolutely nowhere. There's a six-part suite for clarinet choir, and most of the movements from that... let's see, there's "Deep Quarry" and "Honeysuckle And Clover" for two... makes you think of Schönberg.

John: I was interested by your mentioning Lennie Tristano. What is your opinion of his music?

Mary: Lennie's own piano playing is really something! But I find his Sextet suffers from too little contrast; everyone in it thinks the same way—TOO MUCH the same way for me.

Alan: How about Thelonious Monk, then?

Mary: Now Monk's a real

genius. Ten years ago there were only two or three people who followed what he was doing well enough to play with him... Charlie Parker and Charlie Christian could, and that's about all I can think of off-hand. Listen to what he and Milt Jackson, the vibraharpist, do on "Epistrophy," And to the drum punctuations. What's more, nobody taught Monk; there's no precedent to his conceptions. But what inspiration he has given to others; me included!

Alan: Do you find that working as a professional entertainer seriously limits experimentation?

Mary: Indeed it does. Most particularly so far as writing is concerned. Many things that have sounded smooth to me needed to be simplified before I could sell them. On the other hand, when I'm working in a club I can try things over at the piano without causing too much distraction.

Compositions

John: Of all the things you have ever played or composed, which is your personal favourite?

Mary: The "Signs Of The Zodiac" suite is something that I'm rather fond of. It's in twelve movements, one for each of the constellations, and confidentially, I had a personal friend in mind when trying to set the mood for each section. I cut the entire suite

for Asch, but the album doesn't seem to have been released in Europe. Then there's a choral work—a sort of concert spiritual—but it seems that no one can sing it!

Alan: Have you any projects in mind for when you return home?

Mary: Yes, several. But above all a three-piano recording session featuring Monk, Bud Powell and me. Bud has been in hospital for a long time, but he expects to be discharged within a few weeks.

Alan: Do you recommend learning solos from discs as good practice?

Detail

Mary: It's fine for ear training, therefore I DO recommend it. But it's even more important to respond to the atmosphere of a performance than just to learn the notes. Warmth is the thing that breathes life into music, you know. In addition to which...

But the boys never got to hear the rider that Mary was about to add. It was nearly 11 pm, and with the return of Jimmy Walker's rhythm team to the room more themes had to be run through before bedtime.

As we took our departure, a two-bar phrase was being analysed, built up, broken down, added to and subtracted from. The same two-bar figure that we had heard as we walked in.

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 - FATHER'S DOING FINE** from the film "Father's Doing Fine"
 - VICTORIA** I WENT TO YOUR WEDDING TRYING
 - NEW WORLD** THE RUBY AND THE PEARL LUNA ROSSA
 - SETTIN' THE WOODS ON FIRE** TO SEE YOU CHICAGO STYLE from Paramount's "The Road to Bali"
 - EDWIN H. MORRIS** ANYWHERE I WANDER THUMBFLINA WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN from Samuel Goldwyn's Film Production "Hans Christian Andersen"
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 - AVENUE** WHEN I FALL IN LOVE HAVE A GOOD TIME
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... AND FINALLY ...

Despite rumours to the contrary, trombonist Frank Dixon is still with Foster... Yet another Canadian immigrant in town, trombonist Gib Wallace.

Johnny Gray is taking along five of his boys for the Christmas Party night which Alec Wickens is throwing at the Acton Bop Club on Thursday (18th). Three years ago Alec opened the Club with Johnny Gray, so this special reunion should make a helluva night, fellers!

Being Christmas, the Editor has relented and allowed me a...

Personal post-script: Would Barriteau tenorman Geoff Alderson and "Jill" (who was at the "Blue Room" last Saturday) please contact me c/o the NME urgently, please.

★ ★ ★
THAT'S IT, SO ONCE AGAIN, A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

Christmas Greetings
from Bernard Harris
who hopes that your New Year will
be Brighter with the help of the
Sensational Hit—**THE GLOW WORM**

Recorded by: MALCOLM MITCHELL TRIO (Parlophone R3626)
THE MILLS BROS. (Brunswick 05007) THE KORDITES (H.M.V. B10395)
Orchestrations In the Press.

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MILLS GLOW: HEATH ROCKS: HAWK BLOWS

—and RALPH SHARON
reviews



TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC

"Vanessa"
"The Piper's Patrol"
(Decca F.9983)

TWO instrumentals by the Heath crew make a splendid Christmas offering for the many fans of this top British Band.

"Vanessa" is a fetching composition which rocks right from the word go. The muted trombones have a tightness which is rare, but the solo trumpet figures are rather blatant—he seems to have been placed too near to the mike.

Saxes are fine, with lead man Gilbert setting a high standard to which the section rise.

The change of tempo into a waltz interlude is cleverly done, and the side rides out, helped along by trumpet screams—an excellent side.

Reverse, a Jerry Gray type opus, starts quietly and builds to a terrific climax.

Features are the tenor lead saxes, and the coda, when the band fades, and the brass suddenly come in—wham! with bite and precision, making this a really grand coupling.

Healthy Heath.

COLEMAN HAWKINS

"I Can't Get Started"
"If I Could Be With You"
(Brunswick 05004)

THIS has been like Old Home Week, what with Crosby, the Mills freres, and now Hawkins, showing that he, too, has still got what it takes.

For the old Bean blows really well here—his rhapsodic flowing improvisation is still a pleasure to listen to.

You can't put a tag on this music, it's ageless stuff, and what I give him credit for is his full-bodied tone, which is something entirely of his own. "Cool" tone fans may shudder at the sound of it, but the tenorman fills his horn and really blows here with a great big sound.

The group backing him are

no help whatsoever; a half-hearted rhythm section, an aimless tinkling piano and some sustained-chord vibraphone—but Hawkins doesn't seem to worry, and is creative, sure, and relaxed all through.

This is Handsome Hawkins.

BILLY DANIELS

"If I Should Lose You"
"The Thrill Is Gone"
(Oriole CB.1137)

WHEN I saw Daniels at the Palladium, I was staggered by his colossal showmanship and poise, and he moved me far more than any top American singer I've seen. (Before the letters come pouring in let me hasten to say that I missed Frankie Laine!).

But somehow on wax he doesn't register in quite the same dynamic manner. I think the main reason is that he is essentially what I call an "ad lib" singer, and isn't happy working to a set routine where he has to keep more or less fairly and squarely on the beat.

Maybe he has realised this, for on this coupling he is far more restrained than on previous waxings, and consequently turns in his best performances to date.

Both ballads are top-grade show tunes and he gives them sensitive readings, occasionally opening up for *crescendos*, but not overdoing it this time. I think you'll go for these great tunes by this fine artist.

THE MILLS BROTHERS

(with Hal McIntyre's Orchestra)
"The Glow Worm"
"After All"
(Brunswick 05007)

AFTER all these years, the Mills Brothers have made a great comeback on the strength of one disc "Glow Worm."

It's not difficult to see why they've clicked; it's a combination of a catchy tune with a

cute novelty lyric, and the brothers' mellow, easy-on-the-ears handling of the opus.

The "brother" who sings the solo passage with a beaty personality-plus voice deserves label credit for his contribution here, too.

The two-beat backing is by Hal McIntyre who uses muted brass, a sugary alto, and a

rhythm section which ticks over nicely.

Reverse isn't up to much; it doesn't get going till the double-up tempo.

The alto solo is much firmer here, and the saxes get Billy May-ish in spots, but it's the first side which should catch on big over here.

Judged purely as a vocal group, the Mills Brothers are dated, but nevertheless, they still know how to sell their wares.

The Brothers Back in Big Business.

BING CROSBY

(with Camarata's Orchestra)
"Just For You"
BING CROSBY & BEN LESSY
(with Van Cleave's Orchestra)
"On The 10.10 From Ten-Ten-Tennessee"
(Brunswick 04985)

AS I was spinning this disc, the char who picks up the fag ends, and dusts the sideboard of my barely furnished attic, remarked in her ginsodden croak, "Old Bing can still have a go!" Frankly, I couldn't have put it better; he can indeed!

"Just" is a new ballad which the old Groaner puts over in his own charming way, superbly backed by the mellow strings and concert-styled piano of Tutti Camarata's Orchestra.

Flip is a razmatazz, and Bing teams up with Ben Lessy to sell the opus with loads of zing.

There's a Dixie backing on this one, and Crosby and Lessy indulge in some light-hearted kidding, complete with a "Mister Bones" episode which only Bing can get away with.

He is in great form on both these sides which prove that Bing Still Rings the Bell.

