

Gordon Men Cry 'Worst Panic of All!'

Straggle Back To N. Y. After Gray's Ouster

New York—Gray Gordon's bandmen pulled into New York after the breakup of Gordon's band in Atlantic City, moaning and griping that they were coming off the "worst panic of the year."

Gordon, who "fled" to Illinois after the outfit collapsed, was slapped by the union via the suspension route, officers of Local 802 erasing his name until he settled his debts.

CRA Peddles Contract

Art Pine, Gordon's manager, could not be located in New York. But as *Down Beat* went to press it was learned that Gordon was raising money to pay off his men and also to buy his contract with Consolidated Radio Artists. CRA claims that Gordon owes their office about \$2,700 in unpaid commissions and loans. They will sell his contract for \$10,000 cash, which would settle the AFM's claims against Gordon.

Gordon only a few months ago junked his tic-toc band and organized a 'swing' outfit. It was (Modulate to Page 5)



The Big Noise From Wild-wood These three cats are responsible for all the noise at Hunt's Ocean Pier at Wildwood, N. J.—the noise coming from dancers who wax enthusiastic over Herby Woods' band. Woods is at left, his singer Eve Knight and tenor man Buddy Williams are shown with him. Woods' crew hails from Philly and will be handled by Mike Nidorf of GAC in the fall. With Williams also arranging, the combo's on the solid side.

Helen Forrest on Her Own; Quits Goodman in Chicago

New York—Helen Forrest was expected to arrive here Aug. 16 to complete plans for going out on her own as a solo act. The diminutive brunet singer gave her notice to Benny Goodman the night of Aug. 1 at Hotel Sherman in Chicago after being his vocalist since December of 1939.

With Miss Forrest is her husband, Al Spiedlock, drummer man-leader, who joined her in Chicago last month.

Helen's leaving the Goodman band came after Benny took on Tommy Taylor, former Mitch Ayres chanter. Taylor stays on with the band and there's a possibility that Helen Ward may return in Miss Forrest's slot. Goodman also auditioned Gloria King in Chicago. Miss Ward has con-

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'Racketeer!' Hoff Hurls at Reggie Childs

New York—Declaring himself "sore as hell" concerning Reggie Childs' suit against him for \$50,000, Carl Hoff last week asserted he would sue Childs in a counter-action and expose Childs as a "racketeer."

Childs sued Hoff for allegedly "enticing" a singer, Paul Carley, away from Reggie, who has the youngster under a long contract. Hoff insists that Carley came into the Blue Gardens in Armonk, where Hoff and band are playing, and requested an audition. "I heard the kid sing a couple of numbers and told him to come back later—that I couldn't hire him until I heard more," Hoff said.

But Childs filed suit after the first audition. Hoff did a fast burn and claimed that Childs, whose band isn't as prominent as it was a few years back, had sent the vocalist to Hoff purposely. Childs denies this, and claims that Hoff tried to "steal" Carley.

Hoff did not hire Carley, heard him sing at only the one audition, and didn't know, at the time, that the singer was working with Childs. That's why he's suing Childs. Entire case will probably be settled out of court shortly.

4 Johnny Long Sidemen Marry In a Month

New York—June may be the traditional month for romance, but four boys in Johnny Long's band at Hotel New Yorker have no respect for tradition. July, to them, is just as good. They proved that last month when they all married.

"Swede" Nielsen, first trumpeter, married Miss Evelyn Wright. Kirby Campbell, alto saxist, chose Darline Capps as his bride. Benny Benson, trombone, and Zeke Walker, tenor man, wed Muriel Mitchell and Kay Kelly, respectively.

Long himself is being linked with various chicks around town by Broadway columnists, but so far the southpaw fiddler-maestro has evaded a formal ceremony.



Bob Allen's Band Goes to Work Here is the first pic taken of Bob Allen as a band leader. The former Hal Kemp singer is shown with Betty Wonder, Dennis Morgan of pix and Bob's personal manager, Dick George. Left to right are Morgan, Allen, Miss Wonder and George. Allen's new crew is currently at Buckeye Lake, Ohio, outside Columbus. Pic by Ed Noumair.

5 Trumpets, Three Guitars For Glenn Miller Band

New York—Glenn Miller's band will sport five trumpets and three guitars when it reorganizes this week after a 19-day vacation, the first Glenn and his men have taken in more than three years.

Bobby Hackett, Miller told the *Beat*, will be featured on jazz

guitar prominently, possibly even more than cornet. Hackett's soft, delicately-phrased horn will be featured in specialty numbers however, Miller disclosed.

Dorsey Okay After Operation

New York—Tommy Dorsey's band took a hard-earned vacation the first two weeks of August while Tommy was having his tonsils yanked at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Tommy was reported in excellent shape and ready to resume his work by Aug. 18.

Twin Boys for Sonny Burke

New York—Sonny Burke, arranger for Charlie Spivak, became a father July 18 in a double-barreled "ceremony" at New Rochelle, N. Y., hospital when his wife presented him with twin boys.

Burke's youngsters were promptly named Joseph Francis Burke, Jr., and Thomas Gillis Burke. Mrs. Burke is the former Dorothy Gillis of Detroit. Sonny became prominent about a year ago leading a band which Sam Donahue later took over when Burke joined Spivak as head of the Spivak arranging department.

'Song for Freedom' Set for Big Intro

New York—Morton Gould's latest composition, *A Song for Freedom*, will be introduced by the NYA ork of 110 musicians Aug. 18 at Lewisohn Stadium in N. Y. Tune is based on the democracy theme.

Symph-Jazz Ork Lures Old Shaw Men

New York—Artie Shaw was scheduled to start rehearsals of his new band this week, a band which by September will be augmented with strings and which later in the fall will make a tour of American cities playing jazz concerts.

Shaw's return to the field is affecting many of the best known name bands. Virtually every musician who ever worked for Artie is seeking a place in his new orchestra. Shaw standbys like Les Robinson, Billy Butterfield, Jack Jenney, Nick Fatool and at least 10 others are expected to quit the jobs they are working now and rejoin him here by August 20.

Also Plan Theater Tour

Georgie Auld, tenor saxist who recently left Benny Goodman, also is slated to be a featured member of the new Shaw organization.

Artie will make a theater tour with about a 22-piece outfit before embarking on his concert tour in November. Meanwhile, he is spending all his time arranging. At least two record dates at Victor will be held before he takes to the road. (Modulate to Page 6)



Here's George Frazier, the ex-Harvard swing critic and *Down Beat* columnist, and Mari- on Claremont Madden, Boston society belle, photographed together for the first time. They have just taken out a marriage license and we expect them to have used it by the time this reaches press. They were shot at the swank Ritz-Carlton roof during Count Basie's recent engagement there. George and his fiancée were the most regular patrons of the roof while Basie was holding forth, both declaring "that's our band." Photo by Alexander Marshard.

Berigan's Men Walk Out; Bunny Fronts a New Crew

New York—Almost simultaneously with the break-up of Gray Gordon's band, in which Gordon's sidemen and singers Meredith Blake and Tony Russell were all left stranded in one of the prize panics of the year, Bunny Berigan's band fell apart.

The blow-off came after three weeks of strife. Berigan was jailed in Jersey after running up a hotel bill which MCA, which books Bunny, finally straightened out. In Atlantic City, according to Bunny's men, there was a slight "shortage" in payment of musicians' salaries. The musicians allegedly claimed they were paid off "in the dark" and demanded full pay. When Berigan referred them to Harry Moss, MCA exec, the sidemen declared they were "fed up" and quit. In New York they filed claims with the union.

Berigan was detained from taking the Trenton band West until his debts were cleared, supposedly by MCA, which still is booking Bunny.

Meanwhile Berigan had dates to fill in the Middlewest. For his job at Buckeye Lake, O., he took a band from Trenton, N. J., which he rehearsed for a couple of days before heading West. Among the men in the band which folded were Jack Maisel, drummer, and Morty Stuhlmaker, bassist.

On the Cover

"St-e-e-rike two," says umpire Corky Corcoran, Sonny Dunham's young tenorman, but Sonny doesn't look worried. He's been blasting 'em all over route 23 with that ol' slush pump and the odds are he'll wind up breaking Joe DiMaggio's record for consecutive hits. Diana Mitchell, Sonny's cute chirpie, is receiving them behind the plate and from where we are sitting seems to be signaling nothing but curves. The band closes its engagement at the Meadowbrook in September but may be held over. Pic by George Dinnick.

...paying more than ever before in his life. Maybe he acquires more than with each ounce of avoidance. ...backed. ...weight around in front of his ...



Mrs. Tea Spreads on the Jam — Dallas — It was a royal bash for the King of the Blues Trombone and his mother, Mrs. Helen Teagarden, when she and son Jack got together at the Plantation Club recently for some impromptu jamming. Mrs. Tea is shown at the Steinway. At left are Jose Gutierrez, trombonist, and Paul Collins, drummer, who also took part in the session. Jack and his band entertained Mrs. Tea after she came here from her home in Oklahoma City. The band's recent Decca records have been causing wide talk. Pic by Bill Williams.

Wingy's Jive Keeps Him on Ice as He Crosses Border

San Diego, Cal.—The next time as Baker drove away. "Men," he yelled, waving his good arm, "You've got ole Wingy. I'm from N'Orleans. I play cornet. Man, I make records for them Bluebird people."



Wingy

It happened a few weeks ago at Tin Juana. Wingy was returning to California after a short Mexican jaunt with Buddy Baker, the arranger, when immigration men stopped the car at the border.

"Are you an American?" they asked Baker. Baker was, but when they asked Mannone, Wingy started jiving and answered:

"Man, I'm Eytalian. I want to dig some of this Callyfornia jive and see if it's mellow."

It wasn't funny to the immigration men, who took Wingy out of the car and held him for "investigation." They told Baker to go ahead. Wingy started screaming



Rudy Valentino had nothing on band leader Russ Morgan in the allure department back in the days of the matador-hero of "Blood and Sand." The former Gene Goldkette arranger, Morgan, was a slick one in them days, as this shot shows. This dates back to the early '20s and hints even that far back the seductive trombone style which was to come.

Keg Purnell With Ed Heywood Trio

New York—Keg Purnell, drummer formerly with Benny Carter and other topflight colored bands, replaced George Jones on drums in Eddie Heywood's trio which is back at the Village Vanguard in Greenwich Village. Heywood, a pianist, is set indefinitely.

Three days later—and Baker verifies this—Wingy was released after proving he wasn't an Italian at all. "Them cats has got no sense of humor," Wingy said as he returned to Hollywood to tell of his imprisonment. "Next time I'll leave that jive at the border."

Plane, Movie For Lunceford

Los Angeles—Three days after Jimmie Lunceford purchased a shiny new Bellanca cabin monoplane, he went on a set at Warner Brothers' studio with his band and started work on a motion picture due to be released this fall, featuring the Lunceford band.

Lunceford now has more than 150 solo hours as a flier. On his current road trip in the West he is making all the jumps by airplane. Larry Clinton is another leader who does one-nighters in his private plane.

Roger Segure, white arranger, is in charge of the music Jimmie and the band are using in the film, as yet untitled. It is Lunceford's first appearance in pix. His band takes a 10-day vacation starting late in August.

Calvin Jackson Back to N. Y.

New York — Calvin, Jackson, young colored classical and jazz pianist, is now doing a solo act at Cafe Society Uptown. Jackson moved into the nitery just two weeks after returning from Rio de Janeiro, where he was accompanist for Paul Draper, the noted dancer.

Armstrong Alto Man Reported Gravely Ill

New York—Rupert Cole, former lead alto man with the Louis Armstrong band, who left the band temporarily a while ago owing to illness, is reported seriously ill in a Brooklyn hospital with a stomach tumor. His place in the band has been taken by Tapley Lewis, West Indian reed expert who handles the first alto and clary parts.

Don Redman, who subbed briefly for Cole, is still doing an occasional arrangement for the Armstrong bunch. Joe Garland, director of the band, is also handling some of the writing chores, and his latest original, *Leap Frog*, is being heavily featured in the hope that it may prove a successor to Garland's *In the Mood*.

True Love

"Skeets" Herfurt, Alvino Rey saxist, still loves his wife and here's your proof. At the celebration of their third wedding anniversary at the Rustic Cabin recently, Mrs. H. gave "Skeeter" fifteen cents and asked him to get her some ciggies. He walked out to the lobby, deposited a nickel in the juke box, pushed down a button and returned to the table. When asked about the cigarets, he apologized profusely, got aboard the same clouds, walked back to the lobby, put the dime in the juke box, pushed down two more buttons and returned to the party.
P.S. Mrs. Herfurt has quit smoking.

Todd Prefers Discs to Pix For Build-up

New York—Blasting at the silver screen as a medium of making an entertainer popular with the masses, Dick Todd, radio and record vocalist, last week asserted that "a good record can do more for a singer or band leader than an appearance in a motion picture."

"That's not sour grapes, either," Todd said. "One of these days I'll make a movie, but it'll have to be a darn good one."

Todd, the red-headed groaner now featured on the new "Vaudeville Theatre" on NBC, went on: "If you think back at the occasions when various stars of the musical field have popped up in pictures, you'll see what I mean. Usually the picture itself has been at fault. Producers must have been under the impression that the mere appearance of a radio or record favorite was enough to cause a panic at the box office."

"Often the personality was misdirected or the make-up left much to be desired. In any case, pictures such as that did the artist a lot of harm. It should teach a lesson, too. No established name should sign to appear in a 'B' picture."

"To go back to my original premise, a good smash record will do a lot more for a singer or band leader than a mediocre screen shot. He gets national coverage by means of the disc and it builds him up. Some artists I know had large followings until the fans saw them in the movies. So you can't blame me for feeling cautious. If the picture isn't going to be just right, I'll stick to making records."

Ohio Clary Man Gets 'Big Town' Excited

New York — Latest musician to come into the "Big Town" from out in the sticks, and start the whole town talking, is a big shy youngster named **Ardie Wilber** whose hot clarinet and his self-styled "Sokkette" last week were cornered by Decca for records.

Wilber hails from Cincinnati and has been playing in the Homestead Hotel, Kew Gardens, L. I.

No one ever heard of the guy until he started his current Homestead engagement. But after a few nights word got around. Ardie has fluffed offers from name leaders, intent upon keeping his screwy little combo together. It is an orthodox unit except that Wilber uses accordion instead of piano. Musicians who have dug the group like everything about it but the accordion.

Ardie plays a lot of notes, but it's his tone and lightning-fast

Baby Girl Born To Mitch Ayers

New York—Mrs. Mitchell Ayers, wife of the band leader, gave birth July 24 to a 7-pound girl at Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn. Mitch and his gang were working the West End Casino in Long Branch, N. J., at the time. The mother is the former Georgia Jarvis.

Bundy Men Wrecked, Big Wives also Injured

by LOU SCHURRER

Detroit—Two of Rudy Bundy's men and their wives suffered severe injuries in a three car crack up while en route from Sarasota to St. Simons, Iowa, recently.

A freak night accident involving a stray bull and two automobiles caused Russel Goltry bass, driving Bundy's car to smash into the wreckage of the Tampa. A day later he suffered a fatal hemorrhage, was placed in the car at the time. Mickey Butler trombone, required 27 stitches in his head while his wife came close to death with a severed leg artery. Seventy-two stitches were taken. Mrs. Goltry was slightly bruised.

Goltry Suffers Hemorrhage

Goltry resisted assistance and went on to meet his mother in



Pinch-Hitter Alice O'Connell is shown at the mike with Bobby Byrne at Hotel Pennsylvania, N. Y. C., when she subbed for Dorothy Claire a couple of weeks while Dorothy was undergoing an appendectomy. Blonde and lovely like her younger sister Helen O'Connell, Alice has been working the Penn with her husband, Glenn Hardman. She refused pay for pinch-hitting until Byrne argued her into taking Miss Claire's regular salary. Pic by Otto Hess.

Traxler Back With Marsala

New York—After a long run in Chicago, Joe Marsala and his band returned to New York last month to play an indefinite date at Nick's in the Village. Gene Traxler is slated to return, on bass. Others in Joe's lineup are his brother Marty on cornet, Johnny Smith, tenor; Al (Sambo) DeRose, alto; Max Chamitov, piano; Davey Tough, drums, and Adele Girard, harp.

Band still waxing 'em for Decca.

Claire, Palmer Rejoin Bobby Byrne's Band

New York—Fully recovered from her recent emergency appendectomy, Dorothy Claire rejoined Bobby Byrne's band at Hotel Pennsylvania Aug. 3 after being out of commission nearly three weeks. Alice O'Connell subbed for Dorothy, doing a bangup job not only in the ornate Cafe Rouge room but also on Byrne's NBC broadcast.

Byrne also received Jimmy Palmer back in his fold last week. Palmer, vocalist who was with Byrne's band when Bobby first started out as a leader two years ago, had been singing with Blue Barron. Jimmy Emmert, trombonist, also is a new face in the band. He replaces Don Ruppertsburg. Emmert came from Will Bradley's band and Ruppertsburg goes to Bradley on an even switch.

Byrne and company are set at the Penn indefinitely, and still recording for Decca.

Lopez Socko at Taft; Takes on Two New Men

New York—Two new faces popped up in Vincent Lopez' band at the Hotel Taft grill last week. They were Charlie Carroll, on drums, and Arty Friedman on lead alto. Carroll comes into the band from Larry Clinton's unit.

Lopez, playing his first New York location job in more than a year, is far ahead of all other bands which have played the Taft. Hostelry's management claims his band has packed in more payees than any other band ever attracted over a similar period. Originally contracted for 12 weeks, Vincent has since been held over indefinitely. And he broadcasts over NBC, which recently buried the hatchet with ASCAP.



Vincent Lopez is shown going over the score of *Thumbs Up* the official song of the British War Relief which he introduced to the American Public recently in the Grill Room of Hotel Taft where he is currently featured with his orchestra. Monie received from the sale of the song go to the British War Relief. Lopez is making a special record of this song that will be flown to Winston Churchill in England who will hear the song for the first time. L. to R. Mrs. Pat Macleod, Lopez and Miss Winifred Ashford. Mrs. Macleod and Miss Ashford are "aces" of the MTC (Mechanized Transport Corps of Great Britain.)

Big Editor

Low Ange Orange Juic the highway Radio City. sure, when you go or w horn and hi

Kick California enjoying its Duke Ellington Woody Herm Bob Crosby, J. dy Martin.



Dexter

But Californ fans are wal while they c these days.

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Big B

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Big Band Boom Has California on the Jump But Local Orks Are Bringdown; Editor Views the L.A. Scene

by DAVE DEXTER, JR.
(New York Editor of Down Beat)

Los Angeles—You can tell it's California by the "All the Orange Juice You Can Drink for a Dime" signs bordering the highway as you leave the desert headed for Hollywood's Radio City. And an Easterner realizes he's in Hollywood, for sure, when he first runs into Mannie Klein. No matter where you go or what you do you'll see Mannie with his cigar, his horn and his vivid sport shirts.

Kicks Are Cheap

California this summer has been enjoying its greatest music boom. Duke Ellington, Jimmie Lunceford, Woody Herman, Charlie Barnet, Bob Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald, Freddy Martin, Abe Lyman and Will Osborne, with their bands, are among the visitors who in the past two months have made the Hollywood area a hotbed of syn-copation. There's never been anything like it before and probably there'll never be again.

But California musicians and hot fans are wallowing in the activity while they can. Kicks are cheap these days.

There are all too few local orchestras with anything on the ball. Stan Kenton's young jazz band at Balboa Beach is the only aggregation in the Los Angeles area which stands a chance in the East, and Lee Young has a fair colored jump outfit at the Capri Club on Pico Boulevard with Lee's brother, Lester Young, on tenor, but at best it's a crew which rates well below countless others in Chicago, Kansas City and New York. "Bumps" Myers, also a tenor saxist, shares hot choruses with Les Young. A majority of the band's followers hold *Down Beat* they preferred his work to that of the ex-Basie star.

Big Bob Laine Thrills

One of the finest kicks of the 2-week tour of L. A.'s nightspots was finding big Bob Laine playing solo piano at the Hangover Club at 1456 Vine in Hollywood. In a dimly-lighted, intimate atmosphere perfectly suited for uncommercial music, the former Pollack pianist mightily provides great jazz for those who remember his work a few years back when he was fresh from Sweden without a dime to his name.

There is much talk, too, about Reul Lynch and his great clarinet playing. Lynch at writing was with Will Osborne's new band—a band which quite easily is Will's greatest to date—but Reul is never at home except with small combinations and it appeared that he would quit Osborne momentarily. Few are the clarinetists anywhere who can match Lynch. He should have no trouble connecting in New York.

Charlie Foy's Club is (1) a hangout for the motion picture mob and (2) the place where Jerry Lester works nightly. Now getting a tremendous buildup on Bing Crosby's show, Lester is as good as the band at Foy's is bad. Thousands of musicians know Jerry Lester and because he uses a lot of sly musicians' gags in his work, Foy's spot has become a meeting place of local 47 sidemen as well as visiting horn-tooters. Freddie Black often jams there.

"He's Got Everything"

As for Slack's band, a single hearing at a party was enough to convince that his is a small outfit with definite possibilities. Freddie's sparkling piano solos naturally are the big asset, but the leader's arrangements also are superb and he is using some of the very best of the '47 musicians as sidemen. Freddie's first Deccas are due out this week and once they start selling Slack in all probability will return to New York and start out on his own with no punches pulled. He's got everything.

Davey Forrester has a competent small band at the "It Cafe"

at Hollywood and Vine. Forrester, a former Chicagoan, can play fine trumpet when he wants to and proved it the night Slack dropped in to jam after hours. A promising bassist and tenor saxist with Forrester also deserve a mention for their talents. Most of the time, however, Davey is forced to play commercial tripe which damages the rep of his group.

Neon Joints Everywhere

Everyone walks around Hollywood in a daze, watching for glimpses of picture stars, gawking at right-hand drive motor cars and ogling pretty girls who parade on Vine Street in dirndles or slacks. Virtually every native is a walking Chamber of Commerce. The weather, low food prices, cheap rent, clean air, mountain breezes and kindred other subjects monopolize the conversations. Neon-bedecked hamburger joints are everywhere. But loyal Californians appear embarrassed when visiting firemen find it impossible to buy a drink after 2 a.m. The intersection of Hollywood and Vine, in fact, is stilled and deserted after 2:30 a.m., resembling a small town in a dry atate. Chicagoans and New Yorkers used to late hours and all-night around-the-town jaunts are brought down by the quiet and lack of activity in the wee hours.

Jimmie Lunceford is extremely popular in the Los Angeles area. His recent date at Casa Manana in Culver City was a larruping success. Then the Lunceford band made a picture for the brothers Warner. Duke Ellington also has his legion of fans. But in recent weeks it has been possible to dig the Duke only at the Mayan Theater in the all-colored musical show, "Jump for Joy," in which the Ellington band works under extreme difficulties in a small pit.

Jarvis, Hank Tops in Radio

Freddy Martin is in the midst of a comeback. His records are best sellers in California and he's a consistent draw at the Cocoanut Grove. Martin's current California sojourn has definitely proved the greatest move he ever made. As a result Freddy has become another lover of California, and a devoted believer in C. of C. literature.

Two radio announcers, Al Jarvis



Freddie Slack Debuts as Leader—Freddie Slack previewed his new orchestra recently at a party given him at the Music City shop in Hollywood. Left to right above are Glenn Wallichs, Don Raye, the *Beat Me Daddy* songwriter now under contract to Universal Pictures; Hughie Claudin and Woody Herman shaking with Slack. Wallichs and Claudin operate Music City. Herman is breaking all records at the Palladium and has been held over until Sept. 11. Slack's first records for Decca are being issued this month. He's the former Jimmy Dorsey-Will Bradley pianist. *Down Beat* Pic.

and Hank the Night Watchman, are top men in L. A. Jarvis has several daytime recorded programs with audiences of millions. Unlike most of the New York and Chicago "Make Believe Ballroom" conduct-

ors, Jarvis is a really hep guy who can't be fooled by press agents. On top of that Al is a fine gent and popular with musicians. Hank the Night Watchman runs an all-night recorded program (his real

name is Bill Kelso) which blankets the entire L. A. scene. Like Jarvis, Hank knows his bands and his music. On the radio score Jarvis and Kelso are miles ahead of the Blocks, Courtneys, Chases and Purcells of Chi and N. Y.

McDevitt Best P.A.

