

Hallock 'A Barefaced Liar,' Says Johnny Green

By JOHNNY GREEN

Hollywood—You can imagine my shock and surprise at reading the article in the May 4 *Down Beat* entitled "Hollywood Is Phony, Sickening; Hallock." On the first page, your correspondent dares to print a characterization of my language to our recording orchestra based only on alleged information received from a "Mr. Doe."

This is annoying and ridiculous but unimportant in comparison with the rest of the statement, which goes on, "then (he) beats off a typical society, businessman's bounce tempo, the only one he knows."

Statement 'False'

This statement is a false reflection upon my abilities as a conductor. For example, at my recording session on April 16 the orchestra recorded under my baton a considerable section of the *Semiramide Overture* of Rossini; the entire third movement of the *Third Symphony* of Brahms, and a somewhat edited version of all three movements of the *Grieg Piano Concerto* with Jacob Gimpel as soloist. With such music on the racks and with such a soloist, one is either a legitimate conductor or one is not.

One does not "beat off . . . businessman's bounce tempo, the only one he knows" in conducting Brahms, Rossini, and Grieg.

Even More So

But Hallock's allegation that I accepted my Academy Award for a score written by Calvin Jackson is an even more vulgarly barefaced lie.

The only Academy Award I have ever won, I won for my work as a freelance composer-conductor in 1948 for a picture which I started in 1947—*Easter Parade*.

This was long before I was ever head of any studio music department (I did not become MGM's general music director until August of 1949).

Calvin Jackson was not even employed at MGM during the term of my employment on *Easter Parade* and therefore did not do one minute's or one note's worth of work of any kind, nature, or description on *Easter Parade*.

Thus, accusing me of stealing an Academy Award from Jackson—and this for a film on which he did not even work—is a complete falsehood.

Nomination

The year preceding *Easter Parade* I was nominated for the Academy Award for my scoring of the film *Fiesta*, but did not win it. And when I say my scoring I don't mean anybody else's.

It was in that film that my adaptation for piano and symphony of Aaron Copland's *El Salon Mexico* appeared. This work was not only adapted by me but was also orchestrated in full score and conducted by me with Copland's full approval.

Anyone having the vaguest acquaintance with the rhythmic structure of *El Salon Mexico* would not suggest that a man who knows only how to "beat off a society tempo" would dare to conduct it.

Inaccuracy

Also, as secretary of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and chairman of its music branch, I want to put on record that your editor's note about the method of presentation of the scoring awards is completely inaccurate. This award does not go to a department. It goes to the individual or individuals who are accredited by the studio for the job in question.

I do not attempt to be modest when I tell you, as you can verify, that I have been one of the real sluggers in the fight hereabouts for the proper allocation of music credits.

Sarah To Coast

New York—Sarah Vaughan left here April 27 for two months of California bookings, including her first full-length movie, Maurice Duke's *Disc Jockey*.

Sarah will sing a new number in the picture entitled *After Hours* (no relation to the Avery Parrish instrumental).

Pinza Pals Around With Hollywood Studio Folk



Hollywood—Top brass of the MGM studios cluster around Edio Pinza, while Harold Arlen serves as accompanist, for a little extra airing of the Pinza bass. The former Metropolitan opera and South Pacific star is spotted opposite Lana Turner in the movie

Mr. Imperium, for which Arlen and Dorothy Fields wrote the music. Left to right above are Bronislau Kaper, producer Edwin Knopf, Pinza, director Don Hartman, and Johnny Green, head of the MGM music department.

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Old Tunes Never Die

New York—Tin Pan Alley went into a million-dollar dither as a result of General MacArthur's use of the "old soldiers never die" phrase in his much-discussed speech before congress. The song of the same name was quickly disinterred and recorded by most major companies.

Some sort of a record was established by MGM, which cut the tune with Leroy Holmes' orchestra and a male quartet, and had the records pressed and delivered to New York dealers within 48 hours of the session. A similar feat was accomplished by RCA Victor with Vaughn Monroe's *Trolley Song*, its first release after the record ban in 1944.

Although several versions of *Old Soldiers* are around, the one mostly in use at present is credited to Charles R. Campbell and is published by Carl Fisher.

Basie's Big Crew Goes Out On Tour

New York—After a week at Birdland with his sextet, Count Basie again enlarged to big band dimensions for a booking at the Strand theater here, then expanded still further, from five to seven brass, for a series of dates taking him out to Los Angeles.

Before leaving town he recorded four sides with a full band for Columbia.

Morgan Music Director On 'Disc Jockey' Movie

Hollywood—Russ Morgan will draw official credit as music director on the Allied Artists production *Disc Jockey*, big budget musical now in production at Monogram studios by Maurice Duke, with Herb Jeffries as associate producer.

Morgan's band, which recently

Oakland Club On Jazz Kick

Oakland—The Elks club on Eighth street here is the newest spot to pick up on name talent. Club booked in Sarah Vaughan May 8 for two weeks and was hoping to follow with Erroll Garner and various other acts through the ABC office.

Oakland, which has long been

Disc Firm Makes Out-Of-Court Settlement In Wax Piracy Case

Hollywood—The Folkways record company of New York, facing legal action by the Jazz Man firm, main office here in Hollywood, on charges of lifting and releasing material from the Jazz Man catalog without permission (*Down Beat*, May 4) has made an out-of-court settlement.

It's understood the settlement was made on the basis of an unrevealed cash payment, agreement by Folkways to stop pressing of the LP *Jazz*, Vol. 3 containing the Jazz Man item, and agreement by Folkways not to use any items from the Jazz Man catalog in the future.

Neuhi and Marili Ertegun, operators of the Jazz Man firm, said:

"The important thing is that we have established a precedent that we believe will be a step toward blocking the rapidly growing practice of reissuing jazz and other types of records taken from originals without payment to anyone

and without authorization of the owners of the masters."

Rugolo Draws 1st Movie Job

Hollywood—Pete Rugolo, long rated as outstanding in the progressive jazz field, has drawn his first film assignment.



Rugolo

top names at MGM, and which also will mark the screen debut of singer Kay Brown.

Stoll will use something new to Hollywood soundstages in the group assembled for the underscoring, a combination containing no strings and comprised of novachord, vibes, guitar, trombone, three French horns, alto flute, oboe, bass, and drums.

Red Norvo was called in to do the vibe work, Buddy Cole plays the novachord.

Troc Folds; No Business

New York—Music plans for the Trocadero (formerly Jack Eigen's) collapsed suddenly after one week of no business with Anita Boyer and Eddie Heywood. Latter closed after playing the first week of a three-week booking.

Irving Alexander, who had planned to bring in Teddy Wilson next, pulled out of the spot's operation as it switched to a no-entertainment basis. Sol Yaged, who preceded Heywood at the club, returned to Alexander's Three Deuces on 52nd St.

Bushkin Fronts First Big Band

New York—Joe Bushkin fronted a big band for the first time to play the Paramount theater here during Frank Sinatra's two-week engagement.

Bushkin and Sinatra both worked the Paramount a decade ago as members of the Tommy Dorsey orchestra. The big Bushkin band included three of their old Dorsey ork colleagues, trombonista George Arus and Walt Mercurio and tenor man Manny Gerahman.

Rest of the band comprised: trumpets—Buck Clayton, Dick Kaufman, and Al Stewart; saxes—Sam Marowitz and Harry Pool, altos; Mickey Folus, tenor; rhythm—Matty Golizio, guitar; Charlie Smith, drums; Bill Goddall, bass, and five strings.

Despite the presence of three name singers on the bill—Sinatra, Eileen Barton, and Dagmar—Bushkin got to sing *I Love a Piano* in the show. But Dagmar threw the broadest beams.

Capitol Inks Bob Crosby

Hollywood—Bob Crosby, reportedly unhappy with Coral because the Decca subsidiary failed to give him the buildup he expected, has secured his release and signed with Capitol. It's also reported latter firm boosted the 8 percent Crosby was getting from Coral to 6 percent.

Cap, it was understood, would continue to present Crosby as a "dance bandleader" even though he has not been active as such for years. The fact that the singer is not a musician and never was is well known in the music business.

It's believed he will continue to front a recording unit similar to that he launched recently on Coral, a group containing a number of former Crosby band members and comprised of three trumpets, two trombones, four saxes, and four rhythm with arrangements in the big band Dixie idiom.

Charlie Barnet Re-Forms Again

New York—Charlie Barnet has reorganized his band here for dates along the eastern coast. Baritone man Bob Dawes has assembled a topflight crew of sidemen that includes:

Trumpets—Lyman Vunk (on leave from CBS), Dale Pearce, Ziggy Schatz, Dick Sherman, and Johnny Vohs; trombones—Dave Dwick, Carl Raetz, and Jimmy Knepper; saxes—Andy Cicalese, Dick Meldonian, Dick Hafer, Charlie Kennedy, and Dawes; rhythm—Lou Pagani, piano; Art Mease, bass, and Harold Hahn, drums.

Vocalists are Ellye Russell and Bill Derry.

Jane, Johnny On The Cover

Johnny Green, MGM music director who calls Ted Hallock a barefaced liar elsewhere on this page, posed for the cover of this issue with attractive singer Jane Powell. They are looking over some of the songs assigned to Jane in the musical film, *Royal Wedding*. She also recorded the numbers for the MGM label, teamed with Fred Astaire on a couple of them, and backed by Johnny's orchestra on all of them.

Beneke Thinks He Has The Answer

Chicago—After 75 one-niters in a row, starting from the Hollywood Palladium and wending a devious path throughout the south, east, and midwest, Tex Beneke thinks he has the pulse of dancing America under his pulse-feeling pinky. And, horrors, of horrors, Beneke finds the public as normal as blueberry pie.

"There are two basic reasons for whatever lag that bands and promoters may feel in the dance band business, and both of these have logical solutions. One is what politicians call a 'split party' and the other is a nagging case of negative publicity," Beneke told *Down Beat*.

Must Be Weeded Out

"The negative publicity thing can, and must be weeded out immediately," Beneke emphasizes. "Ballroom owners, bandleaders, record executives, trade papers, continually harp on how bad band business is. And they continue to harp on the subject, right out in public, to the point where the dancers begin to believe it."

"The public is tired of dance bands," they state knowingly, and Johnny Doe (who had a heavy dance date with Janie Roe) calls Janie on the phone and says "Let's go to the movies instead."

"If the public didn't react to publicity, I'd fire my press agent, but the public does! And the public will react just as readily to negative publicity, if not more so."

Not Pure Himself

Beneke doesn't claim to have been lily-pure on the subject himself, but he says he knows better now. Band business will have to dive into a hole and pull the hole in after it before he'll gripe in public.

"Why should I pay a press agent to tell people how great my band is and how many people enjoy dancing to it if I'm going to turn around and complain that the public doesn't want to dance anymore?"

"Frankly, I think that a lot of people are afraid to go to dances today. They think they'll be alone. They've heard so much about how the public has quit bands that they believe it!"

Tex said that on the current one-niter tour the dancers were highly enthusiastic about the band. They wanted to dance and they enjoyed listening. They laughed at the novelties and they jitterbugged with the jazz. As for the romantic tunes, Tex avows that romance on the dance floor hasn't died, either.

Business Good

Business was good in almost every instance, and downright rousing in many locations. And still the gripes among leaders, song pluggers, record men, critics, etc., go on. Without those public gripes Tex is convinced that business would have been whopping on every date.

"The 'split party' thing is easy to explain, but it would have been hard to correct. As it is, it is correcting itself," Tex says. "With the advent of be-bop, progressive jazz, and, at almost the same moment, a reversion to Dixieland, dance music fans split into factions."

"The Kenton-Herman devotees wouldn't tolerate bands like mine. We weren't progressive enough. Our fans, in turn, couldn't go the 'clatter and blast' of progressive jazz. The bop purists might toler-



New York—Tex Beneke, whose views on the music business are aired in the accompanying story, spent a recent night off at Dario's Martini. There he ran into Charlie Barnet, seated at the left, and singers Fran Warren and Paula Kelly. Paula, of course, is best known for her work with the Modernaires vocal group. The Martini, incidentally, has since folded, having defaulted on salaries.

Cece and Sally Make A Team

By Pat Harris

ate Kenton, but only condescendingly, and they certainly wouldn't tolerate us. Meanwhile the Dixie advocates were socially ostracized from all other named groups and, in turn, hated all the rest.

No Great Split

"In the step-by-step progress of dance music in the '30s, finally culminating in swing, there were those who avidly supported their favorites, but they didn't have such widely differentiated styles to choose from that they split with their friends."

"A Glenn Miller fan was only slightly less enthusiastic about Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman, or Will Bradley... and he even liked to get his Hal Kemp records out for a spin from time to time. The basic music was the same."

"Not so in the immediate post-war period of the '40s, when the modes of music were widely divergent. The fans split the music party and there was no one general interest in dance music. It was sliced into many warring parts and thus lost the power of its surge."

Have Taken Places

Beneke feels that bop and progressive jazz have taken rightful places as part of the progress of dance music (if you'll pardon a very loose term to describe our native music form). Bop is no longer an entity apart, nor is the type of jazz pioneered by Stan and Woody. These additions to our music are being used by most good dance bands, and the seething conflict has waned.

In short Beneke feels that the 'split party' is mending itself, and this will bring about a greater universal interest in dance bands. And he feels that the trade must stop carping on the band business blues. With these alterations, Doc Beneke thinks that the pulse beat he has felt on these 75 cross-country one-niters will become even stronger, and he found it darned strong right now.

No Ostrich

Of course Tex has no ostrich in his ancestry, so he is well aware of the part that current economic conditions play in slowing business down, but this condition can only be corrected with time. What he's saying is that band business can be good despite economic conditions if the kids are given a chance to react.

"And if you must sing the blues," Beneke says, "sing them in those empty ballrooms you're talking about, not out in public."

Chicago—Most people seem to find something rather repellent, if not downright frightening, about a girl who manages a music personality. She's usually classed with crowing hens and gal baseball players, unfair as that may be. Of course, petticoat managers are few—Hildegard's Anna Sosenko, Fran Warren's Barbara Belle, Mary McCarty's Gloria Sapphire are the most prominent.

Youngest of the lot, newest in the field, and certainly the most appealing, is a tiny, big-eyed, 24-year-old brunette named Sally Gertz. Sally handles Cece Blake, an equally petite blonde, who left Vaughn Monroe's band last year to work as a single.

Share Hometown

Although both girls are from Akron, they first met in Los Angeles, in 1947. Cece was working on Eddie Cantor's radio show, and

Sally had just been graduated from Ohio State university with a degree in psychology. "I knew Maurice Duke, who manages Herb Jeffries," Sally says, "and he introduced me to Cece. I was impressed with her voice, but when I saw her bookcase and found out she'd read all the books in it, I was astounded." Sally was feeling, as most new college graduates do, definitely a superior being.

"I was going through a bohemian phase then," Cece explains. "I used to walk around L.A. in blue jeans and without makeup, and I had an 'I've read everything' air. I had to quit college when my father died, but I've always done a lot of reading. And Sally's attitude annoyed me."