RAY BOLGER AND ALLYN McLERIE

"Make A Miracle"
"Once In Love With Amy"
(Ray Bolger)
(Brunswick 04972)

ALTHOUGH the "Miracle" number is sung (this is singing?) by the original stars of the show "Where's Charlie," their version doesn't stack up to the Margaret Whiting-Jack Smith discing of a while back.

The thrush is far too theatrical—you can almost smell the greasepaint, and Ray Bolger's voice is just ghastly! I think Bolger's a great dancer, but as a singer he makes his fellow singing hoofers, Messrs. Astaire and Kelly, sound like Crosby and Sinatra!

"Amy" is a solo vocal for Bolger, who pole-axes it. Poor Sy Oliver seems overwhelmed by it all, and his backings are not of his usual high standard. For Americans who have seen the show this coupling may be a nostalgic souvenir, but I can't see these sides meaning anything here.

Bellowing Bolger Backfires.



Famous U.S. musical director Hugo Winterhalter (right) here on holiday, talks "shop" with HMV's A & R man Wally Ridley.

TINO CHRISTIDI

"Silent Night, Holy Night"
"Greensleeves"
(Nixa N7.7686)

IF my readers wish to give their mothers and fathers a real Christmas treat, may I suggest that the Christidi version of "Silent Night" is just the thing?

The vocal is excellent and Tino justifies my rave for him last month, by turning in a great job—his diction is perfect and the tune suits him very much.

Reverse is the lovely tra-

WEEK'S BEST BUYS:
Coleman Hawkins' "Can't Get Started."
Ted Heath's "Vanessa."
WEEK'S BEST VOCAL:
Billy Daniels' "If I Should Lose You."

ditional air, and here it's evident that Christidi is a trained singer; there is no faking whatsoever, just a grand, strong and true voice.

The backings are well in keeping, too, played by a Quartet of harp, flute, oboe and celeste, and the arranger has scored most intelligently, getting an unusual but most effective sound from the small group.

CHRISTMAS-Y CHRISTIDI,

MANTOVANI'S ORCHESTRA
"White Christmas"
"Adeste Fideles"
(Decca F.10017)

THE Orchestra came through with its usual lush sound on this coupling. The Irving Berlin standard gets a melodic treatment which brings out the full meaning of the Yuletide opus, and the suggestion of sleigh-bells is a subtle touch.

The rhythm guitar here would have been more effective playing a two-beat, instead of a stodgy four.

Both this side and the reverse were arranged by Monty himself, and he has scored "Adeste Fideles" in a straight classical manner, making the orchestra achieve an organ sound.

An outstanding feature is the bell effect produced by the cleverly sustained fiddles, unaided by echo chamber devices. This coupling is ideal for your Christmas party.

More Magic from Mantovani.

BIRMINGHAM. — Midland bandleader Hedley Ward has a busy Christmas ahead. Included in forthcoming dates are a concert at Cardiff's Capitol Cinema on Sunday (14th), a visit to Trentham Gardens, Hanley, on Boxing Day, a children's party at the Grand Hotel here on December 27, followed in the evening by a dance at the Arden Ballroom, Bedworth.

The Hedley Ward Trio records for "Variety Ahoy," "Star Show" and "Variety Fanfare" on December 14, 21 and 28 respectively.

★ ★ Planet RECORDS ★ ★

NEW RELEASES

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Sincerely

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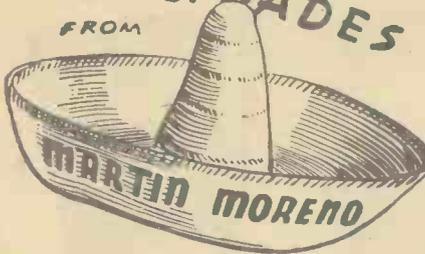
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Sincerely

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FROM

MARTIN MORENO

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All

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the Forces over here
and the girls in my
orchestra, may I
wish everyone at home

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in 1953"
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DECEMBER,
1952

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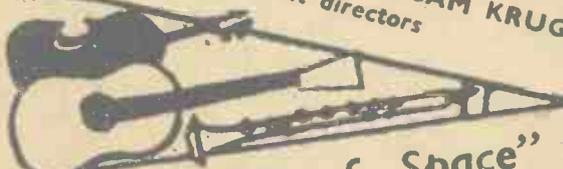
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and New Year to all our
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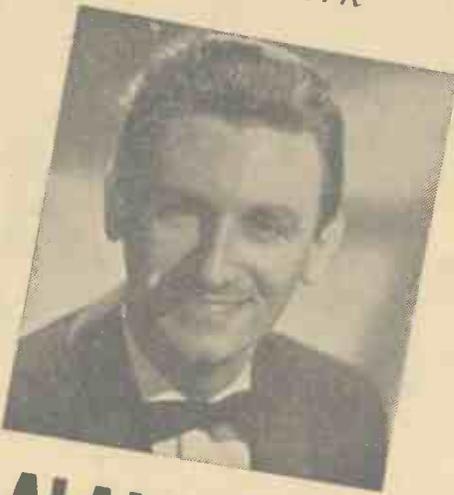
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and a Successful
New Year
TO EVERYBODY IN
MUSIC 'BIZ'
FROM



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AND HIS
PIECES OF EIGHT

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Greetings
PROFESSION
OUR
LDERS

★ **HARRY DAWSON** ★

Wishes all his friends a Merry Xmas
and hopes they will "Stay a while
and listen to my Song" in the
Coming Year.

Wishing Everybody A
Happy Xmas and



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The
Best
of
the
Best
for
1953

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Our Fans a

Very Happy Xmas

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TED HEATH
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Best Wishes
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FIELD



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The New Year
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with JOAN BAXTER
**THE ROYAL BALLROOM
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*Greetings and
Best Wishes
To you all from*
NORRIE PARAMOR



HOW THE BANDS FARED IN THE 'LOST WEEK-END'



WHILE a shivering, stumbling population groped its fumbling way through the fog-blackened streets of London last week-end, hundreds of musicians were making valiant efforts to reach the dance halls and concert halls of the metropolis in order to keep faith with those few stalwart fans who had braved the elements that they might hear their favourite groups.

Some of them—despite the appalling conditions—got there. Hastily warming frozen fingers, and discarding warm overcoats in favour of flimsier band-jackets, they took the stand in order that those who had paid should get their money's worth.

Some—less fortunate—fell by the wayside. Coaches got stuck half way, or refused to attempt the journey at all; instruments went astray... music stands didn't show up. It was murder.

Among the unfortunates were the Ted Heath Band, due to play for a dance at Dorking. Half the band, headed by Ted himself, travelled by train and reached the hall at a reasonable time; the other half, though, were still waiting patiently at the pick-up point in Town, for the coach—with all the instruments and music—which never came.

ADVENTURES

Band without a leader was the Tito Burns group, playing at Bristol. The boys left early by coach, and were clear of London before it thickened. Tito, due to follow by train, just couldn't make it, and guitarist-vocalist Paul Vaughan fronted the band.

The coach eventually arrived back in London—after leaving Bristol at midnight—at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning.

No more fortunate were the girls of Gracie Cole's Orchestra, who spent eight hours in their coach without getting any further out of London than Clapham North!

They were en route to Cheam Baths, on the Surrey fringe of London, and after taking three hours to get from Piccadilly (4 pm) to Tottenham Court Road (7 pm), had only reached Clapham by 8.30, with many miles still to go.

A phone call to the Baths, and the dance was cancelled. But worse was to follow—the journey back to Town took precisely five hours, and it was well after 2 am before the last Cole-girl had crawled thank-

fully into bed.

The Crane River Jazz Band, heading for Guildford, abandoned their coach in "Lord-Somebody-or-Other's front yard," as manager Ken Lindsay put it, after taking an hour-and-a-half to get to Hyde Park Corner from Leicester Square. And this after taking seven hours to get back to London from Derby early that morning.

Policemen patrolling the Willesden area in the small hours of Sunday morning, found bandleader Johnny Dankworth, with pianist Bill Le Sage and vocalist Frank Holder, fast asleep in Johnny's Jowett Javelin parked on the kerb.

After taking three-and-a-half hours to get thus far from Loughborough, JD gave up until it got lighter.

Rest of the group were more fortunate, staying overnight in Loughborough and making the return journey in five hours the following day. But fog stopped everyone but tenorman Don Rendell reaching the Astor Club, where the band's Sunday engagement was duly cancelled.