Mannie Klein, Perry Botkin, George Wendt, Spike Jones and plenty of other noted studio musicians work in picture studios and double on the major radio shows emanating from the CBS, NBC and Mutual buildings. Klein is a friendly, good-natured guy whom the boys call "Nose" and who has the reputation of being the highest paid sideman in the world. His weekly check, they say, is never less than \$500 and frequently goes higher. But for every man like (Modulate to Page 23)



Dexter



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Peck Kelly Brings New Band Out of the Shed in Houston

Houston, Tex.—Peck Kelly, often tabbed as the musician's pianist, has organized a twelve piece band which opened recently on the Top Deck Roof of the Rice Hotel here.

Peck has drafted the ace men of Houston, which boasts many top men for this Texas town is known as the mecca for cats that are fed-up with big towns and one night-ers.

The band has been in rehearsal for nearly a month now and Peck is shaping a book which will cover the pop stuff and also solidly showcase his 88ery. As an added novelty, Peck has worked out some two piano features with Albino Torres, a grad of Mexico City's Conservatory of Music.

Lee Waters will front the band

Young Won't Rejoin Basie

Los Angeles—Lester Young will not return to Count Basie's band.

Hopes of Basie followers that a reconciliation could be made were crushed last week when Lester, who now is playing tenor in his brother Lee Young's band at the Capri Club here, told *Down Beat* he "wouldn't even consider" returning to the Basie fold.

Basie and Young split last fall. But recently Basie and his handlers admitted they "might take Lester back in the band if Les would go to work and be good." Informed of Basie's willingness, Young fluffed off the offer and declared that under no circumstances would he go back.

Buddy Tate and Don Byas have been holding the tenor chairs with Basie since Young departed. Basie is now on tour in the Chicago area.



The Harrison Sisters, shown here with their boss, Michael Loring, are the harmony trio featured with Columbia record vocal star. Mike has his own band at Luna Park ballroom, Coney Island, New York, where they're set for the entire summer. Ork gets a CBS shot three times a week. Band's new, just a month and a half old, but coming right along.

Brewer, Lifer, Wins Freedom And Basie Arranging Job

by EDDIE BEAUMONTE

While Richard Wright, author of *Native Son*, was visiting the New Jersey State Prison, last winter, he was invited to listen to the prison band. Wright was impressed by their arrangements and asked to meet the writer. He was granted his wish and met Clinton Brewer, 36-year old colored musician, who had served 19 years of a life sentence for murder.

Brewer told Wright that he had been studying arranging for the past fifteen years and that it was his music alone that kept his spirit from breaking. "I studied by mail," Brewer said, "and it was a long hard grind to learn the technicalities of modern scoring but I had lots of time and I was set on making the most of it. The prison officers encouraged me and allowed me to try out my word with the prison band. That way," he continued, "I could correct my mistakes and benefit from the practical experience."

Basie Says Yes

Wright listened and at the end of the visit asked to take some of the arrangements back to New York so that he could show them to someone who might be a better judge of their worth. Brewer agreed and within a few days received a wire that Count Basie had heard his work and wanted several of his scores. "Man," said Brewer, "I was the happiest guy in the world but now I'm even happier." And here is his reason.

Model Prisoner

Just recently Brewer, who had been a model prisoner, received word that his parole had been approved and that now he was a free man . . . free to take the job that has since been offered him by the Count. "Just think," he exclaimed, "I not only get to step out into freedom but into an arranging chair with one of the finest bands in the world. I don't know if I can stand it. You know," he went on, "I've got a lot of catching up to do. Why, I don't know nothing about jitterbugs and solid cats and what's cookin' around but I'll learn."

The Parole Board felt that he had made every effort to adjust himself inside and they believed that he will do even better outside. And so do we. Best of luck, Clinton Brewer, best of luck.

Carl Bean, Floyd's Cuz, Takes the Veil

Mason City, Iowa—Carl Bean, cousin to Floyd Bean, famed 88er, has retired from the music biz—that is the playing side of the biz—and has gone into the instrument repairing side with Gene Cartwright under the handle of Iowa Band Instrument Service. Carl was an active reed in Frankie Masters' band before he hung up his horn. He spent eight years with Masters and was known for his co-authorship of *Scatterbrain*.

Eddie Charles' "Small Band Banter" column helps relieve woes of the cocktail combo. Dig it in the *Best*.

Police Bar Army Boys At Dance

By One of the Soldiers

Columbia, S. C.—Southern hospitality is a myth. That's what a whole corps of soldiers at Fort Jackson decided last month when they paid 75 cents each to see and hear Benny Carter's band with Maxine Sullivan at Township Auditorium here.

Columbia police kept all the white soldiers segregated from the dancing colored folk and with raised billy clubs refused to allow the musicians and hep cats in the army uniforms get within hearing distance of the band. A half-dozen personal friends of Carter's made an attempt to say hello to Carter during intermission, but one burly copper told them, "you'll wake up with a 6-inch splinter in your head in the bull-pen if you try to see him."

This despite pleas of President Roosevelt and other administration leaders that service men not be discriminated against. Carter's date here was a winner with more than 1,000 dancers and soldiers present. None of the army boys, however, ever got near enough to Carter to pay their respects.

Garland and Rose Wedded

Los Angeles—As expected, Judy Garland and Dave Rose, who announced their engagement a couple of months ago, pulled a surprise wedding by hopping to Las Vegas, Nev., via special plane and taking



Dave and Judy Rose

the vows before Justice of the Peace Mahlon Brown. The couple, accompanied by Judy's mother, Mrs. William Gilmore, arrived in the sizzling Nevada town early in the morning and dashed to Justice Brown's home, where, after the official had been hauled out of bed, the ceremony was performed in short order and without more ado.

Dave and Judy planned to grab a few weeks of honeymooning on a nearby ranch. Friends here didn't know when the couple would get back to Hollywood. KHJ, the big Hollywood Mutual outlet of which Rose is general musical director, reported that he was talking about three weeks off from his duties.

Rose started his musical career as a pianist in Chicago, where he worked with many of the famous "Austin High" musicians who founded the Chicago jazz style. He later became a Chicago radio arranger, then moved into the Hollywood studios and radio stations. He is currently musical director at KHJ and last season he was music chief of the Tony Martin-Woodbury series on NBC. He is in line for at least two big network shows this fall.

Kraft Renews Bing Crosby

New York—Bing Crosby goes on and on. Last week the J. Walter Thompson ad agency signed him for another year on the Kraft Cheese program, heard Thursdays on NBC over 88 Red network stations.

Bob Burns of Arkansas *Basoona* fame probably won't be on the show in the next 52-week period. Crosby's new contract became effective July 24.

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BG Ridicules Muggsy Charge of 'Sabotage'

Chicago—Benny Goodman last week branded as "childish" and "silly" Muggsy Spanier's accusation that "Goodman's trying to break up my band."



"Unethical!" howled Muggsy Spanier, above, as he accused Benny Goodman of trying to "bust up my band" in Chicago last week. Read the accompanying story for both sides of the imbroglio, in which BeeGee fluffs off Muggsy's charges as "childish."

Muggsy, in town on his way to a one-nighter in Peru, Ind., expressed high indignation to *Down Beat*, charging Goodman with unethically sabotaging his band. The implication was that Goodman either has something personally against Spanier or that Benny was deliberately trying to undermine the Muggsy band out of fear that it offered a threat to BG's own predominance of the hot world.

Files Charges Against Berg
Spanier simultaneously announced that he was preferring charges through the New York Local against tenor saxist George Berg, who he said, left the band without notice "at Goodman's instigation." Berg joined Benny here two weeks ago.

According to Spanier, Goodman offered three other of his sidemen jobs, only on the condition that they leave Muggsy and join him "immediately—without giving so much as 24 hours' notice." The three, according to Mugs, were drummer George Wettling, pianist Dave Bowman, and tenor saxist Nick Caiazza.

Contacted by *Down Beat*, Goodman good-naturedly ridiculed Muggsy's charges as childish, denying flatly he had approached Wettling or Bowman at all.

"Nonsense!" Says Benny
"I needed a tenor man," said Benny, "so I offered a job to Nick Caiazza. He didn't want it, so I hired Berg. Naturally I asked him to get away as soon as he could, but this stuff about my trying to lure him away without giving notice is nonsense."

"And why on earth should I want to break up Muggsy's band or anybody's band? What do I want with George Wettling or any

other drummer when I've got Sid Catlett?" Benny asked, laughing.

George Berg passed off as "ridiculous" Muggsy's charge that he left without giving any notice! "Why, I was on notice with Muggsy constantly for the last two months I was with him. Any of the boys will verify that."

Debt Figures Differ
Muggsy stated that Berg owed him \$105 which George had drawn in advances. Berg admitted only \$85 indebtedness, pointing out that the difference was in the price of



'Long Time Long no see,' gazed Johnny Long at the exotic South American beauty, Carmen D'Antonio, dropped in for a visit at the lee Terrace of the Hotel New Yorker recently. Long's band received its third renewal in the Terrace Room which will carry them through to October 8. Johnny will marry Pat Waters, stage actress, some time in September.

Kallen and Garvin Back With Big Tea

Chicago—Kitty Kallen, original vocalist of the Jack Teagarden orchestra, who left the blues man last March when she married Clint Garvin, ex-saxophonist with the orchestra, re-joins Jack when he opens at Meadowbrook Country Club in St. Louis tomorrow the 16th—and so does Garvin. They got home sick for the band.

Garvin left the band a year ago in January, to be with his father and mother, both ill in Nashville, and took a job on the WSM staff orchestra there. When Kitty came to town, she became staff vocalist, and was heard once a week coast to coast with the Francis Craig band. But when Jack played the Peabody in Memphis in July, they went over to visit him, and their return to the band was arranged. Kitty replaces Jeanne Carroll, who stayed on the coast when the band headed east after completing "The Birth of the Blues" at Paramount with Bing Crosby; at press time no decision had been reached as to whom Garvin would replace. Return of Clint to the band gives Jack an opportunity to resume the vocal doubles a la Teagarden and Mercer, which he formerly did with Garvin. David Allen stays with the Teagarden crew as male balladist.

From Meadowbrook the band goes to Eastwood Gardens in Detroit, then east for a New York spot, with a lot of theater dates along with the Crosby-Teagarden picture to follow.

Five Changes In Hoff Ork

New York—Five important changes in Carl Hoff's fast-moving band at Blue Gardens in Armonk, N. Y., were announced by Hoff last week.

Sam Skolnick is Hoff's new first trumpeter. Al Noble replaces Bob Haymes as male vocalist, splitting vocal chores with Louanne Hogan, and Bill Westfall is in on trombone. Harold Cohn also is a new Hoff slyphorn man and Charlie Blake, formerly with Larry Clinton, is in on drums.

Hoff's band has been at the spot all summer, broadcasting over CBS and Mutual. Hoff turned down a radio commercial (Tums) a couple of weeks ago.

O'Neill Spencer Leaves Kirby

New York—O'Neill Spencer, who has been drumming with the John Kirby band ever since it jumped into prominence a few years ago, has left the Kirby outfit and has been replaced by "Specks" Johnson, who came over from the Eddie South band.

The Kirbymen are still at Fefe's Monte Carlo here.

Ray Noble Gets McCarthy Show

New York—Ray Noble and his band get the Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen show for the coming season, with Ray doubling as bandleader and actor as he did on the Burns and Allen programs. Now one-nighting in the Northwest, the band may follow Freddy Martin into the Cocomat Grove in Los Angeles.

Miss Kelly, also a mother, in private life is the wife of Hal Dickinson of the four singing Modernaires, also featured with the Miller band. She was undecided whether she'd continue singing.

The blonde Hutton gal left Miller last winter to prepare for motherhood. Her husband is Jack Philbin, personal manager of Johnny Long and other bands. Ray Eberle continues as male chirp.

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Gray Gordon's Men Come off 'Worst Panic'

(Jumped from Page 1)

this band which fell apart after finishing a date at the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City.

Lou Randell, Gordon's attorney, has been active here attempting to get Gordon reinstated in the union and settling Gray's debts.

Gordon Borrowing Money

From members of the band, who returned to New York seeking other jobs, came vindictive stories of how they had gone unpaid and other alleged "headaches" they experienced in the month before the band blew up. They charged that Gordon failed to give them expense money to get to their homes from Atlantic City.

Probable outcome of the mess, said persons close to the situation, would be Gordon's borrowing enough cash to buy his own contract with CRA. Borrowed money also would be used to pay off the musicians, including singers Meredith Blake and Tony Russell. Once the debts are cleared and Gray is reinstated in the union, chances are that Gordon would round up another band and start out again under the guidance of another booking office.

Al Nicholas Junks Jazz

New Orleans jazzmen, clarinetist Albert Nicholas, surprised his friends last month when he gave up music and took a job as guard on the Eighth avenue subway.

Nicholas only recently substituted for Buster Bailey in John Kirby's band when Bailey fractured a finger. "Al" says he hopes to do an occasional gig but that he will out in full time, from now on, with the transit company.

Don't Even Know Daddy

After nearly a year of one-ning around the country, Russ Morgan is in an all-out effort to get home for the first birthday of his son Jackie. Jackie is eleven and a half months old now and Morgan hasn't seen him since he was two weeks old and probably too young to remember his pop. Say, mama, who's this guy with the trombone, huh?

Bradley Purge Not Complete; Castaldo Out

New York—Following on the heels of his changing his entire reed section, Will Bradley last week imported an almost entirely new trumpet section for his band at the Hotel Astor roof.

Lee Castaldo is out. He'll probably join Artie Shaw shortly. Tommy DiCarlo and Benny West are new in the band, both on trumpet. Ralph Muzzillo, who has been substituting, also is out. Bradley at press time was searching for a good first man with Steve Lipkin undecided whether to stay or go.

Bradley's band opens at Chicago's Hotel Sherman Sept. 26, it has been announced officially.

Don Ruppertsburg has replaced Jimmy Emmert on trombone, Emmert going to Bobby Byrne's unit.

Bradley denies that he's on notice with the Bradley band.

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AFM Official Held on Child Morals Charge

Los Angeles — The biggest shock that ever hit local music circles broke here on the morning of August 1 as daily newspapers revealed that Harold William Roberts, for many years one of the most prominent figures in California musical and civic affairs had been arrested on a charge of molesting a 9-year-old girl.

Roberts is currently director of public relations for the Los Angeles musicians' union (Local 47, AFM), a job that pays him \$125 per week and expenses. His chief activity has been the promotion of the Los Angeles County music fund.

Faces Second Charge

Roberts was arraigned in Pasadena justice court the morning after his arrest and at that time was faced with another and more serious sex charge—rape of a 13-year-old girl. The latter incident took place on a school ground last August.

The incident that led to Roberts' arrest occurred on the grounds of the Altadena school late in the afternoon of July 31. The little girl involved said that a man gave her a quarter "to help him hunt for a purse," led her to a secluded portion of the playground and forced her to submit to sexual acts. She screamed and attracted passersby, who did not succeed in catching her assailant, but did get the license number of the car in which he escaped.

The number was identified as that of Roberts' car, according to police. He surrendered himself that evening after the order for

his arrest went out. He was released on \$1,000 bail on the first charge but an additional \$1,000 bail was demanded for his release when he was faced with the second charge the following morning.

Possible Life Penalty
Conviction on the first charge,



Isham Jones, the band leader, was caught in this unusual pose just a couple weeks ago down in Houston, Texas, where "Ish" and his band were playing the Plantation. Novel gag he worked there as a promotion stunt was to invite anybody named Jones to dance free for a night. Pulled a nice crowd. Thanks to Vic Vent of the Nick Stuart band for the pic.

known as a "288"—sexual misconduct with children—carries a possible sentence of one year to life. Conviction on the rape charge would carry a possible sentence of one to 50 years.

Deputy District Attorney Dave O'Leary stated that Roberts had been arrested in South Pasadena in 1927 on a charge of indecent exposure and had forfeited his bail (\$500) in the case. Only record in this case, said O'Leary, was the police docket.

Roberts pleaded "not guilty" on both charges and preliminary hearing was set for August 7. At the arraignment he was his usual self—jaunty, breezy, well poised. He posed cheerfully for newspaper

AGMA Licks Its Chops in Petrillo Scrap

New York—Optimistic once again after a N. Y. Court of Appeals judge in Albany ruled in favor of the American Guild of Musical Artists, members of that union last week declared "the way is clear" for a final and complete victory over James C. Petrillo and the AFM.

The AGMA, headed by Lawrence Tibbett, has been fighting the Petrillo musicians' union since last August when Petrillo issued an edict forcing all AGMA artists to join the AFM. The final round of the battle is expected in October when AGMA attorneys will go to court again in a suit for a permanent injunction restraining the AFM and its officers from making AGMA members join Petrillo's union.

Petrillo was not in New York at the time the Albany decision was made, but AFM Attorney Samuel Seabury discounted the importance of the decision and in off-the-record statements declared that the AFM's right to force concert musicians to join would be upheld when the court meets in October.

Judge John T. Loughran wrote the majority opinion in Albany which proved a blow to the Petrillo forces and which made Tibbett and members of the AGMA jubilant.

Basie Set on N.Y. Nitery; Duke Follows

New York—A startling night club innovation will take place Sept. 16 when Count Basie opens at Cafe Society Uptown for a long run which will end only when Duke Ellington's band is available to replace him.

Barney Josephson, Cafe Society nabob, signed Basie through the Wm. Morris office last week. It will be the first big N. Y. location for the "jump king" since he and his outfit played the Famous Door two years ago. Ellington's crew also is set to play the uptown nitery. But contracts won't be signed until the show, "Jump For Joy," in which Ellington's band is starred either folds or comes east from Los Angeles, where it now is playing.

Teddy Wilson's small band will hold down the stand at the downtown Cafe. He's there now. Red Allen's crew closed at the spot Aug. 6 after a 9-month run. Allen was undecided on his next move.

Charlie Emge and Hal Holly, the Beat's Los Angeles legmen, have been covering the movie mecca like a cloud. These boys have been shooting in the hottest and most vital stuff there is to get out of ol' Hollywood. Dig Emge for the terrific band news and Holly for the movie gossip in every issue of the Beat.



New Twist in the technique is shown by Vaughn Monroe by his latest chirpie, Mildred Law. Vaughn blows a note of approval as they relax after Mildred's first Bluebird disc date with the Monroe men when they waxed Two Feet of Shoes in N. Y. recently. Mildred Law is a former dancer and cutie from the stage show, "Pal Joey," and from all appearances will be a special feature of the Monroe band. Joel Allen pic.

photographers, shook hands all around when he was returned to county jail (pending posting of the additional \$1,000 bail), but on advice of his attorney, Sydney Chernias, refused to make any statement. Friends stated that he was sending his wife and two children, a boy, 11 and a girl, 7, "out of town" until the thing was all over.

AFM Officials Thunderstruck
If the townsfolk were shocked

by the news of Roberts' arrest it can only be said that Roberts' co-workers among the Local 47 officials were thunderstruck. None would discuss the case. Their only comment seemed to be—"My God! However, it was learned that Roberts had been "temporarily excused from his duties." Roberts' close associates were seemingly too stunned to discuss the situation but a few murmurs of "frame-up" were heard from some.

Await CBS Armistice To End Music War

New York—Eyes were turned toward the Columbia Broadcasting System and its officers this week as ASCAP-controlled music returned to the NBC airwaves throughout the nation.

NBC execs and ASCAP officials ended their long music war Aug. 1 after several all-day sessions over a conference table. Not since the last day of last December has any ASCAP music been heard on NBC's chain.

Columbia is expected to follow NBC and Mutual, which buried the hatchet last May, within the next few weeks although one official at CBS recently was quoted as saying that Columbia will "hold off" the remainder of this year

before striking an accord with ASCAP chieftains.

NBC stations throughout the United States are now ratifying the peace plan which ASCAP's board of directors presented. The agreement calls for ASCAP's receiving 2% per cent of NBC's income from the sale of radio time.

Caesar Rebels
Negotiations were stymied temporarily a few days before the final accord when several of ASCAP's board men, led by songwriter Irving Caesar, staged an "uprising" which finally was smoothed out satisfactorily. Niles Trammell, NBC president, took a personal hand in the dickering along with Mark Woods and Frank Mullen of NBC.

ASCAP was led by its president, Gene Buck, and also John G. Paine, general manager, and E. C. Mills. The 233 stations affiliated with NBC are free to make their own local contracts with NBC, it was pointed out, and in order to avoid another costly war, such as this one has proved, the new contracts will run to Dec. 31, 1949, when they'll automatically be extended for another nine years. Any arguments for ASCAP to receive a larger fee, at that time, will be settled by arbitration, it was decided.

New Songs Are Ready
In addition to the 2% per cent NBC agrees to pay ASCAP for use of music, NBC agrees to pay at the source \$200 a year for each managed NBC-managed and operated station using ASCAP music. The agreement covers all broadcasting, including FM and international short wave, but not television.

ASCAP song firms, as a result, are optimistic over the coming season and plans for exploitation of new songs are being pushed. In many cases song firms will re-hire employees who were fired when the "war" started. At the same time, CBS is being watched closely. Things won't be the same until ASCAP music returns to Columbia's air, too.

Horace Henderson Fronting an Ork

New York—Horace Henderson has reorganized and will take his new band into the Arcadia Ballroom soon. Until recently chief arranger for Charlie Barnet, Horace the last few weeks has been doing scores for Duke Daley and other.

Henderson's Chicago band folded in New York last fall after bookings became scarce. His decision to start again as a wand-wielder proved surprising. Personnel of the new group isn't definite yet, Horace said.

Orso Will

Los Angeles will soon pick an RKO production by Orson Welles, who will be at the helm of a jazz picture, "Citizen Time" technique can be represented. Essentially will be the with Louie

Chi S Pulls Iturb

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Hoff Fires His Sax Section

New York—Carl Hoff followed Will Bradley's example last week and fired his entire sax section. Hoff asserted the section was unable to obtain the proper blend.

Larry Regensburg and Hawk Kogan, tenors, and Joe Herde and Art Baker, altos, are out and Hoff is lining up replacements. The band stays on at Blue Gardens in Armonk, N. Y.

Shaw Beckons, Old Sideman Lured Back

(Jumped from Page 1)

Dave Hudkins is helping Artie round up the men he wants for his band. Ben Cole, Shaw's former manager, is out.

Artie was to make a quick trip to the coast at press time to corner new music, find musicians, and dicker for a motion picture to be made next winter in Hollywood.

Loyalty Stumps Rivals

The loyalty to Shaw, as proved by all his former sidemen who are giving up high-paying jobs to return to Artie's fold, created a lot of talk in New York, especially among Shaw's big-name rivals. Two former Shaw tenor men won't rejoin him, however. Bus Bassay was drafted and Jerry Jerome now is a houseman at NBC.

Artie told Down Beat he expected to have his new outfit "whipped pretty well into shape" by mid-September.

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Orson Welles Jazz Movie Will Star Louis Armstrong

by CHARLIE EMGE

Los Angeles — Louis Armstrong will soon play the leading role in an RKO production to be directed by Orson Welles, who has three productions officially scheduled for him at this lot, but who intends to sandwich in his own treatment of a jazz picture.

Welles, who made mincemeat of Hollywood humdrum in his first picture, *Citizen Kane*, and who is a jazz enthusiast, has in mind a "featurette" in the "March of Time" technique, using, wherever possible, roles in the picture that can be performed by the people represented.

Essentially, Orson's story of jazz will be the life of Armstrong, with Louie playing himself except

where he is shown as "Little Louie" at the Waif's Home in New Orleans. Plenty of footage has been planned for other famous jazz performers including the Austin High gang and other Chicago stylists featured on their instruments. When your correspondent phoned the Welles office to verify this some fifth columnist answered a vague "Uh huh, but we're not ready to announce anything yet."

Moguls attached to other big movie mills, who pretend to appreciate Welles' efforts, commented, "Okay, Swell! But how the hell is he going to sell it?"

Chi Symp Pulls an Iturbi on BG

Chicago — Public indignation was aroused to a feverish pitch last week when the board of directors of the Chicago Symphony voted thumbs down on a public concert at Grant Park at which Benny Goodman and his band would have been co-featured along with the Chicago Symphony.

The concert was scheduled for the last of August. Goodman and James C. Petrillo, who is a member of the Chicago park board as well as president of the AFM, had worked out the details satisfactorily. But when the Symphony's board assembled to okay final contracts members of that group said they were "unable to recognize Goodman and his musicianship" and decided to refuse to allow Benny, his sextet and his band to appear.

Petrillo, in making plans for the event, said that more than 100,000 music lovers would have attended. The board's brush-off of Goodman was said to have irked Petrillo, who was more than enthusiastic over the proposed merger of Goodman's and the Symphony's talents.

Adding irony to the situation was the fact that Benny will definitely appear at swank Ravinia Park here late this month in connection with the famed Budapest String Quartet, which in classical circles rates higher than the Chicago Symphony.