A great intellectual friendship ensued, but it was a brief one. Not until late 1949, when Monroe's band played the Capitol theater in New York, did the two meet again. Sally was editing a school and college directory in New York then, and Cece was feeling



Cece Blake and Sally Gertz

pretty low about her job with Vaughn (see *Down Beat*, April 7, 1950).

Enthusiasm

The two went into Lou Terrasi's Hickory Log, near the theater, and proceeded to get drunk. For Sally, that happened at the two-martini stage ("I never traveled with a band," she says). Thereby uninhibited, Sally started to harangue Terrasi on Cece's merits as a singer. Both girls were amazed at the result, for Terrasi caught Sally's enthusiasm easily, and started to talk about making his place over to feature Cece.

When Cece left Monroe, soon afterward, both girls remembered this incident. Cece had been managed by Bernie Thal, her vocal coach, but Thal just didn't have the time necessary to launch her career as a single. So Sally quit the directory job and took over.

One of their first undertakings was to acquaint Sally with the music business. Cece bought copies of all the trade papers she could find, and they sat down together for a study session. Sally would ask "What does a. and r. director mean?" and Cece'd explain, and so they went, line by line, story by story, through *Billboard*, *Variety*, *Down Beat*, *Metro*, *Home*, and so on. "It was like learning another language," Sally says.

Wore 'Em Down

It was tough going, at first. "I really didn't feel I'd done anything," Sally remembers, "until one day I called the producer of a number of top TV shows. Until then, I'd usually had to go through a long explanation of who Cece was, and who I was. But on this call, I was greeted with 'Hello, Sally. How's Cece? What's she doing now?' and I knew we were in!"

But it was still a while before Sally got over her shock at the way most men in the business feel they have to treat the girls. "I was dumbfounded at their language, and it was a long time before I could relax and be myself, and not feel they'd expect to trade dirty stories before talking about jobs for Cece."

It seems incredible, both girls say, that two people can spend all their time on one career. But they can, and it keeps both of them busy. Sally does most of the contact work, of course, and the fighting—about music, lights, schedules, and so on.

Must Be 'Little Doll'

Cece's job is to "be the little doll," and to sing. The transition from a band singer "when you try to sound like another instrument" to a show personality is great, and Cece has not found it easy. But she's done it, and well, too judging by her performance at the Mayfair room in Chicago's Blackstone hotel recently.

The two girls laughingly admit that they fight all the time. The most serious occasion for argument arises when Sally makes suggestions about Cece's performance and music. At the height of such a discussion Cece usually reminds Sally that she's not a musician, and that this is something requiring expert knowledge. And Sally's retort is that if she could sing, there'd be no reason for Cece to be around. They've gone through this so often that both see the humor in it, though the arguments persist.

"The only thing we don't fight about is men," says Cece. "Luckily we prefer different types."

Board And Banter

When traveling, the girls often stay at the homes of Sally's college friends, which gives Cece the opening for the dig "That's the only use you make of your college education!" Although this bantering is continuous, the two realize that the closeness of their general interests, even apart from Cece's success, makes such an association possible.

Of course, even this can cause friction. Both are avid readers; Sally thinks Cece should keep up with her books, to maintain her reputation as an educated singer. But when Cece sees Sally deep in a book, she's apt to get a little nervous. "Isn't there someone you'll ask with anxious concern 'you should be calling?'"

Mercer Waxes New Duke Stars

New York — Duke Ellington's new stars cut their first small-band record session in Detroit recently when a group of Ellingtonians waxed four originals for the Mercer label.

Horns on the date were Cat Anderson, Juan Tizol, Willie Smith, and Paul Gonsalves. With the rhythm section, including Lou Bellson, they cut *The Happening*, featuring Gonsalves; *Night Walk*, featuring Cat; *Sensuous*, a Bellson-Tizol original, and a new version of Tizol's *Moonlight Fiesta*.

Green's Success Shows More On The Ball Than 'Businessman's Bounce'



Hollywood—Johnny Green, who was a Harvard Graduate before he composed the noted *Body and Soul*, protests in this issue that he couldn't possibly be where he is today if the only tempo he knew was the "businessman's bounce."



This logical statement is in answer to the characterization of Green in Ted Hallock's story on Hollywood in the May 4 *Down Beat*. In the photos above, Johnny is seen with pianist-arranger Andre Previn, now in the army, and



with film stars June Allyson and Van Johnson. Both June and Van worked with Green in the production of the yet-unreleased *Too Young to Kiss*.

Readers Praise, Decry Hallock Hollywood Story

Chicago—A lot of letters poured into the *Beat* office here following Ted Hallock's article in the May 4 issue entitled "Hollywood Is Sickening, Phony." Here are a few of them.

"Down Beat made a grave error in not retitling this unmitigated bit of trash 'Hallock Sickening, Phony.' I have been a *Beat* reader for a number of years, and for that same length of time have been doing my utmost to appreciate just what function Hallock serves, other than to insult your contributors, to say nothing of your readers.

"His latest abortive attempt at wit is the most disgusting, childish garbage ever thrown on your magazine.

Personality Does It

"Hallock's personality no doubt has much to do with his banal attack on Hollywood. Having had the questionable pleasure of working with him in Portland radio, I can't feel anything but sympathy for his guide, 'John Doe,' who undoubtedly saved himself much embarrassment by steering the no-talent, egotistical Hallock away from establishments where any of his friends might be present. No one would be less welcome than the esoteric Hallock, an obnoxious know-it-all.

"Do not consider this a defensive letter. The very fact that our city now offers the Red Norvo trio, Louis Armstrong, Erroll Garner, Mel Henke, George Shearing, and

Stan Kenton, just to mention a few artists, speaks for itself, as does the superior work being turned out by the picture studios.

"This letter is sent with the hope that *Down Beat* will get the other foot out of the gutter by ceasing to print the meaningless words of the repulsive, antagonizing nothing, Ted Hallock, 'Sickening Phony'."

Eddie Smardan
Hollywood

"I am deeply shocked by your recent article on Hollywood music and musicians. That a magazine of your stature could stoop to printing such a melange of personal venom under the guise of news is proof of editorial irresponsibility beyond all imagination.

"I was particularly appalled by the gross calumny of Johnny Green, who has established in his tenure at MGM a new high in musicianship. I do not need to defend Green's personal reputation nor his professional ability. Only a fool or an idiot would question them and only a fool or an idiot would have printed the question.

"But had your columnist taken even a second to check with someone else besides a man motivated by the most obvious spite, he would have known that Green has fostered more new talent and given opportunities to more young arrangers and composers since he

Benny Has A Ball On Big Band Date

New York—"This was more fun than I've had in three years!" declared Benny Goodman when he cut two sessions here with a big band for Columbia.

Billy Butterfield, Chris Griffin, and Boonie Richman were featured on the session. Most of the numbers cut were arrangements written a couple of years ago by Fletcher Henderson but never previously used (see *Things to Come*).

Shortly after these dates Benny started shopping for sextet sidemen to open with him soon in Hull, Quebec.

has been at MGM than anyone else in the industry."

Murray H. Geison
Hollywood

"I altogether approve of the type of thing that Hallock wrote. If we have more guys like Hallock screaming about such conditions, I think a lot of people would be ashamed into correcting this situation.

"These exposes, even though they are bombastic, allay something worthwhile."

Stan Kenton
Hollywood

"I cannot understand how a paper dedicated to the music business could print so many obviously distorted and untrue statements. This, to my mind, is the most destructive type of journalism, and if it were not for the many fine articles that I have read in *Down Beat* in the past, I would certainly cancel my subscription.

"I hope that in your next issue you will have another article about Hollywood music by someone who knows what he is talking about."

Abe Meyer
Hollywood

"You are the first that has blasted Hollywood. And I thank you. I only hope you continue—maybe you'll make this town and union wake up.

"Every word you print is so true. My husband is a musician. A great one. He's working, but not playing the type of music he'd like to. But one must eat and keep family together.

"Quota laws in this town mean nothing; it's who you know. And that you keep your mouth shut. Politics in this town dominates everything and everyone.

"Some people should hear those hundreds of musicians at the studios. My kid brother, who has never taken a music lesson in his life, sounds better. I only wish someone will do something about it. There are so many great musicians here who, believe it or not, can't make a living. All their years of study means nothing in this town.

"Please continue your good work."

(Name Withheld By Request)
Hollywood

DeFranco Band Fine, But Faces Tough Row To Hoe

By LEONARD FEATHER

Reviewed at the Rustic Cabin, Englewood Cliffs, N. J.

Trumpet: Ed Bedgley, Al Porcino, and Dick Mills.
Trombones: Ace Lane and Al Robertson.
Reeds: Gene Quill and Andy Cicalase, altos; Buddy Arnold and Ed Wasserman, tenors; Vincent Ferraro, baritone.
Rhythm: Teddy Corabi, piano; Bill Anthony, bass, and Frank Di Vito, drums.
Vocals: Bonnie Richards.
Leader and clarinet—Buddy DeFranco.

New York—Buddy DeFranco is going to have a rough time with this band. It's not that he lacks the talent or has a bad band; it's just that he's entering a music business brutally different from the business in which Goodman, Shaw, the Dorsey's, and Miller shot almost to overnight fame.

Economic conditions force Buddy to keep his brass section down to five. After hearing what the Millers and Hamptons have done with their powerhouse brass teams in the past, your ear is adjusted so that a relatively small band just can't generate that kind of excitement.

Less Worshippers

More important, the kind of kids who used to worship their favorite bands and follow them everywhere don't seem to be as prevalent in postwar ballrooms.

Musically, of course, the biggest thing in Buddy's favor is that here at last we have a band fronted by a man who is himself a great instrumentalist, instead of a guy who plays mediocre piano or just waves his arms.

Personality? You can't smile without ruining your embouchure, but when he isn't playing Buddy makes a good appearance, remembers to smile, and is gaining confidence.

Play Cleanly

As for the men, their personnel has undergone frequent changes for the above-mentioned economic reasons; however, at the session caught, the sections played cleanly, the rhythm was adequate, and the tempos were generally danceable. There were even a couple of waltz and rhumba interludes, competently handled.

On rare occasions, notable during the jump theme number, *Rumpus Room*, the band started to communicate a little real excitement, the kind for which Woody Herman's old band became so deservedly noted. But it was Buddy's own wonderful work that lent the band its only musical distinction, and at times he seemed to hew a little too cautiously to strict melody.

Buddy could add a few personal frills and still enable the listener to recognize the tune; as it was, the first chorus of *Body and Soul* could almost have been Artie Shaw.

Other Soloists

There were other soloists; if you cared to listen to a second-hand Konitz or a third-hand Pres they were all right. There was a tall, attractive girl singer whose phras-

ing was unimaginative.

The arrangements, mostly Buddy's own with a few outside contributions by Gerry Mulligan and others, were reasonably modern. On a couple of ballads there were some six-clarinets passages, effectively handled.

What does DeFranco need? Mostly, the kind of terrific promotional campaign that shot Flanagan to the top. Applied to somebody like Buddy, who really has something on the ball musically and could be built into an idol of American youth, this kind of build-up would be doubly effective.

By record review standards: Musical Rating—7 points; Commercial Rating—6 points.

Promotion



Chicago—Jerry Lewis, who'd just finished kissing several dozen giggling teenagers, including Chicago Prom Queen of 1951 Barbara Poznecki, above, gives Barbara a copy of his latest Capitol disc, *Never Been Kissed*. Jerry foolishly offered to kiss any member of the local Fairteen club who were as yet unbussed. Just about all of them lined up, including the prom queen!

Intrepid Jock Has His Troubles



Akron—We are printing this photo primarily because of its general interest, but also because it shows the versatility of disc jockey Jerry Crocker. WCUE jock Crocker climbed into a 500-gallon tank of water, which turned out to be a bad place for a chat. Crocker managed only to gasp and swallow, and float suddenly up for air. He completed the interview later on the stage of Yankee inn.

HOLLYWOOD TELESORTS

Top Producer Of Musical Teleshorts To Use Color

By CHARLES EMGE

Hollywood—Announcement by Louis Snader, only large scale producer of musical films for television, that his firm, Telescriptions, Inc., will produce all films in color beginning with his next season's (1951-52) production schedule has again put the spotlight on the one man who has done more than any other to counteract television's devastating effect on the music world.

It was Snader, *Down Beat* readers should recall, who broke the impasse between the telefilmers and the AFM by originating the 5 percent royalty plan under which, and only under which, AFM musicians are permitted to record music for TV films.

Created Sensation

The announcement that Snader had not only suggested but signed up on the AFM's highly controversial royalty and trust fund plan at that time, just about a year ago, created almost as much of a sensation in the industry as his recent announcement on a conversion to color film.

If Snader has any good idea as to when and if color will become practical for both telecasting and reception, he knows something the rest of us don't. And that's quite possible.

Meantime, the major networks, all of which have been planning to produce their own films for television since TV became a reality, have agreed to pay the AFM royalty in their new contracts. And as of this deadline several independent film producers here were reported ready to meet the AFM demand that their pictures (if still in their control) shall be rescored in their entirety if released for TV distribution, and that the 5 percent royalty on TV sales will be paid into the AFM's trust fund.

Don't Like It

Major movie producers, who know that sooner or later they will have to meet the demands of the TV market, and who have sworn they will never have anything to do with any type of royalty payments, don't like this situation at all.

Snader's firm, at the conclusion of the first year's program, has turned out some 400 musical shorts, running approximately three minutes each ("records on film" was the thought he had in mind when he formed the company) and which are said to be showing regularly on about a third or more of the TV stations in the U. S.

Someone once said: "There are only two kinds of music—that which is played well, and that which is not." That must be Lou Snader's philosophy about music, for his catalog contains telefilm samples representing many types of music.

Some of Talent

Here are a few names picked at random which show the variety of musical entertainment available to TV audiences from this store-

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Hollywood Teletopics

Barbara Baskin set as regular in vocal spot on ABC-TV's recently launched *Jerry Colonna Show*, Cookie Fairchild, with eight-piece orchestra, handling music. (KECA-TV, Wednesdays, 10-10:30 p.m.)

Doni Armas (with band) and Lucille Ball headline TV show set here by CBS as replacement, starting next fall, for Morace Belds video series. Armas-Ball show will originate in Hollywood, telecasted for national release.

Shirley Harford, sax man with Frank DeVol on KTLA's *Bondstrand Revue* show (Sundays, 9-10 p.m.) has dug out rube character comedy routines he did with name bands in bygone years and is on way to becoming top feature with video viewers.

Glenn Smoot, gal addler who has worked a flock of spots around Hollywood with small units, drew heavy fan mail following recent guest-starring stint with Nappy Lamare combo on KTLA's *Dixie Showboat*. Is in line for more guest shots and possibly a slot of her own on station's schedule.

Stu Wilson, Monty Margeta, and Bill Stulla, emcees on several KFI-TV shows in which music played important part, moved their stints to KNBH when musicians at KFI-TV were withdrawn by Local 47 to support strike called by TV actors' union. Settlement was expected momentarily. KFI-TV regulars awaiting word to go back to work were pianist-singer Jean Leal, pianist Marvin Ash, and piano-organist Bob Mitchell.