TOWEL GUIDES

The Harry Gold Band found getting to Eastbourne easy enough on Saturday, and getting back wasn't so bad until they reached Croydon, where the fog clamped down until visibility was nil.

Reluctant to agree to the driver's suggestion that they should wait till morning, the boys organised themselves to walk in front of the coach two at a time, with towels draped round them for the driver to see and follow.

This way they got from Croydon (3 am) into Town (7 am) in four hours.

Guitarist Laurie Deniz per-

formed a similar function for drivers Ray Ellington and Dick Katz as the Quartet struggled back to London after their resident engagement at the Streatham Locarno. Laurie walked in front of the cars from the Oval to Town, an enthusiastic Quartet supporter having helped out from Streatham to the Oval.

The Gold Band, again, featured in a last-minute dash to appear at the Gaumont, Lewisham, on Sunday. They got there all right—by train—but the lorry carrying uniforms and instruments fell by the wayside and got lost in the fog around Lambeth way.

Frantic phone calls resulted

in the gear being transferred to a train at Waterloo.

The minutes ticked by, with no news of the train's arrival. Harry made tentative arrangements with the Nat Gonella Band, also on the bill, to borrow some of their instruments... when, twenty minutes before they were due on stage, the band learned that, at last, the train—and their equipment—had arrived at Lewisham.

Out they dashed to the station, grabbed uniforms and instruments, back to the Theatre... and appeared on stage exactly to schedule, with none of the audience any the wiser.



Carole Fenton (right) and members of her Band en-train for their U.S. camp date at Bushey, after their coach was lost in the fog.

OTHER BLACKOUT BRIEFS: The Mike Daniels Jazzmen missed appearances at Croydon (Saturday) and Catford (Sunday). The Harold Geller Orchestra played all Sunday evening at the Brent Bridge Hotel, without a drummer, music stands or music... Winifred Atwell and several of the cast of "Rhythm Is Our Business" spent all Saturday night in the dressing rooms at the Empress Theatre, Brixton.

The Carole Fenton group coach didn't show up, so the journey, to appear at a U.S. camp at Bushey (with NME photographer Harry Hammond in tow), was made by taxi, train and Shanks's pony.

The Freddy Randall Band left Walthamstow at 11.15 pm on Saturday, by coach for Burtonwood, but got lost after travelling fifteen miles and sat in the coach until daylight... The Vic Lewis Band coach led a fifty-car train home from Reading. When the coach hit the pavement, fifty cars bumped noses and sterns.

TAILPIECE: Everything happens to NME record surveyor Ralph Sharon. He thinks that while walking home from Euston at 3 am on Sunday morning in the fog, he saw a smash-and-grab raid in progress, with no police for miles.

Ralph says he can't be sure—after all, it was foggy!



At the Royal Albert Hall last Sunday, a total of 6,000 people turned up for Harry Dawson's two shows. Despite the fog, which stopped all transport, a thoroughly good time was had by all.

Harry asks the NME to thank on his behalf all the artists for their fine co-operation.

PETER LEGH MOVES AFTER FIVE YEARS

AFTER five years as MD in the restaurant at London's Regent Palace Hotel, 31-year-old band-leader Peter Legh is to take his own ten-piece orchestra into the Streatham Locarno, a Mecca dance hall, on January 5.

Finally confirming this news, which had been in the rumour category for some weeks, Peter told the NME on Monday: "I'm taking this step to give myself more musical scope. At the Regent Palace I have been fronting only a seven-piece orchestra; at the Locarno I shall have a ten-piece group of my own choosing, and shall be able to try out more of my own musical ideas.

"We shall feature bright music, with some comedy, but it will be in strict dance tempo, of course."

The arrival of the Legh band at Streatham will mean the departure of the Trevor Brookes Orchestra, who went to the Locarno on October 4 after a summer season at Weston-super-Mare. They play their last Streatham session on January 4.

The future of the Brookes band remained unsettled as we closed for Press.

Sincere Greetings to all the good friends who have helped us during 1952

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SLOW TRAIN BLUES ERIC WINSTONE (Nixa)
BILL MACEY (Columbia)

A PAL MUST BE A PAL FOREVER
ISSY BONN (Columbia)

ARCADIA MUSIC 24, GREAT PULTENEY ST., LONDON W.1. GER 5265

JAZZ CLUBS—

Your chance for
some U.S. Publicity

IT is being arranged that suitable publicity be published in America giving to Americans due to visit England for the Coronation, details of all jazz activities (club, concert, etc.) for the month of June, 1953, called "GUIDE TO THE CORONATION JAZZ HUNTERS."

No doubt many clubs will welcome this free publicity for themselves and British Jazz. While most big clubs have been sent a circular regarding this project, there must be many clubs of the smaller type who would welcome this offer, and it is difficult to get in direct contact with them.

Clubs holding their sessions in public-houses are most welcome, because "The JAZZ AT THE PIG and WHISTLE" title gives added attraction to the American.

Perhaps you could print a short reference to this, asking any clubs, etc., interested to send details before January 5, to me at 34 Bank Street, Birmingham, 14, where all information will be airmailed to America on that date.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,

D. BURTON,
for L. F. Guttridge
Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

JAZZ JOLLITY

THE South London Jazz Club hold their great Christmas Party at the "Harrow Inn," Abbey Wood, London, S.E.2, on Monday, December 15 — for members only!

The club will supply food and drink free, and admission, by invitation only, is free also. The Crane River Jazz Band, George Webb's Dixielanders and Jeff Kemp's Band will all add their quota to the night's fun and Neva Raphaello, Beryl Bryden, George Melly, Humphrey Lyttelton, Wally Fawkes, and many other famous jazz musicians will be invited along.

The London Jazz Club, having said a packed farewell to Big Bill Broonzy last Saturday night, are also busy preparing for their own jazz nights over the festive season with the Christie Brothers' Stompers featured on both Saturday, December 20 and Monday, December 22.



Two pictures for your album are these NME action shots by Hanlon taken at Harry Dawson's "Big Rhythm Show of 1952" at the Royal Albert Hall last Sunday. Mary Lou Williams is on the left and Cab Calloway on the right.

THE XMAS JAZZ SCENE

YULETIDE IN DIXIE

THIS column has been invited along to a Christmas jazz show for the Forces on Thursday, December 18, at the Nuffield Centre, near Charing Cross.

Called "Yuletide in Dixie," it already boasts of a mammoth cast including Mary Lou Williams, the brilliant American pianist, Wally Fawkes from the Lyttelton Band, Ian Christie from the Stompers, and the bands of Mike Daniels, George Webb, Eric Silk, Mick Mulligan and Charlie Galbraith.

The Humphrey Lyttelton Club will present a grand Christmas Eve session in Oxford Street on Wednesday, December 24.



CHARLESTON CHASERS IN NOTTINGHAM CHRISTMAS DANCE

THE latest Nottingham Jazz Ball, which takes place on Saturday, December 13 at the Odeon Ballroom, features a new Leicester Jazz Club group called the Charleston Chasers.

The band was formed in the autumn of 1951 specially for the annual Leicester Jazz Band Ball, and has played at the club in company with the Sonny Monk Dixielanders for two seasons. Timothy Voss, the leader, first came to the attention of Midland fans with his second-trumpet work in the Mick Gill Jazz Band. As the name of the group suggests,

they prefer a certain style of jazz, and stick to it religiously.

Stars of the Nottingham Rhythm Club Christmas Dance will be Eric Silk and his Southern Jazz Band with Neva Raphaello.



CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

BRIAN HARVEY, YMCA jazz organiser, kept hot music in the family when he married Miss Felicity Bruce on November 29. For the new Mrs. Harvey happens to be the "Top Twenty" girl at Chappell's! She also plays a trumpet around town in her spare time, and has helped Brian to run the numerous jazz nights in Great Russell Street. With her spare time seriously curtailed, so her husband told us gleefully, she has now given up the trumpet.

Thanks to Mrs. Owen Bryce for the following epigram which we are putting into all our Christmas crackers. "What is known as congestion on the Underground in the rush hour is called intimacy in the West End Jazz Clubs."

One club which will miss its festive session this year will be the Cranford Jazz Club, for years the home of the Crane River Jazz Band.

The popular premises behind the "White Hart" at Cranford, close by the London Airport, are likely to remain closed until the New Year.

The Cranes recently resigned from the club because of increasingly heavy commitments, and their successors, the Albermarle Jazz Band, now find it difficult to keep Fridays open each week for the club.

Secretary Ted Swift may be offering a resident job to the Jeff Kemp Jazz Band for the New Year.