Duke's Revue Shifts to High, But Pit Slows

Los Angeles — *Jump for Joy*, stage musical featuring Duke Ellington's orchestra, presented here as the initial venture of the American Revue Theatre, was beginning to jump in earnest after a few hectic weeks of heroic efforts on the part of the show's sponsors to iron out or throw out the rough spots and get the production into high gear.

Business seemed to be on the upgrade to stay for a while, with sell-outs reported on several nights. Ellington and his men were still struggling nobly to overcome the disadvantages of working in the pit and doing a thoroughly good job of the music under the circumstances. Highlights of the show are the band's number, *Concerto for Klinkera*, in which Ellington and Rex Stewart work from the stage, and the jam session that closes the show. Robbins has taken the show's score for publication. It is figured this extra exploitation will help greatly.

September starts the big whirl in the band biz. *Down Beat* will be on the scene to catch all the latest happenings on the spot. To be sure of getting the newest in news shoot us three bucks for your subscription now.



Eight years ago, in San Antonio, these now-prominent musicians posed for this shot while on a fishing trip. At left is Henry Gruen, now a well known Hollywood sideman. Harry James is in center and at right is Bob Casey, Chi bass man, who only recently left the Muggay Spanier band. Pic was made in 1933 long before Harry James had a rep for his horn artistry.

2-Way Gag

New York—Mel Marvin, the 'take it easy' leader, has just been notified that a leading baking company in his home town of West Frankfort, Ill., is now selling Mel Marvin muffins. But Mel doesn't know whether to feel flattered or insulted since he discovered that the little round cakes are plain CORN muffins!



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Crosby Band 'My Pet, But Dissipates Talent'

by GEORGE FRAZIER

By the time this dispatch reaches print the Crosby band will have opened at Catalina Island and, barring acts of God and railroad berths, should at too too long last have come to realize its superlative potentialities. The band has been a particular pet of mine from the very beginning, of course, but as great as my admiration has been, I've never been able to rid myself of the uncomfortable suspicion that it was dissipating too much of its talent in cloying commercial channels and that as good as it sounded in its more unpromising moments, it could have sounded even better if it had forgotten its inhibitions. This Catalina engagement ought to tell the story.

Lawson and Matlock Back In

By this time the band will have altered perceptibly from the one we've been hearing up to now. It will be a band revitalized by several very important changes. For one thing, the Bob-o-Links will have gone (I don't honestly think that anyone will be gravely disturbed by that) and, for another, Yank Lawson will be back in the trumpet section. Lawson—or what his playing represents—is what the band has needed desperately for some time. The Crosby brand of jazz requires, above all else, an authoritative, driving trumpet and ever since Muggsy left there's been no one to fill that bill. Yank, though, is the man and his presence is sure to impart the necessary punch. The other important change in personnel will have Matty Malneck in the clarinet chair vacated by Hank D'Amico. Not having heard Matlock in ages, I'm unprepared to comment on his playing nowadays, but I do know that D'Amico (who was once termed "too barrelhouse" by, of all people, Lee Wiley!) is one of the most underrated clarinetists in the business and that anyone who takes his place has his work cut out for him.

The chief change, though, will have taken place in the band's attitude toward the kind of music it should produce. Gil Rodin has witnessed the enthusiastic reaction

to the head arrangements that have been tried out lately and is finally convinced that the band's strongest point is its unsullied jazz. I can testify that the *Honeysuckle Rose* it warmed up to on the last night before its two-and-a-half weeks' vacation was something lovely and thrilling and righteous all over the place. Its playing in that number alone was enough to dispel any doubts I may have had about the band's potential greatness. Man for man, it's always been a quite wonderful band of course, but the trouble has been that these men were all too rarely allowed room for their improvisational abilities. From now on that will not be so. Yank and Eddie Miller (who is really very, very great and plays in the good way that Bud does, which way always lets the listener know what the tune is) and Jess Stacy (who, despite reports to the contrary, is enthusiastic about the band) and Floyd O'Brien (who's been kept too much under wraps in the past) will be given the ball and told the hell with the signals. The result should be something very, very worthwhile.

Bauduc Acts as 'Shot'

I think, too, that from now on Ray Bauduc will play the drums of which he is capable. No one (and that includes both Chick Webb and Ben Pollack) has ever questioned the fact that he is one of the best ever when he feels like making himself an integral part of a rhythm section, but I think that Ray himself would be the first to admit that he's frequently been guilty of allowing his flair for showmanship to stifle his musical instinct. In view of the fact that he's a member of the corporation and pretty much in the position of a leader, his tendency to sell out hasn't been completely un-



Coming Back to the Artie

Shaw fold along with an estimated dozen other ex-Shaw sidemen. Georgie Auld and John Guarnieri are expected to step into key spots in the new band when Artie blows the call. Auld is pegged for the hot tenor chair while Guarnieri, who while with Shaw was featured on harpsichord with the Gramery five, may be seen at his former piano chair.

justified and, compared with Krupa's, has been modesty itself. In the *Honeysuckle* he played magnificently and the whole band reacted to the stimulus and turned in a superb performance. I think that from now on Ray will be satisfied with being nothing less than magnificent. If I'm right, the Crosby band will finally have achieved the jazz of which it is capable.

I'd like a word with those of you who accuse me of unfairness to Benny Goodman. As you may have gathered by now, I've never been one to go around organizing fan clubs for "The Ray" and his picture is one picture that I positively do not keep under my pillow, but I don't think that that constitutes unfairness. It's simply that I'm a big boy now and no longer allow myself to be over-awed by the great big bigness of his name. Benny this and Benny that and the back of me hand to yiz, as I once warned my audience of smart young women! Benny's present band is so damned disappointing that we don't talk about that, my sister and I. And as for his clarinet playing—Well, you know what Iturbi said. Look, friends: The greatest clarinet player in the world of jazz today is Charles Ellsworth Russell. The Pee Wee is really great and, for my tin, "The Ray" shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath with him. Pee Wee Russell is one of the true artists of our time and it makes me livid to find that so few people realize it. Benny this and Benny that! The back of me hand to yiz! When Benny is dead and gone there will be a lot of men able to follow in his footsteps, but

Terp Circus Unshutters

Los Angeles — Name bands and agencies were given the fluff-off by the promoters of California's newest major dance and recreation center, the Dancing Circus, semi-



open-air spot located near Riverside, California, as they signed a year's contract with Gordon Henderson, veteran dance band leader who has been active for years on the Coast, working in San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Henderson will head a 15-piece outfit featuring a girl vocalist, Penny Marnell.

The Dancing Circus, which was scheduled to open around August 1, will accommodate 5,000 dancers. Plans call for dancing five nights a week with a variety show on Sunday nights and boxing on Monday nights. Spot is leaning mainly on expected patronage from servicemen at near by Camp Haan and March Field.

No liquor will be served, with concessions going to soft drink parlors, cafes, etc.

Manager of the dances is George T. McCarthy, one-time manager of L.A.'s old Cinderella Roof and Patio ballrooms.

Goodman Gets New Yorker

Chicago—Benny Goodman signed last week to take his band into the Hotel New Yorker in New York on October 10 for the entire fall season. The date will follow his Meadowbrook engagement. Strategy of the New Yorker management in signing Goodman was to line up stiffest possible competition to Glenn Miller, who will be playing the Pennsylvania. It will be Goodman's first date at the New Yorker. Benny and the band have been playing to capacity crowds in the Panther room of the Hotel Sherman here for the past three weeks.

A number of letters have reached me inquiring about my attitude toward Artie Shaw's latest Victor records. I find some good things in them, but hardly the progressiveness that so many people seem to detect. After all I can remember when Whiteman was considered daring because he tried the same sort of thing. The only difference is that Shaw has the time and the Old Man didn't. Shaw has the time, but as the iceman said to the lady of the house, who's going to watch his horse?

when Pee Wee passes away there will be no one. No one in the whole wide world capable of playing that thing the way that Pee Wee plays it. That, friends, is a thought for today.

Basie's band never sounded better than it did during its three weeks at the Ritz Roof here in Boston. The reeds have finally achieved a good blend and the whole band, which was close to breaking up only a few months ago, now feels that its success is assured. Booked in as the feature act with the band was Hazel Scott. She was just about as God-awful as anyone I've ever heard and it is a distinct pleasure to be able to report that Jimmy Rushing cut her to ribbons. The high spots of the evenings came, by the way, when Basie put on his small band (the rhythm section, Buck, Tate, and Tab Smith on clarinet). It was jazz, as we say in the trade.

Why Elmer Thumbed His Nose At Corn and Romanced Jazz

Satire (to understate it)

by JAKE TRUSSELL, JR.

My name is Elmer. I am known by all from coast to coast. Known much better than damned near most. As a competent musician I'm 'way up there, playing from hot jazz up through longhair.

I've played with Sammy Kaye, Blue Steele, Rucky Tucker, Van Alexander and have sat in on many jam sessions with men like Frankie Carle. But during the past 18 months I have become famous internationally with a band of my own which I know you have heard on NBC, CBS, and Mutual, not to mention KMOX, when we played St. Louis. A band of my own which I called "Elmer's Tic Toc Temple Blocs, Swing and Sway to Music that Rocks."

This band recorded prolifically, switching labels every three weeks, for 18 months. But we never seemed to get anywhere.

All Was Stale

My men were stale. I was stale. Our music was stale. And god, you should have seen the poor jerques who came to hear us! Were they stale! But they bought five dollar dinners, and tipped everybody!

But we finally decided we weren't making a go of it. Everybody in the band was still broke and I began thinking of Blue Steele and Van Alexander. What did they think of me? Me, a man who had sat in on many jam sessions with men like Frankie Carle?

So I bought up a few old *Down Beats* and began to read up on what jazz was really like and now I want you to know that

"ELMER'S TIC TOC TEMPLE BLOCS, SWING AND SWAY TO MUSIC THAT ROCKS" is no more!

I'm through with crap! From now on my band is going to jump. And I mean JUMP!

Comes the Revolution

I am getting ten saxophones together and possibly a rhythm section, and I am going to blow hell out of every ballroom in America!

Jazz is going to see something new. And I am glad and happy and contented because I know what Blue Steele and Van Alexander will think. And men like Frankie Carle.

And if anybody ever mentions "Elmer's Tic Toc Temple Blocs, Swing and Sway to Music that Rocks" to me again, I—I—why, I'll commit suicide, that's what I'll do!

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Summer Slump?



NOT FOR Spotlight Sam!

Last year, summer was a blackout. This year he's playing a swank seaside spot with the waves whispering good wishes and a half gross of assorted blondes, brunettes and redheads vying for his favor. A sweet set-up? Yes—and he owes it all to the day he decided to rise above the level of run-of-mine percussionists by becoming a Master of the Marimba—a Deagan IMPERIAL Marimba, of course. For interesting folder, write J. C. Deagan, Inc., Dept. DB-8, 1770 Berteau Ave., Chicago.

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Chicago, August 15, 1946

'Good Circle

Lovers of band favor musical exper orchestra ca

Dance band and-coming pian. The y dance bands into the field orchestras or while the sec to spend thei very fact tha orchestras wo lar hours and are not requ town to tow buses without alert, better and guarante flawless perfe

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'Good Studio Band Can Run Circles around a Dance Ork'

by BOB TRENDLER

(Director, WGN Studio Dance Orchestra, Chicago)

Lovers of modern music who follow the current dance band favorites as the outstanding exponents of popular musical expression are worshipping false gods. A good studio orchestra can run musical circles around the best dance unit.

Dance bands are made up of up-and-coming or second rate musicians. The young fellows in today's dance bands will either graduate into the field of arranging, studio orchestras or head their own bands, while the second raters are doomed to spend their musical careers going from one band to another. The very fact that members of studio orchestras work more or less regular hours and go home nights and are not required to travel from town to town on broken down buses without proper food or rest insures radio stations of more alert, better satisfied musicians, and guarantees listeners of nearly flawless performances.

Minimum of Rehearsals Necessary
The best test of the musicians in any band is to note the number of rehearsals they need before they

can handle an arrangement. The average dance band has rehearsed a number so long, before they introduce it, that the musicians don't even need to look at the score. This is not the case with a studio orchestra as the musicians are reading every note, sometimes for the first time. Take the musicians in a dance band, give them a new arrangement such as a studio orchestra sees every day, and they probably wouldn't be able to adjust themselves to the score in two weeks.

In radio we don't have a library of from 30 to 50 numbers that we plug until they are worn out. Instead we are often required to produce something that has been written only a few hours before. On regular broadcasts, when we have time to work on arrangements, we are able to turn out blended music that fits with the motif of the program. A studio orchestra can interpret these intricate scores better than any other musical group.

The job of a studio orchestra is not just to play music, but to supply musical background (montage). This complicated process requires alert musicians who can read music the first time and understand cues. At times, as background for dramatic skits, studio orchestras are asked to play in the style of regular dance units and their imitation is perfect, proving that they can play the usual pop style when required.

Why Studio Bands Sound Better
An outstanding factor that goes toward making the studio orchestra a better-sounding unit than a dance band is the fact that the radio studios are perfectly equipped acoustically to bring out the desired musical effects. Glamor and blare are the chief reasons for the popularity of dance bands. Loud brass sections and heavy rhythm don't mean good music, but some people ignore the subtle types of swing in favor of mere noise.

Glamor will never make a band. There is nothing very glamorous about a working musician, and for this reason many of the favorites of today will be forgotten tomorrow because they tried to build a band around profiles instead of arrangements.

Warren Smith Joins Nichols

Chicago—Warren Smith, who has been working with various local bands since he left the trombone spot in the Bob Crosby band almost two years ago, has joined Red Nichols at the Melody Mill here.

"Smitty" replaced Bill Tesson, trombonist-arranger, who was forced to leave the band when his mother underwent a cancer operation in Boston. Bill will continue to arrange at home.

Trumpeters Jimmy Pupa and Joe Triscari have followed the Nichols lead and switched to cornets. The band has four more weeks to go at the Mill.

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Leaves Benny . . . Helen Forrest, shown here, gave notice to boss man Benny Goodman two weeks ago, telling him she was lighting out on her own as a solo act. Helen has been with Benny since December of 1939. She is expected to have left the band by the time this is read, and will probably be in New York tomorrow (16).

Gale Signs Lil Green, \$250 a Week

by ONAH SPENCER

Chicago—Lil Green, the greatest sephia blues sensation since Mamie Smith, has been signed this week by Moe Gale. The Gale organization saw fit to guarantee her \$250 weekly as a special attraction with the Tiny Bradshaw band.

Lil, who was discovered making eight dollars a week in a 43rd St. Chi tavern by this Beat columnist, now insists on an additional \$50 a week each for two musicians who accompany her on all her discs.

She uses a trio which includes:

Music in Movies:

'Hollywood Has Discovered What It Thinks Is Jazz'

by HAL HOLLY

Los Angeles—As anyone who has bothered to read these columns knows, Hollywood has suddenly discovered jazz, or what it thinks is jazz, and we have been busy tracing the course of this interesting meeting. It started at Paramount with Bing Crosby's *Birth of the Blues*, moved over to Warner Bros. to bob up as *Hot Nocturne* (which subsequently became *New Orleans Blues*) and then broke out on the RKO lot in the Wm. Dieterle office as *The Band Played On*. *The Band Played On* will be in production by the time this gets into print, but, of course, under a different title. The new tag is *Syncopation*. Hot, eh? Makes you want to start snapping your fingers immediately in anticipation.

'Great Lie' Music Excellent
A note in passing to salute a swell picture, out some time but which we just caught, in which music is used with rare intelligence to enhance the dramatic interest without distracting attention. We mean *The Great Lie*, a Bette Davis starrer. The familiar theme from the Tchaikowsky piano concerto is used throughout the picture but with different treatment according to the action. Notice the way it is twisted into a discordant jumble in the sequence in which George Brent wakes up with a hangover to discover he is married to a woman concert pianist (Mary Astor). And another salute to Mary Astor who makes the woman pianist as real as life—a rugged, hard-boiled gal, which is what a woman concert pianist would have to be to succeed. Notice that she sits at the piano like a man and gives it

hell, and that her synchronization with Norma Drury's recording is nearly perfect.

Note to Jack B. Tenney: We have it on reliable authority that Cy Feur, Republic's music head, recorded portions of Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony for background music to the ballet sequence in Republic's *Ice-Capades*. Shosty is reported to have written music under direct orders from Joe Stalin. . . Nothing new on the Dieterle jazz epic (see note in Paragraph I) except that Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper will have the principal roles with Adolphe Menjou and Robert Benchley in supporting parts. John O'Hara and Valentine Davies still at work on the script. . . The *Hut Sut Song* sequence which the Merry Macs did for Universal's *Ride 'Em Cowboy* has been scrapped and they will re-make it in a burlesque version due to the fact that the song will be a dead dog by the time the picture is released. . . Jimmie Lunceford's band will be seen and heard in the New Orleans cafe sequence in Warner's *New Orleans Blues* music tracks for the jam combo which figures in the story were recorded by Archie Rosate, clarinet; Frank Zinner, trumpet; Budd Hatch, bass; Dick Cornell, drums; Tony Romero, guitar.



Simeon Henry, piano; Willie Broonzie, better known in the land of blues as Big Bill, guitar; Ransom Knowlings, bass. Knowlings, who did not sign with Gale, will be replaced on tour by a member of Tiny's band.

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BY THE MAKERS OF THE HAMMOND ORGAN AND THE HAMMOND NOVACHORD



Recuperating after the brain injury incurred when he fell to the curb from an auto a few months ago, well known Chicago pianist Floyd Bean was released from Presbyterian Hospital a couple of weeks ago, and ordered to take a rest for at least six weeks. Floyd's taking it now at his parents' home in Newton, Iowa.

Four Pastor Men in Motor Crash

Wildwood, N. J.—Tony Pastor's trombone section and Bobby Guyer, trumpeter, escaped serious injury Aug. 3 when the car in which they were riding cracked up 60 miles from Wildwood.

Guyer was shaken up but uninjured. Tommy Farr, Hicks Henderson and Bill Abel, all trombonists, also got off without injuries. All four had to take a cab 60 miles to make the job in time. The Pastor band was jumping from Allentown, Pa., to Wildwood when the accident happened.

Spanier Replaces Kemp with Willard

Chicago—Clarence Willard, former Woody Herman and Ina Ray Luttin valve, replaces Dick Kemp as the Muggsy Spanier brass section. Muggsy, whose band will be another week at the Idora Park in Youngstown, Ohio, recently lost norman George Berg to Benny Goodman. The few-months-old Spanier gang have had very good showings on one-niters and theaters throughout the middle west.

Conniff Quits Savitt Band

New York—Ray Conniff, who abandoned his own band last month to take a job with Jan Savitt as trombonist and arranger, is back in New York. His deal with Savitt fell through after he was fired and now Ray is awaiting Archie Shaw's rehearsals, slated to start very soon. Shaw's trombone section will probably include Conniff, Jack Jenney and Vernon Brown.

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'Cons a Self-Styled GPU,' Rants Displeased Reader

Editor's Note: Nowhere but in a democracy would Mr. Irwin be honored the privilege of having so condemning a letter printed unless it were printed by his supporters. Under any other form of government, Mr. Irwin could not risk writing such a blatancy, whereas here not only can he write it but he is afforded its publication by the editor he so viciously censures. This is what we aim to preserve, Mr. Irwin. This is democracy. If, through our editorials, we expurgate certain subversive actions which lean toward the destruction of these privileges, we are proud.

New York City

To the Editors:

Attention Mr. Carl Cons:

As a consistent reader of *Down Beat* for the past several years I've never ventured to write you a letter about your stuff because, on the whole, I've felt you boys were doing a good and intelligent job and needed no coaching from the sidelines. But now, I think, the time has come, brother Cons, to tell you that there are certain sections of your paper that are beginning to give off with a good ripe odor.

'Shaw Has Rights'

I'm referring to your signed column about Artie Shaw renouncing communism and fascism and denying that he ever went to bat for Harry Bridges. In the first place who the hell elected you to be the Dies Committee of the musical industry? For my money, Artie Shaw and Goodman and any other musician who wants to do so has a right guaranteed by the Bill of Rights to exercise certain privileges of free speech and opinion which include among them the right to send a statement supporting Bridges if they wish. No one has proven yet that Bridges has exercised a subversive influence in the maritime industry. He's been guilty of the horrible crime of bettering the working and living conditions of seamen on the west coast and if your aristocratic nose can stand it, I suggest you go over to the Great Lakes and ask a few seamen how they feel about Bridges so that you can get your dope straight. But that's really secondary to the principal problem.

'Red Baiting Pleases Hitler'

The principal problem is that not you nor any other self-appointed gestapo has a right to put the finger on members of the industry because they happen to have ideas that differ with yours. Your paper has been consistently anti-Hitler but I can tell you pal, straight from the record, that nothing makes for so much happiness in the Hitler camp as to see

these kind of voluntary witch hunts and red baiting campaigns that do no good to anyone, and are cheap publicity stunts at best. *Down Beat* is too good a sheet to run that kind of corny material and your readers, I think, are too intelligent to want it.

You can do yourself and your readers, Mr. Cons, a big favor by cutting out this kind of tripe in the future, and really concerning yourself, as you have in the past, with progress in the industry, with higher musical and economic standards, and with the real problems that confront all working musicians.

You'll forgive me, I hope, for blowing my top this way, but I feel as strongly about America, about real democracy, about preserving and extending the principles of liberty and freedom that our forefathers fought for. I feel as strongly about these things as I do about music—maybe even a little more. And just as I hate to hear a schmaltzy note come from a good orchestra, or a corny fiddle in a good ensemble, I hate to hear *Down Beat* sounding off with the kind of fake patriotism that makes for the kind of diuinity and intolerance and suspicion that paves the way for the Nazi boys.

Cut the corn in your arrangements Editor Cons, and I and thousands of other *Down Beat* enthusiasts will be glad to sit back and enjoy your stuff once again.

BEN IRWIN

You Can Help the USO

The musicians of the country can perform a distinct service for their fellow band men in the army by keeping in mind that the United Service Organizations (USO) have been set up to provide recreation and diversion for the draftees in their idle moments. Diversion and recreation for musician draftees naturally becomes their playing, either in the regular company bands or in the dance bands and jam groups which they organize. Many of these outfits are shy of music, both piano copies and orchestrations. Some of them are even short on instruments. And records are a terrific help. If you have any old music that you don't play any more, or any records, or maybe an old horn that you don't ever touch, you can't go wrong by donating to the lads who are putting in their stint for defense.

Musicians Off the Record



Los Angeles—Will Osborne is working night and day shaping his new band up, and musicians here claim it is the greatest crew Will has ever fronted. Here is Osborne's pianist, Gil Stevens, after a tough rehearsal. It was snapped by an Osborne musician while Gil wasn't looking.



17 Years Ago Kenny Sargent played an alto sax in the 7-piece "Queen City Merry Makers" band which worked at Fairy Dell, about 16 miles north of Centralia, Ill. The crooning Casa Loma killer even then was a tall dark and handsome lad, though quite young. Pic courtesy F. Montie.

Pete Iljitch, Fred Martin Score Again

Los Angeles—Fact that Peter Iljitch Tchaikowsky is still the No. 1 writer of hit tunes and that Freddy Martin's band is just about the best bet for song promotion has been proved again.

About a month ago KVFD's "Hank, the Night Watchman" started broadcasting an advance copy of Martin's *Piano Concerto*, which turned out to be the opening theme of the well known Tchaikowsky concerto, already familiar to Joe Public as the theme music of Orson Welles radio series and, more recently, as the basic musical theme for the score of the Warner Brothers picture, "The Great Lie." Within a short time record shops were deluged with calls for the disc, a hit before it even went on sale. Hollywood House of Music sold over 200 copies of the disc the first week it was in stock.

The Freddy Martin arrangement was made by Ray Austin. Piano solo parts are taken by Jack Fina. Austin and Fina are both Martin regulars. Interesting fact about the arrangement is that it is really just a well-voiced adaptation of the Tchaikowsky to Martin's instrumentation, with no attempt at so-called "swing." Piano copies taken from Austin's adaptation will be published shortly due to large number of requests received at music houses.

Down Beat invites criticism from its readers. Write the "Chords & Discords" editor.



"Joey can't rehearse today—his dentist is working on his mouthpiece."

Chords and Discords

'I'll Munch My Tenor, Case and All'

Long Beach, Calif.