Ree Koury, organ, has musical assignment on new KECA-TV and (ABC-TV) net via telecast series, *Stage Door Theater*, (Sundays, 4-4:30 p.m.) Otto Herbt, piano, set as regular on another new KECA-TV entry, *Young America*, (Saturdays, 5:30-6 p.m.)

Eddie Glaser cowboy crew (Roundup Boys) pull in five additional hours a week on KECA-TV as *Foremen Phillips Show*. Western variety and talent quester opus, added another daily Monday-through-Friday hour (11 a.m.-noon) to schedule. Gives Glaser combo total of more than 15 hours a week of TV time.

Irving Fields 3 Hits Montreal

Montreal—The Irving Fields trio opened a one-month stay at the Esquire showbar on April 26. The Frank Petty trio had closed the day before following a similar stay. . . . Montreal's Belmont amusement park had a preview opening on May 5 and it with dance music in the pavilion provided by Stan Wood's orchestra. . . . Jean Sablon, who drew \$175 for his first week at the old Tic Toc cafe, was well into the four-figure category during his date at the new Chez Paree recently.

—Henry F. Whiston

new contract with the AFM under which he will launch the production of 15-minute and half-hour shorts. He wasn't ready to divulge his plans, but he doesn't have to tell anyone that he is thoroughly sold on the marketability of music in television.

TV Trio Leads A Double Life



New York—Now doing 12 shows a week on WCAU-TV and radio here, the Tommy Ferguson trio also works nightly at Chubby's, a club in Collingswood, N. J. The co-op unit, composed of accordionist Walt Eisman, guitarist Ferguson and bassist Joe Perry, was featured on one of the first hour-long across-the-board TV shows in the east. They leave Chubby's, where they've been working the last seven months, at 2 a.m., and are on hand at the WCAU studio for a 9 a.m. TV show five days a week. Some schedule!

Decca Waxes Emilio Caceres

New York—Emilio Caceres, violinist brother of Ernie Caceres, has signed a six-month contract with Decca and his first releases were due out this week.

Although Caceres himself plays strictly jazz on the violin, his first Decca waxings consisted of 12 sides of boleros, guarachas, and mambos, mostly his own compositions.

Currently resident in San An-

Illustrious Heritage

New York—Like a chip off Sammy Kaye drummer Ernie Rudisill's woodblock, Rudisill's 17-year old son, Ernie Jr., has joined Milt Herth's unit here.

tonio and televising over KEYL, Caceres features the following personnel: trumpets—Johnny Mandujano and Irwin Scott; saxes—Felipe Aguilar, Milton Thomas, and Mac Ferguson; bass—Dominico Acosta; drums and English vocals—Paul Vallerina; Spanish vocals—Lupita Valero. Caceres doubles on piano.

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Manhattan Televiewpoint

By Ria A. Niccoli

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: CBS is building an elaborate video production around Phil Regan, singing Hollywood heartthrob of not too long ago... Virtue is its own reward department—Miss Halpern, producer who did so much with (and for) so little on WPIX's ill-fated Art Ford variety show, has joined the NBC video production staff... Pee Wee Ervin and his Dixieland Five, who have been performing at Nick's in Greenwich Village, will be featured in a new Dixieland package. Called *The Colonel's Dixieland Band*. It will detail the development of jazz through a dramatic format... *Vido Open Sports*, new tune introduced by Ken Murray on his show, is first song to establish concretely how possible it is to create a popular hit via video; within a week after its initial airing, 35,000 advance disc orders were received... Singer-comedian Elaine Stritch, who introduced the novelty hit song, *Civilization*, has to her credit 18 weeks on a DuMont family serial called *Growing Pains*... Bettie Clooney, Rosemary's little sister who made her tele-debut on a Vaughn Monroe show here early this year, has her own TV show on WPTZ in Philadelphia... Four Jacks and a Jill, vocal quintet who were starred on the televised Kay Kyser series, will do a show of their own when they return from their current tour.

VESTPOCKET VIEWINGS: Margaret Whiting recreated the original magic of *It Might As Well Be Spring*, backed by Art Mooney's band on a recent WJZ-TV *Kessler Bandstand*... The Tony Martin trio provides

a very effective background for CBS-TV's weekend series, *Crime Photographer*... A novel and sprightly version of *Easy Rider* by the Mary Kaye trio was a high spot on CBS-TV's *Ken Murray Show*.

A fine idea music-wise is Ed Sullivan's new policy of giving dramatically the story behind a song; the first one presented songwriter Carole Kays and singer Jane Freeman telling how Ernie Burnett's *Melancholy Baby* brought back his memory after losing it through a World War I injury... Jazz harpist Robert Maxwell displayed his versatility recently on CBS-TV when he played with equal ease and dexterity *Second Hungarian Rhapsody* and *Spaghetti Rag*... Maxine Moore, concertist who was the "Mxine" of Phil Spitalay's orchestra, drew an enthusiastic reception when she appeared on DuMont's *Armed Forces Hour*.

SHOWTIME AT MEADOWSBROOK: From a pure standpoint of music, this pickup from the Meadowbrook, Frank Dalley's New Jersey alter, is top material. However it runs too early in the evening—9:30 p.m. Saturday—to hold the attention of viewers who are used to production numbers, ballads, and the usual "big deal" video framework. Featuring the top bands that play at this spot, the stunts could really garner a much larger audience if shown at a much later hour.

Ralph Flanagan's orchestra, which will bow out of the Meadowbrook shortly, after a six-week stay there, was the starting-off band. Singers Harry Prime and Peggy King headed the vocal wall, if unexcitingly, as did the mixed quartet, the Singing Winds. A nostalgic note was introduced when Dalley himself led the orchestra in *Cyber Visions*, which used to be his old band's theme song. There was some good Dixieland with a small segment of the group, and some occasional random shots of dancers on the floor. All of which still adds up

Alan Dale A 6-Year Vet Of TV

By RIA A. NICCOLI

New York—In addition to an unusual musical format, WCBS-TV's hour-long *Sing It Again* can boast two things that are unique in video. One is the only known bandleader who got to be one because he needed glasses, and the other is the

Mary Ann McCall On Musso Tour

Hollywood—Mary Ann McCall, who has been working as a single since she left Woody Herman's band more than a year ago, has joined Vido Musso's new big band. Mary Ann finished the date at the *Rendezvous* in Balboa Beach with Musso, and is now touring with the outfit.

Vido has one-niters in Washington and Oregon, booked by Associated Booking Corp., during the rest of May, and is expected to continue up into Canada.

to the fact that the feature can be terrific at a later hour when the lure of the big variety show can be counteracted.

first pop singer to ever appear on television. The singer is Alan Dale, who went into TV six years ago when it was still an infant and handled *Alan Dale's Record Shop* for DuMont. The bandleader is Ray Bloch, whose metamorphosis into a music conductor is briefly as follows.

Seems that way back in 1925, when Ray was a youth, he played piano with a five-piece jazz band in a dance hall. Things were going along very nicely and he was reasonably satisfied with the world, music, and Ray Bloch in general, when he found himself missing notes, playing wrong chords, and committing other musical mishaps.

Needed a Change

Thinking himself slipping for some inexplicable reason, he decided he'd better get into a musical

job that needed no reading—namely, bandleading. Coincidentally enough, as he was walking along Broadway one day wondering how to become a conductor, he was hailed by George Raft, who was then a bouncer in another dance hall.

George introduced him to a vaudeville star whose bandleader had quit and offered Ray the chance to take over the leaderless 17-piece band. Ray accepted, went on the road with band and vaudeville star, and was well on the road to success before he realized what was wrong in the first place... he'd been missing notes because his eyesight had been getting progressively worse. He got the needed spectacles, but by then he liked leading a band too well to drop it.

On the Jump

Sing It Again features parodies of known melodies through pantomime, terpsichore, and song; the person who guesses the tune gets a minor prize and a chance at guessing the mystery voice. Since there are usually eight or nine tunes, often extremely different from each other, the band—and Dale, who sings all but one of them—have to be constantly on the jump.

Personable young Dale who has meteorized to the top via Leon & Eddie's, Carmen Cavallaro, Georgie Paxton, the Copacabana, and La Martinique was—and still is—very much interested in jazz and progressive music. However, he has had to branch out from straight singing to a career that includes imitations, comedy, dancing, acting, and opera singing.

In addition to all that, Alan adds ruefully, he has become a master of the "quick change," having to make at least seven a show. He is easily one of the most versatile music stars on video today. The medium has certainly afforded opportunity for displaying the many facets of his inherent showmanship.

Long Week

Dale's work week starts with Monday when he goes over the coming show's songs with maestro Ray Bloch who, incidentally, was instrumental in getting Alan his first record contract with Signature. Tuesdays and Wednesdays he rehearses alone and has to go through innumerable fittings for the various costume changes. Thursday and Friday he rehearses the routines with the cast and a piano. Saturday rehearsals go on all day—with the band till curtain time.

Apparently not having quite enough to do with all of this, Alan has written a song, *Tell Me*, which he recorded for Columbia, and which has also been recorded by Richard Tucker for Columbia Masterworks.

Sharing vocal honors with Dale is lovely Judy Lynn, whose own electric personality breaks through even when she's supposed to be imitating someone else as part of the program's proceedings.

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CHICAGO BAND BRIEFS

Russo Concert Will Spot Konitz; Diz, Roy In Loop

By JACK TRACY

Chicago—Bill Russo, familiar in jazz circles here and trombonist-arranger on the last Stan Kenton "Innovations" tour, is planning June 7 and 8 Kimball hall concerts which will use a revolutionary jazz instrumentation and spot Lee Konitz as featured soloist. Also getting billing for what promises to be a highly interesting and productive evening of music are vocalist Shelby Davis and great pianist Lloyd Lifton.

Band will consist of 18 men, plus Shelby and Lee, with the following instrumentation: three saxes, four woodwinds (two flutes, oboe, and bassoon), four French horns, trumpet, trombone, bass tuba, and four rhythm.

New Works

And with the exception of two or three standards, all compositions will be especially written for the concert.

The group is to be utilized in various ways. There'll be a band-within-a-band jazz unit using saxes, two trombones, a French horn, and rhythm. A quartet is being written for the French horn men (two of whom play with the Chicago symphony). Konitz will play with both the full group and the rhythm section. Tenor man Joe Daley is writing a vehicle that will feature himself. Shelby will do a ballad written especially for her, backed by the whole orchestra.

Why?

"Why such a concert," we asked Russo, "when you stand very little chance to make any money in that rather small hall, yet could lose a lot?"

The answer was succinct. "To stir things up in town. Jazz has been pretty much a dying thing the last few months; a lot of fine musicians have had to take day jobs."

"And Chicago has seen remarkably few successful concerts that have been presented well and have added much to the status and dignity we'd like to see jazz achieve. We'd be very happy if we could stage one."

Close Attention

Much attention is being devoted to things usually lacking at a jazz concert. Narration will be done by disc jockey Wed Howard, a guy with a Garrowayish delivery. An intensive promotion campaign is already underway. And industrial designer Adrian Lozano is doing special stage design, etc.

It's the first entirely different thing in a jazz vein to be presented here in a long, long while. We're looking forward to it.

Trumpet men around town expected to wear themselves out scurrying from the Blue Note to the Capitol on alternate sets starting May 25.

That's the day Dizzy Gillespie and his sextet open at the Capitol, and Roy Eldridge will have completed just half of his two-week stay at the Note.

Zoot with Roy

Roy has Zoot Sims along, also vibist Teddy Cohen, and those who have heard him since his European trip say Little Jazz is blowing wonderfully. With two crack compatriots like Zoot and Teddy, things should happen. Other half of the bill is taken up by the Ori-

oles, the vocal group.

Flip Phillips and Johnny Hodges make fast returns to town when they follow Roy into the Note on June 1.

Diz Near at Hand

The great Diz is getting a chance to leap in the loop for the first time in two years at the Capitol. He's made several appearances in that time at the Silhouette, but few could stand the rigor of getting to that far north spot by dog sled for the last three blocks.

Our guess is that the exuberant John Birks will jam the joint consistently.

Speaking of the Silhouette, they pulled a fast booking the first part of the month by bringing in Louis Jordan heading a 16-piece band and a complete floorshow, including a whole slew of dancing girls. With his Paramount booking pushed back for a few days, Jordan took the Silhouette deal to keep the show together and did quite well.

The spot is getting back into the jazz game with warm weather here, and we can look for some big names there again soon.

The Lady Back

The big date to look forward to at the Hi-Note is May 25, when Lady Day returns for a couple of weeks. She did great business there around the Christmas holidays when the weather was something less than sensational, should break it up this time.

Bill Russo's quintet continues on Monday and Thursday nights. With bassist LeRoy Jackson drafted, Bob Peterson came back to town off the road just in time to take over.

Dixie Continues Apace

Dixie continues to march sturdily along as the several top crews in town continue to hold on at their clubs and keep the registers clanging. Art Hodes at Rupneck's; Johnny Lane at the 1111; Miff Mole at Jazz Ltd., and Booker Washington at the Bee Hive continue month after month with much the same sidemen and much the same success.

Danny Alvin has moved from the Normandy bandstand over to Jim Isbell's restaurant, on Bryn Mawr.

Boyce Brown now has his Jazz Impromptu trio at the Turf club in Cicero. Kenny White's on bass, Bernie Campbell, piano.

Riggs Returns

Henry Riggs' swinging (sic!) band back at the Marine Tap, 88th and Vincennes, on Wednesday nights. The guys work almost every night of the week, a differ-

The Birdie Blinked At This One



Chicago—Now in their ninth month at the Glass House of the Graemere hotel here, three of the members of the Ozzie Osburn band strike a jazzy pose for the photographer. Shown above are saxist Sammy Shumate, drummer Russell Morrison, and trumpeter Osburn. Others in the group are Bill Meccici, piano, and Lennie Miller, bass.

Things To Come

These are recently-cut records and their personnels. Though not all jazz sides, many may be of interest to Down Beat readers because of some of the sidemen in the groups. Do not ask your dealer for them until you see by the Beat record review section that they are available.

STAN GETZ' QUINTET (Roulet, from Metronome of Sweden, 3/23/51). Stan Getz, tenor; Bengt Hallberg, piano; Gunnar Johanson, bass, and Jack Norren, drums. *Farmandia* (Swedish folk song) and *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*.

Same date, same personnel except Kenneth Fagerlund, drums, for *Norma*. *I Only Have Eyes for You* and *Prelude to a Kiss*.

STAN GETZ' QUINTET (Same date and label as above). Getz, tenor; Lure Gullin, baritone; Bengt Hallberg, piano; Yngve Akesson, bass, and Jack Norren, drums. *Don't Be Scared and Flamingo*.