A NEW PARTY GAME FOR CHRISTMAS

MISTER MAGOO is with us again at the Cameo News Theatre in Charing Cross Road. The original UPA cartoon show proved to be an enormous success, and particularly with the London jazz scene. In fact, the bulk of the Cameo audiences appeared to be made up of well-known jazz lovers, musicians and writers.

Among those who obviously appreciate the humour of the delightfully forgetful Magoo can be found the Johnny Dank-

worth Seven, the Christie Brothers' Stompers, Humphrey Lyttelton and his Band, Jeff Kemp's Jazz Band, the Crane River, Steve Race, and Vogue chief Doug Whitton.

Vogue, of course, has a special interest in the UPA and Disney cartoons, for quite a few of the artists working for the Hollywood moving strips happen to be ardent jazz lovers and several spend their scanty spare time playing in the Good Time Jazz outfits of the Firehouse Five Plus Two and the Turk Murphy Jazz Band.

Lester Koenig, chief of Good Time Jazz records in the States, first heard the Firehouse Five in the company of leading American cartoonist, Jules Engel.

So the circle is complete and one of the favourite outside party games amongst jazz lovers this foggy Yuletide happens to be the spotting of jazz musicians in the title credits of the Cameo cartoon shows.



To all jivers, swingers and bopsters

To all fans, students, enthusiasts and fannies

To all front line men, rhythm sections and soloists

To all tailgates, leadmen and clarries,

To all purists, modernists, mouldy figs and progressives

To all collectors, junk-shoppers, disc-jockeys and riders

To all "Spanish Twinges," Afro-American Joes, "Worlds of Jazz" and Paseo bands

To all circles, clubs, federations and organisations

To all who love jazz, read this column and help us earn a fairly honest shilling

A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS

Hector Stewart's COMMENTARY

WITH the Festive Season close at hand, it's good to lean back and contemplate the less routine matters of jazz listening. For instance, if Santa Claus could lay on a one-night jet-sleigh service to New York, what sort of music would you be likely to meet there?

The answer for some people is fairly agreeable. The joints of Greenwich Village and elsewhere in the city have been warming up for the winter, and quasi-dixie and traditional types rule the day—and night.

At Jimmy Ryan's place on 52nd Street you could hear the Wilbur de Paris band, with Jelly Morton's favourite clarinet-player, Omer Simeon. At Ryan's newer spot in the West 40's you'd run across that fine white trumpeter, Billy Butterfield.

Holding forth a block distant at Lou Terassi's would be Jimmy McPartland, flanked by two other keepers of the Chicagoan faith, Joe Sullivan and George Wettling. At Child's Paramount on Times Square you'd be able to dine while listening to the latest Bobby Hackett outfit, featuring trombone-humorist, Vic Dickenson, and ex-Fats Waller reed-man, Gene Sedric. Nick's, houses Memphis Five old-timer, Phil Napoleon.

And at Eddie Condon's almost anyone might blow in to swell the resident crew... Or if none of these appealed to you, you could always attach yourself to the dwindling line of boppers who continue to blear in and out of Birdland on Broadway.

But with jet-sleighs still on the secret list, it looks as if you'll have to remain content staying home with the none-too-disappointing prospect of a few righteous records bulging your well-darned sock.

Fortunately nowadays jazz has travelled a little further afield than New Orleans and New York, so you can enjoy the cream from the world over simply at the touch of a button or the flick of a needle... assuming, of course, that you have a gramophone. If not, better mark it up A1 Priority at the top of your Christmas List!

Greetings from

Berg Larsen

THE WORLD'S
FINEST MOUTHPIECE

★ — ★ — ★ — ★ — ★
My Baby's Coming Home

at Christmas

so
we shall not be

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Let's have a real radio argument!

THE WORLD OF JAZZ

Saturday, December 6, 4.45 to 5.30 p.m. Light.

INASMUCH as it is a dislike-able trait to deal in back-handed compliments, I find it difficult to describe the present status quo of "World Of Jazz" as other than that it has now ceased to be boring.

This, on the face of things, might appear to be but a small advancement.

To a programme of educational value, however, it is an invaluable asset. Once interest is captured and maintained, the amount of knowledge that can be subconsciously assimilated (especially when the subject is liable to such prejudice as jazz) is truly amazing.

Now, then, is the time "to strike when the iron is hot," and it would seem possible that the tenacity of youthful producer Charles Chilton would be rewarded.

But one point in particular is in need of drastic revision. Counter opinions and debate are the virile parents of progress. Let us have them, though, in a healthy and straightforward manner, not in an apologetic vein.

Maybe it's difficult for critics who have just had a drink together in the local to go on the air and lambaste one another, but without a liberal helping of that virtue, honesty, your opinions can count for nothing.

Beyond Belief

Spike Hughes opened the Duke Ellington programme with an intelligent survey of the great man's career that was highly controversial.

The following speakers sounded as if they were in fear and trembling of saying anything that was definitely to the contrary, in case of being made to look fools in the face of such an authority as our forthright Irishman.

Couldn't you, Mr. Raiment, who played the very music that had been pointed out as a sop to commercialism, have said that Hughes was a musical Colonel Blimp, who only heard what he wanted to hear?

Or maybe you, Mr. Fallon, who trembled with nostalgia over the thrilling moments playing in Ellington's company, do you agree that he's done nothing worthwhile for the last twenty years?

And Mr. Preston, couldn't you stop sitting smugly on the fence and mix it up a little?

Really, it's beyond credulity that in a show that was nothing less than a dedication to Ellington's era of genius, a speaker could dismiss the majority of it as a fallacy without a "peep" of protest from anyone!

Of the Duke's entourage, it's hard to state a preference. There was so much talent on display during this forty-five minutes that any kind of dis-

JACK BENTLEY'S Radio Reviews

crimination would invite bloodshed.

If the opinion passed by Spike Hughes regarding trombonist Lawrence Brown is as correct as it was plausible, though, and he was the cause of his maestro's downfall, I should hate to compile a list of leaders who would welcome such company on the road to ruination!

Opinion: Chilton nearly gets a coronet.

how many listeners would make a definite date to stay in and listen to them?

The instrumental soloists are all note perfect. The incentive to really "set the world on fire," however, seems to be lacking, and I've heard most of them sparkle more on a one-night-stand in some local hall.

The arrangements are improving, but even they seem to have the civil service stamp upon them.

gymnastics with as much ease as if he were smoking a pipe, but with a sense of showmanship that has improved considerably since the last time I heard him.

The other soloist was Jack Brymer, whose clarinet graces a symphony orchestra as a rule. Here he performed the Weber clarinet concerto in part, with a fine display of tone and technique.

"Indian Summer" gave him an opportunity to show much understanding for music from the other side of the fence, and in all gave the show a touch

of class that warranted his inclusion.

The Stargazers are ideal in a show of this ilk. Their well-polished turn of novelty and comedy keeps the scene moving along.

Vanessa Lee, deputising for Betty Driver, can do that any time she likes for me.

Derek Roy is still one of the few comics who doesn't use a song just to get him "off." Stanley Black and company, as ever, super-efficient.

Opinion: BBC's finest hour.

HIGH NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Duke Ellington on record for posterity.

The clarinet wizardry of Jack Brymer.



U.S. singer Eddie Fisher arrived in London in the middle of the fog, and went down with a heavy chill. Here he is, relaxing in his suite at the Savoy Hotel, where the NME talked with him, and took this informal picture.

THE BBC SHOW BAND

Saturday, December 6, 10.15 to 11 p.m. Light.

SINCE last reviewing the Show Band, I have made it a point to try to catch every broadcast, especially the Saturday night spot when it is not cluttered up with bits and pieces.

This is for no other reason than I want to say something different about it.

It's of no personal concern of mine as to whether that difference is good or bad, although, being a genuine well-wisher to the profession at large, it would have been very pleasant to put on record an outstanding performance.

Apparently this is not to be, as yet.

On the other hand, let us not have any misunderstanding; it is a very good band indeed.

If only there could be something added to its well-oiled and polished mechanism!

There's such a complete lack of personality in its deadly efficiency, that a Harry Roy vocal or Dr. Crock's bazooka would be a sheer relief here and there.

All the singers are of a high standard, yet, with the possible exception of Lee Lawrence,

Regarding Cyril Stapleton's verbal efforts, he has conquered his previous trait of hesitancy, but I'm sorry to say that this is a voice that would be pleasant enough in a programme of "Moonlight and Roses."