To the Editors:

I'm a regular reader of the *Beat* and as a whole it's tops. But once in a while someone's ultra-louisy statement is published. Such is "The Case of the Corn Bands." I read Heidt's baloney and then Lyman's and so on. But when I read Kaye's masterpiece I was annoyed, but greatly. Does Sammy actually believe that Miller, Goodman, the Dorsey's and other top bands just pay out money for good sidemen without a reason? Well they do it so they can play good arrangements and have their bands sound like something. Just any time that the "Music the Corny

Way by Sammy Kaye" band can do justice to a Miller, Goodman, Lunceford, or Dorsey arrangement I'll put my tenor, case and all, between two slices of bread and munch it.

CHARLES THOMAS

'I Can't Find Words'

La Grange, Ill.

To the Editors:

That writeup in the July issue on Mr. Sammy Kaye was just excellent and it fitted him perfectly. Recently I saw him in person and, boy, I can't find words that express Mr. Kaye and his band. They're just too grand for words. What I want to know is—after Mr. Kaye's engagement at the Chicago theater—
(Modulate to Next Page)

RAGTIME MARCHES ON ...

TIED NOTES

- HAIPERT-STADTLER**—Ralph Hauptert, with the Hal Leonard band, and Evelynne Stadler, July 16 in Columbus, O.
- TEPAS-PINCH**—Gerald Tepas, bandleader, and Kathleen Pinch, July 12, in Buffalo.
- THORNTON-COOK**—John Thornton, and Betty Cook, ex-KDKA-WCAE vocalist, in Roanoke, Va., recently.
- GADBEY-ELDER**—Floyd Gadbey, tenor with Johnny 'Scat' Davis, and Bette Elder, former alto with Rita Rio, in Council Bluffs, recently.
- FRIEDLANDER-ROSENBERG**—Henry Friedlander, sax with Bill McCune, and Vivian Rosenberg, July 25, in New York.
- JACKSON-McCARTNEY**—George Jackson, with Donna and Her Don Juans, and Edith McCartney, in Chicago, recently.
- HAUNSELL-COYLE**—Clare Haunsell, trumpeter with Ray Alderson, and Mary Coyle, in Attumonia, Iowa, recently.
- GOODMAN-WILSON**—Gene Goodman, Regent Music Corp. exec. and Kay Wilson, of the show *Hellzapoppin'* in New York. July 26 at Virginia Beach, Va., in a surprise elopement.
- FRONTI-D'ABRACCI**—Angie Fronti, saxist with Paul Frens, and Philomena D'Abbracci, in Penn Yan, N. Y., recently.
- IOOSS-MEEKER**—Walter Iooss, bass player with Benny Goodman, and Barbara Meeker, at Mount Clemens, Mich., June 28.
- SWAIN-CROWN**—J. Calvin Swain, Philly musician, to Virginia Crown, State Theater employee, Harrisburg, Pa., in Philly, recently.
- MIKKELSEN-PELOSO**—Rigmor Mikkelsen, accordionist, and Frances Peloso, in Albuquerque, N. M., July 15.

NEW NUMBERS

- EISENBERG**—A son, Edwin, born to Mrs. Edward Eisenberg in Detroit, recently. Mother was Dorothy Crane vocalist with Bernie Cummins.
- BURKE**—Twin boys, Joseph Francis and Thomas Gillis, born to Mrs. Sonny Burke July 18 at New Rochelle, N. Y. Dad is head of the Charlie Spivak arranging department.
- CAMPBELL**—A son, Harry LeRoy, 5 pounds 4 oz., born to Mrs. Harry Campbell at St. Francis hospital, Grand Island, Neb., on July 24. Father is a drummer with Sammy Haven band.
- JOHNSON**—A son, Allyn Blaine, 7 pounds 8 oz., born to Mrs. Blaine Johnson at Union hospital in Terre Haute, July 17. Dad is bass with Tim Murphy's band.
- ROLLINI**—A son, Arthur Ferdinand, 8 pounds 12 oz., born to Mrs. Arthur Rollini, July 20. Dad is with the Will Bradley band.

- McMICHAEL**—A daughter, July Lynn, born to Mrs. Judd McMichael, July 7. Dad is one of the Merry Maes.
- OLSON**—A daughter, born to Mrs. Everett Olson on July 1. Dad is with the Lawrence Welk band.
- FAYE**—A daughter, Sandra Joan, 7 pounds 3 oz., born to Mrs. George Faye at Jewish hospital, Cincinnati, O. Dad is trombonist with Sonny Dunham.
- KING**—A son, Richard Allen, 5 pounds, born to Mrs. Bobby King, July 10, at White Plains hospital. Dad plays trumpet with Mel Marvin.
- ABRAMS**—A daughter, Deanna, born to Mrs. Maurice Abrams July 6 in Philly. Dad is a radio singer.
- STEVENSON**—A son, William Roger, born to Mrs. Jimmy Stevenson recently. Dad is an ork leader.
- GABBE**—A daughter born to Mrs. Dick Gabbe in New York, July 12. Dad is a booker for GAC.
- REO**—A daughter, born to Mrs. Tommy Reo, born July 15 in Roanoke, Va. Father is trombonist with Charlie Barnett at Casa Manana, Culver City, Cal.

LOST HARMONY

- COPELAND**—Mrs. Helen Copeland from Mel Copeland, June 30 at Indianapolis. Mrs. was formerly Helen Van of the Musical Vans.
- KENT**—Mrs. Avis Kent from Tommy Kent, July 8 in Rock Island, Ill. She is a singer.

FINAL BAR

- NIMMS**—George W., musician, July 16 in Albany, N. Y.
- EDRICH**—Arno, 38, lawyer, former musician with Rudy Vallee, in Cleveland July 8 from a hemorrhage.
- EDRICH**—Arno, former sax with Rudy Vallee, July 8 in Cleveland, of a hemorrhage.
- CAUBERT**—Phillipe, composer and director of the Paris Opera, died recently in Paris.
- ALLEN**—Norman, 27, radio and concert pianist, drowned July 1 at Bowen Island, B. C.
- BALMER**—Charles, 75, composer, died July 7 in St. Louis of stroke.
- CHARLE**—Tamara, 27, singer, committed suicide in her room in Albany, N. Y., July 9.
- MORELLI**—Mrs. Caroline, 75, mother of Tony Morelli, Scranton band leader recently.

Chicago. 60- Lou Hello, me to dis joy spots To tell be putting can hardl C's as a my best fro cafes, arm Setch Jud Speaking minds me pion bug Sam's Ph held at th a couple o All nav were invit horn man. the decis and prou prize in c Keepin' Ho Lots of and I try because i "Old Man to the mi that olde soloists a musicians trainer Bank John Had a eria, Lou old forme sat in an with the play like age. His still has Me ter, when next? We answer i me? Plea A Salu You Lu To the E I have wonderfu and I th publicatio being in much in and your consider ing able Benny G I would somebody I have al you will 'Respe Pht-t- I've B To the E Where English? thing I I realize discussio personal want th the wron point. My op although Wettleing with me long on esting, cess of taste, b chorus beautiful Ri P E 6671

60-year-old 'Bunk' Johnson, Louis' Tutor, Sits in the Band

by LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Hello, Cats! It's Ol' Satchmo speakin'. *Down Beat* asked me to dish out the jive as I see it while gypsying around the joy spots over the land.

To tell you I feel honored would be putting it mildly, as I know I can hardly hope to hit the high C's as a scribe. However, I'll do my best to lay it for you on the jump from ballrooms, theaters, cafes, army camps, etc.

Satch Judges Buglers Contest

Speaking of army camps reminds me of the contest for champion bugler at good old Uncle Sam's Philadelphia Navy Yard, held at the Earl Theater in Philly a couple of weeks back.

All navy buglers at this yard were invited to compete for champ horn man. Audience applause made the decision and I was the lucky and proud cat who presented the prize in cash.

Keepin' Hup

Lots of new ideas circulating and I try to keep hep to the jive, because if I live to be as old as "Old Man Mose" I'd like to be up to the minute. Which reminds me that older musicians were better soloists and individualists, but the musicians of today are much better trained.

Bunk Johnson

Had a big surprise in New Iberia, Louisiana, when my 60 year old former teacher, Bunk Johnson, sat in and went to town on a solo with the band. Hope I can still play like that cat when I'm his age. His lip work is tops and he still has original ideas aplenty.

Red Beans and Rice

Also found that N. O. still serves the best of my favorite dish, red beans and rice. And how the cats in the band do rub me, saying if I don't cut down on this dish I'll be as big as my old Chi pal, Tiny Parham, who still holds



Satchmo and Pal, Tiny Parham, are shown here engaging in a small bit of jiving banter. In his accompanying gab column, Armstrong says Parham, the Chicago piano-organist, is the only man he knows who eats "five meals a day with all the trimmin's."

what I believe is the musicians record, five man sized meals a day with trimmin's.

Gibson-Grey Team in Chi

Chicago—Margie Gibson, former Benny Goodman, Harry James, Coleman Hawkins arranger, and author of *Take It* and *Let the Door Knob Hit 'cha*, has formed an arranging team with Bill Grey, nationally known arranger and Margie's tutor.

Margie and Bill are free-lancing here and feel that Chi is ideal spot for the handling of their material. Most of their scores to date are being used by Boyd Raeburn's Chez Paree band and that of Andy Kirk.

the Aug. 1 *Down Beat* but there happened to be a slight error about my age. I'm 19, not 24. Please correct this. Thank you.

WENDY BISHOP

O'Connell, Eberly, and Accompaniment

Kansas City, Kan.

To the Editors: In a recent issue you said that Jimmy Dorsey was the hottest band in the field.

I haven't heard it in person yet, but from back here it sounds like an accompaniment to two good vocalists. I'll take Miller every time.

JEAN PAGE

Eddie Charles Should Have a Full Page

Mendota, Ill.

To the Editors: In a recent issue, I saw a letter written by B. Ritterspoon, Jr., panning Eddie Charles' Small Band Banter, my favorite column.

Charles certainly knows his stuff concerning the small unknown bands. He must have been in one himself.

The small bands mentioned by Ritterspoon, such as Teddy Wilson, etc., are really big time and are mentioned on every page of the *Beat* which is as it should be—but leave us small time gates the pleasure of one little column, anyhow.

I think Eddie Charles should have a full page. It would still leave 31 pages for the big bands and big time small bands.

BILL CURTIS

Yeah, Let's Forget It

Trenton, N. J.

To the Editors: I have wanted to write a letter to an editor of a publication which featured articles by George Frazier for a long time. I never cared especially for George's views and I often have felt that it would be a fine idea to get the thing off my mind. It is indeed quite a surprise to find that I feel now that I should try to defend him.

I don't know Mr. Frazier and frankly have no desire to get to know him. I am familiar enough with the chap already and feel that I know him as well as his mother. Anyone can get to know George by simply reading one of his majestic utterances. George is a sensationist who was fortunately gifted with the knowledge of how to wield a pen in a truly

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The Four Down Beats with the Carl Hoff band at Blue Gardens, Armonk, N. Y. knock out a little bit of hot for the customers. This quartet, the band's hot jazz unit includes Joe Sincore, git; Vic Gerard, drums; Jack Sadoff on bass, and Danny Gool on fiddle. Band's handled by MCA.

melodramatic style. He is master of the adjective—in this field at least. In addition to this, however, George is the proud possessor of another indefatigable trait. He is the only child in the field of jazz criticism.

Now no one is at all fair when they berate and tear apart the writings of a boyhood genius; a child prodigy. That just isn't being done (as they say on Beacon Hill) and it won't be done as long as I can raise my gallant voice in protest. The little girls love his historical treatises on the glorious twenties which he so obligingly produces (and they are productions, you know—simply colossal productions) for that magazine. The tougher scaled gentry who prefer *Down Beat* shouldn't get angry with our hero but should, on the other hand, try to be just a bit more tolerant and remember that the boy never grew up.

So let's not be angry with George. Let's try to understand the Kid from Kamebridge. Think of the Harvard University campus at twilight of a spring evening way back when. You see the "kid" himself with a lovely girl (take George's word—you don't see that kind these days) on his arm and a Gershwin tune in his head. There they are and they are really off for the races—49 skiddoo. Well, if those days were really all George says they were I for one, am willing to let him have them all to himself. Let's leave the guy alone. He's happy.

WALT WILSON

When patronizing the *Beat's* advertisers, be sure to mention *Down Beat*.

Kenny Sargent Spends Night In the Cooler

Minneapolis — Kenny Sargent, sax and vocalist for Glen Gray's Casa Lomas, was released without charge after being arrested with an unidentified woman in his room here ten days ago. After spending the night in the cooler, Kenny was freed so he could leave with the band which was one-nighting in this territory.

The woman was fined \$5 for drunkenness. The police report that the arrest became necessary when Kenny and the woman refused to quiet down after they had been warned by hotel officials.

Down Beat has the finest staff of jazz feature writers and reporters in the field.



More Chords, Discords

(Jumped from Page 10)

ter, where is he going to play next? Would you please put an answer in the August issue for me? Please.

MARY PAVLETIC

A Salute from les RAF, You Lucky Chaps

3 Egremont Promenade, Wallasey, Cheshire, England

To the Editors:

I have been a reader of your wonderful mag for the last year and I think it is the finest swing publication in circulation. With me being in the RAF, I do not get much in the way of swing, etc., and your mag brightens up things considerably. I envy you chaps being able to hear bands such as Benny Goodman, etc. If possible, I would like to get in touch with somebody over there to write to. I have always wanted to, so I hope you will publish this letter.

D. AYNGE

'Respect for Wettling, Pht-t-t for Al Saj, I've Been Misconstrued'

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Where did Al Saj learn to read English? He misconstrued everything I wrote in my last letter. I realize that the subject under discussion is largely a matter of personal opinion, yet I wouldn't want the public at large to get the wrong impression of my viewpoint.

My opinion is (and I believe that although I disagreed with Mr. Wettling's statement, he will agree with me), that drum solos, even long ones, can be musical, interesting, and in good taste. An excess of anything is never in good taste, but a solo of even a whole chorus in length can be just as beautiful, and musical as a solo



Off the Stand . . . Sammy Kaye (wearing the hat) checks over an arrangement with Frank (Pump) Haendle, his number one arranger.

on any other instrument, I will be more than glad to write out a solo for a full chorus of any number for the edification of Mr. Saj, to prove my point.

Mr. Wettling may have referred to the adolescent drummer who hits everything in sight without rhyme or reason. Now that I think back on it, but I referred to the drummer who is musician enough to know what to do, when to do it, and why he does it. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Wettling as a percussionist and musician, and I think Mr. Saj is very foolish for making an issue of my opinion which I wanted to express personally to Mr. Wettling in the first place.

DANIEL SHANSKY

'Error About Age'

New York City

To the Editors:

Thanks a lot for running my photograph on the picture page of

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What Goes on the Coast:

Woody and Boys Kill 'em on West Coast

by HAL HOLLY

Los Angeles—Looks very much as though 1941 will go down in the books as "Woody Herman Year." Woody and his boys, currently holding forth at Maurie Cohen's super deluxe dance emporium, the Palladium, have drawn a hold-over ticket of four extra weeks over their original contract booking of four weeks. The option has been taken up twice for two weeks on each occasion, which marks the first time a band has drawn two option pick-ups from the Palladium since it opened. Barney McDevitt, the Palladium's able praiser (he also did advance exploitation work on Herman that had much to do with his success here) tells us that Herman's opening-night hit about 4800 admissions—just 500 less than Glenn Miller, America's No. 1 ballroom draw, who hit here at the peak of his success.

Bad Break for Barnet

It stands to reason that all this Herman talk is not bringing happiness to the hearts of Charlie Barnet or his current employer, Joe Zucca of the Casa Manana. Although the two bands are widely different in style, both attract pretty much the same type of business—the young kids who know their dance bands and like 'em groovy. There just isn't enough of this type of business to go around two ways in this town or any other outside of New York or Chi. Result: gloom at the Casa Manana, which, located in Culver City and inaccessible except via jalopy, can't catch enough of the kids to draw an even break. In spite of all this, Barnet knocked out the record Saturday night at the Casa Manana during his first week.

Speaking of Eggs

But if there is gloom at the Casa Manana during the early nights of the week (which make or break the balance sheet) there is downright despair at the Trianon, where Johnny "Scat" Davis, whom we last knew as a movie actor of a kind, hit the town without any advance exploitation and will leave the same way. Davis also would have to count on the younger patronage to do business. With Herman and Barnet fighting it out for the same gang, you can guess what was left for Johnny. . . . The Trianon's Jimmy Contratto, who has always preferred bands of the "strictly commercial" type, has one coming up to follow Davis—Ted Fio Rito, opening Aug. 20.

Band Briefs:

It's Ozzie Nelson after Barnet at Casa Manana, opening Sept. 2. . . . Gene Krupa replacing Woody Herman at the Palladium a little later in September. . . . Copa Cabana finally set an opening date—Aug. 13. Daryl ("Americongo Band") Harpa will be on the bandstand. . . . Wilshire Bowl apparently all set with capital for reopening with extra-extra floor revue soon. Understood that John Murray Anderson is holding the reins. Nothing set yet on band deal for spot. . . . Owners of a San Francisco nitery are gazing with interest at the Victor Hugo, dark since the former operators shot their wad on Ben Bernie and went into the defunct column. If



Alvino Eats and doesn't spare the chompers, after getting in at 3 a.m., beat and hungry from a grueling night at the twang box in front of that fine band of his. Last name is Rey, of course. Now with Johnny Fall-stitch in his brass section (Johnny having come over from the Jack Teagarden band) Al's able to digest his food better.

anything happens they will want Paul Whiteman to open for them. . . . Chuck Foster, with a record breaking run at the Biltmore Hotel under his belt, is figured to be ready to crack the big time in the East. Rockwell office should shoot the works on a Foster build-up and no doubt will, as the band is ready to go places, having plenty of air time and strong platter sales behind it. Carl Ravazza, set



Bronzed Musician-Athletes on Sunny Catalina, and what a wonderful time those guys have out there! Here's a mob of the Dick Jurgens and Kay Kyser boys—(note Kay and Dick front-center), breaking up their ball game for a Down Beat pic along the side-

lines. Not many of the guys who have played Catalina will disagree that the job is the out-of-this-world summer date for any band. You can pick out all the guys here—most of them are easily recognizable. And, incidentally, the Jurgens team whipped the Kyser Kats, 7 to 6.

by Wm. Morris office, to follow Foster at the Biltmore. . . . Neil Bondshu, another Wm. Morris prospect, at Ciro's, one of the town's choice spots. Bondshu's band resembles that of his predecessor in the spot—MCA's Henry King. . . . Hal Grayson, a hometown product, current at Catalina, but most of the interest seems to be waiting for arrival at the Island of Hob Crosby's gang, which recalls to mind that trumpet man Lyman Vunk leaves Charlie Barnet to go with Crosby, Cy Baker getting the Barnet spot.

Notings Today:

Stork was hovering over the Woody Hermans as this was written. . . Paul Martin, NBC musical director from San Francisco in

town to stay, which means that Paul, an NBC ace, is no doubt set for something worthwhile in Hollywood. . . . Wingie Manone, still fussing around with a band, threatens to open his own itery out in the San Fernando Valley section. Says he will put up a building with the nitery downstairs and living quarters for Wingie upstairs where he will assemble a huge collection of Bing Crosby and Louie Armstrong records, and no doubt a few of his own. . . . Dave Stuart has moved his Jazz Man Record Shop again, this time to Santa Monica Blvd., just west of Vine St. . . . Buck & Bubbles, a team of entertainers who are a part of the jazz legend because they worked in the famous old Chicago

spots that are also part of the legend, are making their first Hollywood appearance at the Rhumbogee on Highland Ave. Buck (Washington) of Buck & Bubbles is the piano player on Louie's famous old disc, *Weatherbird*. . . . Bill Hatch, general musical director of KNX, the Hollywood CBS station, is doubling at the NBC plant up the street, where he handles the music for the "Date with Judy" series. . . . Albert Coates, top-rung sympho man, under whom Gordon Jenkins studied conducting at U.S.C. last winter, appeared as a guest conductor on one of his pupil's NBC programs. Coates swung the stick with gusto on a Jenkins swing-style arrangement of the *Blue Danube* waltz.

MacPartland May Get a Part in Orson Welles' Movie on Jazz

(Chicago—[Special])—While this story was on the presses a frantic phone call came through to Down Beat from the MCA offices here asking the whereabouts of Jimmy MacPartland. The anonymous exec revealed that something hot might be in the offing for him "out on the coast." When questioned by Down Beat if this was in reference to the Orson Welles picture, the caller, obviously surprised by the query, lapsed into silence with "nothing to report on that.")

by EDDIE BEAUMONTE

Chicago—The men of "Chicago school" jazz fame, who got their start in the Windy City and returned home last month after several years absence, have gone again. The crackup spread the MacPartland band like refugees after their four week stint at the Brass Rail in the Loop here.

Pee Wee Stays in Chi

According to reliable reports, 88er Joe Sullivan streamlined for New York after their closing nite. Drummer Hank Isaacs is jobbing out of Chicago and George Brunis, of the tail-gate trombone Brunises, is winging his way back to Atlantic City and his happy home. Pee Wee Russell, clary, is reported recuperating in Chi with thermom-

eter in hand before venturing more than a block from his room, but he intends to leave as soon as possible. Leader and cornetist Jimmy MacPartland, and Eddie Condon, guitar, are rumored fishing and breathing nothing but the freshest of air up in the north woods.

Maybe Hollywood

Not long after the split the report came through from Hollywood that Orson Welles is planning a jazz epoch starring Louis Armstrong with a big birth for the men of Austin High and Chicago jazz fame. Now the dragnet is again thrown out by leading bookers to draw the Chicago gang to-

gether once more but this time far from the bed of its birth. This time they will be collected, if possible, under the sunny skies of Hollywood.

Roberts Denies Child's Charge Of Indecency

by CHARLIE EMGE

Los Angeles—As Down Beat reached its editorial deadline, this reporter obtained a flat denial from William Roberts of the two morals charges placed against the publicity director of the L. A. Musicians Union (Local 47, AFM) here.

"I am entirely innocent of these charges," the 43-year-old Roberts stated, "and will prove it in court." (Editor's Note: The news report of Roberts' arrest in Los Angeles on charges of molesting a 9 year-old-girl, and of having raped a 13-year-old last year appears in another section of this issue.)

Stulce Subs for Rando with Crosby

by JIM SLATER

Dallas—When first alto man "Doc" Rando of the Bob Crosby band was called suddenly home to New Orleans two weeks ago by a death in the family, Crosby and Rodin were in a panic for a man to take over on the Plantation Club date. But someone mentioned that Freddy Stulce, Tommy Dorsey's first alto, was in town on vacation with his bride. The Crosbymen located Fred and shot him the SOS. Stulce responded and played the job in Rando's place.

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Advertisement for The Woodwind Co. featuring a saxophone. The ad includes the text "SPARKLE-AIRE" and "THE MASTER'S CHOICE" in a speech bubble. Below the saxophone, it says "NOTHING VENTURED NOTHING GAINED!" and "Your talent should not be handicapped by a poor mouth-piece." It also lists prices for various saxophone models and contact information for The Woodwind Co. at 131 West 45th St., Dept. AD, New York, N. Y.

Advertisement for Otto Cesana's "STUDY ARRANGING" course. It lists various musicians who have studied with him, including Van Alexander, Charles Garble, and Gene Krupa. The course is available in two formats: "Complete Course One Year CORRESPONDENCE OR AT STUDIO" and "NOW AVAILABLE!" with prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$11.00. Contact information for Otto Cesana is provided at the bottom.

Chicago, August 15, 1941. The ju... started on... and Delay... first time... but mancu... defense bu... the boys ju... junket we... mer Jimmy... Morreale, e... ell; Georg... arranger f... crew; Sid... for the lat... others. Hei... mond Scot... combo. Marvin... wood Arse... us the ne... once of the... penning se... musical co... camp. The... gang along... The first... electrica... equipment... els nearing... the country... recital a f... Meyer, va... special des... acoustical... on your e... offices tut... of the band... of its rec... section wh... of drafts... The pigeo... stool mob... names. So... take five a... A letter... down in C... us that l... other boy... have been... Kys... Ape... Los A... found Joe... ford's bar... the small... in a cast... other mu... with the... spirit" in... and doctor... dee, pian... was disc... radio pro... arm in a... sustained... dent was... observer... dropped... lap at... learned th... ing with... elbow to... his finger... fected by... curred in... forearm... like a cr... Thomas... cast and... for anoth... sustained... with othe... Don't... can't co... world... some m... have, th... print is... self. No... mention... got to... we can... Lete... A R C... Railroad... Jumpin'... Waley o... Lose...