BENNY GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA (Columbia, 4/26/51). Trumpets—Chris Griffin, Billy Butterfield, Jimmy Maxwell, and Al Stewart; trombones—Will Bradley, Catty Cuthall, and Lou McGarity; reeds—Benny Goodman, Hymie Schertzer, Al Klink, Basma

ent spot each night, and this is the closest they get to the loop. Drummer Riggs has Stan Mack on trumpet; Vic Val, tenor; Gene Dudd, accordion, and Al Poskonka, bass.

Former Charlie Barnet vocalist Marilyn Monroe and pianist Irv Craig included in the unit working at the Kozy Korner at 2900 W. Madison.

Vet Benefit

Hip deejay Daddie-O Daylie took another show out to the Vaughan vets hospital recently that had some fine talent. Entire Blue Note bill of Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt combo, Slim Gaillard, and Timmie Rogers, plus Bill Russo's five worked the two-hour production.

Letter from Chubby Jackson found him working with Tommy Dorsey's band at the Shamrock in Houston. Planned to head back east shortly thereafter, however, and join the group Charlie Ventura is forming.

Richman, Ponats Hucks, and Art Dreilinger; rhythm—Stan Freeman, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Johnny Smith, guitar, and Terry Snyder, drums. Arrangements by Fletcher Henderson.

South of the Border; *Mean to Me*; *Muskrat Ramble*, and *Down South Camp Meeting*.

Same personnel, 4/29/51. *King Porter Stomp*; *Wrappin' It Up*; *Lulu's Back in Town*, and *Star Dust*.

KAI WINDING'S BAND with MELVIN MOORE, VOCALS (Cosmopolitan, 4/27/51). Kai Winding, trombone; Wario March, tenor; Billy Taylor, piano; Arnold Fishkin, bass, and Charlie Perry, drums. *Deep Purple* (voc.); *You're Blame* (voc.); *I'm Shooting High*, and *Moonshower*.

LIONEL HAMPTON'S ORCHESTRA (MGM, 4/17/51). Trumpets—Ben Bailey, Alvin Sullivan, Walter Williams, Ed Mullins, and Leo Shepherd; trombones—Al Gray, Jimmy Cleveland, Benny Powell, and Paul Higgs; reeds—Gil Bernal, Curcio Love, Jerry Richardson, Bob Flater, John Board, and Ben Kynard; rhythm—Milt Buckner, piano; Roy Johnson, bass; William Mahel, guitar; Ellis Barlow, drums, and Lionel Hampton, vibas. *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*; *Bangin' Air Mail Special*, and an untitled original.

PATTI PAGE with JOE REINMANN ORCHESTRA (Mercury, 4/24/51). Reeds—Harry Terrill, Bernice Kaufman, Stan Webb, and Hank Bone; a string section; rhythm—Lou Stein, piano; Arnold Fishkin, bass; Tony Cottone, guitar, and Sol Gubin, drums. *Mr. and Mississippi* and *These Things I Offer You*.

DIZZY GILLESPIE'S BAND (Dee Gee, 4/16/51). Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; J.J.

Terre Haute Club Destroyed In Fire

Terre Haute, Ind.—The Fort Harrison Boat and Saddle club here was completely destroyed in a \$75,000 fire in April. Hostess Lou Owens, who lived at the club, was found burned to death in the building.

The Buddy Beck trio, which had its complete library and all instruments destroyed, shifted to the Manor House bandstand here.

Eldridge Adds Teddy Cohen

New York—Teddy Cohen, vibraphonist recently with Buddy DeFranco's orchestra, left the band to go on the road with Roy Eldridge.

Roy also took Zoot Sims, drummer Harold West, and bassist Ted Sturgis for his out-of-town engagements.

Johnson, trombone; Budd Johnson, tenor; Milt Jackson, vibas and piano; Percy Heath, bass; Art Blakey, drums, and Joe Carroll, vocals.

Love Me, Pretty Baby; *Lady Be Good*, and *Klunk*, (in two parts).

NACHTON'S AFRO-CUBANS (Mercury, 4/18/51). Trumpets—Bobby Woodie, Paquito Davila, Nick Travia, and Al Porvase; trombones—Freddie Zito, Eddie Bert, and Tyron Glenn; reeds—Gene Johnson, Freddie Skerritt, Jose Madera, Mario Bansa, and Leslie Johnson; rhythm—Rene Hernandez, piano; Bob Rodriguez, bass; Uba Nieto, drums; Chino Pozo, bongos, and Luis Miranda and Chongito, congas. *Vocals* by Graciela, Nachton, and Sigal trio. *One Mo' More!*; *Sassy Mambo*; *Fiesta for Bongo*, and *Gangsters*.

JOSE CURELO'S BAND (Tico, 4/30/51). Trumpets—Nilo Curelo, Jimmy Frisaura, Mike Shane, and Harold Wegbert; reeds—Mal Lewis, Carl Orsch, Mort Lewis, Poco Gonzalez, and Mel Robinson; rhythm—Jose Curelo, Jr., piano; Jose Curelo, bass; Manny Jimenez, drums; Chino Pozo, bongos, and Carlos Nolas, conga. *Lotario*; *Midnight Mambo*, and *Martini-Linda*.

RUSSELL NYPE with LEROY HOLMES' ORCHESTRA (MGM, 4/30/51). Chas Conduco, trumpet; Hymie Schertzer, Sal Amato, Bill Stangmeyer, and Art Dreilinger, reeds; a string section; Lou Stein, piano; Carmen Mastren, guitar; Ed Seifrank, bass, and Don Lamond, drums. *Springtime Cometh*; *Love Is a Reason*; *I'll Buy You a Star*, and *Here's to Your Illusions*.

ART LUND with LEROY HOLMES' ORCHESTRA (MGM, 4/24/51). Trumpets—Chris Griffin, Jimmy Maxwell, and Bernice McCarthy; reeds—Hymie Schertzer, Toots Woodrille, Art Dreilinger, and Al Klink; rhythm—Bob Curtis, piano; Carmen Mastren, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass, and Terry Snyder, drums. *I've Got Stagnation*; *Base*, *Rose I Love You*; *I Love the Wide Open Spaces*, and *Old Soldiers Never Die*.

OSCAR PETTIFORD'S SEXTET (Mercury, 4/28/51). Howard McGhee, trumpet; Joe Roland, vibas; Kenny Drew, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Alfred Taylor, drums, and Oscar Pettiford, solo. *Love for Sale*; *Swingin' Till the Girls Come Home*; *Omer's Wild*, and *Bei Mir Bist du Schoon*.

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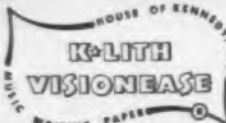
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MUSIC WRITING PAPER SUPPLIES

Charlie Mingus: A Thinking Musician

By RALPH J. GLEASON

San Francisco—The agile fingers of Charlie Mingus plucking the strings of his bass in the Red Norvo trio were the wonder of musicians during the group's four-week stay at the Black Hawk, as they have been wherever he has played. The Mingus talent transcends that, however, and even gets across to the drink-buying public, a feat many musicians feel impossible.

Musicians and public share one opinion regarding Charlie—he's the greatest bass player they have ever seen. Smiling and happy, playing unbelievable things with apparent ease, Charlie, after all these months with the beautiful Norvo trio, still knocks out Red and Tal every night.

Who Is He?

Everywhere musicians are wondering "who is this guy Mingus?" Well, he's young, only 29. He's been with but two bands that traveled around the country very much. But to everyone who has gotten to know him, Charlie Mingus is not only one of the most impressive of the contemporary musicians, but one of the most im-

pressive thinkers about music that jazz has produced.

I've been proud to call Charlie my friend for some time now, and it is my firm conviction that he may well become one of the most important musicians that jazz has produced because he has proven that there should be no segregation in music between classical and jazz. And that it is possible to make classical musicians swing by writing it correctly for them.

For the record, Charlie was born in Nogales, Ariz., and came to Los Angeles when he was 5. While a student at high school he studied trombone, but put it down (Britt Woodman, an early friend, now trombonist with Duke, was too far ahead of him, Charlie says) and took up bass at Britt's suggestion.

He studied for several years with Red Callender and others in



Charlie Mingus

the Los Angeles area, worked in small bands, made numerous records, spent some time on the road with Louis Armstrong and Lionel Hampton, played with Alvino Ray and was, with Red, co-leader of a remarkable little band up here a couple of years back that featured two basses.

He got the tag "Baron" when he made records in L.A. (there was an Earl, a King, a Count, a Duke, why not a Baron?) but it has never really stuck.

After our first talk with Charlie, he wrote us a letter—a long letter, all about his ideas on music. "I don't think you could get as much from me in conversation," he wrote "this way I didn't know what you would ask, so I am only quoting my beliefs."

Some of Beliefs

Here are some of Charlie's beliefs. Take heed, because he's not only a player of music, but a thinker, too:

"How many jazz musicians realize that a musician classically trained, never having even listened to jazz, could sit in with a jazz group and read and swing the most?"

"I don't mean reading jazz the way it is written now by notes alone, and then following the first man. I mean reading jazz that has been mathematically written—every phrase, dynamics, and notations. Write down the free flowing lines in a time with which the classically trained musician is familiar. For instance, write him in 12/8 while the band still swings in 4/4. It can be done. I've done it."

"And once it has been proven, how can anyone fail to see that all music is one? The only difference being that the trained jazz

musician learns to feel naturally, through reading or improvisation, while the classical musician is trained to read only the conception written and no more.

Behind Bird

"This also gives answer to the question of 'how can violins swing behind Bird?' How can they, when Bird is playing all free phrasing naturally and the violins are reading plain eighth notes with none of the bowings that could swing them? Because arrangers have just given up and said, 'Well violins! Violins just don't swing!'"

"Why not try writing in a few dynamics and bowings that fit with what Bird blows? Put them in times with which the classical violinists are familiar and don't ask them to swing. Just play what's written—and man, violins will swing for the first time in history!"

"Yet they will still basically be following familiar classical form. Those who have always separated the two into jazz and classical will finally see that it's all one music we're playing and what they've been buying is just the confusion out of the separation of the two. Then Kenton can play Carnegie, not as the representative of "jazz," but as a modern composer of American music.

Jazz An Art

"True jazz is an art, and as with all the arts, is the individual's means of expressing his deepest and innermost feelings and emotions. What will live on past the arrested development of boogie-woogie, Dixieland, and bop remains to be seen. It may take 500 years for the average American audience to advance sufficiently out of the mental turmoil and anxiety of the atomic age to be able to concentrate more on the art of music and to understand and appreciate a musician's individual interpretation of a melody rather than only the composer's."

"At that point in the growth of jazz, it will no longer be necessary for a musician to jump up and down on a drum or to dance on the bandstand to receive recognition of his talent."

"Every musician must seek his own individual solution to the problem of making a living. Some leave jazz for other fields where they can advance without compromising their art. Some give up. Others continue, solving their frustrations temporarily (or so they believe) with dope or the old-fashioned way of preserving their talents in alcohol."

"But there is another solution

for the musician who believes in his ability, and that is to reach the realization that he cannot alter the inevitability of time or destiny and there is no gain in destroying himself.

Many Possibilities

"There are innumerable possibilities and ways to advance in music by exploring further outlets for study and improvement on one's musical abilities. There is something to be learned from every score of the great composers, old and modern; each page bears evidence to the musical tight-rope walker that he has looked only at his own tiny rope, not realizing that men have not only walked ropes years before him, but tiny threads—perhaps the water. And can we not all learn one more step while restudying what might possibly aid us in walking the earth tomorrow?"

"Is it possible that the world has convinced us that all artistic talent belongs to past centuries? Can't we look around us and see there is a wealth of talent and genius seeking to express itself? Charlie Parker is in his own inimitable way creating complete, clearly thought-out compositions of melodic line every time he plays a solo, as surely as one was ever written down by Brahms or Chopin or Tchaikovsky."

"Kenton is just one of the multitude who is suffering while trying to show his country that music is one, now that jazz has advanced out of it's 'by ear alone' stage."

No Standout Race

"Today musicians in all races are proving that no race is endowed with special abilities for any profession and that every musician has an equal chance if given the proper start and study needed for playing correctly. Once this is universally recognized, musicians like Buddy Collette (flute), Milton Hinton (bass), and Bill Douglas (drums), among countless others, will find their places in any symphony as competent musicians."

"Now these musicians find a color bar preventing their acceptance in symphonies and their qualifications are unknown except to myself and a few other musicians who have worked or studied with these thoroughly trained men whose reading, conception, and playing are beyond reproach."

"Can we send a potential Ravel, Debussy, or Stravinsky to his grave without affording him the chance to prove that music has advanced many steps and that many composers as great as any of the old are being forced to write background music for the slipping of Mabel's girdle, rather than the true emotions of his inner self?"

"You can quote me as saying 'I'm only thinking.' Are you?"

Listen to what this guy says. Think about it a bit. It poses a terrific possibility—if, as Charlie says he has done, jazz can be written so classical cats can blow and sound right with their jazz brothers, it will be revolutionary. At one stroke it will remove the little badge of specialness all jazz musicians have been wearing for years. The one that reads "WE can swing."

Discovery may give Charlie a chance to put all this on record soon. Let's hope they do. He deserves it.

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THE HOLLYWOOD BEAT

Hormel Conductor Denies Gal Musicians Lack S.A.

By HAL HOLLY

Hollywood—First and foremost to retort to Lorraine (Mrs. Xavier) Cugat's unflattering remarks about what horn blowing does not do to enhance the sex appeal of girl musicians (Down Beat, May 4) was Al Woodbury, who, as conductor-arranger—and lone male—with the Hormel 60-piece all-girl orchestra heard currently on both CBS (Saturdays) and NBC (Sundays), certainly should be heard.

In a communique dispatched to us as he and his gals were pulling out on a tour, Al, who seems to be as handy with words as he is with women, said:

Real Competition

"Mrs. Cugat's just plain noughts! Especially when she says a girl can't be glamorous and a horn tooter at the same time. Ever since Eve, the sight of a woman puckered up has done something to Adam and his sons. And when she puckers up AND plays a good trumpet or trombone as well—then, well, she's really giving men musicians some competition.

"Mrs. Cugat," Al's message added, "has all the right in the world to like men, and men only, as musicians. As for me, I'll take the girls. On our show we have the most talented girl musicians found anywhere. The average ability is up to that of any male band.

"And the girls want so much to play as well as men they make a fetish of trying to play better all the time. At rehearsals they are all business, and few male orchestras could match them in conduct and discipline.

More Ambitious

"Summed up, I'd say girls not only are glamorous as musicians, but more ambitious and earnest in their playing than the guys are. And as to Mrs. Cugat's statement about a girl 'blowing her lovely face all out of shape playing a trumpet or trombone,' let me say that no GOOD wind instrument player, male or female, distorts the face while playing.

"If Lorraine thinks the NORMAL blowing expression is ugly in a girl, she should look at her male musicians while they're blowing. A man usually isn't pretty to begin with—and by Lorraine's blowing, he's just plain ugly playing a horn."

We tried to reach Mrs. Cugat for her comment on Al's remarks, but she was much too busy—understandably so.