In a setting such as the Show Band should be, however, its lack of vitality fails to set things going on the right foot.

Whether a script was used or not I know not, but if there was, the best line in it was Johnny Johnston making the bald announcement, "Hip, hip, hooray!"

Constructively speaking, it would seem that if the Show Band made a few drastic experiments, and wasn't so frightened of doing a bad broadcast, it might achieve the greatness that is the reward only of those who are prepared to take risks.

Opinion: Non-vintage champagne.

ALL-STAR BILL

Monday, December 8, 9 to 10 p.m. Light.

THIS was initially an adventurous experiment on the part of the producer, I'm sure; a departure from the traditional routine of music and vocalists being a stop gap while the comic looks up his joke book, must have meant that somebody took an awful chance!

Well, whoever it was, congratulations on your courage and the show's present success.

Even though it may appear that there is an over abundance of music contained therein, deft production has alleviated any sign of monotony and the result is a very entertaining hour.

Trumpeter Kenny Baker, as usual, performed valve

COLEMAN LEAVING LEWIS

AFTER a musical association lasting well over six years, bandleader Vic Lewis and his drummer, Peter Coleman, are at last parting company. Peter is to join the Jack Nathan Orchestra at the Coconut Grove on Monday, December 22, as the permanent replacement for Mickey Grieve. Ralph Green is filling the drum chair until that date.

Commenting on the move, Vic Lewis said this week: "I think perhaps that after six years a change may be good for both of us."

"Now that Peter and his wife (singer Jacqueline Jennings) have a child and are settled in London, he quite naturally isn't too keen on touring. We are parting on the very best of terms."

On the subject of a replacement for Peter, Vic would make no statement at present, except to say that he was hoping to sign a young drummer whom he had heard some time ago.

With the conclusion of his current week at the Brighton Hippodrome, ace trumpeter Kenny Baker ends his present variety tour. He expects to recommence touring in March of next year. During the break, his pianist Stan Tracey will be freelancing, and is available at STReatham 4338.

New resident trio at the Lime-light Club, Denham Street, W.1, is that led by drummer Peter Groves. The group, which for the past two years been working as a variety act on tour and on TV, is completed by Terry James (piano) and Peter Newlyn (accordion).

A Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

To All our Friends

from

PETER MAURICE

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LADY OF SPAIN

LEEDS MUSIC

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THAT'S MY IDEA OF HOME SWEET HOME

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To All
from



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AND HIS BAND
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from the Man with
the Golden Trumpet

EDDIE CALVERT



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REG WALE

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a Happy Xmas and a
Busy New Year

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for a Merry Xmas
and a Prosperous 1953

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AND
JOAN ANDERSON

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To All my Old and New
Friends from

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"LONDON'S GIG KING"

VALENTINE 4043

NOT that I'm superstitious, but if anybody starts getting mystic this Christmas, I shall sneak quietly away and eat my Christmas gruel in private. And here's why.

This time last year I was on tour with the Kenny Baker Band. By the beginning of Xmas week we were on the last lap of an unusually arduous tour of one-nighters, and Harry Klein in particular was nearing the end of his tether.

We had been away over a fortnight by now, and Harry had reached that part of his dialogue which goes, "I'm not built for this sort of life", followed by "If I carry this baritone case another yard I shall take up the piccolo!"

Xmas Gig

Just how fed up Harry was at the time may be gauged from the fact that he had not left anybody's band for three months. (When I asked him about this recently he said he had been too exhausted to give notice).

A few days before Christmas we were playing in one of those nondescript iron-and-steel towns in the Midlands and naturally had a bit of trouble finding digs.

After a great deal of panic Harry, myself, Vic Ash and Stan Tracey managed to get fixed up in a very dubious-looking isolated place on the outskirts of what was laughingly called the town.

The actual digs proved to be OK, but this time the trouble was the landlady. There was no doubt that she was in a quiet and inoffensive way, a raving lunatic. Perhaps we should have guessed all this when we saw the inside of the place.

The walls were covered with astrological charts and the signs of the Zodiac. There were planchettes all over the kitchen and we even found a crystal ball in the you-know-where.

But nothing unusual happened till we came home that night. Our landlady welcomed us in, took one look at Klein and screamed.

'Potent'

"What's the matter?" we asked, thinking perhaps she was a traditionalist.

"That face!", she gasped. "He can't help that", said Vic Ash comfortingly. "It's not his fault", and he winked at us out of his blue eye.

"That face!", she shouted again. "It's a miracle".

Up till now the object of her admiration had been slumped in an armchair groaning quietly to himself and vowing never to go on tour again, and it was not till her next remark that he began to sit up and take notice.

"I tell you that boy there is unusually potent".

We looked blankly. "He's crammed full of ectoplasm. He's simply oozing with psychic significance".

We looked a little doubtfully

SCHPSCHBRSHGHESH!

An impossible but seasonal story
by a sax-player with a sense of humour

by
BENNY GREEN

at the "Little Blue-Eyed Butterfly of British Jazz" and shook our heads.

"Use him!", she screeched. "He's a born receiving base", with which she scuttled off happily to bed, clutching an ouija board to her bosom and sobbing quietly to herself.

Not that I'm superstitious but within five minutes I had four of us seated round the table with our fingers on an upturned glass.

Obviously a scientific approach was the only way. As it turned out, it looked as though the scepticism of the others was justified, because all we got was a sort of gibberish. After half an hour of watching the glass move round the table, all we had was "Schpschbrshgheshn."

It was the Butterfly himself who put a stop to the seance by falling asleep at the table. For one glorious moment I thought he had gone into a trance, but it proved to be an ordinary sleep. We carried him up to bed very gently indeed. Just in case. You never know. Not that I'm superstitious, mind.

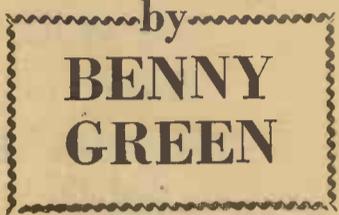
'Peculiar'

Next day we had not been in the coach more than four hours when the Butterfly looked up, stood up and gave way to a sneezing fit. We stopped the coach, rubbed snow on his face and started off again. I looked at Ash and Tracey but it had escaped their notice. I was the only one who had seen the significance of what had just happened.

"Didn't you see anything peculiar just now?", I asked.

"Nothing peculiar about

*Ralph Sharon, this paper, August, 1952.



Klein sneezing", said Ash, smirking and winking out of his brown eye.

"Tenth time this week", grunted Tracey.

"I don't mean that", and I pulled out the piece of paper with the previous night's message scribbled on it. I thrust it at them.

"Look at that?" I said, and they looked at "Schpschbrshgheshn."

"Well?", said Ash.

"Don't you see. That's exactly what Harry just said".

Ash looked at Tracey. Tracey looked at Ash. Then they both



looked at me and shook their heads. Tracey said absently, as if I were dead, "Too bad about that Benny".

"Listen", I pleaded, and I read out the message. "Didn't you notice. When Harry sneezed just now the noise he made was Schpschbrshgheshn. That old woman was right last night. The boy's floating around in the fourth dimension. That message last night was a successful attempt of Harry's to record something that would happen today. When he sneezed just now he read the message".

And I said Schpschbrshgheshn

again.

Tracey and Ash looked at each other once more. A little uncertainly this time.

"Should we tell Harry?", asked Ash. "It might upset him".

"Anyway, nothing's been proved yet", pointed out Tracey.

"Of course not", I admitted.

"We'll have to try more messages before we know for sure. Wait till we get to our next digs and we'll do it again".

"Gcgfgfegab!"

That night we had trouble finding a place where they had a clean drinking glass but when we finally did get going the results were as perplexing as before. Amid the persistent nagging of the Butterfly all we had after an hour was "Gcgfgfegab".

"Well, master-mind", said Ash, "I defy you to make something out of that". Tracey just walked out of the room mouthing rude words. The Butterfly was asleep again.

Once again it proved to be only my powers of observation which enabled us to dig the second message.

The next day in the coach somebody handed round the parts of an original Harry had somehow managed to score out during the tour. I took a glance at my part and screamed out. Ash and Tracey immediately looked up.

"Take a look at this", I said excitedly. "Third and fourth bars of the second chorus".

They glanced at their parts and looked up blankly.

"The message!" I shouted.

Tracey looked at Ash and said quietly, "He's got the message". Ash laughed and called me a rude name.

I pulled out the second mes-



Benny Green, the author, has just read his story—hence this horrified expression.

sage "Remember the letters?" and I read out "Gcgfgfegab".