Ravings at Reveille

by "SARJ"



The jump band of Ft. Dix came out of the forest and started on a swing around the posts of New Jersey, New York and Delaware recently and if our ops are in the know it's the first time that Sam's cats have cut out on tour for anything

but maneuvers since our national defense became urgent. Some of the boys lucky enough to make this junket were: Don Matteson, former Jimmy Dorsey slide; James Morrae, ex-valve for Teddy Powell; George Johnston, valve and arranger from the Will Osborne crew; Sid Macy, former arranger for the late Hal Kemp, and many others. Herbie Fields, former Raymond Scott reed, will front the combo.

Marvin Rees down in the Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland shoots us the news that Bob Burnides, once of the Johnny Long band, is penning some swell scores for a musical comedy show at their camp. The show will feature a jam gang along with a full band.

The first of the 555 Hammond electrics, which will be regular equipment for the regimental chapels nearing completion throughout the country, was heard in a special recital a few Sundays back at Ft. Meyer, Va. These organs are of special design to counteract certain acoustical problems of the chapels.

A lost carrier pigeon flopped up on your old Sarj's desk at the Beat office tuther day and spied that the band at Ft. Riley was stripped of its reeds and half of its rhythm section when the CRTIC sent a gang of draftees off to permanent posts. The pigeon said he wasn't of the stool mob so he didn't divulge any names. Someone with a free hand take five and hip us on this.

A letter from Pvt. M. R. Eargle down in Camp Blanding, Fla. tells us that Hank Freeman and the other boys in the 102 Inf. band have been sent to Rayley, La. for

maneuvers. That still leaves us quite a bevy of cats here says Eargle because we have some 20 bands bouncing the barracks at Blanding.

Maybe you heard the one Lynn Borden, radio actor on the Pvt. Lynn Borden Reports airshow, got



Here's a Snap of some of the boys down at Camp Blanding, Fla. after they had been up for a goose's gander of the local terrain. They said imagine their surprise when they learned that the pilot turned out to be a sax player with a Jacksonville card. They are, from left to right, Billy Juill, Fred Crisafi, Jack Cavallero, the pilot (we didn't get his name), Pete Fusco, and Henry Singer. Henry sent us the snap.

'Red Hunt' Ricochets On Ex-AFM Official

by CHARLIE EMGE

Los Angeles—The political fire crackers which Jack B. Tenney, former president of Local 47, planned to explode under the chairs of his Local 47 political opponents with his "Red Hunt" via a State Assembly investigating committee, blew up with a bang during the first two days of the investigation—right in his own face!

Tenney Hits Opponents

Under the guise of investigating communistic activities in labor unions, Tenney, who is chairman of the State Assembly's interim committee on subversive activities, lost no time in turning the inquisition toward his Local 47 political opponents, particularly those who had been active in bringing about his defeat as president of the musicians' union.

Among the first musicians to be subpoenaed was Sam Albert, studio violinist. When Tenney questioned him about what was inferred to have been a communistic faction meeting in his (Albert's) home the musician replied calmly: "I remember meeting you there. You were running for president. We helped in your election."

When questioned concerning another assertedly communistic organization, Albert testified that Tenney himself had been a member of this group.

'You Introduced Us'

Mischa Altman, another studio violinist, also a leader of the 1938

off a while back on the Army's new marching song. He says it's *My Blister and I*.

LeRoy Tanner dropped us a card that he's now a Pvt. at Camp Wheeler, Ga., and the only swing cat in the camp. Tanner was a music teacher and first valve in his brother Benny's band.

From Camp Stewart, another in Georgia, we got the vine that a fire starting in the tailor shop burned the recreation center and the library of Al Miller's band. The guys there that will have to play from the skull now include: Arnie Ladico, Nick DiPonzio, Nelson Sell, Frank Grayson, reeds; Freddie Kaspersack, Greg Martin, Claire Krembel, valves; Ed Spencer, George Demers, slides; Chuck Hughes, keys; Ray Dooly, skins, and Miller on bass.

Joe Bruce, extracted from Leon Prima's 5-piece, is in Camp Croft, Spartanburg, S. C. Tony Greco from Tommy Reynolds replaces him. Others at Croft include: Bud Foster of the Chi Gay Nineties Revue pit band; Bob Aciri, ex-88er for NBC and the King's Jesters;

Frank Klammer, Johnny Scat Davis, slide; Mel Raabe, tenor from Red Norvo, and others. George Everly, also of Croft, tells us that Don Watson, former Baltimore tenor king, is getting his kicks down there switching to bugle. He says Don figures that on bugle he'll catch the ear of everyone in camp and maybe there's a critic or two there that has blasted him.

Eddie Calloway from South Bend, Ind., is now Pvt. Edward Calloway, Battery D 32nd. Battalion, 8th, training regiment, Field Artillery Replacement Center, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Sounds like the address of one of those terp tepees in New Jersey. Dig me?

After reading Don Rose's letter in the Sarj's pillar that the gang at Camp Forrest had a juke but no platters for it, Russ Morgan shot them a basketful of discs and now everybody's happy.

When Miss Helen Cusack of Indianapolis was recently crowned queen of the 38th Division at Hattiesburg, Miss., the boys in the army at Camp Shelby who form the 139th Field Artillery band were granted the privilege of playing in her honor.

All the members of the band are Indiana musicians. Pvt. Clair Widdows is leader. He plays fine alto and clarinet. Others in the band are Corp. G. Knapp, Sgt. L. Lavender, Pvt. L. Davis, Sgt. R. Tompkins, Pvt. E. Gostiglo, Pvt. W. Howard, Pvt. D. Hartley, Pvt. R. Herron, Pvt. K. Johnson, Pvt. J. Danible, Corp. J. Jones, Pvt. D. Stout and Pvt. J. Ries. Life mag was present and a picture spread in that mag may soon be forthcoming.

Tasker Quits As Red Nichols Manager

Chicago—After managing the Red Nichols band for almost a year, George Tasker left Red yesterday to take over management of the young Tony Cabot band, currently at the Will-Shore here through MCA. Fiddle and tenor man Cabot has had a big band for only a month or two, and with a recent Fitch Band Wagon appearance under its belt, is being given the green light by MCA.

Tasker, who has had his own band around town, also managed Anson Weeks for six years.

Hey, you cats in the camps scattered from coast to coast! Sarj wants to know what's cookin' and who's new around your barracks. Drop him a line c/o the Beat and keep him hipped.



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SUPERMAN	Charlie Hathaway
BENNY RIDES AGAIN	Charlie Hathaway
FIESTA IN BLUE	Jimmy Mundy
BENNY'S BUGLE	Jimmy Mundy
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Kyser's Man Apes Thomas

Los Angeles—Last issue we found Joe Thomas of Jimmy Lunceford's band playing his horn with the small finger of his right hand in a cast. This time we find another musician pounding 'em out with the old "show-must-go-on-spirit" in spite of broken bones and doctor's casts. It's Lyman Gande, piano with Kay Kyser, who was discovered playing Kyser's radio program with his right forearm in a cast due to a broken bone sustained in an auto crash. Incident was discovered by sharp-eyed observer who noted that Gande dropped his right hand into his lap at every opportunity and learned that the pianist was working with a cast on his arm from elbow to wrist. Gande said that his fingers were only slightly affected by the fracture, which occurred in the small bone of the forearm, and fortunately was more like a crack than an actual break.

Thomas' finger was still in the cast and was figured to stay there for another couple of weeks. He sustained the injury playing ball with other members of the band.

Don't forget that the Beat can't cover the whole bloody world, and that if you've got some news that we ought to have, the best way to get it into print is to send it in to us yourself. Nobody's too small to get mention in Down Beat, but we've got to know what goes before we can print it.

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Spike Hughes Discs Get 'Thumbs Up'

12 Hot Platters in Third 'Gems of Jazz' Album; Other New Discs

by DAVE DEXTER, JR.

DECCA LEADS the field this month in the recorded jazz department with three albums of instrumentals, one of which, a third volume of its "Gems of Jazz," rates as particularly outstanding. Leonard Feather conceived the collection and scribbled the booklet accompanying the dozen sides, among which are:

Sweet Lorraine, Doin' the Up-town Lowdown, Jazz Me Blues and In De Ruff, by Joe Venuti's Blue Six; *Queer Notions*, Fletcher Henderson's ork; *Old Fashioned Love*, piano solo by Buck Washington; *Nocturne and Arabesque*, Spike Hughes' ork, and *Minnie the Mocher's Wedding Day, I'm Rhythm Crazy Nose, Happy Feet and Of Man River*, all by Horace Henderson and his band.

The entire batch originally were European issues of a few years back. And while parts of the performances are rough and ragged, there's enough meat and potatoes to go around nicely. The Hughes sides especially are excellent.

Two other Decca albums worth digging are "Tenor Saxophobia" and "Blackstick," which shape up as collections of tenor sax and clarinet solos, respectively. The tenor batch comprises offerings by Coleman Hawkins, Herschel Evans, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Dick Wilson, Eddie Miller, Herbie Haymer, Bud Freeman and Chu Berry. "Blackstick" shows the solo styles of Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman, Irving Fazola, Benny Goodman, Danny Polo, Jimmy Noone, Joe Marsala, Johnny Dodds, Pee-Wee Russell and Sidney Bechet. Both books peddle at \$2.25 and both are made up of choice items in the Decca catalog.

Jimmie Lunceford

A slow-tempoed, richly-scored version of the Hebraic *Eli, Eli* with Dan Griesom vocalizing backs *Blue Prelude*, which is no improvement on Woody Herman's earlier Decca. *Peace and Love For All* is the title they've stuck upon the *Eli* chant. Paul Webster's screeching trumpet is held down to a minimum and there's a swell Ed

Wilcox piano bit on *Prelude*. Decca 3892.

Mildred Bailey

If a greater vocal record than Mill's *Everything Depends on You* has been made in 10 years, then it's never hit this department's turntable. With Herman Chittison's tasty Steinway stylings backing her beautifully, Bailey gets on wax a performance which should intrench her even more solidly as the favorite chirp of musicians. Backer, Duke's *All Too Soon*, also is superb. Decca 3888.



Guitar-Trombonist Art Jarrett, whose "ex-Kemp" band two weeks ago recorded six more sides for Victor in Chicago. There were four Spud Murphys: *You Can Depend on Me, Nickel Serenade, Delilah*, and *Jim*. Gail Robbins sings the last. Also waxed were bassist Rufe Smith's arrangements on the band's theme, *Everything's Been Done Before*, and *It Must Be True*, the Jarrett vocal standard. *Ray Rising* pic.

Woody Herman

Jiggs Noble wrote and arranged *Night Watchman*. It's a riffy instrumental with brief solo sequences by Neal Reid, trombone; Herb Haymer, tenor; Cappy Lewis, trumpet, and the leader, on clarinet. Good big band jazz. Flip-over is a novelty with Muriel Lane on deck for a vocal, and titled *Hey, Doc*. The Herman rhythm section is under-recorded as usual but the two sides shape up well despite technical flaws. Decca.

Jimmy Dorsey

After a long spell of pop sides, following one atop the other, Jimmy hits the bull's eye with a fast *Tudie Camarata* specialty written to show off the Dorsey alto and clarinet artistry. It's called *Fingerbusters* and displays Jimmy's tremendous technical knowledge as well as the humorous ideas he gets while improvising at fast tempo.

The reverse is even more exciting, and proves that H. O'Connell can do more than look pretty. It's Gershwin's old *Embraceable You* as arranged by Joe Lippman, with Jimmy again playing alto for a short go between O'Connell appearances. There's a definite Lunceford tinge on the final chorus and dig Milt Yaner's fine lead alto in the reed ensembles. One of the better J. Dorsey items, this, and certainly the greatest O'Connell vocal she ever put into permanent form. Decca.

Art Tatum

More of the Tatum-Joe Turner series of classics. Titles this trip out are *Lonesome Graveyard* and the oldie, *Corrine Corrina*, with Tatum and Turner coming through magnificently with the help of able accompaniment. The kicks are here and one doesn't have to look too long to find 'em. Decca.

Coleman Hawkins

The Great One plays very poorly on *Passin' It Around* but it's a kick to hear him lead the saxes on the initial chorus. *Rocky Comfort* is much the better side for Hawk; his final three choruses, while not in his best form, hold enough interest to make the side worth a double spin on the turntable. These were made last year when Bean was fronting the large, raucous outfit which collapsed shortly after making a tour into the Middle-west. The solo trumpet is bad, the rhythm section weak, and Hawk, on the whole, disappointing. On Okeh.

Larry Clinton

Clinton's skillful use of counterpoint sparks *From Bach to Boogie*, and Steve Benoric's clarinet is in there, too. Coupling is a slow-tempoed version of *Narcissus* in which Larry brings his string section into the spotlight. Even more impressive than the brief solo bits are the ensembles, played as cleanly and precise as long rehearsals can insure. Nothing thrilling here but at the same time there's enough of interest to get a "recommended" nod. Clinton knows how to utilize fiddles. Victor.

Benny Carter

Compare Carter's *Cuddle Up, Huddle Up* and *What a Difference a Day Made* to Erskine Hawkins' pressings. Even though Benny used a pickup band, there's as much difference, almost, as there is between Carmen Lombardo's and Ben Webster's tenoring. Carter arranged both sides, plays trumpet and a spot of alto, and you can also hear him leading the sax section through the bulk of the scores. Day is marred by a bad trombone *fauz pas* which Len Joy should have caught, but it's plain quibbling to knock either one of these Carter products. Benny's too much. He pens arrangements as well as he gets off on that shiny alto! Bluebird.

Shep Fields

Still without brass, the former bubble-blower has a couple more unique arrangements in *You're Blasé*, the pop of about 1931, and *Habanera* from the opera "Carmen." Voicing of nine reeds is intriguing, and how Fields gets them all to phrase together, and blend, is a secret which more bands, with less reed problems, might learn. Dorothy Allen turns in an okay vocal on *Blasé*. On Bluebird.

Jack Teagarden

Two reissues from Brunswick, *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues* and *United We Stand*, pop out on the Okeh label. Made in 1939, it's the old Tea outfit which went bankrupt and which he abandoned, later, for the group he now fronts. Hub Lytle's tenor on *United*, a short bit of Ernie Caceres' clary and the big, gummy Teagarden tram are this disc's assets.

Brownie McGhee

Death of Blind Boy Fuller is Brownie's tribute to his friend, one of the better liked blues abomers in whose steps McGhee promises to follow. It's a race release on Okeh, which showcases some earthy guitar pluckings as well as a few bars of tender sentiment by a blues man who knows his subject well. *Try Me One More Time* doesn't measure up.



Kenton Band a California Sensation

Los Angeles—Consensus of most musicians and followers of dance bands in Southern California is that youthful, hard-working Stan Kenton has the most promising band since Sonny Dunham left the coast nearly a year ago to try his luck in the East. Pictured above are Carlos Gastel, Dunham's manager; Kenton, and Jimmie Lunceford, one of Kenton's most enthusiastic boosters. Gastel and Lunceford recently visited Kenton's band at Balboa Beach, where Stan's band has been playing all summer with a mess of Mutual network shots a week. Kenton plays piano, arranges, sings and fronts—and does 'em all well!

Count Basie

Tune Town Shuffle is another instrumental, at bright tempo, which is well performed by Basie's mob. And again that Leiderkranz echo is apparent. Coupling, *You Lied to Me*, is unimpressive except for Helen Humes' singing. Okeh.

Artie Shaw

Love Me a Little Little and Don't Take Your Love from Me (Vic. 27509) were cut on the session in which Artie used Benny Carter, Higgy, Red Allen and other luminaries. But paradoxically enough these two sides are the weakest Shaw waxings in a year, in no way equal to the long string of biscuits (mostly show tunes and standards) which he made on the Coast in 1940. Ensembles are below the Shaw par. And the stingy interludes given the galaxy of imported jazzmen aren't enough to show their real ability. Artie plays great, as ever, and Lena Horne's singing on both is competent but not exciting. Disappointing from both the performance and choice of material standpoints.

Krupa-Eldridge

Little Jazz's horn blowing on *After You've Gone*, following an off the cob intro, which was no doubt deliberately such, will go down as the wildest, most unusual and most stirring exhibition on records in a long time. The man's range is phenomenal; so are his ideas and more important, his ability to carry them out without a fluff. *Kick It*, the coupling, shows off a pleasing Anita O'Day vocal. But aside from Roy and Anita, the boys in the band "ain't nowhere." Okeh.

Casa Loma Band

What may prove another *Sunrise Serenade*, the biggest record this band ever had, and a rhythmic instrumental are paired here in C. L.'s latest Decca release. *Woodland Symphony* is a pretty instrumental, in medium tempo, with emphasis on soft ensembles. *Swing Tonic* is a Buddy Baker jump original featuring a potful of piano played by someone who doesn't sound like Horse Hall. Apparently the Gray aggregation is out of the sickening pop groove which mirel so many of its previous platters.

Billie Holiday

This department has long contended that Billie's chanting today is no match for the super-vocals she turned in with Teddy Wilson's pickup bands four and five years ago. And so it's with real relief that her *Solitude* measures up with anything she ever cut. Tempo is ideal, backgrounds elegant (piano especially) even though her mate side, *God Bless the Child* is so-so. Okeh.

Sam Donahue

Another Lunceford band, Sam's shows to best advantage on *Six Mile Stretch*, an original instrumental showing off Wayne Herdell's piano, a neat alto and gobs of screwy sax section figures in the old Lunceford pattern, voiced six miles apart. *Do You Care* lays eggs on the other side, a speedy, unsympathetic tempo dampening Irene Daye's piping. Bluebird.

Misc. Albums

Columbia's "Theme Songs" presents eight themes used by name bands led by Goodman, Bradley, Duchin, Heidt, Scott, Kyser, James and Tucker. Strictly for the squares—and it doesn't rock. . . . Eight sides by Alec Wilder's Octet are much stronger, also in a Columbia package, and most musicians will find Alec's approach kicks. . . . Victor packages 8 old standard favorites of the *Last Rose of Summer* variety in a *Low White* organ album. A vocal chorus assists. . . . And very similar is Columbia's "Memories" collection of similar songs done by Al Goodman's pit crew. Nothing exciting in the four albums but each (Modulate to Next Page)



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Most Popular Records in the Coin Machines

SONG FIRST CHOICE SECOND CHOICE

1—Daddy	Sammy Kaye, Victor	Andrew Sisters, Decca
2—Yes, Indeed	Tommy Dorsey, Victor	Crosby-Boswell, Decca
3—Blue Champagne	Jimmy Dorsey, Decca	(No Competition)
4—Flamingo	Duke Ellington, Victor	Bob Crosby, Decca
5—Hut Sut Song	Freddy Martin, Bluebird	Merry Macs, Decca
6—Aurora	Andrew Sisters, Decca	Jimmy Dorsey, Decca
7—Maria Elena	Jimmy Dorsey, Decca	Lawrence Welk, Okeh
8—Will You Still Be Mine?	Tommy Dorsey, Victor	Frankie Masters, Okeh
9—Easy Street	Martha Tilton, Decca	Sonny Dunham, Bluebird
10—Green Eyes	Jimmy Dorsey, Decca	Tony Pastor, Bluebird
11—Sleepy Serenade	Claude Thornhill, Okeh	Woody Herman, Decca
12—Intermezzo	Benny Goodman, Columbia	Marie Greene, Columbia

COMING UP in fast order are *Blue Champagne*, *Flamingo*, *Easy Street* and *Sleepy Serenade*. Tab 'em for profits in the machines. *Intermezzo* hangs on and is still making money for most ops. *Daddy* and *Hut Sut* have about shot their wads and are slipping. Tunes which barely missed this ranking above are *Goodbye Dear I'll Be Back* in a

Year, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, *Boogie Woogie Piggy*, *Yours* and *Down, Down, Down*, which is showing more strength every week. Outstanding new material is described below in the "Sleepers" column. The time is ripe, operators report, for a completely new batch of coin-machine hits.

"SLEEPERS"

(Records Which May Become Coin Machine Favorites)

KITTEN ON THE KEYS—This old standard, a piano solo for decades, gets a rich new streamlined treatment at the hands of Freddie Slack on Decca. Slack leads his new band from the piano and does wonders with this tune. Wise ops will order this disc without hesitation, for it's a natural on location of all types.

JIM—Dinah Shore's Bluebird pressing of this torch song has everything. A svelte string background shows off Dinah's pipe admirably. Tab it as a must: music like this will nab jitneys aplenty.

TAKE THE "A" TRAIN—A most unusual song. Duke Ellington made the first record, on Victor, but it is Glenn Miller's version on Bluebird which is getting the bigger play in the boxes. Weird harmonies at slow tempo make this an ear-arrester, and it improves with every spinning.

SONNY BOY—The Andrews Sisters have revived this corny old Al Jolson number, in burlesque fashion, and it merits a nice play. Patty Andrews' baby-talk gags are surefire. Decca.

ONE, TWO, THREE O'LAIRY—Count Basie, on Okeh, comes through with a platter which may prove the best commercial hit he's had yet. Big Jimmy Rushing's singing of this "kid" song is just different enough to make this great material. Peg it for a winner.

TIME WAS—Another of those Bob Eberly-Helen O'Connell vocal jobs with Jimmy Dorsey's band which has definite value to all operators. Decca has

it. On top of the sharp, commercial vocalizing, Jimmy plays some beautiful old sax, making this one a strong contender. Kate Smith's version of this song on another label is in no way as strong, artistically or commercially.

LOVE ME A LITTLE LITTLE—Artie Shaw for the past year has been one of the most consistent coin machine kings. On this late song he features a vocal by Lena Horne which is bull's-eye stuff for the juke patrons. And of course Shaw's strings and his own clarinet are prominent. Victor.

AFTER YOU'RE GONE—Roy Eldridge's sensational horn playing is jazz, but nonetheless so breath-taking that it is commercial. Okeh. Gene Krupa is the band with Eldridge featured.

TIL REVEILLE—Bing Crosby has the ace record of this new ballad, on Decca, although Kay Kyser's Columbia also merits consideration. Old faithful Bing, whose platters are always sure to garner the nickels, also has a new hit on Decca in *Be Honest With Me*, a corny hillbilly tune which he recorded with his tongue in his cheek, but which is beginning to show strong already. Watch these two Crosby items closely. They're going places.

DEATH RAY BOOGIE—For the swing locations Pete Johnson and his fine boogie woogie piano are made to order with this stomp. A follow-up to Pete's 627 *Stomp* and worth trying. Decca.

SOLITUDE—Another Ellington tune. Billie Holiday's brand new version on Okeh is perfect music for niteries with machines. All vocal. Dig it.

More Records Reviewed by Dex

(Jumped from Page 14)

has a place. In each case the job is well done. Columbia still wraps its albums in cellophane.

Horace Heidt

When Horace last winter made *Seven Years With the Wrong Leader* as an "experiment" with jazz, just to see if a Heidt jump platter would sell as well as his usual output of pops, he accepted the dare of a *Down Beat* leg-man good-naturedly and let his boys run wild in the Columbia studio. Frank DeVol penned the arrangement and Buddy Saffer, clarinet, and George Delsing, tenor, were selected to do the heavy in the hot dept.

The Heidt disc is out now, and with all due respect to the friendly California maestro, it's easy to see why he doesn't play jazz more consistently. Saffer and Delsing play nicely, but they don't play enough. The tune is a simple riff job. But not simple enough for the Heidt rhythm section. A corny cymbal lick is all the "beat" there is. There ain't no more.

But it's a swell gag and we hope they sell a million of 'em. Not many leaders in this biz would go to the trouble and expense of carrying out a gag as Heidt did here.

Red Allen

Red's trumpeting is out of tune and poorly recorded. Higgy blows like hell but never quite gets there. Kenneth Kersey pounds a cargo of boogie piano. That's the shortest, most painless way to describe Allen's *K. K. Boogie*, his first record with his small band. At that, it's a stronger side than *Op Man River*, which offers (1) very bad



Here's the Boy you'll hear blowing horn on those Victor discs that Artie Shaw waxed last month with a mixed combination. It's Henry "Red" Allen, Jr., who has been fronting his own combination at Cafe Society. The Shaw tunes include *Beyond the Blue Horizon*, *Confessin'*, *Don't Take Your Love from Me*, and *Love Me a Little*. Other Negroes on the records are Benny Carter, J. C. Higginbotham, guitarist Jimmy Shirley, pianist Sonny White, drummer Shep Shepherd, bassist Billy Taylor, and vocalist Helena Horne. Allen's own debut on the Okeh label is in the grooves of *Op Man River* and *K. K. Boogie*. *Werner Wolf* pic.