Much Work

Not only was she tied up with final rehearsals of her new, strictly all-male Latin rhythm orchestra, which was to debut in a date at the Zenda ballroom here April 28, but she had to huddle with her attorneys regarding a \$500,000 damage suit filed against her here by Abbe Lane, the singer Mrs. Cugat told newspaper reporters she found "naked as a jaybird" with her bandleader husband in a Chicago hotel.

Sitting back with big grins were the one-niter promoters who have bought Lorraine and her orchestra for dates here on a \$5,000 guarantee, plus percentage. The deal was looking better all the time.

DOTTED NOTES: Movie man Preston Sturges has taken over the

Says Gals Okay



Hollywood — Al Woodbury, who conducts the Hormel all-girl radio orchestra, indignantly refuted Lorraine (Mrs. Xavier) Cugat's statement in the May 4 Down Beat that girl musicians just don't have glamor. Al insists that when this picture was taken he was giving Jeri Norton, his star trumpet player, a golf lesson. Woodbury is quoted in Hal Holly's column.

Players restaurant, Sunset Strippery, and is introducing something new for night lifers. Dinner dancing to Red Nichols' unit from 8:30 to 10 p.m., followed by three one-act plays. Band stays on to provide incidental music, if required, during the plays, and specialties between the one-act dramas. This sounds mighty good from a distance—but we won't hear it at Players prices, and neither will a lot of Red Nichols fans.

Ted Vesely's short stand at Red Feather, marking attempt to switch entertainment policy there from burlesque to bands, ended unhappily. The musicians admitted frankly: "Dixie just didn't go. The customers came in looking for a girl show and when they didn't find one they walked out." Three

Los Angeles Band Briefs

Jerry Gray going east for two-week date at Cedar Grove's Meadowbrook starting June 6, plus a string of one-niters. Miss Barnes signed for first appearance here, with four-week date at Palladium starting Oct. 30. Also added to Palladium's 1951 schedule was Tony Pastor, opening July 10. Two stretches, November and December, were still to be filled at this deadline.

Margaret Orval (violin, songs, and rhythm instruments), heading male combo, replaced Jimmie Grier at Paris inn. Backing Margaret are Armando Herrera, piano; Joe Valenti, trumpet, and Joe Guerrero, drums.

Rose Morgan set to reopen Casino Gardens, Tommy Dorsey's beach dancery, with two or more weekend dates starting May 29.

Red Nichols' combo currently at Players restaurant (see The Hollywood Beat) with same lineup he had at Sardi's—King Jackson, trombone; Ross McHargue, clarinet; Bob Hammack, piano; Rully Calver, drums, and Joe Ruchies, bass sax.

Ray Whitaker (piano, organ, celeste, and harp), with whom he has been heading at Wilton hotel in Long Beach, replaced Chuv Reyes at Ciro's April 27 with Sophie Tucker opening. Exports to hold stand indefinitely as house band in manner of Eddie Bergman at Coconut Grove. Whitaker lineup: saxes (all tenors)—Ray Rose, Bill Borakoff, and Al Fanciel; trumpet—Ted Brown; trombone—George Fava; drums—Bob Sandy; bass—Jerry Geller, and guitar—Guy Sealine.

Eddie Gomez and Bill Pennell crews return to Roosevelt hotel Cingrilli May 29, following Al Cato and Victor Zale units. Mungo Spanier set for return date at Tiffany club starting June 6. Will be followed by Sharkey Bonano June 21 and Nat Cole trio July 9. Sarah Vaughan headline spot May 22 to June 4, backed by small local combo, not set at writing.

L. A. KEYSPTS

Aragon—Lawrence Wolf (MCA)
Beverly Cavern—Dick Cathart (Ind.)
Beverly Cavern—Kid Orey (Ind.)
Beverly Hills hotel—Hal Stern (Ind.)
Beverly Hills hotel—Phil Ohman (Ind.)
Biltmore Bowl—Henry Busse (ABC)
Casino Gardens—Rus Morgan (ABC)
Ciro's—Earl Geller (Ind.)
Ciro's—Ray Whitaker (MCA)
Club 47—Doc Rando (Ind.)
Coconut Grove—Eddie Bergman (Ind.)
Colonial ballroom—Arthur Van (Ind.)
Encore—Mel Honke trio (Ind.)
Figueroa ballroom—Pete Postrelli (Ind.)
Mike Lyman's—Joe Venuti quartet (MCA)
Mocambo—Eddie Oliver (Ind.)
Mocambo—Lutins (Ind.)
Oasis—L. Armstrong sept. 8/14 (ABC)
Palladium—Woody Herman (GAC)
Players restaurant—Red Nichols (Ind.)
Riverside Ranch—Tex Williams (Ind.)
Roosevelt Cingrilli—Al Cato (MCA)
Roosevelt Cingrilli—Victor Zale (MCA)
Royal Room—Fete Daily (Ind.)
Sardi's—Nappy Lamare (Arena Stars)
Surf club—Red Nervo (ABC)
Tiffany club—George Shearing (ABC)

of Vesely's men stayed on as a trio to play for the quickly-resumed girl show: Bill Woods, clarinet and leader; Allan Stevenson, piano, and Charlie Lodice, drums.

The new ops who have taken over the lease on the Oasis, south-side hotspot and one of few spots in L.A. which has been playing top rank musical attractions, are songwriter Jerry Horne (Be-Bop Bounce for the Ink Spots) and Les Shear, Local 47 member and former fiddle player. Plan no immediate policy changes. Coming attractions include Armatrong All-Stars, starting May 14; Dinah Washington, May 28 (supporting band not set); Stan Kenton, June 11.

BEHIND THE BANDSTAND: Pud Brown, tenor man formerly with Nappy Lamare here and now heading his own recording combo, says that Johnson Rag solo with which Dave Harris has been killing Jerry Gray fans, is note for note from Pud's waxings on Capitol and Dixieland Jubilee labels. Pud says he has a solo coming out on his next record that took him five years to work up—and which will take Dave Harris, or anyone else, at least five years to copy.

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Vic Berton Leads A Docile Band



Hollywood—Drummer on many of Red Nichols' Five Pennies discs, and long a top-bracket studio musician here, Vic Berton's hobby of making puppets is running away with his spare time. He can't keep up with orders for his handiwork. Vic's at the left, above, and one of filmdom's most avid jazz fans, actor Dan Dailey, is at the right. Dan's digging this Pixie Land club gang.

Theater Forced To Quit Names

San Francisco—The Downtown theater, which went into a live music policy early in April with Stan Kenton and followed with Frankie Laine, was forced to temporarily drop the project.

Ed Maley, who opened the house, was unable to get bookings to follow Kenton and Laine. He had a shot at Spike Jones but the latter elected to go into the St. Francis instead; there was a possibility the Mills Brothers would work the house, but they were only offered at a \$6,000 price which Maley considered a bit rough.

Then a proposed week by Tommy Dorsey also collapsed and Maley was forced to import a play from Hollywood to keep the house open. However, he plans to bring in live music whenever and however he can IF he gets any co-operation from the agents.

Kenton, after a slow start at the house, really built well and came out making money and going into percentage. Laine, who was bucking Gen. MacArthur's appearance

got off to a slow start, too, but came on with full houses for the weekend, actually having to seat people on the stage.

However, Maley is not only bucking agents, but opposition from local theaters. The Paramount tried to pressure Laine into refusing the Downtown date but it didn't work.

—Ralph J. Gleason

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New Employment Field Opens Up In Hollywood

Hollywood—Musicians here are hailing the agreement concluded by Lippert productions with the AFM (under which Lippert will rescore a large number of theatrical films in order to clear them for release to TV stations) as the opening wedge in the producer-union impasse, removal of which will open a large field of employment.

Petrillo several times turned down offers by independent producers who, in return for TV clearance, offered to repay AFM soundtrackers 100 percent of the amount they had received originally.

Royalty and Rescoring

Under the "Lippert plan" the producer will not only pay the AFM's 5 percent royalty on TV rentals but will rescore each picture with approximately the same amount of music, using a recording orchestra of not less than 20 men, and, as far as possible, with a completely new score, thus spreading work to include composer-arrangers and copyists.

Assigned as composer-conductor

on the first batch of Lippert films to be supplied with new soundtrack was Bert Shefter, who told *Down Beat*:

"I believe that when this project gets fully under way it will provide employment for at least 600 musicians. We are not using the original scores except where it is impossible to separate the music track from the dialog."

Low Budget Pies

Shefter had been assigned to rescore 18 films, expected to do more. The films are all low budget, straight dramatic (not filmicals) pictures, which Lippert says failed to bring sufficient profit through theater rentals.

Lippert's move may literally force many other independents to follow his action.

THE HOT BOX

Diz Starts Own Disc Firm To Wax What He Pleases

By GEORGE HOEFER

Chicago—No one suffered professionally more than Dizzy Gillespie as a result of the recent fiasco made of modern progressive jazz by the "Boys for the People" campaign indulged in by the Capitol and RCA record bigwigs. The type of tunes

given Diz to record at Capitol were as ridiculous as giving PeeWee Hunt an assignment to wax *Groovin' High*. It's too bad Capitol's jazz consultant is hung on Kansas City's Vine street like a needle caught in a kick-back groove.

Nor did the Dizzy with strings experiment bring forth anything of note musically or, as was true in the case of Bird, a wider listening audience. Which all brings us to the current development, the Dee Gee record company.

Diz, Lennie Agree

Both Dizzy and Lennie Tristano have come to the conclusion that you have to do it yourself to come out with a result that is worthwhile musically and successful commercially. There is still a vague possibility that something that is good musically might sell enough to be considered a moderate success, or at least break even.

Dave Usher, a Detroit who has been associated with Gillespie for some years, is handling the business end of Dee Gee records from the Motor city, and is Dizzy's partner in the enterprise.

The first Dee Gee date was held in Detroit last February 24, when Diz' group cut four sides using Milt Jackson, vibes; John Coltrane, tenor; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Kansas Fields, drums, and on one side the Calypso Boys, consisting of two bongo players and a wielder of the maracas. Freddie Strong did the vocals on a tune called *Love Me*.

Dedicated to Chano

Titles include a dedicatory number to the late Chano Pozo, written by the great bongoist in collaboration with Dizzy and Walter Fuller, called *Tin Tin Doo*. This was also recorded a year or so ago by James Moody with Pozo himself on Blue Note 555.

The reverse of the above on Dee Gee 3601 is a Dizzy original called *Birk's Works*, on which he is on a new kick of playing more in the middle register than has been his wont. A review of the two above sides will be found in the record section of this issue.

Not Yet Available

Dee Gee 3600 couples *I've Got the Boogie* and *The Be-bop* with

Love Me, a ballad applier. This record has not become available for review as yet.

As usual with John Birks, he has something startling on the fire. The Dee Gee firm will also go in for recording children's records, and feature the Gillespie horn on same.

JAZZ CONCERTS: The city of Oshkosh, Wis., is going in for regular jazz concerts presented by Carl Larsen and Benny Rhodes. They are called *Jazz at the Grand*, and the first one held recently presented the Chicagoland All-Stars. Concert group consisted of King Kolax, trumpet; Benny Rhodes, clarinet; Von Freeman, tenor sax; Lester Harris, vibes; Buddy Rogers, piano; Al Washington, bass, and Willie Smith, drums. Rhodes, Harris, and Rogers were members of John Kirby's band during the fall of 1950. Boys kicked off in a modern vein on *Perdido*, *Flyin' Home*, *How High the Moon*, and other standards. Jess Ellison was guest pianist.

Next Oshkosh bash will be a Dixieland concert featuring a band of Chicago musicians who will present *Jazz at the Grand* on June 18. Oshkosh is the home town of Bob Anderson, a fine Dixie horn man whose work has appeared on Jump records. He is known throughout the Midwest from playing several years with Tiny Hill.

COLLECTOR'S CATALOG: Peter Fischer, Pfingstberg 28, Hamburg-Bergdorf, Germany. A student of political economy at Hamburg university interested in contacting an American swing fan. Goes for Lionel Hampton, Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, and Gene Krupa. Frederick H. Wilbert, Box 109, Union, Mo. Interested in Erroll Garner and George Shearing records. Would like to compile a complete listing of their records. Anyone else want to help? Garner has been on so many labels that a complete discography doesn't exist. Shearing is on London, Discovery, MGM, and some foreign sides made in England before arriving in the U. S. to stay.

RC Disc Going

Alden G. Smith, Malden street, Holden, Mass. Wishes to dispose of his Benny Goodman records on Victor, as well as some Artie Shaws and Glenn Millers.

Edward R. Daniels, 19 Belvidere road, Brookline, Mass. Daniels is a Parker, Gillespie, and Kenton fan. Has been called into the marine corps and would like to correspond with someone also interested in the above artists.

J. D. Fitzgerald, 14 Russell street, Armagh Co., Armagh, North Ireland. A Glenn Miller collector interested in the personnel of Miller's dance band records. Can a Glenn Miller collector straighten him out?

Goran Berggren, Skomakaregatan 11, Gavle, Sweden. Wants to correspond with some American and discuss jazz and exchange records. Can obtain Swedish cutouts and English records. Interested in all jazz except Stan Kenton.

Boston Hears Battle Of Sounds



Boston—Jazz stars packed the Hi-Hat here when a battle of sounds between the combos of Oscar Pettiford and Count Basie was presented. From left to right above are Joe Roland, Howard McGhee, Basie, Pettiford, Ray Barron, Dave Coleman (club manager) and Stan Getz. Beat reporter Neel Hefti, Frances Wayne, Nat Pierce, Jo Jones, and Mary Lou Williams in the audience.

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New Lawrence Singer

New York—Vern Criss, of Toledo, has replaced Danny Riccardo in the male vocalist spot with Eliot Lawrence's band. Rosalind Patton continues as gal singer.

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Writer Hallock Stubs His Toe

Former *Down Beat* staffer Ted Hallock certainly stirred up a hornets' nest with his blast at Hollywood musicians in the May 4 issue. Normally an accurate and unbiased reporter, Hallock seems to have stubbed his toe on this one. To set the record straight, therefore, we are devoting extra space in this issue to further discussions of the subject.

To begin with, Hallock now admits that the "John Doe" quoted so profusely in his article was not a single individual as indicated, but that the quotes represented the combined opinion and comment of several Los Angeles musicians. It also appears that some of these statements were based on rumors or hearsay, and the writer admits that due to the brevity of his visit he did not attempt to verify all of them.

Probably the most serious error committed by Hallock was putting down Johnny Green. As Jack Haskell, a cover subject last issue, remarked: "Any musician who could write a *Body and Soul* must have more on the ball than the 'business man's bounce.'" So we have assigned special space in this issue to permit Johnny to call Ted a "barefaced liar" and are printing letters from some of Green's protesting friends.

The Hallock story asserted that the Los Angeles union scale is lower than "many cities 1/10 its size." This does not seem to be entirely accurate. The scale for sidemen there is \$18 to midnight, with a minimum of four hours required, and \$4 an hour after midnight, plus \$1.50 (on the \$18) if employers decline to assume taxes, which they usually do.