"So?", said Ash. "Well, look at the third and fourth bars of the second chorus".

They looked down at the music in their hands. Then they shrugged their shoulder-pads.

"The poor kid's cracking up", said Ash to Tracey.

"It's the life", said Tracey to Ash.

"All you have to do is replace the notes with their alphabetical names in that phrase, read the last B as a flat sign and you have yesterday's message. Exactly. Letter for letter," I said.

Their mouths gaper open. They looked down at their parts, looked at each other, at me, then at Klein snoring happily on the front seat by the driver (warmest place in the coach). None of us said a word. Not that we were superstitious, but what happens does happen.

Superstitious

It was obvious we had to try again. We had two very promising results, and a third might clinch the affair beyond any shadow of a doubt. I want you to understand that I personally am anything but superstitious, but facts are facts after all.

So that night we got the glass out again. It was Xmas Eve and there was that indefinably spiritual atmosphere about thing. I had the feeling that if the Butterfly really was clairvoyant, then now was the time to come up with something brilliant.

But the results of our third experiment were more convincing than Old Moore himself could have hoped for. We got a real word. Just one. Simply four letters. "HELL".

Not that I'm superstitious, but we were playing Manchester the next day.

HOLLYWOOD REPORT

by

ALEON BENNETT

MARILYN MAXWELL is set for the Vivian Blaine rôle in the London company of "Guys and Dolls". . . . Weeper Johnny Ray's screen test ended with a speech he ad libbed thanking the studio workers for their help and co-operation. This is a nice gesture on his part, and the original differences between Charlie Morrison (Mocambo fame) and his son-in-law, Ray, have been amicably settled. Marilyn Ray is slated to get out of the hospital any day now after an illness seige. . . .

Teddy Wilson is touring Europe, opening in Sweden. . . .

lady in the audience was entranced by his song: "Lost In Your Love."

The gal, Ariel Edmundson, became hysterical and needed hospital attention. A top medical man in Las Vegas took charge of her case, and reported it as a legitimate trance caused by Arcesi's singing of that particular song. The story made all the wire services and practically every newspaper in the country.

Frankie Laine has been sued because of alleged copyright infringement by a Diane Hart. Also named in the suit were Lutz Brothers Music and song writers, Carl Fisher and Bill Carey. Miss Hart contends that on May 17, 1948 she took a song entitled "You're The Kind" to Max Lutz, having copyrighted it a month before. On July 27, 1949, Miss Hart states that Carey and Fisher copyrighted a song called "You're Just The Kind" cut by Frankie Laine on a Mercury label. Miss Hart asks \$100,000 damages plus an injunction against Mercury. . . .

MAY FOR EUROPE

Billy May's Orchestra is to tour Europe next year. They open in Copenhagen in May, then six weeks in Scandinavia, Belgium; Germany, Holland and Switzerland. Vocalist June Christy will accompany May. . . .

John Arcesi. Several months ago we wrote about this rising vocalist. A couple of weeks ago, Arcesi was singing in a Las Vegas night-spot, when a young

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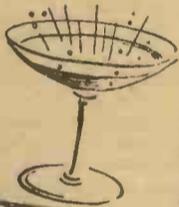
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for the past year and many thanks
to Cab Calloway for the honour
and pleasure of accompanying him.

Concert Direction:
HARRY DAWSON

May your Xmas be full of "Blue Champagne"
and may your New Year be the same—
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JIMMIE LORDE · JACK MOSS
JO THATCHER

Greetings and
Good Cheer
from
WALL "ACE"
CLARINETIST
ROCKET





Dankworth

JOHNNY DANKWORTH has been acclaimed as one of the brightest stars in the firmament of British jazz — and rightly so, in my opinion. He has succeeded in creating a small group which has a distinctive sound, aided by his own astute arrangements, and his prestige has slowly grown in stature.

Yet his scathing criticisms of such luminaries as Getz, Moody, Gullin, Brubeck and Konitz, is puzzling to say the least.

May I suggest that the NME invite Johnny to write an article giving his views on the modern jazz scene, and also outlining his own attitude to modern jazz?

Such an article will, I feel sure, provide stimulating and provocative reading.

WILLIAM KEMP.

Wharf Lane, Chesterfield.

[Invitation extended to Johnny—and we hope it will be accepted.—EDITOR.]

Roadhouse

THROUGH the medium of your excellent paper, could I implore someone to inform the compere of the "Melody Highway" series, that the theme music is not entitled "I Hear Music" but "The Song Is You."

This grand old number takes its title from the last line of lyric not from the first. This is only a small point, I know, but one which grates in an otherwise excellent programme.

While on the subject, a big slap on the back to Johnny Roadhouse, surely one of the finest lead altos, and one of the most unsung.

J. P. FLUX.

Langham Hotel, Belvidere, Weymouth.

Jackson

A SLIGHT inaccuracy appeared in the article on Jack Jackson (NME, 28-11-52) when it was stated that he compered the BBC "Band Parade" series, 1945.

Actually, the first "Band Parade" programme was broadcast on February 24, 1947, and Jack Jackson took over the compering from Alan Clarke later in the year. The series continued, on Monday nights at peak listening times, until the end of 1948.

Every type of dance band was featured, large and small, from

XMAS LETTERS

Ted Heath and Freddy Randall to Billy Cotton and Victor Silvester, and on one memorable occasion George Shearing, back here on holiday from the States, teamed up with Jack Fallon (bass) and Norman Burns (drums) to produce some great modern jazz.

A second "Band Parade" series commenced on January 1, 1950, but this ran for only three months.

How about reviving the programme again, BBC?

BRIAN GLADWELL.

Laleham Road, Staines, Middx.

Yes for Fryer

HAVING read the article in last week's NME under the Alley Cat's column—Question and Answer, I most emphatically agree with your emphatic YES.

I have personally heard this new recording of "The Lady Is A Tramp" and "Whispering," and my friends, who were listening with me, also agreed that, particularly on this record, Wally Fryer and his Orchestra excelled themselves.

The tempo was absolutely dead right, and we did in fact have several sessions of very enjoyable dancing to both sides.

L. S. FOX.

Barnes, S.W.13.

Sharon

YOUR record critic, Ralph Sharon, should confine his reviews to 78 rpm discs, if his comments on the Goodman Capitol LP (NME, 28-11-52) are meant to be taken seriously.

First, to say the sides were cut from 1935 onwards is a little wide of the mark, to say the least. Ralph will, perhaps, be interested to know that "Putting On The Ritz" (earliest of all the eight titles) was recorded on April 17, 1947. The others are from later sessions, so why 1935 should be mentioned at all is hard to understand.

Then all this talk about Wilson and Krupa. The line-up on "Ritz" is Benny, Jimmy

Rowles on piano, Tommy Romersa on drums. On "I Never Know" and "I Can't Get Started" the pianist is almost certainly Mel Powell. Now Mel can sound a lot like Wilson at times, but, nevertheless, I'm surprised Ralph was taken in.

Ralph says: "What a brilliant pianist this man is". The same, I should say, applies to Mr. Sharon, except that as a record critic he's a brilliant pianist!

As for "You Can't Keep a Goodman Down." Who was it who said "The corn is green"?

GEORGE ELLIS.

Grenard Road, Peckham, S.E.15.

[Ralph writes the reviews; I write the headings. Your corn allegation accepted—but . . . it's getting near Christmas!—EDITOR.]



"Walking My Baby Back Home."

Leader

IN reply to Mr. Leader's diatribe against your correspondent Jack Bentley printed in your publication the other week. I would inform "The Astoria Toscani" that Mr. Bentley DOES play the trombone and, in fact, was a member of Ted Heath's Orchestra at the time when according to many experts the trombone section was probably one of the finest in the world.

The lack of knowledge of Jack Bentley's activities over the past ten years is a positive indictment of how much Harry Leader is out of touch with the world of music outside of the "Astoria" Ballroom, for being buried in a Dance Hall for 14 years and catering for "Quick, Quick, Slow" patrons (which he does quite capably) does not qualify him to know the com-

plete requirements of the vast listening audience when broadcasting.

His knowledge cannot compare with that of a musician of Jack Bentley's standing, who has been constantly in touch with the masses during the past 18 years, touring with the greatest of bands, from Jack Hylton to Ted Heath, via, I would point out, very significantly—Symphony Orchestras.

Also, as an afterthought, he was a member of the bands chosen to accompany recently the two most popular comedians in the world, Danny Kaye and Bob Hope.

I have listened many times to Harry Leader's broadcasts and to be quite honest, found them very ordinary.