Allen singing, (2) out of tune Allen trumpeting, (3) an awkward tempo and (4) screwed-up, discordant ensembles. Saving grace of the whole shebang is Ed Hall's clarinet.

Rehearsals might make Red's next date a winner.

Erskine Hawkins

There's an Ellingtonish tint surrounding Gabe's *Night After*

Night and Shipyard Rumble on Bluebird. But not enough Ellington to counteract the old Hawkins style. Somebody's baritone sax is good on *Shipyard*; Ida James blows an okay vocal on the coupling. Hit and miss jazz. Better arrangements wouldn't hurt.

Alvino Rey Tops All at Bridgeport

by ROLAND YOUNG

Bridgeport, Conn. — Topping all previous known attendance marks, Alvino Rey and Co., including the 4 King Sisters, set a record at Bridgeport's Pleasure Beach Park ballroom on a recent date there. The Rey crew drew 2300 paid admissions, which topped by far what Tommy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, and others could draw. To date, attendance at the ballroom has been below expectations, and faulty booking by the management, which incidentally, is the City of Bridgeport, can shoulder some of the blame. Bob Crosby was booked on a week-night and only had the Barnum & Bailey circus for opposition—and this the old home of the circus. Ouch!

Artie Mayo is back from his cruising and the boys are busy grabbing other offers. . . Al Christie again broadcasting from Pleasure Beach but the band is not too impressive. Vocals not up to par, either. . . Biz in general is poor hereabouts, although this is generally called the boom territory.

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Gathered Here in fashion plate style are a few of the dapper-dans of the Victor and Bluebird labels. Posing from left to right are: Barry Wood, featuring an English drape with puns to match; Charlie Barnett, who at present is out at the Casa Manana for the movie trade; Larry (Dex gives Larry the nod on his latest release—*Back to Boogie*) Clinton, wearing the newest "death ray" tie, and the two vocal mannequins, Lanny Ross and Dick Todd, who would rather display their pipes than their pleats. At the extreme right is Leonard Joy, Victor Records' biggie. Pic by Joel Allen.

Dunham Cuts 'Memories' for Bluebird Wax

New York — Sonny Dunham's band made four new sides for Bluebird a couple of weeks ago under Len Joy's guidance, including *Memories of You*, *Hi, Neighbor*, *Nickel Serenade* and *As We Walk in the Sunset*, with Dunham's trumpet featured on all four and vocals by Ray Kellogg and Diana Mitchell.

Dunham's playing of *Memories of You* with the Casa Loma band four years ago first stamped him as a favorite with youthful audiences. All the arrangements are by George (Peaches) Williams in the Lunceford groove which he and Dunham have been carboning so spectacularly since coming East from California eight months ago.

Kirby Cuts Four New Victor Sides

New York — John Kirby's first date for Victor under his own name resulted in four sides being made two weeks ago. *Close Shave*, *Paper Moon*, *Bugler's Dilemma* and *Fefe's Rhapsody* were the tunes cut.

Kirby moved to Victor after a 2-year stretch with Columbia. No changes in his lineup.



PHIL RALE with EMIL COLEMAN

FOR YEARS NOW, Emil Coleman and his orchestra have been playing the swank spots of the nation where only the elite gather. Ciro's in Hollywood, for example, is just one of the many exclusive clubs where the band has appeared lately. For this diversified kind of work which includes everything from the soft, sweet stuff, Rhumbas and Congas, down to solid swing, Phil Rale has chosen the superb SLINGERLAND "Radio Kings."

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THE HOT BOX

A COLUMN FOR RECORD COLLECTORS

by GEORGE HOFER, JR. (2 East Banks, Chicago)

Wherever on the globe there is Hot Jazz, there will be Harry Lim sooner or later. Back in late 1939, the Javanette finally reached the U.S.A., where jazz music is native. It took Harry one year to "cut out" for Chicago and another seven months to "cut out" for New Orleans. Tracing the trail of jazz backwards Lim finally "dug" some ofay cats at the end of his junket that "sent" him on a par with some of the colored boys who had given him a preference for sepia jazz.

May Form His Own Company

Lim returned to New York with records by the New Orleans group that won his favor. The tunes are of course those N.O. favorites *Tin Roof Blues*, *Jazz Me Blues*, *Muskrat Ramble* and *Diga Diga Doo*. The band, a seven piece jam combo lines up as follows: George Hartman, trumpet and leader (former bass thumper with Wingy Manone at Hickory House and now on bass with Monk Hazel's New Orleans band but would rather play the king of New Orleans instruments—the horn); Julian Laine, trombone (related to the N.O. white pioneer Papa Laine); Leonard "Buji" Centobie, clarinet; Lloyd Dantin, guitar (now directing band with Hazel at Pete Herman's); John Castaing, drums (once worked with Sharkey Bonano at Nick's in Manhattan); John Bell, bass (played with Leon Prima and Jules Bauduc, brother of Ray the drummer); Roy "Slim" Zimmerman, piano (also playing

in Hazel group with Dantin and Hartman). Lim played the records for Pee Wee Russell who was very pleased with Centobie's clarinet, Harry himself says he is a "killer." There is a good possibility that Milt Gabler will issue the sides on Commodore or Lim himself may swing a new private label. They are that good and should prove a worthwhile addition to Decca's New Orleans Album and the Heywood Brown Delta sides that featured the colored musicians from N. O.

Afterthought on Morton

There is an heretofore unlisted Morton item on Autograph 623. The A side features a clarinet solo by Voltaire De Faut with piano accompaniment by the late Jelly Roll Morton of *Wolverine Blues*, and the B side is by the Jelly Roll Morton Jazz Trio playing *My Gal*. Personnel of the trio consisting of piano, clarinet and kazoo is not known other than of course Jelly on piano. The clarinet does not sound like De Faut.

Collectors interested in a complete discography of Jelly Roll Morton Victors should write the Victor Company for John Reid's Morton Discography which will be sent free of charge.

Collector's Catalogue—Hal Lowey, 607 Broad St., Hartford, Conn. Cosmopolitan taste. His 4,000 platters include all of Bix with the exception of two Trumbauers and one P. W. Columbia. Has been staging jam sessions in Hartford using Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Art Hodes, and Zutty, who New Havened up from New York. Lester Wharton, 312 Powell Ave., Evansville, Ind. Count Basie, Duke Ellington and the vocalists Bing Crosby and Jimmy Rushing. Interested in completing his Bing catalogue. Dealers note. Works in a



New Orleans Jazz, 1941

... These Louisiana musicians, all of them in George Hartman's band, recently cut some special records for Harry Lim. Javanese critic now on tour of the U. S. Left to right are Roy Zimmerman, piano; Hartman, who plays trumpet and bass; John Castaing, drums; Lloyd Dantin, guitar; Julian Laine, trombone; John Bell, bass, and Leonard Centobie, clarinet. Lim plans to issue the records on a special label. Hartman and his group are among the most popular in the New Orleans area. And they've got that drop!

News Agency in Evansville.

Mary Teresi, 207 Liberty St., Milledgeville, Ga., Main interests Duke Ellington, Louis, Bob Zurke, Hines, Bunny Berigan and Pops Bechet. Plays piano and has brother who just left Jack Wardlaw's ork, on clarinet.

Bashing Drivel—Ikey Robinson, bull fiddler of note, who made some sides with Jabbo Smith, has been reported working around Clark and Fullerton in Chicago. Ike also led the Windy City Five on those Champions.

George Malcolm-Smith, jazz connoisseur and collector of Hartford, Conn., has authored a novel, "Slightly Perfect," now at your bookstore.

Dr. Sims of St. Louis reports an interesting disc on the little known Vocalion series. It is Voc. 1622 by Grant Moore and his New Orleans Black Devils. Tunes are *Original Dixieland One-Step* and *Mama Don't Allow*.

Now R. G. V. Venables of England writes that it isn't Bix on Tram's (Russell Gray) *Sugar*. The fight is now on, Les, Orin, Med, Norm and all other Bixsters.

J. P. Johnson's *Harmony Seven* accompanies L. Turner on Pathe 020267, *He Took It Away* and *If I Were Your Daddy*. Norm Ackermann of Rock Creek

advised the Box in Akron recently that Mr. T. is on Banner 6508 by Irving Kaufman and Band. Norm broadcast a ball game over a Cleveland station this last Spring.

Tom Mercer of 2408 17th Ave., Columbus, Ga., has some Bessie Smiths for sale.

Nick Kirikos' Swing Record Club has issued Vol. 1 No. 1 of the Club's Journal. Headquarters is in Franklin, Mass.

Bill Love, prominent Nashville Louis (complete—original labels, too) collector added a bride June 20th. Before honeymooning, Bill found the Whoopee Maker *It's So Good on Conqueror* and the Henderson *You Rascal You* and *House of David Blues* on the Polk label.

Cargile Williams, Tulsa collector, has a hep little year-old daughter (Miss 1940 of Tulsa) who is quite familiar with "McKinneyth Totten Pickert" according to story appearing in the June first issue of the *Tulsa Daily World*.

Buster Bailey, famous clarinet virtuoso, advised B. Sales that he did not join Henderson until October 6, 1924, and therefore was not on the Club Alabama Vocalions as listed in Delaunay. Buster came in a week after Louis.

A Solo: Earl "Father" Hines on that hard to get Johnny Dodds Black Bottom Stomper, *New Orleans Stomp*, Vocalion 15632.

Leonard Is Sensation (But Not in Kaycee)

by BOB LOCKE

Kansas City—What's that old wheeze about a prophet being without honor in his own country?

That's something which perplexes Harlan Leonard, leader of the Kansas City Rockets orchestra, whose band is one of the most popular in the Middle West except in his own home town, Kaycee. His ork consistently is so inter-wrapped with that of Kansas City jazz that a biographer could not possibly separate them. Harlan played alto sax with Bennie Moten's band when that great swing outfit was in its heyday. The members of his band have been so grounded into the deep rhythm driving style of Kansas City jazz that they couldn't possibly play anything else.

Second Only to Duke

If there was ever a band which deserves a chance at the big time, it's Leonard's. In other cities, the ork's sock rhythm, amazingly intricate harmonies, and out-of-this-world instrumental solos fill jazz critics with wonder. The crew has been hailed as second only to Ellington by such an esteemed jazz expert as George Avakian and this writer himself has been plugging away for years trying to make the swing fans in his own home town see the light. So has Dave Dexter, New York editor of this sheet. Yet in Kaycee, itself, the crew goes unappreciated.

Leonard's own personal history

Leonard also has proved himself a composer of no mean repute. His *Southern Fried*, formerly tagged *Harry Joe Jump*, is a current sensation, having been waxed by Charlie Barnet, Al Donahue, and Terry Shand. His Bluebird recordings have attracted more comment, favorable and otherwise, than almost any other "unknown" band recording at present.

Today, Leonard finds himself at the crossroads of his career. He has lost Jesse Price, the "spark-plug" drummer, on the basis of whose presence in the band Music Corporation of America signed the crew to a contract. Yet musically, his band has improved and is sharper than ever.

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Meade Lux Hits West; Pic May Be First Move

Los Angeles—Meade "Lux" (for Luxemburg) Lewis, one of the handful—and possibly the greatest—of bona fide exponents of boogie woogie, is set to make his West Coast debut at the unpretentious but cosy Swanee Inn here starting August 19.

The deal to bring Lux to the Coast was handled by Charles Kossi, who will have exclusive management of Lewis during his Coast sojourn, working through the C. Phillips agency. Several picture deals are pending with strong possibility that the first will be a spot in William Dieterle's RKO production *Syncope* (formerly *The Band Played On*), which purports to be a sort of "Cavalcade of Jazz."

Lewis' personal story is one of the most dramatic in the annals of jazz history. He dropped into complete oblivion many years ago after making one recording of his now famous *Honky Tonk Blues*, which attracted little attention at the time. Years later the record was discovered by a number of collectors. John Hammond set out to find Lewis, who had completely disappeared, and finally located him washing cars in a Chicago garage.



Slatz Randall will be remembered by many as the well known band leader of a few years ago. Randall is now the manager of the Beaumont hotel in Little Falls, Minn., and is out of the music business. Little Falls is Charles Lindbergh's home town. Randall played piano with the late Hal Kemp when Hal started out at the U. of North Carolina. Pic from Don Strickland.

Here's Lineup Of New Peck Kelley Band

by JACK DALY

Houston—The story of Peck Kelley's big new band appears elsewhere in this issue.

The lineup of the Kelley band, which will have a local airshot (Peck has finally permitted his music to be aired), includes: Bob Bunch, Dinkle Webb, Jake Dunsmore, Les Crumbaker, saxes; Kit Reid, formerly with Benny Goodman, C. E. Nelson, who stayed in Houston when the George Olsen band left, Joe Lube, doubles on vibes, trumpets; Jack Kanause, ex-Red Nichols slide, trombone; Billy Smith, drums; Grafton Fitzgerald, bass, and Albino Torries and Peck on piano.

George Hofer Jr.'s "Hot Box" column is the most widely read column concerning hot jazz featured in any national publication. George is plenty hipped as to the who, where and when of all hot releases. So shoot your queries to George at No. 2 East Banks Street, Chicago, and be sure not to miss his regular feature in the *Beat*.

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Chicago.

This getting that Dic tion ans sary to other mu to be a s not abso would he Carmel, I benefit by ing to re Jim St beating i the 151st Camp Cl some vet one is, is brass for ber? In right altt ommend are play single st would lil for the l owing w

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Diggin' the Drums

Your Yogi Answers All, This Time Out

by George Wettling

This is going to be a personal column with everybody getting an answer, so since I'm in St. Louis, it is fitting that Dick Pattan of St. Louis be the first to have his question answered. Dick would like to know whether it is necessary to know how to read any other music besides drum music to be a successful drummer. It is not absolutely necessary but it would help a lot. To Bill Lieber, Carmel, Indiana. You are sure to benefit by taking lessons and learning to read.

Jim Stone of Minneapolis is now beating it out for Uncle Sam in the 151st Field Artillery band at Camp Claiborne, La. Jim sends in some very interesting questions; one is, it is advisable to follow the brass for accents during a number? In some cases this is all right although I really do not recommend it. Most drum solos that are played fast are done with single strokes and triplets. Jim would like a few good exercises for the left hand. Maybe the following will help.



Don Cardoza, San Francisco, Cal., and George Herman, Bronx, N. Y., both have the same trouble—the trouble being that when they beat it out on their tom-toms the snares on the snare drum vibrate and are very annoying. There real-



'The Blip Blip' is the name of the tune and the name of a dance which are a part of the Duke Ellington revue, "Jump for Joy" which has been playing the Mayan theater in L. A. Here Paul White and Marie Bryant are caught in a pose from the number.

Shilling, Hartzell Thrilling Denver

by C. M. HILLMAN

Denver—Warm weather, together with the influx of draftees at Lowry Field and other army and air corps camps, and new employees for the Remington Arms munitions plant near here, has boomed business for the resorts and danceries. The Aeroplane is packing 'em in with Vic Schilling as the attraction. Willie Hartzell's at the Evergreen By The Lake and they're crowding around to dig Happy Logan at Eddie Ott's Garden Walk. Trousdale In The Pines is showcasing Stuart Frazier and Bert Hardcastle is getting a fast play at the Chez Paree. Most of these bands have airshots on local lines.

George Yadon, local reed, has blossomed into a booker of note. George has spots in nine western states and keeps local and touring combinations pretty busy.

ly isn't much to be done about a situation like that unless the snares are released. We all have the same trouble. I have found that they vibrate more when the tom-tom head is tight so if you have a tunable tom, try loosening the head a little. Another thing, when playing in a big band it is not so noticeable.

Jack Morelli, Bronx, N. Y. Your job should be very good for your wrists. I would suggest you do as much of your work with your left hand as possible. To Carl Jensen, Abilene, Texas, and Vincent L. Mott, I found my five stroke roll. I'm sorry, fellows, just an oversight on my part. Bud Daily, Keego Harbor, Mich. It's all in your mind, Bud. All you need is a little confidence. Just have a little more faith in yourself—you'll be okay.

The Band Box

The Column for Band Fan Clubs

by Dick Jacobs



Once again, an awfully large mail, so the formalities will have to be dispensed with again. Just a word to you club secretaries—the people listed who want to join clubs are active live-wire prospects for your club. Contact them immediately if you want to boost your membership.

And here's the list of Fan Clubs—CHARLIE BARNET Club, Rina Scholz, 2112 Sterling Ave., Bronx, N.Y. DICK FARRELL Club (Dick's the Bobby Byrne drummer), Mildred Gemellino, 9229 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. FRED WARING Club, Sherwood Greenberg, 70 Truman St., New Haven, Conn. ART RYERSON Club, Ray Beyrer, 47-47 43 St., Woodside, L. I. EVERETT HOAGLUND Club, Robert Bailey, 1847-16 Ave., Coline, Ill. CHARLIE BARNET Club, Sidney Fishman, 3671 St. Urbain St., Montreal, Que., Can. RONNIE KEMPER Club, Mildred Douglas, 1415 W. 59th Place, Los Angeles, Cal. DICK JURGENS Club, Betty Adams, 1053 W. 62nd St., Los Angeles, Cal. BOBBY BYRNE Club, Peggy Fleming, 14 Glen Pl., New Rochelle, N. Y. WOODY HERMAN-WILL BRADLEY Clubs, Craig-Allen Young, 168-05—116 Ave., Jamaica, N. Y. RAY NOBLE Club, Buddy Xavier, 368—97 St., Brooklyn, N. Y. CHARLIE SPIVAK Club, Russell Matheis, 123-13 Jamaica Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Here's the gang wishing to join clubs. There's a big batch, so we'll just list them. Frank McDermott, Batt. D—8th F.A., Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, T.H. JIMMIE LUNCFORD. Lewis Murri, 1149 Daly St., Philadelphia, Pa., a club discussing dance music. Wm. S. Warford, 1103 Jefferson St., Charleston, Ill.,

Wingy Carpenter on Active List Again

New York—Wingy Carpenter, one-armed Negro trumpet player who records for Decca, is active again. Now he's working at the Capitol Cafe. In his band are Leroy Loveless, tenor; Ted Sinclair, bass; Bob Warren, drums, and Ed Allen, piano.

Some of the best known teachers and instrumentalists in the business tell the Beat readers how to improve their styles each month, via the technique columns. Read Pease, Wettling, Bates, O'Donnell, McEachern and others in Down Beat.



Rochester Rocks on a tenor sax for a quartet of the boys and girls who were playing Chicago a few weeks back. Surrounding the septa hoover-stooge-turned-tenor-man are Dick Stabile (left) whose band was playing a date at the Chicago theater; then the comely brunet Gracie Barrie, who in private life boasts the title of Mrs. Stabile; and the dimpled thing next to Mrs. Dick is—you guessed it—Helen O'Connell, and the smilin' gent learning a few tricks at the right is Dorsey the elder—Jimmy. Ray Rising snuck up on the bunch with his pic-box backstage at the theater.

Clifton Mitchell, Roanoke, Va. It's up to you where the accents should be. Billy Beattie, Montreal, Que. It would be a good idea to get a good teacher.

Roscoe C. Blunt, Jr., Worcester, Mass. To get a job in a good band these days one certainly has to belong to the union. As for one-nighters, they are fine experience and you get a chance to see this

beautiful country of ours.

Angelo Ferrara, Corona, N. Y. Yes, a drummer should be able to read drum music. Jim Hanley, 35th Inf. Band, Honolulu, Hawaii. I would not suggest leaving the bass drum out on your drum solos. It is certainly okay to play a straight beat against off beats and such that the brass are playing. Your choice of Avedis Zildjian cymbals is strictly in good taste.

Speaking of drum solos, I heartily agree with Stafford Bryant of Lynchburg, Va., on Cozy Cole's outstanding solos. Cozy is certainly one of the best and when I heard him a few weeks ago at the New York Strand he completely knocked me out.

New Chirpie And Rhythm For Wiggins

by BUDDY PHELPS

Roanoke, Va.—Eddie Wiggins has made three changes in his unit. His former pianist, Steve Thomas, was replaced by Harold Craig, and W. (Cowbell) Klienbell moved out from behind drums with Russell Powers taking over. Vocalist Martha Phelps has taken Elsie Baldwin's place as chirper. This new arrangement should be okay if Wiggins keeps the rest of the band intact.

White Sheds New Idea There was also a split-up in Jerry White's ork, when several of the fellows quit about two weeks ago to join Don Kent. The White outfit had been in rehearsal for the past three or four months. Jerry will probably work on a new idea that he's cooked up in the line of music.

Tony Doyle, front, whose animated antics helped put H. M. Richardson's orchestra on the beam for so long, has left "Rich" to start a combination of his own. Incidentally, Paul Tanner took over drummer's seat for Richardson while George Turner was having a vacation for himself.

Saxist Al Zorr, formerly with the Jack Saunders crew, has returned to his home town, Buffalo, N. Y. . . Ann Culver, fine Hammond organist, is back in town, and is airing regular programs over a local radio station. . . Local schmaltz followers are not going wrong when they listen to Freddie Lee and his orchestra. Lee booking out of Lynchburg, Va., plays a smooth style that's plenty alright, with Freddie inspiring his brass section on a nice trumpet.

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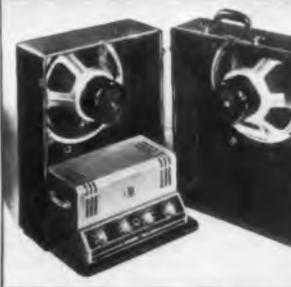
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Eddie Groom Found On Fishing Stint

by THE TIGER

Madison, Wisc.—You boys who have your dues paid in full and therefore can afford to go on that fishin' trip lend an ear. On the way to northern Wisconsin where all the fish are biting (so the pamphlet says) there is a fine spot called the Dell-View Hotel on U. S. Highway 12 near Lake Delton, Wis. True, this place is right, golf, swimming pool, airport, etc.—but that's not what I mean. There is a four piece combo, called Eddie Groom and his Serenaders, consisting of Eugene Bolen, a fine clarinet, the git of Dale Nelson, just a youngster, but where did he get those ideas, Art Seeley on the vibes and the bass of the leader. Tony Midiri handles the vocals in grand style and is the contact man as far as the customers are concerned. These boys put their foot down in the right place and give like nobody's business. An extra treat is in store for you, if you can persuade Bolen's frau to take a turn at the mike. That little she-cat can cut, but correctly.

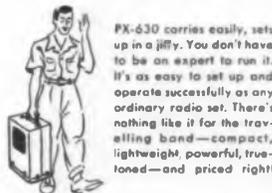
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Musical Horoscopes

Duke Ellington

by KENNETH ROGERS (Noted Writer and Astrologer)

Duke was born when the Sun was in the sign Taurus, the symbol of which is a Bull. Deep down in his nature he is sensual and emotional, qualities which are intensified by his Jupiter in Scorpio, the sign of emotional passion.

Personally, he is stubborn and resistant to change. Once he has fitted himself into a certain pattern of life he sticks to it; pressure of any kind only serves to make him plant his feet more firmly in his preconceived opinions. His first impulse is to balk. But like his prototype the Bull, on occasion he can be roused to sudden and violent action and when this happens those in front had better get out of the way, fast!

He has a mind like an arrow. It is shrewd, direct, intelligent. At the same time he may be a little narrow minded, an asset in a way, because he only fixes his attention on one goal at a time. Backed by his Taurean persistency, he goes straight to it, without wasting his energies on side issues. Magnetic, friendly, a little restless on the surface, fond of enjoyment, perhaps a trifle dogmatic, outspoken yet keeping his main thoughts to himself, he is not easy to understand, because he rejects sympathy of any kind and meets his own problems in his own way.

Duke is not really a player of music, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. It is true that he has mastered the piano, which is one of the most difficult of all instruments to learn because of its almost unlimited range of expression. But his greatness has a deeper reason. He is by nature in close contact with the voluptuous forces which lie hidden, and often repressed, in the hearts of almost all people. His music is his cry of revolt against a dry, materialistic, mechanical civilization. It has a sensual appeal in the true sense of the term; and because it is sincere his hearers respond with an upsurge of emotional ardor which is all the more powerful because intellectual thought has been sidetracked. It is doubtful whether a thinking person really understands the meaning of his music. It may be that Duke catches a faint echo from the pipes of Pan. That woodland deity was closely associated with Duke's natal sign.

Mars in his chart indicates digestive weakness. He may have a sound constitution, but unless he watches his diet and is careful with stimulants there could be a reaction affecting his music.