The scale in Chicago, for example, at class B spots (which make up the majority of ballrooms and clubs there) is \$13 for 3½ hours, with \$1.50 for every half-hour thereafter.

Many Los Angeles sidemen feel that their scale is too high, point out that small schools and organizations that normally would engage a 10- to 12-piece band refuse to hire more than six or eight men these days, and many of the jobs go to non-union units.

Not all of Hallock's story was bunk. His statements concerning many of the conditions existing in Hollywood are factual and true. Several musicians have written in praise of the article. One pro comment from a leader who agreed to let himself be quoted was that of Stan Kenton, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

RAGTIME MARCHES ON

NEW NUMBERS

BLASCO—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Blasco, recently in Kansas City, Mo. Dad is music publisher; mom is songwriter.

DORFMAN—A son, Allen Stewart (6 lbs., 18 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Hal Dorfman, April 12 in Newark, N. J. Dad is pianist with Tommy Tucker's orchestra.

HALL—A son to Mr. and Mrs. George Hall 2nd, April 11 in Kansas City, Mo. Dad manages the Belvedere hotel there.

HANSEN—A son, Mark Jeffrey (7 lbs.), to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hansen, recently in Flushing, L. I., N. Y. Dad is on London records' artists and repertoire staff.

HEEBNER—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Walt Heebner, April 19 in Burbank, Calif. Dad is Spade Cooley's manager.

JOHNSON—A son, Kevin Louis (8 lbs.), to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnson, recently in New York. Dad is trombonist now with Dizzy Gillespie.

MERLIN—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Ving Merlin, April 3 in Cleveland. Dad is former leader of an all-girl band, now a TV music director; mom is a choreographer.

PLUS—A daughter, Michelle, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Plein, recently in New York. Dad is pianist and recording director; mom is singer Eve Young.

SMITH—A daughter (8 lbs., 8 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Smith, recently in New York. Dad is concert organist.

VALDES—A daughter, Nanette (18 lbs., 6 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Valdes, March 24 in Los Angeles. Dad is Local 47 musician.

TIED NOTES

ANDERSON-GERARD—Albert Anderson and Estelle (Gerri) Gerard, pianist, April 7 in Los Angeles.

BOORAE-FRENCH—Hendrik Boorae Jr. and Eleanor French, singer and daughter of Ward French of Columbia Artists Management, April 14 in Westport, Conn.

HOWARD-BERRY—Charlie Howard, guitarist formerly with Sidney Bechet, and Dave Martin, and Connie Berry, pianist who toured with Helen Humes, March 23 in Utica, N. Y.

Testimonials



Chicago—Honored—in their own home town—were Lee Konitz and Lennie Tristano shown above with Roosevelt college jazz club president Joe Segal. Things Lee and Lennie are holding are testimonials to their musical achievements, and were presented at a recent lecture-concert which was attended by more than 400 students.

KREUGER-MORRISON—Ernest Kreuger and Elsie Morrison, night club operator, April 16 in Hollywood.

LAMPKIN-MANNERS—Phil Lampkin, member of William Morris' Chicago office, and Jayne Mannors, singer, April 16 in Miami.

LANE-ROMANO—Ace Lane, trombonist with Buddy De Franco, and Ann Romano, April 29 in Boston.

LOWE-KAHN—Mundell Lowe, guitarist now with Cy Coleman's trio, and Barbara Kahn, comedienne who uses the name Rusty Parker, May 5 in New York.

MASER-MILLER—Dick Maser, with Tommy Carlyn's band, and Nancy Lou Miller, April 14 in Pittsburgh.

MORGAN-DONAVAN—Tippy Morgan, former Claude Thornhill alto saxist, and Doris Donovan, singer once with Benny Strong and Jan Garber, April 4 in Hollywood.

MORTIMER-KOGA—Lee Mortimer, columnist for the New York Mirror, and Ann Tomiko Koga, April 11 in Jersey City, N. J.

NOLAN-BERNIER—George Nolan, former trumpeter with Dean Hudson now doing single as a singer, and Barbara Bernier, receptionist at Shapiro-Bernstein, April 28 in St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.

SANTIAGO-MARTELL—Jimmy Lavaca Santiago, drummer with Marcelino Guerra, and Jenny Martell, recently in Brooklyn, N. Y.

SEVERIN-COUSINS—Sherman Severin, emcee, and Alyce Cousins, sister of singer Carole Page, March 12 in New York.

VITALE-HOLLIDAY—Bill Vitale, altoist with Gordon Jenkins, and Helen Holliday, April 21 in Newark, N. J.

WEISS-WINER—Stan Weiss, tenorman last with Buddy Rich, and Lois Winer, April 1 in Akron, Ohio.

FINAL BAR

BAUER—Jacob H. Bauer, 84, symphony violinist and theater orchestra leader, April 10 in St. Louis.

BLESCHMIDT—Hans Bleschmidt, 67, pianist and conductor, April 14 in Los Angeles.

CARPENTER—John Alden Carpenter, 75, composer (three symphonies, the ballet *Birthday of the Infanta*, etc.) and businessman, April 26 in Chicago.

CARR—Jack Carr, 49, former bass with the Hall Johnson choir and actor-singer in *Carmen Jones*, *Porgy and Bess*, and the current Broadway revival of *The Green Pastures*, April 16 in New Rochelle, N. Y.

DAMM—Harry Damm, 78, theater orchestra leader and leader, April 20 in Cincinnati.

GRINNELL—Albert A. Grinnell, 86, former head of Grinnell Bros. Michigan music store chain, April 18 in Detroit.

GRODE—Howard Grode, 68, former voice coach and TV producer, April 21 in Santa Monica, Calif.

HALLIBURTON—Fred W. Halliburton, 66, former musician, recently in Denver.

HOLTON—Mrs. Frank Holton, 89, former concert soprano and widow of the founder of the Holton Band Instrument Co., April 22 in Elkhorn, Wis.

MACEO—Sam Maceo, 57, operator of the Balinese room in Galveston, Texas, April 17 in Baltimore, Md.

MAXWELL—Mrs. Ann Maxwell, mother of actress-singer Marilyn Maxwell, April 17 in Santa Monica, Fla.

NICHOLSON—Herbert Nicholson, 33, pianist, recently in Chicago.

ROSENBERG—David Rosenberg, 78, father of showman, columnist, etc., Billy Rose, April 20 in Miami Beach.

SHEPHERD—Edward Shepherd, 40, drummer formerly with Sammy Kaye, Art Mooney, and George Duffy, April 27 in Cleveland.

LOST HARMONY

BALLARD—George W. Ballard, musician, and Mary Edith Ballard, WLW singer, April 18 in Cincinnati.

HINSHAW—William Hinshaw, French horn player, and Barbara Brown Hinshaw, former actress, April 18 in Los Angeles.



CHORDS AND DISCORDS

What Decision?

Great Lakes, Ill.

To the Editors:
Caught the pic in the April 20 *Beat* of Louis, Charles, and Hodges at the Blue Note. Have been wondering if Ez and Joe were knocked out?

Thomas H. Shannon

Hip German

Landshut, Germany

To the Editors:
"Can't explain success," says Flanagan (*Down Beat*, March 9) and so do I after reading his words.

Is music only a business or is it more?

Sure, musicians have to make money for their living, but they shouldn't be businessmen only.

Kenton created something, whether it's good or not is a matter of taste and hasn't to be discussed here. He gave something to jazz and didn't only warm under the Miller-sun that's shining above so many others.

If all the great musicians had the same opinion as Mr. Flanagan (who really isn't one of them), I ask how our music would sound today. Maybe people would like it more, but does that prove it's good?

Ludwig Smorowski

Cartoon Loaded

Elkhart, Ind.

To the Editors:
The cartoon on page 10 of the April 20 issue is about the most subtle piece of thought matter I ever saw in any publication. It took about three minutes before I got the tickle, but it really is loaded!

Tom Dustin

Thelma Tops

Camp Gordon, Ga.

To the Editors:
I was very pleased with your kind comments on Thelma Carpenter (*Down Beat*, April 6). I have always been fond of her singing, and I think she ranks as high as Pearl Bailey and Lena Horne as far as entertainment is concerned. But I can't imagine what she would be doing at the Brass Rail. It seems to me that the Waldorf-Astoria would be the place for a gal like Thelma. She should be on top.

Sgt. Harry Rosefield

Pleased By Les

Pittsburgh

To the Editors:
I should like to compliment you on your Bouquets to the Living series, and especially on the April 6 tribute to Les Brown. For many years Les has had bands whose musical quality fully justified the commercial success he has achieved only in comparatively recent times.

Charles C. Sorda

Army Band Jumps

Ft. Myer, Va.

To the Editors:
I don't know if you would remember me or not. My name is Wilfong, and I used to arrange for Jimmie Lunceford, may his soul rest in peace, and Earl Hines, and anyone else I could hustle up a job from.

Anyway, a couple of years ago I enlisted in the United States army band. It is a mammoth organization. At the last count I think we had over 120 pieces, and we've added a harp since.

Specifically, I arrange for a 22-piece dance orchestra. I call it a dance orchestra, though actually all we do is play a number on the concert band's NBC show on Saturday afternoons, and a 15-minute show of our own Saturday mornings on Mutual.

The dance band is fronted by Dick Mains. He was with Teddy Powell years ago. We have five trumpets plus Mains, five trombones, six saxes, four rhythm, and occasionally a harp, French horn, or an oboe. It is a paradise for an arranger, but it's hell on the copyist, both of whom, in this instance, are me.

Incidentally, Paul Hindemith has written a symphony for the concert band, and has conducted our organization in its premier performance, early in April. He planned to come down five days early to rehearse it, so don't let anyone tell you that Hindemith doesn't have a grasp on reality.

Sgt. Lonnie Wilfong

Chicks—Too Much!

Minneapolis

To the Editors:
I recently got the shock of my life when I heard two chicks blow. After reading Leonard Feather's *Girls in Jazz* series, I think he should know about these two. They're sensational!

They are Pat Stullken, alto, and Betty Rosner, baritone. Both of them blew with Norma Carson (*Down Beat*, April 6) in Ada Leonard's band, and in the Sweethearts of Rhythm. They sat in here with a group which included Percy Hughes, about the best-known figure in jazz around here, and even Percy's mouth fell open.

At this point, all I've got to say is I've heard everything now, man. Chicks blowin' like guys—it's too much!

Charles Fetter

Misses Atmosphere

RMS Queen Mary, New York

To the Editors:

As a crew member of the Queen Mary I have a unique opportunity to study the jazz scene of both our capitals, London and New York. Believe me, if you want to do some research work, London jumps.

While we have no Apollo theater, there is a concert or a "jazz only" club operating somewhere in town on any night of the week, and there are at least two clubs giving modern or bop shows on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Mind, you've got to look for them, as they are not nationally known and have no neon signs, but the music is there and the feeling is there. My modernist friends are incredulous when I tell them Bop City has closed down and that

Birdland is the only place with a progressive outlook.

The Dixie craze is over here, too, and we are pretty well served by a goodly number of that type of combo. Our "Palais bands" (hotel or micky bands, is your name for them) are pretty competent. In fact, if the Roseland is an example, London—with Lou Praeger, Les Ayling, and Ivor Kirchin, to name a few—is at least the equal of New York.

Probably our weakest point is our vocalists. The only one with any promise is Lita Roza, with Ted Heath.

Although a frequent visitor to Birdland and sundry jazz spots in New York, I miss the intimate atmosphere of our clubs at home. So if anyone in New York or New Jersey can give me any details of any neighborhood or local spots devoted entirely to jazz, I'd be glad if they would send them to me. If anybody is going to England I will gladly furnish them with addresses of clubs there.

Chuck Sewell, Engine Room

Appeal To Whom?

Cleveland

To the Editors:

Why not rate Les Paul's *Moon* (*Down Beat*, April 20) on its listening appeal alone, and forget about bop clichés, which the average layman doesn't dig in the first

place. It's sweeping the country. The sound of Paul raking in the ducats is the only sound not for tender ears!

Ernestine Lee

Dexter Thinking?

Newark, N. J.

To the Editors:

Your (May 4) editorial, "About a Bitter, Nostalgic Man," was one of the greatest things I've seen in the *Beat* in years. You say that Dave Dexter thinks like a man of 60, but you give him too much credit. In my opinion, he has stopped thinking altogether.

Ozzie Cadena

Surface Noise

Lancaster, Pa.

To the Editors:

Dexter's "Surface Noise" is just that. He is companionable to the cancerous nostalgia now retrogressing the nation—is indeed prostrate before the indolent, melancholy, reminiscences of the corn-cob pipe! Very sad.

Jay Snelling

Tired Defense

Long Beach, Calif.

To the Editors:

I have read the editorial concerning Dave Dexter being a "bitter, nostalgic man," and you might as well class me as the same. I am very tired of the recent trend in music. Progressive jazz, be-bop, or what have you leaves me cold. I like the old school of music that I understand and have loved so well.

I think most people like this sort of music, and proof of this is the old standards, played on the juke boxes. Dexter was very wrong in airing his views the way

he did, but his theme was right. Musicians of today are not playing from the soul. This is important and true jazz lovers can spot this indifference.

Ray Davis

More Dial Data

Jacksonville, Fla.

To the Editors:

I found it very interesting to finally see someone wondering about the labels on the Dial sides (*Chords*, April 20). Here's a listing of the sessions referred to, with correct information as it should have been given on the labels.

Charlie Parker (as) solo; Howard McGhee (tr); Jimmy Bunn (p); Bob Kesterson (b); Roy Porter (dm.) Hollywood, July 29, 1946: *Lover Man* (D-1022-A), Dial 1007, Jazz Selection 514; *The Gypsy* (D-1023-A), Dial 1043.

Howard McGhee quintet, same personnel as above, same date: *Be-Bop* (D-1024-A), Dial 1007, Jazz Selection 514. Howard McGhee Jam band (Parker out): *Trumpet at Tempo* (D-1025-B), Dial 1005. Howard McGhee quartet (Parker out): *Thermodynamics* (D-1026-C), Dial 1020, Blue Star 106.

On *Drifting on a Reed*, J. J. Johnson's name was left off the label. Also, this should have been titled *Big Foot*, which, I believe, was written by Jimmy Mundy.

The Gypsy does not belong to the last session before the Camarillo session as on Feb. 19, 1947 the *Bird's Nest*, *Cool Blues*, etc., session took place. Camarillo was recorded on Feb. 26, 1947.

Also, about Lee Konitz, JRC-28 and JRC-31 have not been issued from the June 28, 1949 (*Marshmallow* and *Fishin' Around*) session. *Tautology* and *Sound-Lee* were made in September, 1949 as fill-ins for JRC-28 and 31, which I believe were found to be unacceptable. Jeff Morton is the drummer on the

Sound-Lee session.

I have found it best to accept the master number on the label only after looking at the one stamped in the vinylite. The one in the vinylite is, 99 times out of 100, the right master number.

August G. Blume

Paris Jazz Explained

Westfield, N. J.

To the Editors:

I should like to extend a voice of sharp disagreement in reference to your April 6 article on jazz in Paris.