Wishing you and your excellent paper every success in the future.

BERNARD COWDROY-CADNEY.

Gresham Avenue, Lillington, Leamington Spa.

More Leader

BEING fortunate enough to have a Sunday at home, I have just been reading through my issue of NME, and I must congratulate you on your fairness in printing Harry Leader's "Dear Mr. Bentley . . ."

May I say from the outset, that I have read your paper with religious regularity and Jack Bentley's reviews have to say the very least of it got under my skin (as well as many other peoples).

He may be an averagely capable trombonist — I'm sure he must be—but as a critic he has a very great deal to learn.

First of all, Mr. Bentley should learn that destructive

criticism is not clever—anyone can do that, but CONstructive criticism is another thing and is usually welcomed by the "victim."

I hold no special brief for Harry Leader and his Band, but I do say this: The Band concerned is essentially a Palais Band that specialises in very commercial orchestrations played in dance tempo.

As far as the lay public are concerned he does a good job and if Jack Bentley doesn't like it—well it's just too bad, and no one will lose any sleep.

Whilst I wish Jack Bentley good luck if he ever succeeds in presenting his own Band on the air — with a programme that will defy criticism no doubt—I strongly suggest that the best service he could do himself is to forget all about journalism for a while and try to broaden his outlook. Perhaps a spell in a Palais Band might help!

TEDDY WALLACE.

Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

Geraldo

LAST Sunday evening I went to see Geraldo. I may be wrong, but I was under the impression that a Sunday night concert by one of our greatest swing bands would consist mainly of swing.

The commercials should be left for the dance halls in the week. Ted Heath brought his wonderful band to the same hall a few weeks ago and, although they gave us quite a variety show, we were treated to a good portion of the swing classics.

I agree with Geraldo that the hall wasn't very warm, but he should know by now that the two piano duets he played with brother Syd of "Warsaw Concerto" and "Petite Waltz" weren't exactly ideal warmer-uppers!

In spite of my complaints, if Gerry called on us again, I'd be one of the first in the ticket queue.

D. A. GILBERT.

Edensor Terrace, Everton, Liverpool, 6.

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XMAS 1952

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Christmas Greetings
from
**SHEILA & CYRIL
STAPLETON**





George Fierstone, for 7 years drummer with the Skyrockets at the London Palladium, is given a festive send-off by the boys in the dressing-room. He is leaving to freelance.



Billy Cotton's Clem Bernard (centre) looks in to join (l. to r.) Pat Dodd, Pat Smuts and Jock Reid in a farewell drink to George Fierstone.

Peace and Goodwill to the Music Biz. from

The Alley Cat

month it will only be for three months, and he will then return for the same period, thus giving him three months on and three months off. Quite a good idea, if you ask me!

Film news: Coming your way soon will be Jane Russell (you might have heard of her) in "Montana Belle." She sings a cute song called "The Gilded Lily." Two other films that the music fans will probably make a point of not missing are the forthcoming life-story of John Philip Sousa, played by Clifton Webb in "Stars and Stripes Forever" (what a ghastly title!) and Doris Day and Ray Bolger in "April in Paris."

Me? I'm just waiting to see my favourite comedians Abbott and Costello in "Meet Captain Kidd" with Charles Laughton. Introduced in the film is lovely Fran Warren, always one of this columnist's favourite dishes—singing or otherwise.

IT HAPPENS OVER THERE, TOO! Al Martino gave a concert at Cleveland a couple of weeks back. The arena holds twelve thousand people. Total attendance: 238.

Take heart, you guys and gals! This should prove to you that it happens everywhere.

Richard ("Warsaw Concerto") Addinsell has signed to write the score for the new Technicolor "The Sea Devil" shortly to be put into production.

Situations Vacant Dept.: Is there any young pianist who

would like a good job in Cyprus? If so, you may write to this column and I will see that your application is given due consideration.

If by now you're really becoming interested, I can tell you that it is to play in a smart cocktail lounge for none other than proprietors ex-singer Judy Shirley and her husband. All fares are paid and the money extremely good. Don't all rush!

Memo. to all announcers: Make certain that you don't announce the titles of songs in the medleys played by the organists each morning at 10 a.m. on the Light, won't you? After all, you wouldn't want to assist the publishers, would you?

During last week's "Tip Top Tunes" programme by Gerald, I heard a voice to which I really took a fancy I didn't catch his name, or the name of the song, but was so interested, I made further enquiries.

Result: The name is Roberto Cardinale, he is Italian, and the song he sang was one from his own country, entitled "Anema E Core."

More than this I could not glean from Gerry's office, but if the recording companies are looking for a new voice to captivate the hearts of every young thing in this country, then surely this must be the boy.

'Look out for a surprise revelation during the last few minutes of the last in the present series of "All-Star Bill" on December 22.

This programme promises to be one of the biggest for many a day, and included together in it will be Frankie Howerd and Derek Roy, Zoe Gail (doing her first broadcast for seven years) and Ronnie Aldrich in the star musician's spot. The show takes a well deserved break and returns as "Forces All-Star Bill" on February 17.

Visitor to the Alley this week was Abe Olman, famous American music-publisher who is big chief of the Robbins-Feist-Miller companies. He is over here

to negotiate the opening of the Leo Feist set-up in this country which, as readers to our last week's issue will know, is to be handled by popular Johnny Franz.

During his visit, Mr. Olman is also taking the opportunity to meet Jack Denton, head of his Paris office, for talks on the expansion of the Continental market.

Also be prepared for a large influx of light music from the MGM and Twentieth Century studios which Robbins will now be exploiting commercially in this country.

I was glad to note that he seemed most pleased with his British general manager, Alan Holmes. If you take a gander at the Hit Parade, you'll see why!

In her own programme on Christmas Eve, at 8 p.m. on the Light, Gracie Fields will in addition to singing four new songs, be performing something quite novel. In point of fact she will be accompanying her mother at the piano while the dear old lady sings "You'll Never Know."

Bernard Harris was telling me this week the history of the latest Boosey and Hawkes plug, "The Glow Worm," the Mills Brothers' record of which is sweeping the States. The melody was written by Paul Lincke fifty years ago, and Pavlova danced her famous "Gavotte" to it.

Johnny Mercer, one of the world's slickest lyric-writers, put new and modern words to it, and it is now getting well away.

To give you an idea of the cute words, a couple of lines read: "Glow for the female of the specie—Turn on the AC and the DC." Wow!

Although it's still six months to the Coronation, there's so much about it in the newspapers already that music-publishers are sorting out their offerings in preparation for the Big Day.

Jimmy Phillips is one of the lucky ones as, in the Peter Maurice archives are two Coronation "naturals" ready to be worked on.

One is the old "Coronation Bells" march written for the coronation of King Edward VII (1903). A lyric has now been fitted to part of it, and Billy Cotton is making a record of it.

Another one you may expect to be whistling, singing and playing very soon is Jimmy Kennedy's "Coronation Waltz," written for the Coronation of King George VI in 1937. It was a hit then, and is now being dusted up for a new lease of life.

A thirty-five minute 'phone-call plus a long letter from Oscar Preuss of the Parlophone Company, informs me that Ronnie Goodwin's position with the Parlophone organisation is not quite as I described it in this column last week.

Phil Green is the Musical Director for Parlophone, Mr. Preuss tells us, and adds that "an arrangement for the recording of a small number of titles is under discussion with Ronnie Goodwin and even this arrangement, if it goes through, is on a non-exclusive basis."

To all those who play songs, write songs, record songs, broadcast songs, publish songs, plug songs, distribute songs, buy songs or just like songs, the Alley Cat purrs its seasonal felicitations and wishes all its readers a very Happy Christmas.

New label credits will be seen around January 1, when Columbia issue the first disc made jointly by Julie Dawn and Belgian-born singer Jean-Paul Marcel. Titles are "It's Love" (the original French title being "Amour") and "Blotti Dans Mes Bras" which in English sounds much better as "So Close In My Arms." Julie Dawn has also done a solo disc, "Now" backed with "The Moth and the Flame." I'm assured these titles are going to sweep. We shall see.

Glad to hear that we are to be given the opportunity of hearing the voice of George Melachrino again when he appears as a guest with Henry Hall next week. George, who is now separated in business from Eric Robinson, is, of course, a brilliant musician, and in addition to conducting and arranging for his wonderful orchestra, can play expertly almost every instrument in the aggregation. Listeners will also remember him as a fine singer, and I hope he'll be singing us a chorus or two on the airing.