Due to his Aries and Sagittarius qualities his fame will always be rather selective. His fame rests upon his music which in turn rests upon his inherent nature. As he cannot change himself, so he should

never attempt to change the type of his music in a desire for more popularity, prestige, money or any other ambition. Duke must stand or fall on what he is; a major deviation might wreck him. But he need not fear the future. As long as man's heartstrings can be tugged by a combination of harmonious sounds he will always find a responsive group of listeners. His appeal is to the instinctive emotions, which never change through generations.

The coming period looks reasonably bright for Duke Ellington, though he needs to be careful during the rest of 1941. He will have to control his temper, and use caution if he signs any contracts. However, his music should improve, brilliance of tone and more rapid tempo giving evidence of the stimulus which is inspiring him.



At Breakfast, Tommy Dorsey looked bewildered but pleased at the 2,341 letters that poured in when WHN's Bruce Wendell promised an autographed shot of Tommy to all writer-inners on a recent show. Wendell had to tell his listeners to stop writing but TeeDee laughed, "Man, don't stop 'em 'til I'm knocked outographed." Dorsey, after a short vacation to recuperate, moves his band into the Paramount theater in New York, August 27.

Patty Andrews Liked 'Heaven'

by IRMA WASSALL

Wichita, Kan.—Twelve years ago, Jimmy White, now editing the *Wichita Sun*, wrote a song, *Heaven or the Bad Place* for a song-writing contest sponsored by the *New York Graphic*. The song won honorable mention. Shortly afterward Jimmy returned to Wichita and joined Howard Fordham. The band used the number, featuring Doris Allyn, without written music. Now Doris is singing in El Cerrito, near San Francisco. Recently she sang *Heaven or the Bad Place* and Patty Andrews of the Andrews Sisters was in the audience. Patty asked to use the number, but Doris did not have the music. She wrote Fordham in care of the Wichita Musicians Union, which forwarded the letter to Casper, Wyoming, where Fordham's band was playing. Fordham wrote to Jimmy White and now the Andrews Sisters have a release permitting them to record the number.

Frank Chiddix, who opened August 6 at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles for a 6-weeks contract, has a stunt in which he calls upon the audience for three pop numbers and then transforms them into a classical medley. Frank was staff pianist at KFBI, later pianist at the Canyons Club floor shows. Bill Nance and his orchestra are still playing there for dancing featuring Trent Patterson.

Don't miss the September 1 issue of the *Beat*. Sharon Pease, our piano styles columnist, will feature an example of one of the youngest and fastest-rising 88ers in the trade. Mel Powell, pianist with Benny Goodman's new band. The boy's only 18 years old and for a sprout possesses a terrific touch.



"The Duke," shown above, "is not really a player of music, in the ordinary acceptance of the term," says Kenneth Rogers in the accompanying article, "because his music has a sensual appeal that is a cry of revolt against a dry, materialistic, mechanical civilization."

Pastor Comes North With, 'You All'

by LOU SCHURRER

Detroit.—Tony Pastor isn't scared. The thrush of sandpaper ballads and band have spent two months of record breaking engagements in the south. Now the northern hoopla are affording them the same reception.

Pastor, feinting a 'you all' kick, explained, "It's a thrill to meet with such response, but I just hope it lasts. I'm trying to give them what they want even if it's hill-billys." The band's delivery however is strictly Tony Pastor.

Age is no limit in Pastor's unit for he features two youths not old enough to vote: "Stubby," his 17-year-old brother on trumpet and Tommy Farr, 18, on trombone. The band recently waxed *Dinah* and a novelty, *El-Choclo*. Stanley Worth is Pastor's new 3rd alto man.

Led By a Dream

The Baker Twins' new band practically made their debut in Detroit under the direction of a dream. Mary Marshall, the honey-haired heiress of the hot baton, led the Baker ork for a week at the Graystone to fill an engagement after her boys split in N. Y. recently. James and Joe Baker left Art Mooney in Tuckahoe, N. Y., to play the kind of kicks they liked and were organized more than six weeks here when Marshall took over temporarily. Since then Jim and Joe are set for a series of near-Detroit appearances with a male maestro.

Chuck Auld, the Wayne Club combo, will reorganize soon using his Statler Hotel band, the "Ambassadors of Melody." Last month his Wayne unit went into Cliff Bell's Admiral Bar under the handle, "The Merriettes" comprising Mac McGraw, trumpet-violin; Doug Shailor, guitar; Wally Moulton, bass, and Chuck Leonard, acc. The new band will do a two trick stand—days at the hotel and nights at the bar. Toddy Skeel with Auld has old scrapbook volumes of Bix and the rest. . . Leonard Reed, last year's maestro at Chi's Grand Terrace, is emceeing at the Club Congo. He hopes for a new band soon. King Perry is the ork at Congo and speaking sepially. Bette Sinclair's the newest find. She's a non-pro. Reed found in Columbus, O., under the slug of Betty Waddell. Slim Jones, the Congo's head man, gave her a show spot and in two weeks the chick clicked. Even now she's ripe for a platter.

Tommy Marvin's band being definitely split. Marion Stanfield, his ex-thrush, is vocally dormant. Should anyone ask, this is it: She's mellow for a name spot. A good band could butter their bread with Marion's kicks.

Lennie Ware Combo At Tavern Spot

New York—Lennie Ware, guitarist, now is working with his own quartet at George's Tavern. Skippy Williams is on tenor, Buddy Moore is the bassist, and Luther Henderson is at the piano.

Small Band Banter

by EDDIE CHARLES

Mid-summer doldrums—poor business in the larger cities—fair to excellent grosses in the resort and smaller towns. Reports indicate a good fall and winter season for small units. There is a definite need for duos—two girls, girl and a boy or two boys. Duos now working must not only be proficient at strolling, but have had to add new comedy and novelty material to take care of the many spots with stages.

Speaking of stages—what a laugh! I've been in many spots using from two to seven men on the platform when a piano and girl singer would be sitting in each other's laps.

Some Married Duos Unfair

Seems to me the duos that are man and wife should keep their prices on a level with other duos whose individual salaries must support each person. It's too tough for two single persons to compete with the salary of a married couple. Some of these man and wife duos (only one of which is a union musician) are working for fifty or sixty dollars a week, which certainly is unfair to two musicians who have to get a lot more money in order to operate comfortably.

I met a clever musician the other day. His name is Herb Ayers. Herb not only plays fine accordion, but is one of the very few artists in this country featuring English concertinas. It was quite a kick to hear something entirely different for a change. Herb has been working with the Gypsy Serenaders, two girl musicians, throughout the East and middle-west but is now reorganizing a trio for an early fall opening.

Virginia Burkett writes from Alexandria, La. Has a girl trio in the Mirror Room of the Bentley Hotel—will add a fourth girl if she can find a gal who can play vibes, clarinet and sing—quite an order, what with competent girl musicians being so scarce.

Here's an odd item. Howard Fry writes from Dayton, Ohio, about a three piece deal—trumpet, trombone, and drums. The drummer is 7 years old. The boys have played at CBS in N. Y., WING, WKRC, Netherland-Plaza Hotel in Cincy, theatres in Dayton and Cincinnati and many more spots. The little drummer boy is sure starting at an early age to cut Krupa, Wetting, Catlett, et al.

Joint La Jumpin'

Lots of changes in Chicagoland. The Three Strings finally move out of the Brass Rail into the Chicagoan Hotel. The Three Niblicks and Peggy Lester go into the Rail in the afternoons and Mike Riley comes in at night, following Jimmy MacPartland. Helsing's Restaurants will have five spots going full blast by the fall, using duos, trios, and quartets. Mark Talent has an excellent trio at the Baritz, using fiddle and accordion, Jack Stillman on guitar, and Sid Aaron on bass fiddle. Very unique string arrangements, pleasing to the ear.

At the Hotel Sherman, two former High Schoolmates are heading their bands. The incomparable Benny Goodman has his best band to date (in my humble opinion) in the Panther Room and Eddie Fritz

Les Brown Held over Gets New Vocalist

New York—Les Brown held over for another four weeks at Augie Huser's Log Cabin inn at Armonk, New York. Les has added Ralph Young as a vocalist who comes over from the Tommy Reynolds crew.

Johnny Long Plans Nuptials

New York—Johnny Long will marry Pat Waters, stage actress, sometime in September. The youthful band leader whose band is creating a mess of talk for its work at Hotel New Yorker revealed he will wed Miss Waters next month, climaxing a romance which has been going strong the past six months.

Four of Long's sidemen were married in July. Johnny's bride will quit the stage in favor of domesticity, Johnny said.

heads an excellent four-piecer in the Dome. Benny and Eddie played in the Harrison High School Band in 1922. Getting kind of thin on top, the hair?

A good outfit broke up when Morrie Murray left the Three Squires for a band-booking deal at the Chicagoan. Red Johnson, fine bass player and vocalist and one of the original Squires, will join Sid Fisher, George Jules and Mary Wetzel in a new four piece venture that should be very successful. Band will feature ultra-modern instrumental arrangements in an effort to out-Kirby Malneck, along with good vocal quartets. Good luck satchels.



Just Relaxin' here are three of the lads in the Andy Kerner band. Actually that's an orange-ade bottle in the paw of Jack Jennings. Other two gentlemen are Al Lestz and Norm Kant. The pic was snapped in the boys' boudoir after a recent date at State College, Pa. Note the Beat in the left foreground. Band works out of Columbia, Pa.

You Won't Believe It

Chuck Haynes, formerly with the Radio team of Chuck-Ray and Gene heard some years back on the original Sinclair minstrel show has a good duo at the Waldorf in Fargo, N. D. It's quite a job trying to stump these old time gates with a request, old or new.

An amazing guitar duo, Geo. Barnes, NBC Chi. artist, and Ernie Varner, now with Fio-Rito, made a record for Milt Wolf, the string-master. Two numbers—*G Minor Spin* and *Swoon of a Goon*. Record will be released for the buying public in the near future. This is really something to hear, gents! You won't believe it even after you hear it. For aspiring guitarists, in fact all musicians, these little ditties are inspirational shots in the arm. Both tunes were dreamed up and arranged by Georgie Barnes.

Have reports from the East that there are comparatively few theatre-bars extant. The cocktail lounges are many, but very small, with little or no entertainment except juke boxes. Would appreciate if youse guys in the East would write if the above information is incorrect.

A closing thought. Have you heard the new tune, *I Can't Get Over a Gal Like You*—so you'd better get up and answer the phone yourself. Adios.

Ray Hummel Leaves The Hospital

Albany, Ga.—Ray Hummel, manager of Bill Hummel's band and father of four of the boys in the same band, has just rejoined them after being hospitalized since January. Feeling fine and weighing 45 pounds less, he will pick up his booking and managing duties where he was forced to drop them. The band is playing the Paramount club here and have been in this spot since May.

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Piano-Accordion Instruction
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SWING PIANO!
Learn to play real Swing Piano!
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Chicago. **Bobbi Steel** Pres... See if you lar melod the above... New Y band left August 13 shutters u September though I tripled K business i tel manag vince the heavy ad the Astor only thin customers the summ year the open, inst Byrne a week a City, to b ers up t band oper Detroit, vocalist, Barron a band for the Penna Wade, c Byrne's, operatic

Guitars and Guitarists



Can You Dig This Tune?

by Charles Amberger

Ques. As I notice the electric amplified Spanish or orchestra guitar becoming very popular lately I would like to know if you could recommend a good pickup and amplifier for me as I have now a fairly good guitar. I also notice that your style of playing is very popular on the electric Spanish guitar. I am interested in an amplifier that I can attach to my guitar.

Ans. Yes, there are plenty of amplifiers on the market today which can be attached to your instrument, that will eliminate over-tone while playing rhythm. If necessary write to me, and I will advise you further if you desire.

Musical notation for guitar with chord diagrams and fingering instructions. Includes chords like Ab, Eb7, and instructions like '1 means string' and 'smear'.

See if you can guess what popular melody can be played against the above chorus, and write me c/o Down Beat, 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. For personal reply enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Band Folds; Gay Jones Heads South

by PAT WARD

Seattle—An important chapter in local swing history closed ironically last week when Gay Jones, Seattle's favorite swing son, quit the town to which he had given its greatest dance band, and headed for Los Angeles without a piece of folding money in his pocket.

Hampton Waxed Gay's Theme

For two years, ever since the day he made his debut with an 8-piece outfit at the first meeting of Norm Robrow's Husky Hot Club, Jones had been regarded as the peer among Northwest music men, and his arrangements as well as his band have received raves from all the famous jazzmen that have come through here.

Several months ago, when it seemed likely that Jones would be forced to disband, Ted Harris, manager of the Trianon Ballroom, said, "We've never had a more popular local band than Gay Jones', but this city changes its

tastes and that's the way it goes." But it seems more likely to this observer that the ballroom's squeamish policy is largely to blame for Jones' hegira South. Regular dancers have noticed that Jones drew better crowds than most of the unknown name bands that have been given preference at the local emporium.

Still, the move should prove a good one for the young blond pianist, and there is every reason to expect that he will have the final laugh at the city that has played such a big joke on him.

The townsfolk themselves will have nothing to laugh about when fall comes and they realize that what little music they had to be proud of has been kicked away

Bands Battle in Sun Spots

by WALTER CASS

Denver—The battle of bands has been on between the two summer dancing amusement parks Elitch's Gardens and Lakeside. Such stars as Johnny Scat Davis, Glen Gray and his Casa Lomans, and at present Jan Savitt have taken their turns at Elitch's; Russ Morgan, Lew Ayers, and Ted Weems have done their bit for Lakeside.

Chirpie Breaks an Ankle

It seems that Savitt is witnessing his Waterloo in Denver, in that he has lost two of his ace valve men while on his stay here. Trumpet man Johnny Palmer has an infection on his lip, and Jack Napton has an illness in his left ear. Both have left the band for a two months leave. Girl singer Jane Ward, of the Ward trio, appearing with Savitt, slipped and fell breaking her ankle while getting off a horse. But this hasn't stopped the Savitt crew, for it is rumored that the crew has broken the Elitch's attendance record for the ballroom of 2,300 couples in one evening, set by Orrin Tucker and his band a few years back.

Fans have liked Savitt's music so well that the Gardens has kept the band over for an extra week. Ozzie Nelson and his outfit will follow Savitt. As we look to Lakeside, we find that Ted Weems and his juvenile star Mary Lee have attracted dance lovers to the park, so that in the past week a new record has been set for attendance, Weems breaking a record set by himself three years ago. Dick Jurgens and his crew are slated to follow Weems. It will be Jurgens fifth session in the last four years.

Shrednik Goes to KOA

Milton Shrednik with his new band and arrangements have made many friends on a tour this spring in which the band played the top college proms. To the wholehearted approval of many dancing fans, Shrednik and his crew opened the summer session at the beautiful Broadmoor Garden Walk June 16, but during the middle of July Shrednik up and junked his band and took over musical director and head arranger of station KOA. Shrednik's acolyte, Lou Morgan, took over the reigns for two weeks until the management could get a local band for the remainder of the summer.

Even though Shrednik is working at KOA, he has a small combo known as the Gentlemen of Jive that is filling the blue network lines out of Denver on station KVOD with mighty solid jump. The show is sponsored and is well listened to by hepsters. Well-known dance leader Pete Smythe, whose band preceded Shrednik's at the Broadmoor Garden Walk, has started a platter show on a newly formed station KMYR. The program is called Meet the Boys in the Band. . . Willie Hartzell's well-known combination has closed the Albany Hotel's Ranch Room and is now appearing at Eddie Ott's fashionable night club on the lake in Evergreen, Colorado. . . Benny Meroff's flashy show "Funza Fire" has set a new attendance mark at the Denver Theater with his show. On the opening day, Meroff and his show broke a ten year standing attendance mark.

Lepol Rejoins Jan

New York—Al Lepol is back on trombone with Jan Savitt's band, and Gus Bivona, alto saxist, is on notice.

This a Record?

When Mr. Cupid began taking shots at the members of Bill Nance's orchestra, it seems that only two of the boys ducked in time. Since February, none less than six of the lads have walked the matrimonial aisle, for an even average of one tie-up a month. And it all was started by Bill himself. Then came March and trumpeter Ervan Coleman took the vows. Events seemed to slow down a bit at that time, but April 16 drummer Gordon Gimber started the ball rolling again, and just one week later saxist Elton Schutz joined the benedicts. The month of May found piano-player Harold Hallett, falling in line, and June 30, reedman, George Bickel joined the same club. Inasmuch as Jack Self and George Sullivan had become husbands some time before, only bassist Burnett Hyer and trumpeter Joe Grow remain on the eligible list. Bill and the boys are now in their tenth week at the Canyon Supper Club in Wichita, Kansas, where they have topped all previous attendance records at the ultra-exclusive niter.

Les Hite Band Cheats Reaper

Fort Dodge, Iowa—Ten members of Les Hite's band en route to Cleveland narrowly escaped serious injury a few nites back when their bus developed faulty brakes and shot out of control on a long hill just outside of Fort Dodge.

Joe Eagleton, the driver, swerved the speeding bus off the highway when he saw that it would be impossible to make the sharp curve at the bottom of the hill. The bus ripped through a heavy cable fence, crossed a railroad siding and came to a stop a hundred feet away as its front wheels were torn off.

The boys in the band were asleep at the time and fortunately no one was injured above a severe shaking. Also their instruments were unbroken.

Mind if we take a bow?

Variety says:

"LAMENT TO LOVE"

... has all the earmarks of becoming a solid machine hit. Catchy ballad melody fitted with impressive lyric, the tune seems to possess the requirements for wide commercial use. . . There will probably be more releases of the melody, however, it's a marked money maker."

Hear "Lament to Love" on these records: Harry James—Col. 36222 Sonny Dunham—BBird. 11214 Les Brown—Okeh 6258 Lanny Ross—Victor

"Dealers: "Lament to Love" already goes on best-seller lists!!!

ROE-KRIPPENE

Music Publishers, Inc. 1650 Broadway, New York City Woods Theater Bldg., Chicago 1509 Vine, Hollywood

Pittsburgh Girl in Hollywood

This is pretty Gai Moran, a Pittsburgh brunet who for two years was heavily featured with Jimmy Joy's band in the Midwest. Now a resident of Hollywood, Miss Moran has been playing singing roles in various films. And she's a dancer, too. When she's not busy in front of the camera's Gai doubles as a housewife to Dale (Brodie) Shroff, Will Osborne trumpeter, whom she married in 1939. Pic by Seymour.

'Horsecollar' Band At Kelly Stable

New York—Band led by 'Horsecollar,' the alto saxist, opened at Kelly's Stable July 31 with Shad Collins on trumpet, George Jones, drums; Ben Williams, clarinet; Al Harris, bass, and General Morgan on piano. It's a groovy colored combo which follows Lips Page's crew into the spot.

This Little Chicklet

has red hair and green eyes. She's 22 and her name Diana Mitchell. She got her vocal start down in Memphis, her home town, on radio station WMC and with Ralph Bennett's old band. Now she's with Sonny Dunham at Meadowbrook. Dunham manager Carlos Castel found her singing in Chi with "Ding" Bill at the Graemere hotel. To top it off, she's done some modeling, too. Peri. ch?



Bobby Byrne at Steel Pier for Present Week

New York—Bobby Byrne and band left the Hotel Pennsylvania August 13th, when the Cafe Rouge shutters until Miller opens late in September. It's understood that although Byrne's dinner business tripled Krupa's and his supper business ran about double, the hotel management was unable to convince the Statler operators that heavy advertising on the style of the Astor and New Yorker was the only thing that would bring the customers to a downstairs room in the summer time. This is the first year the Cafe Rouge was kept open, instead of opening the Roof. Byrne opened August 14th for a week at the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, to be followed by one-nighters up to Sept. 12th, when the band opens at Eastwood Gardens, Detroit. Jimmy Palmer, original vocalist, who has been with Blue Barron and others, re-joined the band for the last two weeks at the Pennsylvania, replacing Stuart Wade, Cleveland discovery of Byrne's, who will study for an operatic career.

How Can We Justify Jazz To Those Who Don't Like It?

by PERRY WOLFF

I shall now define Jazz, or hot jazz, or "God, that awful noise!" in 1500 words.

This is something that should have been done long ago. I've read *Down Beat* since I was old enough to hold a reefer between my infant fingers, but I've never seen an article in it justifying jazz for its own sake.

Hot music is under constant intellectual fire from the devotees of classical music, from folks who don't know anything about it except that it's vaguely immoral to stick a bathroom plunger into a poor trumpet, and from a few

justify, clarify and define jazz to them (and maybe to ourselves)?

In the first place, make sure that you both are talking about the same thing when you say "jazz" or "hot music." It is spontaneous and is utterly different from written music. The written stuff can be called syncopated music, and that's all that can be said about it.

Music is a language of emotion and its purpose is not to tell a story, or show the dancers how far a trombone slide can slip, or how high a trumpet player can go until his lip falls off. Because the purpose of music is to *excite or express a mood*, it should be judged only on this principle. This lets out right here all Raymond Scott fans who insist that Raymie is a genius because he can imitate the sound of seventeen hysterical grasshoppers beating their heads off against a tin wall.

So in the first place, since the only fundamental of music is emotion, the terms "good" and "bad" when applied to music can only mean that it has attempted a valid emotion and has shown it successfully or unsuccessfully. We don't have to know exactly what the artist was trying to show—but if in our emotional consciousness we find a response, that's all that's necessary. Nobody knows exactly what Coleman Hawkins was trying to say in the second chorus of *Body and Soul*. He was saying more than "I'm sad," but emotionally most of us have had enough experience in life to recognize vaguely, at least, that which Hawkins was expressing with his instrument. Words are an entirely different medium from music, and the reason we often cannot say what we want in words is that they are inadequate for most of us. Hawkins is certainly as emotionally articulate with his tenor as Keats or Sandburg are with language.

The second point is this: The artist must present his emotion in a creatively new way. Guys like Renecke who sound to me like everybody else, only more so, are particularly insignificant, in my mind, since what they have to say



A Tribute to Bix
Leon Bismark Beiderbecke died ten years ago this month in a New York hospital at the age of 28. Bix, born in Davenport, Ia., in 1903, remains an outstanding jazz personality to this day although it was during the late twenties that he rose to prominence with his golden horn.

guys who can't play jazz and are bitter about the whole thing. Some of these people are just misguided, and with sympathetic training all the emotional joy of hearing great improvised music can be shown to them.

But what should we say to these benighted chumps? How do we



Watch the Leader-Lady, Lads, and show us how it looked from up front when that grand Ina Ray Hutton band of yours opened at the Astor in New York alongside Will Bradley the other night. The glamorless (she prefers it that way) Hutton is fronting the best band of her career. The lad with the horn on his lip and one eye on the music at upper left is Eddie Zandy. He's got a lip like a piece of iron. If you don't believe it, ask vocalist Stuart Foster, into whose ear Eddie is blowing the jazz. But from all appearances, "Stu" likes it well enough, as he croons a tune to Ina Ray. The genial-looking tub-man, who had to be made into a southpaw by the *Beat* engraver so he'd be looking at leader Hutton, is Ralph Collier. Actually he operates from the starboard. Tenor man with the hair is Danny Cappi. They're Otto Hess pix.



has been said before in much the same way.

So there are really two reasons why jazz, or any music, is good or bad. Don't let any devotee of classical music tell you there are other considerations. There aren't. What could they be? These are the premises of all music.

A reading musician is no more than a carpenter following a blueprint, and the amount of interpretation possible is slight, compared to the artist who conceives the music originally. As a result, there's a complete difference between a capable classical musician and a hot one. Classically, a guy whose tone won't stick out, and who is able to interpret the blueprint with the least number of technical mistakes, is a good musician. A good jazz musician is one whose tone doesn't frighten babies (I take that back—what about Pee Wee Russell?) and who gets pretty close to the note he wants—but, most important, whose ideas are new and stimulating. Men like Rex Stewart who are handicapped by clinkers are still great musicians because of their ideas. Listen to *Shine* on HRS, where Stewart hits quite a few bad ones and yet still emerges with an exciting solo. Maybe it would be better to call a man reading music a musician, and a man like Stewart an artist—for the sake of distinction.

Jazz is improvisation, and whether you like it with or without drive, pretty like the Goodman sextet, or intense and elemental like the old New Orleans jammed ensemble, isn't too important. The only thing that matters is that it must be improvised. The rest of the stuff that surrounds jazz, and I refer to the ensemble work of a full band (or the faces the drummer makes) is unimportant.

All this may sound pretty elementary to the hot fan, but even in these sacred columns Dexter goes into ecstasy over much ensemble playing, and even Duchin gets a favorable review. Ensemble music is the springboard from which the soloist takes off—it may get him excited enough to play over his head—and this is the only use for the stuff except for the dancers. But classical music has such a wider range of rhythms and voicings that any imitative attempts of guys like Ellington are doomed to mediocrity.