While attending the Premier Salon du Jazz, sponsored by the Federation des Hot-Clubs Français, whose guiding light is Charles Delaunay, I was struck not only by the very real and deeply-felt enthusiasm of the audiences, but by the depth of their attention and appreciation when the quality of the music demanded it.

Backed by the Luter band, Bechet held a massive audience spellbound with a superb musical presence unrivaled by any appearance at Ryan's or elsewhere in the States in recent years. They completely negated any charge that "The average listener is almost totally incapable of appreciating any of the delicacies or subtleties of jazz . . . only wants to be frantic."

Surely one finds a degree of enthusiasm and an emotional response unparalleled by listeners in this country. But this is as much a Parisian trait as it is attributable to the music.

On every occasion when I heard the Luter band there was little evidence of any mechanical dependence upon copying records. Rather, the emphasis was placed upon tight, closely-knit little arrangements by Bechet of French tunes and some of his own.

Thompson makes no mention of the young bop musicians who hung around Honey Johnson's club before it folded recently, or

of Miss Johnson, certainly a talented singer whose work is worthy of attention.

Many young French musicians, jazz enthusiasts who would like to continue to work in that idiom, are frustrated and stifled because they can find no commercial outlet for their talents, and because their access to the tradition and music is limited and distorted in a peculiar fashion. Here is the material for a careful appraisal and a good article—not the "only uses jazz as a stimulant" nonsense. The importance of the extent to which key figures control what jazz music is to be heard in Paris and elsewhere in Europe, the impact of petty feuds, like that between Panassie and Delaunay, which assume epic proportions, the biases of press and record releases with their reverse Jim Crow slants, and (as Thompson properly notes) completely uncovered 15-year gap between 1930 and 1945.

The French enthusiast looks to his critics and authorities not simply for unilateral edicts, but because he senses that they boast a background and a total experience that he needs.

I spent some time listening to a band of talented teenagers, none over 17, at a real dump called Au Kentucky, just off the Pantheon. They went through a wide assortment of tunes, but each one—without being purely derivative—had a strange resemblance to some record you'd heard.

These kids weren't aping the Louis Muskrat *Ramble* because Goffin said "C'est formidable!" or Mezz *Jelly Roll* because he sold tea. They were doing the best they could with the materials at hand. These, you discovered if you talked with them, were the only versions of the tunes to which they had ever had access.

John L. Fell

Every issue of *Down Beat* contains from 25 to 30 interesting departments, articles, and features. Buy it every other Friday!

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Evolution Of Jazz

by J. Lee Anderson



... a succession of Italian weddings ...

Pianist Art Hodes was born in Russia in 1904 "on a train traveling between Minsk and Pinsk" and landed in the U. S. of A. while still an infant. The Hodes family resided in New York for several years and then moved to Chicago in 1910 where the youthful Arthur later picked up piano and a general knowledge of music at the famed Hull House. In order to study piano at Hull, Art found that it was necessary to sing in a chorus composed largely of young females. "It was murder at the time," Hodes recalls, but this early training did give him a valuable background in the varied musical voicings, information that he later used to advantage in the capacity of leader. Turning pro, Hodes survived a succession of Italian weddings and soon graduated to a steady job at Rainbow Gardens, a bistro owned by one Dago Lawrence Mangano and located at Madison and LaSalle. After 1½

... the two became fast friends ...

years at Rainbow, Art moved out into the mainstream of Chicago jazz. He struck up an acquaintance with Wingy Manone and the two became fast friends, prowling the jazz beat listening to the host of horn men and pianists that infested the south side of Chicago. Hodes and Manone roomed together for two hectic years during the days when "we would really rather play than eat." "Whoever got up first would put on a Louis record," says Hodes of this period. In addition to sitting in at many a joint for kicks, Art played such spots as Jack McGurn's club on Rush street, a Cicero, Ill., oasis owned by Ralph Capone, the Cottage Grove cafe and the Clark street Liberty inn. The mid-'30s saw Hodes fronting the band at Harry's New York bar in the 400 block on N. Wabash (now the Silver Frolics). It was a good band but according to Hodes "a little ahead of its time." By 1938 the city of Chicago was

... he led his band at the Pirate's Den ...

dead jazzwise and Art at long last followed his colleagues eastward. His stay in New York was one long span of jazz productivity. As a pianist and leader Hodes was very active; during much of the '40s he led his own band at the Pirate's Den, Childs' restaurant, 103rd and Broadway, Ryan's, the Village Vanguard, the Chicken Roost and Stuyvesant Casino, as well as doing a double for two years with a then-unknown vocalist, Frankie Laine. Art also had a fling at publishing his own jazz magazine, produced his own recordings, put in 10 months as a disc jockey on WNYC, and in the late 1940s did a number of concerts at such eastern schools as Yale, Smith, and Amherst. On the Chicago scene since 1950, Hodes' Dixie-slanted Hot Six, holding court at Rupneck's restaurant, has become a "must" for midwest jazzheads.

Lil Armstrong Reminisces About Early Chicago Days

(Ed. Note: Lil Armstrong, probably best known as Louis Armstrong's ex-wife, but a noted jazz pianist in the golden days of Chicago jazz who played with King Oliver, Louis, the New Orleans Creole Jazz band, and others, is writing a book about her experiences. The following is an excerpt which tells how she joined the Creole Jazz band.)

By LIL ARMSTRONG

Chicago—In the summer of 1918 my folks moved from Memphis to Chicago, and I made it my business to go out for a daily stroll and look this "heaven" over. Chicago meant just that to me—its beautiful brick and stone buildings, excitement, people moving swiftly, and things happening. On one of these strolls I came to a music store on S. State street (Jones' Music Store).

I stopped and gazed at all the sheet music in the window display, wishing I had every one of them, but knowing how impossible that was I decided to go in and buy one that I had heard so many people whistling on the street.

I hummed it over to the salesman (Frank Clemons) and he sat down and played it over for me. Well, he didn't play it well, so I asked him if I might try it over. He readily consented and was very surprised that I played at sight as well as adding something to it. When I finished he had me try out other numbers and then asked if I'd like the job demonstrating music. I told him I'd go home to get my mother's consent and return later to see the boss.

Set to Finish School

Well, on my way home I decided I'd better not say a word to Mother until I had all the details as to salary and hours because I knew she was not keen on me doing any kind of work until I finished my music course at Fisk university. I sat around a few hours, then walked back to the music store to meet the boss, Mrs. Jennie Jones, whom I instantly liked. She was a tall, distinguished looking woman, charming but strict to business.

She took one look at me and said, "Frank, she's only a child," then added, "Honey, if you want to work, I'll give you \$3 a week."

"Yes, indeed," I almost screamed at her, not once thinking of the salary, only the chance to learn all the music there. I played over a few numbers for her and was told to report for work the next morning at 11.

I didn't stroll, I ran all the way home to break the news to Mother. Oh, but was Mother indignant. "The very idea, work! And above all things, for only \$3 a week! I should say not, young lady," she said.

Well, in no time at all I sold her the idea, just to learn all the music and have something to do until time to return to school. Off I went to work the next morning, thrilled beyond words over my first job.

Place Packed

As soon as I got to the music store I got busy playing all the music on the counter and by 2 p.m. the place was packed with people listening to the "Jazz Wonder Child." I played on and on, all the music there, all my classics.

My, what a thrill. No wonder the people called me child, I looked to be about 10 years old in my middy blouse and 85 pounds.

Mrs. Jones ran an employment and booking agency at the store, so all the musicians and entertainers hung out there. They'd rehearse, sit around, and gossip for hours. Almost every day there was a jam session and I took charge

of every piano player that dared to come in.

But one day the great Jelly Roll Morton from New Orleans came in and I was in for a little trouble.

I had never heard such music before, they were all his original tunes. Jelly Roll sat down, the piano rocked, the floor shivered, the people awayed while he ferociously attacked the keyboard with his long skinny fingers, beating out a double rhythm with his feet on the loud pedal. I was thrilled, amazed, and scared. Well, he finally got up from the piano, grinned, and looked at me as if to say, "Let this be a lesson to you."

It was indeed a lesson, because from then on when I played, all 85 pounds of me played. But do you think the people were satisfied? No, they wanted Jelly Roll to hear me play. (Gad, I can't follow him, I thought.) Well, I'm really in for it, and suddenly remembering that he had played nothing classical, I sat down to the piano very confidently, played some Bach, Chopin and the Witches' Dance, which they especially liked. The session ended with me still the winner.

The following week the New Orleans Creole Jazz band came in town and gave an audition for Mrs. Jones. When they started out on the *Livery Stable Blues* I nearly had a fit. I had never heard a band like that, they made goose pimples break out all over me. I'm telling you they played loud and long and got the biggest kick out of the fits I was having over their music. Mrs. Jones booked them at a Chinese restaurant on the north side immediately.

Needed Pianist

The band consisted of violin, clarinet, cornet, trombone, bass, and drums, so had to add a piano player to accompany the girl singers. Mrs. Jones sent several men pianists but none proved satisfactory, so Frank Clemons suggested that she send me over just for one night to see what would happen. She argued that I was a minor and would not be allowed to play in a cabaret, but she took a chance anyway, and off I went thrilled again.

When I sat down to play I asked for the music and were they surprised! They politely told me they didn't have any music and furthermore never used any. I then asked

what key would the first number be in. I must have been speaking another language because the leader said, "When you hear two knocks, just start playing."

It all seemed very strange to me, but I got all set, and when I heard those two knocks I hit the piano so loud and hard they all turned around to look at me. It took only a second for me to feel what they were playing and I was off. The New Orleans Creole Jazz band hired me, and I never got back to the music store . . . never got back to Fisk university.

Four weeks later we were playing at the DeLuxe cafe (35th & State) and I was making the unheard of salary of \$27.50 weekly besides \$20 a night in tips.

Members of Band

The members of this band were Sugar Johnnie (cornet), a long, lanky, dark man with deep little holes in his skinny face. He never had too much to say and I wondered about that, but how was I to know he was dying on his feet with T.B.? Couldn't tell by his playing.

Lawrence Dewey (clarinet), he was skinny, too, but much lighter in color and always smiling. Roy Palmer (trombone), was the darkest one, but jolly and happy-go-lucky. Violinist Jimmie Palao (a decided Creole with his olive complexion and straight hair) was skinny and coughed all the time. He died with T.B. also. The bassist was Eddie Garland, who was the healthiest of the skinny ones. Tubby Hall (drums) was as fat as the others were skinny, and the youngest of the band that left New Orleans to make jazz history.

The band was a sensation from the first night at the DeLuxe cafe, so much so that there were no available seats after 9 p.m. and a line waiting outside that kept King Jones yelling to the high heavens to tell them that soon there would be seats.

Growl Style

Sugar Johnnie played a growling cornet style, using cups and old hats to make all kind of funny noises. Dewey's clarinet squeaked and rasped with his uneven scales and trills. Roy was sliding back and forth on the trombone making a growling accompaniment to Sugar Johnnie's breaks.

Jimmie's violin sighed and wheezed while he scratched the strings with his bow. To top all this, Montudi Tubby and I beat out a background rhythm that put the Bechuana tribes of Africa to shame.

But this was New Orleans jazz, and the people ate it up. Ah, what fun! What life! Everybody in town falling in to dig us. No dancing, just listen and be sent. DeLuxe cafe . . . deluxe business . . . deluxe jazz by the New Orleans Creole Jazz band.

UVM Unit Explores 'Dimension X'



Burlington, Vt.—The University of Vermont Catamounts, shown above, gave their hometown a treat one recent Sunday as Vermonters heard local musicians in a concert of modern music and jazz. Ken Belding led the Catamounts in a program which included two originals, *Soliloquy* by Bernard Garfield, and *Dimension X* by Paul Jary. Members of the unit are Tempie Connor, Bob Stanley, John McKee, James Howley, Bill Cofrances, Paul Stevens, John Ingham, Win Ellis, Ken Murdock, Bill Conway, Brooks Tillotson, Gene Morin, Earl Hartigan, Hubert Brooks, Bobby Clark, Belding, and vocalist Jacquelyn Howley.

Neal Hefti Scores Hamp Record Date

New York—Neal Hefti was commissioned by Lionel Hampton to write arrangements of *Shalom*, *Shalom* and another Israeli number for Hamp's latest MGM session. Sides were to feature a vocal group a la Tzena, Tzena.

Clyde McCoy, Patti Winding Up Tour

Chicago—The last three dates of the current theater tour package of singer Patti Page and Clyde McCoy's band are the Orpheum in Omaha, from May 18 to 24; Loew's, Kansas City, May 25 to 28; and Loew's, Memphis, from May 31 to June 6. On June 15 McCoy starts a two-week engagement at the Pleasure Pier ballroom in Galveston.

Philadelphia—Bon Bon Tunnell, once singer with the late Jan Savitt's band and recently a disc jockey, has been appointed an assistant district manager of the Schlitz breweries' eastern division.

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Top Tunes

Listed alphabetically and not in the order of their popularity are the 25 top tunes of the last two weeks, on the radio and in record and sheet music sales. An asterisk after a title denotes a newcomer not listed in the last issue.

Abs Dabs Honey-moon
A Penny a Kiss
Be My Love
Beautiful Brown Eyes
Bring Back the Thrill
Hot Canary
How High the Moon
I Apologize
If
It Is No Secret
Let Me In
Lullaby of Broadway
Mockin' Bird Hill

My Heart Cries for You
On Top of Old Smoky
Shenandoah Waltz
Sound Off
Sparrow in the Tree Top
Syncoated Clock
Tennessee Waltz
The Loveliest Night of the Year
The Roving Kind
Too Young
You're Just in Love
Would I Love You?

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Roland Trying To Prove A Point

By LEONARD FEATHER

New York—Joe Roland is a persistent cat. He's been trying since 1949 to prove a point with his jumping strings, and only recently saw the first distant gleam of success. Everybody who has heard Roland's group likes it; the trouble is that few people of any consequence heard it for a long time.

The whole thing started on the exchange floor at Local 802 one day a couple of years ago when Joe got into a discussion with a cellist about the use of strings in jazz. Said the string man, "All you have to do is write the music right. If the notes are there and the right inflections marked, we can play anything you jazz guys want."

Showed How

The cellist and a violinist went with Joe to a nearby record shop. He played them Miles Davis' *Move* and *Budo* to show them what he had in mind. Both insisted they could make it. So Joe went home and wrote out *I Hear Music* for vibes, string quartet, and rhythm, and the Roland Symfonet (Joe's own gruesome name for it) was born.

Joe, a native New Yorker, has been digging good music for many years, despite what might hilariously be described as a corn background: his father, a prominent chiropodist at the Savoy Plaza hotel, has tended such famous corns as those of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Jack Benny, and Fred Allen.

"I dug clarinet," says Joe, "went to Juilliard for three years and got through in 1939. Then I had all kinds of small groups playing every gin mill and dive. I played clarinet until I was 20; then a relative who was studying music left a small xylophone in my house for storage. I folded it up and took it out on a couple of club dates. Didn't give up the clarinet entirely, though, until I went in the army."