If you're wondering what is happening about Jack Jackson, I hear that although he will be coming off at the end of the



A study in dejection. Promoter Maurice Rock drowns his sorrows in the bar at the Stardust Rooms (Bristol Grill) last Sunday. The fog blacked-out London that night and, despite the sumptuous surroundings and fine jazz programme that Maurice put on, only three people turned up. Hard luck, Maurice!

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All Like Listening to

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(Pat Him on the Bo Bo)

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Thinking allowed by JOE SAYE

ON CHRISTMAS

MY dictionary informs me that a "character" is "the marked qualities of a person," and as each succeeding Christmas comes, my wife and I, glass in hand, wax more and more sentimental about the "marked qualities" of those who have worked with me and become our friends through the years.

At a time when a "character" is assumed to mean an eccentric—usually of the irresponsible type I spot-lighted last week—one can do worse than to pause a moment and consider the literal term, and its relationship to the majority in our profession.

CHARACTERISTICS

To be more personal—and I'm always personal in the weeks around Christmas—I have experienced very extensive displays of the highest moral characteristics since the formation of my group in 1946.

Of these characteristics the non-musicians, both inside and outside the business, I find, know surprisingly little. This high moral standard is probably particularly striking to me coming as I did into this sphere from that of Variety, where jealousy so often blinds the artist into a minimising of the abilities and talents of his competitors.

The musician's generosity of appraisal towards his equivalent, on the other hand, often errs on the side of exaggeration, but is the more heart-warming in that it is always sincere, and never selfish.

COURAGE

Furthermore, when the accounts of the musician are being balanced, the moral accountant does well to remember how many times the lads make considerable sacrifices to stick by the band which, they believe, merits eventual success. There's nothing frivolous in this—but a lot of courage!

Some years ago guitarist Jimmy Mac was playing with a group at a club from which he arrived home about 4 am, yet each morning at 10 am found him, complete with heavy amplifier, at my studio ready to rehearse for our BBC audition. I offered him payment; he would not accept, murmuring that I wasn't being paid.

That time we failed, and when we later succeeded, Jimmy wasn't with us!

There have been times when I have thought it best to give the lads notice, when there was no work forthcoming, and

could never make them accept it—which brings me to loyalty.

To me the happiest experience in leading a combination, is the comradeship derived from the union striving of all to play something better—something which will attain recognition and prestige for all, and the struggle to maintain this prestige.

LOYALTY

These are not just fancy words, as I believe that the leader who does not choose men with whom he can, and will, freely mix, is missing something very fundamental because of a petty snobbery usually born of his awareness of an insufficient musical knowledge and a consequent lack of respect from these men.

I make no excuse for saying that I have never known a musician's loyalty flag towards a musical cause which he con-

sidered just, and that I've never gained a bigger kick than when we could all reap gradual rewards together.

Yes, at Christmas, my wife and I, glass in hand, think of many personalities: of brusque north-country Bert Hearn, gentle Joe Whitfield, practical Scottish Dave Graham, docile Ken Wade, comical cockney Tommy Woods, charming Denis Newley, smiling half-pint-in-hand Les Pears, the fiercely loyal devil-may-care Bob Todd, the imaginative Laurence Anthony; the greatest musical mind of them all, Peter Ind; the greatest instrumentalist of them all, Roy Plummer; and the greatest showman of them all, Johnny Wiltshire.

We drink a toast to them all; not, as according to Jack Fallon, Duke Ellington would, to the eccentrics, but to the true "characters."

HOW RIGHT WERE YOU?

Solutions to the quizzes on page 4

STAGE & SCREEN

- (a) "South Pacific." (b) "Porgy and Bess." (c) "Call Me Madam."
- (a) Ethel Waters and Katherine Dunham. (b) Ethel Waters and Lena Horne.
- "Gay's The Word."
- (a) Robert Walker. (b) Robert Alda. (c) Danny Thomas. (d) Fred Astaire. (e) Tom Drake.
- (a) "Knickerbocker Holiday." (b) "September Affair."
- (a) Nan Wynn. (b) Martha Mears. (c) Jo Ann Greer.
- (a) "Carousel." (b) "Brigadoon." (c) "Anything Goes." (d) "Oh Kay!" (e) "Finian's Rainbow."
- (a) Benny Carter. (b) Louis Armstrong. (c) Kid Ory. (d) Carmen Cavallero.

RADIO & RECORDS

- (a) Mercury-Oriole. (b) Victor-HMV. (c) Decca-Brunswick. (d) Apollo-Vogue.
- Vic Lewis and his Orchestra were featured in the Third Programme comedy series "Third Division" in 1949.
- (a) Three minutes. (b) One.
- (a) "Bedtime With Braden." (b) "The Goon Show." (c) "Showtime." (d) "Home At Eight."
- (a) Bing Crosby. (b) Lena Horne. (c) Betty Grable (under the name Ruth Haag). (d) Dinah Shore. (e) Frank Sinatra.
- (a) "Tropic Moon Of Caribbee." (b) "Sweet Harmony." (c) "What's New." (d) "The Very Thought Of You." (e) "Just For You."
- (a) Sam Costa. (b) Wilfred Thomas. (c) Richard Attenborough. (d) Jack Jackson.

HOW WELL DO YOU READ THE NME?

- Tony Brent and Eddie Fisher. Germany.
- Paul Carpenter ("Streetcar Named Desire"). Johnny Eager ("Call Me Madam").
- X—Allan Ganley Y—Ed. Shaughnessy. Z—Eric Delaney.
- (a) Les Gilbert, (b) Dougie Robinson, (c) Cecil Pressing.
- Johnny Dankworth. Don Rendell, Eddie Blair, Eddie Harvey, Bill le Sage, Eric Dawson, Eddie Taylor, Cleo Laine, Frank Holder.
- A—Ronnie Ball (Esquire) B—Ralph Sharon (Melodisc) C—Bill McGuffie (Vogue)
- Eddie Gaye, a South African.
- Arne Domnerus.
- Vera Lynn, Decca.
- Eddie Carroll and Harry Parry.
- Marcel Stellman.
- Teddy Johnson.
- Ivor Mairants. 11½ years.
- Johnny Brandon. "Love from Judy".

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SUNDAY

6 p.m., Music for You; 6.30, Music by Melachrino; 7.30, Ted Heath; 7.45, Winifred Atwell; 8, Teddy Johnson, Pearl Carr, Norrie Paramour; 9, Carroll Gibbons and Savoy Hotel Orch.; 9.15, Curt Massey, Martha Tilton; 10, Jo Stafford; 10.30, Bing Sings; 11, Top Twenty; 12, Music at Midnight.

MONDAY

7.30 p.m., Geraldo; 7.45, Betty Driver with Ronnie Munro & Orch.; 8, Showtime from London Palladium; 10.30, Smash Hits; 11.30, Music At Bedtime.

TUESDAY

7.30 Show Parade; 7.45 Ian Stewart; 9.45 Felix King; 10 Song Time, Lee Lawrence; 10.15 Musical Chairs; 10.30 Bing Sings; 10.45 Moulton Gould; 11.30 Music at Bedtime.

WEDNESDAY

7.30 At Home with Teddy (Teddy Johnson, Pearl Carr and Norrie Paramour); 7.45 Ivor Moseley and Dave

Kaye; 8 What's My Line; 9.45 Curt Massey and Martha Tilton; 10 Billy Cotton; 10.30 Tunes of the Times; 11.30 Music at Bedtime.

THURSDAY

7 Anne De Nys and her Rhythm; 7.30 Show Parade; 7.45 Douglas Taylor and Sylvia Marriott; 8 Opportunity Knocks; 8.30 Movie Magazine; 9.45 Curt Massey and Martha Tilton; 10 Archie Lewis; 10.15 Musical Chairs; 10.30 Bing Sings.

FRIDAY

7.30 The Stargazers; 7.45 Hutch; 8 Vera Lynn Sings; 8.30 George Elrick's Cavalcade of Music; 9.45 Vic Damone; 10 Les Paul; 10.15 Highlights; 10.30 Tunes of the Times.

SATURDAY

7.15 The Irish Hour; 8.15 Al Jolson; 9 Scottish Requests; 10 New Releases; 11.30 Music at Bedtime.

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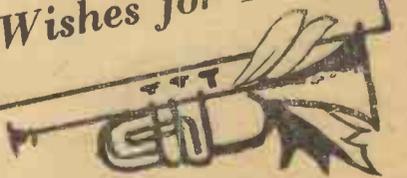
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