Ensemble music is no more than a picture frame surrounding the art work of a soloist. Some people collect picture frames for their own sake, but most people prefer to collect pictures. Ellington evolves frames which are almost beautiful

enough to stand by themselves, but they still don't mean anything compared to the solos his men take. Listen to *Sepia Panorama*—Ellington at his best—and then realize how little any ensemble music can say compared to the tender solo that Ben Webster takes.

So that's all there is to jazz: a man soloing. There is nothing else, and everything that is said about the ensemble music, or about jazz symphonies, or such, is pretentious, and in many cases deliberately snobbish. Jazz is merely emotion and on-the-spot creation. All the bunk written about record labels or new swing styles, or how many times Bix slept with whom, or lamp the fem chirper's gams, is helping to create a distorted picture of a great music.

was written by the Duke, for the most part, with additional material contributed by Hal Borne, Paul Webster, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden.

Highlight songs include *I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good*, *Brown Skinned Gal in the Calico Gown*, *Hickory Stick, Nothin', If Life Were All Peaches and Cream*, *Chocolate Shake*, *Bl-Blip and Jump for Joy*.

The Lockie Music Exchange, which operates two stores in Los Angeles, has moved its Hollywood store from Melrose Ave. up into the heart of the music district—1521 Vine St., between Hollywood Blvd. and Sunset Blvd.

Jimmie Simpson is manager of the new Hollywood store and Jack Hayes has been moved from the down town store to become his assistant. Hayes was replaced at the down town store by Paul Nigro, well known there as a sax player.

Harry Jones will be in charge of the repair shop at the new store. He has been with Lockie's for many years.

Writers of *Eve Let That Adam Be*, Leon Corday and Leon Carr, have just turned out a follow-up titled *I'm Wit' You*, dedicated to a New York trade mag legman. Woody Herman slated to plug it as he has *Eve*.

Lead—on a Boogie Kick
Leeds Music Corp. has acquired rights to most of the original boogie compositions of Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis, including Johnson's *Blues On the Down Beat* recorded for Decca and Bluebird. Firm plans an extensive boogie campaign.

Dick Hummer, Isham Jones arranger, has been signed by Goodson Music Co. for six original tunes to be issued as a "Dick Hummer manuscript series." Hummer has also been gaining the reputation as arranging one of the finest stocks on the street.

At a special showing of the 20th Century-Fox film musical, *Sun Valley Serenade*, starring Sonja Henie and John Payne, given for an audience comprised of radio artists to feel out which songs from this picture they believed had greatest possibilities, the poll indicated the most favored songs to be *I Know Why, Chattanooga Choo Choo* and *The Kiss Polka*.

The songs for *Sun Valley Serenade* were written by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren and this film marks the first appearance of Glenn Miller's ork in a full-length. Among the maestri who attended the preview were Miller, Johnny Long, Bobby Byrne, Will Bradley, Ray McKinley, Vincent Lopez and others.

Rambling Along TIN PAN ALLEY

BY MICHAEL MELODY

The pix have always been a good source for song hits but now we find one sprouting from a newer field—a radio soap-opera. *Face in the Crowd* is the tune and it made its bow when the lead of the skit, a young cab jockey, who had been penning unsuccessful symphonies, decided to pick up some fast cash by writing a pop number. This was all a part of the script. Now, the backstage story goes that this lead, William Janney, went to his real dad and asked him to write a tune to be used in the serial. The dad, Russel Janney, producer and writer, collaborated with Franklin Hauser turning out *Face in the Crowd* which was aired during a recent episode. The tune seems to have caught on with their listeners so Janney and Hauser have decided to have it published. A new tune is born.

Daddy Don't 'low No Foolin' 'round is the tab of a new tune by Russ (*I'll Be Back in a Year, Little Darling*) Hull and Ernest Ford, lyricist for *Sweet and Lovely Forever*. Incidentally, these boys have never seen each other. They work by mail—each handling his end out of a postage box. *Daddy* will be published by Chi's Bell Music Co.

Duke Writes for Joy
Robbins Music Corporation will publish the songs from the Duke Ellington revu-sical *Jump for Joy*, which opened at the Mayan Theatre in Los Angeles under the auspices of the American Revue Theatre and is scheduled to arrive in New York in the fall. The musical score for the show

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—Mike

Mike Vetrano

Woody Herman

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Chicago. August 15, 1941

'Spe Tips

Comes driving. wheel of more people. This appli we're just observations of the cou years of con ing for the cares to use

How to Your tou Rhode Isla particularly New Engl

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Keith With V

Rockfor as City Winslow' Lafayette placing awaiting was form marr bar rie woogi Mary realist. time for date. The at the Du

The streakin Down 6 only \$3

'Speed' Egan Slips Tips to Tourists

by JACK EGAN

Comes balmy summer and with it comes the usual balmy driving. Not that we mean to insult your ability at the wheel of your Saxon Special, but statistics do prove that more people hit the road in the summer than any other time. This applies to bands as well as anyone else so, on that score, we're just jotting down a few observations about different parts of the country noted in several years of constant nation-wide driving for the benefit of anyone who cares to use it.

How to Lose Your License

Your toughest speed states are Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, particularly tough for bands since New England and Pennsylvania

are two of the best ballroom territories in the country. Except for the new Penna. Turnpike from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, the rules of fifty m.p.h. in Bill Penn's yard are observed to the letter and if you get caught cheating, even a little bit, you just lose that license of yours for ninety days. If you don't have a license you lose a lot more. Rhode Island is equally as tough and I know any number of people, most of them bandmen, who'll verify this statement.

New York is more concerned with reckless driving than speeders, except in congested territories. Connecticut posts various speed limits along its roads and, except in outlying sections where you can take a few liberties, expects you to live up to those markers. New Jersey's fine roads are well patrolled but the cops aren't unreasonable. Ditto Delaware, which boasts one of the finest highways in the country. The South, as a whole, still flaunts its famous southern hospitality and, unless you're breaking laws beyond reason or sass back the constables, will probably let you off with a choice lecture on "we hate to see our visitors risk their necks," a request to be more careful and more considerate of the other fellow's limb and a cheery goodbye.

Sky is the Limit, Except

Beyond the Mississippi, heading west, you're pretty much on your own. They let you go the limit in the open country but insist that you slow down when passing through cities and towns, and when they say "slow down to twenty miles an hour" they mean twenty miles an hour. Be careful of school zones too, they're strict about them, particularly when they have stop signs posted in the roads. Be sure you stop. Stop for school buses, too. Outside of that, your main worries are the cowboys who drive in much the same manner as they break broncos. Not all of them, mind you, but among them you'll find some of the trickiest wheel spinners in the country. Or maybe they're just taking advantage of the extra fine roads that stretch around that super country out there.

As for the west coast - well you've heard about California drivers. The only way you can match them is to spend six months driving a hack in New York before you go out or just let yourself go when you're in their midst. If you're too conscientious for either course, just park your car in a garage and forget about it. After all, the pedestrian has the right of way in Hollywood.

Minoco Born; Roosevelt Out

Los Angeles—Complete reorganization of the Mills juke box movie set-up finds Jimmy Roosevelt's Globe picture company completely out of the picture and all West Coast production of midget musicals for Mills distribution now in the hands of a new company formed by Sam Coslow, Minoco Productions, with which he embarked on the dime movie productions for Soundies Distributing Corp., (one of the Mills subsidiaries) has been merged with Minoco.

Minoco has around \$1,000,000 in the kitty for its first year's budget on the juke box shorts. A schedule calling for 208 pix has been set up and shooting and recording on the first batch is well under way. First group of productions included orks under Dave Rose, Buddy Rogers, Skinnay Ennis (Skinnay's shorts were completed for Cameo before he left here recently). Among the featured singers were Martha Tilton, Gale Page, and the King's Men.

EZ-Way Baton

Richmond, Va.—Manny Wasserman, friend of all musicians in this town and surrounding vicinity, is showing pals his latest invention.

It's a baton, specially designed by Wasserman, the lower part of which includes a pencil for use in signing autographs.

Chapin with Alexander then Tommy Reynolds

by RAY TREAT

Syracuse, N. Y.—Drummer Jim Chapin is thinking of taking a summer home on Owasco Lake. Chapin played Enna Jettick Park (near Auburn) for a week with Van Alexander and two weeks later came back in with Tommy Reynolds'

crew for a seven day stretch. Thrush Kay Little joined Alexander for the engagement.

Fines Buy Savings Stamps

Barney Rapp succeeded Alexander with a surprisingly good unit. Rapp created that 'let's all have a good time' feeling and the folks ate it up. Vocalists Alice 'Pee Wee' Hayes, Carl Baker and Bruce Munson were decided favorites. While here Rapp promoted a Bundles for Britain street concert. In the Rapp outfit, the fines for tardiness are used to buy defense savings stamps which are divided amongst the organization. Novel, eh what?

Rapp was followed on the stand by Reynolds with Mary Ann McCall vocalizing. Local cats liked this outfit altho' biz on the floor was not up to par.

From Spat to Mother

Next in was Carl Lorch who did not do very well. 'Tis rumored that vocalist Mary Ann and her mate Lorch had a spat, following which Mary Ann packed and left for home. Local tenor man Jim Gentile joined up with Lorch during the stay. Gentile led his own band here under the moniker of "Paige."

Business at the Park is said to be the best in five years. Other bands due are Charlie Teagarden, Herbie Holmes, Buddy Fisher, Tiny Hill and Charlie Agnew. . . . Dick Hamilton, teen aged Auburn tenor saxist, is rehearsing a large band. Unit will go union. . . . Boys in town raving over the lead trumpet of Tony "Coonie" Tripp, free lancer. . . . We had a pleasant surprise visit from Freddie Eimers the other day. Eimers has a fine crew that works around Erie, Pa. . . . Jimmy Richardson's ork playing week ends at Suburban Park, Manlius. Berigan in Suburban for a one-niter. . . . Eddie Williamson getting steady work at Drunlins, Syracuse. . . . Milt Herth at Hotel Syracuse's Persian Room for the summer. . . . Atop Hotel Onondago at the roof garden is Lee Kuhn's combo.

Let the Beat keep you hip to the music picture.



The Give Away to this pic is the tight grips the boys in Ted Fio Rito's band have on the aluminum hats and mutes which they are about to "contribute" to the national aluminum drive. They may have dropped them, for Ted says the band is doing right nice down Texas way what with breaking a few house records and so on. The patriot's above are, from left to right: George Herboth, Jimmy Zito, Walter Maurer, Norris Hurley, Ted himself, June Hevers, his unique 15 year old vocalist, and Chick Daugherty.

Egan Wronged by Jan Savitt?

by CHARLES ABBOTT

Philadelphia—In the July 15th issue, I wrote about the rotten break that Jan Savitt dealt to Andy Egan. A wholly unexpected deluge of mail descended upon me, from many musicians who joined me in my condemnation of Jan. Now, it seems quite plausible, that Jan is to blame when sidemen leave him in clusters, and nobody else's.

Herb Fleisher, ex-Milt Britton altoist, is now with Phil Mills at the Silver Fleet Inn, incidentally, this combo is drawing plenty of raves.

Freddie Slack Marks Time

Hollywood—Freddie Slack is anxiously awaiting Decca's release of his first records with his new band. One of them, *Kitten on the Keys*, Slack believes may be a national hit, especially in the juke machines. Mannie Klein's trumpet is a highspot of the disc along with the leader's brilliant keyboard capers.

Slack has been playing background music for several Universal pictures. By late September he hopes to return to New York, where his band will be launched in big-time style.

Meantime Freddie is busy arranging. Virtually his entire book for his new outfit is from his own pen.

SHEET MUSIC BEST SELLERS

- The Hot-Sn Song (Sakunama)
- Daddy (Republic)
- Maria Elena (Southern)
- The Things I Love (Campbell)
- Green Eyes (Southern)
- Just A Little Bit South (Fargo)
- Yours (E. B. Marks)
- I'll Be With You in Apple Blossom Time (Broadway)
- My Sister and I (BMI)
- You Are My Sunshine (Southern)

SONGS MOST PLAYED ON THE AIR

- Daddy (Republic)
- The Things I Love (Campbell)
- Maria Elena (Southern)
- Harbor of Dreams (Miller)
- Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Famous)
- You and I (Willson)
- Intermezzo (Sakunama)
- I Understand (Faint)
- The Hot-Sn Song (Sakunama)
- Yours (E. B. Marks)



Erskine Hawkins dabbles in drawing when he's not putting music through a trumpet in front of his band. This is a caricature "Ersk" knocked out on himself between sets at the Savoy ballroom in New York. That's his favorite stomper. One of Moe Gale's best attractions, the Hawkins band records for Bluebird.

Swing Quartet Toys With Sustainer

by ANN BLEY

South Whitley, Ind.—Station WGL, here, has a sustaining program which is becoming a solid fave. Every afternoon they break away from the Hitler Huff flashes to come in with "What's Cookin'?" featuring the Swing Quartet and a different vocalist on various days. It's emceed by Ed King and everyone gets a whirl on the show. The band gives out on such instruments as toy whistles, ocarinas, etc., and really kill themselves. It's a staff combo consisting of Guy Fitzsimmons on clarinet, Dick Galbreath on guitar, Tommy Longworth on bass, and Norm Carroll on piano and vibes.

Millard Ott, former valve with Bill Miller's band, is new manager of Tom Berry's music store, hang-out for the one-niter and theater date cats. . . . Rex Dale, 88-er on the Westinghouse stations WOWO-WGL, is doing a six-a-week stint at the Allen Hotel, and solid.

Keith Myers Now With Winslow

by BOB FOSSUM

Rockford, Ill.—Keith Myers, Kansas City piano ace, joined Russ Winslow's dixieland crew at the Lafayette hotel here recently, replacing Lucier Rimmel who is awaiting his draft papers. Myers was formerly with the Ayres Lamm band and plays terrific boogie woogie. Mary Jane Kakuski, local fem vocalist, will join Correy Lynn in time for the band's Melody Mill late. The Lynn combo is currently at the Dutch Mill on Lake Delavan.

The cost of living might be streaking toward the blue, but a *Down Beat* subscription is still only \$3 a year. Get it now!

King Adds Sam Dean; Barnet In the Mood

by DIXON GAYER

San Francisco—Saunders King's quartet at Jack's Tavern has been augmented to a quintet with the addition of Sam Dean, ex-Chi trumpet man. Dean's addition has made the waiting line outside Jack's just a bit longer. One of Dean's best tricks is holding a steady trumpet tone through two choruses without a quiver. His solos are fine, fitting beautifully into the already solid aggregation.

Barnet Comes to Sweets

Someone must have done some fancy spring pulling recently to spot Charlie Barnet into Sweet's for a record breaking one-nighter. Charlie was due to play Sweet's after closing the Palomar engagement of two years back in which he lost his entire library and all of the boys' instruments in the fire which burned the Palomar to the ground. Since the fire took all of the band's equipment and music it was impossible for them to play their booked one nighters and all were cancelled. Bill Sweet threatened to sue Barnet for breach of contract but was laughed and sneered out of the case before it ever came to court. Oaklanders immediately gave up the hope of ever seeing Barnet in the ballroom but were really knocked out when his engagement was announced. Buff Estes was the glamour boy of the evening with his impossibly weird chords and progressions. Charlie, himself, was in the mood and kept infinite variety in his numerous solos. The band was sadly in need of trumpet work. It may just have been the night but the solos except for scattered good ones, lacked sadly.

Neil Bondshu at the Sir Francis Drake plans to tour his new band according to latest reports. Neil formed his own outfit some months ago after leaving the piano spot with Carl Ravazza. "Smilin'" Bill Stoker, ex-Kay Kyser vocalist, is a highlight with the outfit.

Don Kaye returns to his old Claremont Hotel spot in Berkeley



Bonga Boy . . . When Emil Coleman and his band were making a 'short' in filmville recently, Phil Rale, Emil's tub tapper, was featured in a voodoo number behind the dancing of a beautiful slave girl. Our Hollywood photo—eager boy that he is—got so close in an attempted close-up of the slave dancer that he missed her entirely and came up with this shot of Phil, who looks as though he had a sharper focus on the intended subject than did our lens. Warners will release the pic sometime in September.

Ambitious Guy

New York—If Ray Bloch hasn't been radio's busiest musical director up until now, he will certainly deserve that honor after August 31. On that day Bloch's choir begins an insurance company commercial for Prudential to be heard every Sunday on CBS. This will make six commercials for Bloch's orchestra and chorus, a record unmatched by any other radio band leader.

Hallett Plays Shuteye Date

by CHARLOT SLOTIN

Savannah Beach, Ga.—Mal Hallett and his band were paid for going to sleep on their last visit here. Booked to play the Lucas theater for three shows, they were not permitted by the union to play because the Lucas refused to pay local standbys, in accordance with union laws. A theater hiring an out-of-town band is required to pay local musicians the local minimum, but the Savannah union asks for payment of only 7 instead of the usual one for each in the band. The management of the Lucas asked until May 15 to decide, after which they played Tony Pastor; then they decided against paying the locals. They then contracted Hallett, who parked his instruments and went to bed. Since the Bijou Theatre is Lucas and Jenkins controlled, the stage hands have been pulled, and Savannah has no stage shows whatsoever. All because of about 42 dollars. The union fund set aside for this purpose was used to pay Hallett, and the Lucas remains on the national unfair list.

Kitsel, of Camel hour and radio fame, was in another auto accident recently. Already carrying injuries from a previous one, he escaped this time after his car was

Band Boom in California

(Jumped from Page 3)

Klein, there are 30 musicians here who can't find any work at all.

Charlie Emge is universally liked as Down Beat's California representative. Marty Melcher and Eddie MacHarg rate as the hardest-working and most effective contact men. Barney McDevitt has no competition as the town's best press agent.

Woody Herman got the most sensational reception of any band to hit Hollywood in years, and as this was being fed to the inotypes for the Aug. 15 Beat the Palladium management said the Herman hero had outgrossed every band in the spot's year of operation except for Glenn Miller. As a result Woody has been held over until Sept. 11, when Gene Krupa will replace him.

"Boom Can't Last"

No matter which way you look at it, California is jumping. Or rather it jumps until 2 a.m. every night. The home town talent isn't particularly good and almost all the large L. A. bands are three-tenor, butterfly-piano outfits which could click only among friends. That's why the Stan Kenton group, with its powerful, heavy beat and its enthusiasm, looms as the next local band to make good on the national scene. Kenton is an energetic pianist who has kicked around with plenty of name bands. He arranges, plays piano, sings, fronts, conducts all his own business and plays father to his 6-week-old baby without ever getting sleep and rest. With a smart manager, a little more commercial style and a lot of old-fashioned luck, Kenton may become one of America's big name maestros in a few years.

As it looks from this corner he's California's only hope. Southern Cal is jumping like mad right now, thanks to the visiting orks. By September 15 they'll have all returned East for the winter. Meanwhile everyone is having a hell of a good time while it lasts. They know a boom like this one can't last forever.

Kay Gross Goes to Republic Music

New York—Kathleen Cotter Gross has been signed to a 5-year binder by Sammy Kaye. She'll write lyrics for Kaye's Republic Music Corp. So far none of her songs has been published.

Personnels

- Roland Ernest**
Walt Mellor, Ange Pershelli, sax; Ed Ford, trumpet; Lun Ludwis, trombone; Eddie Hartzel, piano; Chick Corvan, drums; Don Ameche, bass and vocals, and Ernest, leader and trumpet.
- The Horton Girls**
Sheila Sanford, Mary Kulp, Maxine Horton, sax; Ronnie Armburn, Shirley Ann Horton, trumpet; Birdie Bennett, trombone; Bubba Woodard, guitar; Ann Marie Horton, piano and vocal; Madelon Horton, drums and vocals, and Aub Horton, leader and sax.
- Five Sharps**
Martin Glaser, Alan Feldman, saxes and clarinet; John Bagin, drums and violin; Jerry Black, piano and arrangements; and Paul Galar, trumpet and leader.
- Sammy Donahue**
Bill Nichol, Paul Petrillo, Max Kretschmer, John Forns, saxes; Harry Goyard, Michael Paul, Bud Davis, trumpets; Ken Weisel, Jack Vorlino, trombones; Wayne Herdell, piano; Walt Sherman, bass; Hal Hahn, drums, and Donahue, sax and leader.
- Red Norvo**
Fred Artzberger, Bill Petro, Victor Piro, James Gemus, saxes; James Salko, Jack King, Fran Snyder, trumpets; Aho Nule, Leo O'Connor, trombone; Dick Michel, piano; Joe Kowchak, bass; Frank Vesely, drums; Jean Gordon, Fran Snyder, vocals, and Norvo, vibas and front.
- Jimmy Griggs**
Nuckton Greer, Harold Hucksby, Dick Pichke, John Howard, saxes; G. A. Mahler, Dick Anderson, Tex Oldham, trumpets; Tom Hoines, Jack Hoeman, Louis Neese, trombones; Troy Wumble, piano; Henry Appelby, guitar; Winnetto DeGrand, drums, and Griggs, tenor, front and vocals.
- Tutt Yarbrough**
Warren Koonin, Joe Metz, Bert Seal, Danny McNeerney, saxes; Eddie Welch, Henry Randall, Steve Broadus, brass; Budie Hinton, piano; Eddie Greiner, guitar; Jimmie Corde, drums; Ann Gibson, vocals, and Yarbrough, bass and front.
- Stan Guber**
Harold Moore, Spee Rodman, saxes; Art Pilsner, trumpet; Frosty McKown, drums and vocals; Della Fursay, Stan Storey, vocals, and Guber, piano and leader.
- Dick King**
Harry Bowlin, Pedro Topis, Gene Jenkins, Bob McGeorge, saxes; Harley Riley, Bob Quinn, Mahlon Hawkins, trumpets; Nels Nicholson, Bob Reed, trombones; Ben Moore, piano and arranger; Herb Crawford, guitar; Bob Hollowell, bass; Fred Zimmerman, drums; Gwen Lynn, vocals, and King, vocals and front.

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NBC Pact Creates Stir

New York—NBC's agreement with ASCAP, bringing to a close that network's differences with the song men's organization, was viewed in New York as the "best thing that's happened to the music biz in years" when it was announced.

Songpluggers swarmed into spots with NBC wires, stirring up activity as it was "in the old days" before the ASCAP war began. Band leaders rejoiced that they could once again play old standards which for months have laid dusty in their books. But everyone, at the same time, looked toward CBS for a quick settlement. When CBS signs, the picture will be complete. The Mutual network was first of the three major webs to bury the hatchet when it made peace with ASCAP last May.

Classified ads in the Beat pay off. And dig those nominal rates!

Livingston Stays On

by JACK DALY

Houston—Jimmy Livingston and band are in their seventh week at Sylvan Beach and stand a very good chance of finishing out the season if they continue to draw the big crowds they have been. Very few bands ever play more than two weeks at the spot, but the Livingston crew seems to have what it takes to please the dancers. Probably the fine singing of Tony Russell has a lot to do with it.

Two Moderne Hotels

Catering to and offering Special Rates to the Profession

WOLVERINE HOTEL	CHICAGOAN HOTEL
Overlooking Grand Circus Park, on Elizabeth, a half block off Woodward,	In the heart of the loop, 67 West Madison Street,
DETROIT	CHICAGO



While Absorbing the shot at left with his super-duper gam-graphic, shutterhawk Ray Rising was heard to murmur heatedly, "Fgad, if this don't hit the *beat*, I'm taking up animal husbandry!" Rising is still in the flash box biz as we pass on to the dear readers Ray's impression of the gorgeous gam* of Gail Robbins, who chortles with Art Jarrett at Chi's Blackhawk restaurant.

And in the nigh-femoral foto at right is that Law gal, Mildred, who left the "Pal Joey" cast to join the lyric department of the Vaughn Monroe band.

Lads Above are the Four Brown Jugs, now at Log Cabin Inn, N. Y.

Team of Goats over at right are being held in check by band leader Tiny Hill. Point of this weird setup is rather vague; seems some bearded character who plies the highways of the midwest owns this herd and roams around the country collecting junk and disporting his horned friends and knocked-out wagon, in which he lives. He's a philosopher and preacher on the side, when not collecting junk.



Ah, What a Jolly Time some of these band boys do have of it! Aquatic gamblers in the shot above are the Tommy Tusker tykes, all gathered playfully at the edge of the pool at the West End Casino, of Jersey fame. The band is playing at the swank Berkeley-Carver hotel at

Asbury Park. And of course you've been asking mentally, "Who is she?" Well, it's chirpie Amy Arnell.

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Carl Hoff Calls Childs 'Racketeer'

See Story on Page One

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