Radio Op

That was in 1942, when Joe was

22. He became a radio operator in the air corps, spent a couple of years in the Aleutians, and had a small portable set of vibes along. He was always on the lookout for a unit of Negro troops who might have a small band to sit in with.

Soon after his release in January, 1946, he bought a real set of vibes, got to know Terry Gibbs, and turned his Second Avenue apartment into a recognized hangout for young, ambitious musicians. Terry, Tiny Kahn, Frankie Socolow, Eddie Bert, Norman Faye, Harry Biss, Eddie Shu, Red Rodney, and George Wallington were among the bop-minded brethren who mixed in the sessions *chez* Roland.

Joe had enough money saved up not to have to worry about working steadily for a while. He played a couple of off-night sessions at the Three Deuces and made a record date early in '49 for Eddie Shu, the results of which were only recently released on an LP.

No Soap

After writing numerous arrangements for the string group, Joe landed one television appearance in November. "They said they'd use me at Bop City if I only had some records to give the disc jockeys, because they didn't want to put in an unknown outfit. So I paid for a whole session myself and had a few hundred records pressed up. Symphony Sid played them every night, but we still didn't get the job."

The records comprised three instrumentals—*Dee's Dance*, *Half-Nelson*, and *Sally Is Gone*, plus a vocal side featuring Paula Castle, a young Vaughanologist



Joe Roland

who had enjoyed a brief flash of limelight singing out with Chubby Jackson's big band. The three instrumental sides have just come out on the same Mercer LP platter that includes Joe's session with Eddie Shu.

A couple of months ago Joe succeeded in interesting Billy Shaw in the unit. Billy talked a lot, mentioned numerous location jobs and a possible Columbia record deal; meanwhile two of Joe's key string men went out on the road with Charlie Parker.

Much Skill

Joe's vibes work has acquired great skill and finesse. Now, as Terry Gibbs pointed out in his recent *Blindfold Test*, men like Joe are a real challenge in the rapidly expanding vibes field. The Roland guitarist, Joe Puma, who has contributed a couple of Tristanoeque arrangements to the books, is a promising soloist. There was no pianist on the records, but on the Birdland week Joe added Billy Taylor to round out the rhythm section, and for kicks he used Norma Carson's trumpet a couple of nights.

Joe points out, with pride but no conceit, that he not only had strings involved with the bop movement before Bird or anyone else, but also that his is the only group in which the strings themselves play the actual bop melody in the first chorus, instead of merely backgrounding or surrounding a solo horn.

New Things

Now that he is extending the idea to incorporate some pretty standards, he feels the idea may become more commercial. There are also such entertaining novelties as an arrangement on *Jumping with Symphony Sid* in which the strings, for the first 12 measures, give the repeated two-bar riff a slow, elegant Mozart string quartet treatment.

Married last year to the former Marian Hastings, Joe is awaiting the arrival of what he hesitantly

Roland Joins Pettiford Unit

New York—Discouraged by the inability of the Shaw office to get work for his swinging strings unit, Joe Roland has temporarily gone to work here as a sideman with Oscar Pettiford. Latter, ironically, left the Shaw aegis several months ago after three months out of work. He has reorganized his combo to include Roland and Howard McGhee and has gone out on the road.

Fats' 'London Suite' Gets HMV Release

New York—Fats Waller's own recording of his *London Suite*, in six parts, has at last been assembled in its entirety by Waller's old manager, Ed Kirkeby. It will be released May 21, Fats' birthday, on the British HMV label, coinciding with the annual celebration of Waller Memorial Week under Kirkeby's guidance.

No plans have yet been made for a release here through RCA Victor.

Hormel Girl



Wichita—Staff vocalist on station KANS here is willowy Nadine West, who also sings with a Wichita dance orchestra. Nadine was the winner in the professional class of a contest sponsored by the George A. Hormel company and was featured in a recent show at the Wichita forum called "Music with the Hormel Girls."

describes as a little vibraphonist. "I'll break his head if he studies music," he says, "unless I make it. Of course if I do make it, I'll break his head if he doesn't!"

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BY THE SQUARE

Ethel Krupa, Gene's wife, dropped a divan on her big toe, left foot, during spring cleaning. It was fractured. . . . Norman Granz narrowly escaped death when, enroute to the coast, his car overturned on a highway outside of Wichita, Kansas. The JATP impresario wasn't even scratched. . . . Virginia Wicks, the blonde publicist, has added Mary Mayo, the chirp, and Cafe Society to her list of clients.

Onah Spencer, who has written about almost everyone in Negro show business, fractured his pelvis in a fall and needs assistance. His address is the Ritz hotel, 409 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago 15. . . . Billie Holiday sliced her first Aladdin records, some blues and standards, with Tiny Grimes and a small combo. . . . Cab Calloway is signed already for the 1952 carnival in Montevideo, a repeat.

Jimmy Moy, our favorite boniface (Shangri-La, Chicago), is in the quartermaster corps at Fort Sheridan with bars on his shoulders. . . . National memorial week for Fats Waller and his music will be May 16 through 23, according to Ed Kirkeby. . . . Pianist Vicki Zimmer, once well-known along 52nd St. (she worked at Kelly's Stable and married the boss, George Lynch), is back in New York, unmarried again, and doing a single at the Monkey bar.

Bob Crosby's contract with Capitol records carries a special clause reserving his exclusive services for the Capitol baseball team. . . . Red Rodney, George Handy, and Phil Brown made it look like a 52nd St. revival when they played a week at the Three Deuces, but they were under strict orders to play only melody and accompany the various girlie acts. . . . Dorothy Dandridge, accompanied by Phil Moore (duo has had three holdovers at the Cafe Gala in Hollywood), will take a trip to England this summer for a date at London's Cafe de Paris.

Camp newspaper at the McGuire air force base in New Jersey carried a story about Ralph Flanagan's appearance there which said in part: "In a recent poll he carried six out of seven firsts, including Top Band of the Year, Top Swing Band of the Year and Most Promising NEVER Band". . . . Marshall Stearns lectured on African music for Prof. Henry Cowell at the New School in the latter's *Musics of the World* course.

Mary Lou Williams' ditty, *Satchelmouth Baby*, written several years ago, is enjoying a big revival under the title *Pretty Eyed Baby*, with waxings by Gene Krupa, Billy Williams, Al Trace, Gene Williams, and a Jo Stafford-Frankie Laine duet. . . . MGM records' Joan Shaw signed a management deal with relative Billy Shaw (both are descended from Adam). . . . Artie Shaw, a distant cousin of both, is rumored considering Nina Foch for his seventh spouse.

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WHAT'S ON WAX

JACK TRACY • PAT HARRIS • GEORGE HOEFER

Georgie Auld
6 Taps Miller
5 What's New
 Jack: Another release from the Roost session that produced *Air Mail Special*, this one is hardly as impressive. Only solo other than Georgie's is Lou Levy's eight-bar release on *Taps*. Trombonist Frank Rosolino isn't heard from at all except in ensemble work.
 Miller starts out coolly enough but Auld's restrained, Pres-like blowing on his first chorus becomes honking and shouting on the second.
 Melody is never out of sight on *New*, as Georgie, with too-pronounced vibrato, carries on in the Don Byas tradition. (Roost 527.)

Rosemary Clooney
5 Mixed Emotions
4 Kentucky Waltz
 Jack: Those who heard Tony Pastor's slicing of *You Started Something* a couple of years back and said, "Rosemary Clooney is going to be a great singer some day," should hear this record! It's a wonderful object lesson on how to toss everything down the drain for a buck.
 It isn't that she sings particularly badly here, but why in the world someone with her talent and great sound should be making car-bons of Patti Page records is completely beyond me. The tunes are horrible, the backing corny and ineffectual, and Miss Clooney sounds quite embarrassed about it all.
 She should be. (Columbia 39333.)

Ziggy Elman
6 Moon Nocturne
6 Lover, Come Back to Me
 Jack: Somebody (Paul Smith?) sneaks in 12 bars of modern piano on *Lover*, and the trumpets play a progressive figure or two on a key change, but otherwise it's all quite familiar fare.
 Ziggy does the ballad in his usual manner. (MGM 10955.)

Erroll Garner
Indiana
I'm in the Mood for Love
The Way You Look Tonight
Penthouse Serenade
Play, Piano, Play
Laure
Body and Soul
I Cover the Waterfront
 Album Rating: 6
 Pat: According to Mitch Miller's album notes, Garner's been on 30 record labels, with Columbia the 31st. All the tunes here were previously recorded by the pianist for other companies, so it's no shock to learn that this session was unrehearsed and run through without a break, all sides falling from Erroll's fingers like so many petals. Perhaps that's why this is not an exciting collection. Nevertheless, Garner continues to sound as if he's really enjoying this, and such simple cheerfulness is welcome. To get the Garner gaiety more subtly mixed, you'll have to look elsewhere. (Columbia CL 6173.)

Stan Getz
6 Split Kick
5 The Best Thing for You
 George: Kick is an original by the young New England pianist discovered by Stan in Hartford named Horace Silver. Silver shows considerable promise of becoming an outstanding jazz pianist. His solo on this side is inventive and swings lightly. Stan, who has become the best selling jazz saxophonist to the cognoscenti, doesn't quite make the groove on this one. Some of the phrases are trite. Joe Calloway's bass and Walter Bolden's drums back with a Latin beat.
 It still doesn't seem logical to try to sell records by having jazz musicians perform pop ballads. The cats don't care for the melodic

Rating System

Records are reviewed by Jack Tracy, George Hoefler, and Pat Harris. Ratings from 1 to 10 are assigned with 10 tops, but reserving that number for extraordinary performances only. Reviews are listed alphabetically by the artists for easy reference.

line and the squares don't dig unless it's schmaltzed up beyond what a jazz musician can possibly manage. The Berlin ballad here does have a rather lengthy piano solo by Silver which keeps it from being completely uninteresting. (Roost 526.)

Terry Gilkyson
The Solitary Singer
Runnin' Away
Fast Freight
The Secret
Nellie Lou
The Tick Tock Song
Mr. Buzzard
Er'ryone's Crazy 'Ceptin' Me
 Album Rating: 5
 George: Terry Gilkyson. The Solitary Singer, is the gee who helped put *On Top of Old Smoky* on top of the hit parade with his lead voice in conjunction with the singing of the Weavers and Pete Seeger's running commentary. The above album includes a set of Gilkyson compositions sung by him while accompanying himself on guitar. The singer has made a career of studying all the facets of American folk songs so the set should bear authenticity. He has a rich, well-modulated voice, but our chief objection is that the work lacks color and the earthy quality expected from folk music depicting life in a lusty and growing country. (Decca DL 5305.)

Dizzy Gillespie
7 Bird's Works
6 Tin Tin Doo
 George: Dizzy is on a new kick, playing a subdued, mellower horn more in the Miles Davis mode. It's a muted horn effect, using a large cloth (beret?) muffled with squares cut out of it. On *Works*, the Dizzy still displays a terrific facility.
 You will also hear bits by the fine vibes artist, Milt Jackson, Kenny Burrell's guitar, and some brush work from Kansas Fields, a jazz drummer of pre-war note who hasn't been heard from for a long time.
 The second side is a tribute to the late Chano Pozo, who helped write this weird Afro-Cuban piece. Dizzy plays some mellow middle register horn backed by maracas and bongos. The sound is appealing, but not much happens improvisation-wise. A short bit by Milt is squeezed in. (Dee Gee 3601.)

Buddy Greco
7 If You Could See Me Now
6 Cara, Cara, Cara, Bella, Bella, Bella
 Jack: Here, if I may make so bold as to say, is one of the great male vocalists singing today.
 Greco's never been presented

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Les Gives Champ Some Pointers



New York — Looks like Les Brown, right, is giving newcomer Champ Butler some good pointers from his years of experience. Singer Butler and orkater Brown collaborated on a couple of Columbia sides not long ago. Tunes cut were *Be My Love* and *In the Land of Make Believe*.

properly on wax before, and even here is abetted by a useless, nagging vocal group (on *If You Could See Me Now*). But it's the closest yet to his in-person performances.
 Buddy has to make it sooner or later—he has a full, easily-identified voice, great ballad conception and phrasing, a wonderful ear, and is also an accomplished musician. Plus being an intelligent, good looking guy.
 Listen to him here and imagine how he'd sound without those girls singing along with him most of the way, wrecking phrases as they go.
 Despite the drawbacks, the promise of greatness is really here. Whoever is managing Buddy has a gold mine if he'll spend some time and loot in promotion. (London 987.)

Johnny Hodges
6 Rabbit's Blues
6 Something to Put Your Foot To
 Pat: Johnny's *Blues* is relaxed, moving in the immemorial manner of small combo Ellington sides. Al Sears, Lawrence Brown, and the Rabbit show to advantage here, though they become embroiled in the ensemble at the end. *Something*, as the title indicates, is a jumper, a bit more polite than most. Sears honks, but Nelson Williams' trumpet sounds better than on the reverse. A fusillade from Sonny Greer finishes it off. (Mercury 8937.)

Spike Jones
4 My Daddy Is a General to Me
6 Ill Barkie
 Jack: George Rock hauls out his *Two Front Teeth* voice on *Daddy* and sings something about his old man being just a private "over there," but that he rates pretty high with his kid. Is it time for war songs again?
 Other side is pretty funny. A soprano sings *Il Bacio* with a dog howling his accompaniment before the gunshots, bells, etc., come in. Singer's name listed as Ina Suez.

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Peggy Lee
4 He's Only Wonderful
3 It Never Happen' to Me
 Pat: Peggy gets stuck on *Wonderful*, easily half an octave above a comfortable range for her voice. On the reverse she goes into dialect again, and the conversational ending (as in its predecessors since *Manana*) is the crowning touch of banality. (Capitol 1513.)

Machito
7 Tangi I
6 Tangi II
 Pat: Mario Bauza wrote this mambo for Machito's band, which does a wildly exciting job with it. The rhythm, of course, is great—compulsive and intense. Part I is graced by a vocal, and marred by a trumpet solo which has trouble standing up against that overwhelming background. A JATP-type sax honks on Part II. Something like this seems to need horns working in sections, or at least more powerful soloists than those here. (Mercury 5601.)

Mary Mayo
4 The Springtime Cometh
4 Serenata
 Pat: *Springtime* is from the musical *Flahooley*, while *Serenata* is a product of Leroy Anderson and Mitchell Parish, and Miss Mayo is being touted as the proprietor of a legitimate voice who brings a new freshness to this sort of thing. Unfortunately, just about all that shows here is her highly respectable range and control. Despite this, she sounds disturbingly nasal on *Springtime*, and harried on the flip, which is a confusion of strings and bongos in their various idioms. (Capitol 1504.)

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Johnny Mercer
6 Love's Got Me in a Lazy Mood
5 I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan
 Jack: *Mood* is the *Slow Mood* Eddie Miller wrote, and waxed with the Bob Crosby band in 1938. Mercer put lyrics to it and several artists waxed it about three or four years ago, but not much happened.
 Johnny has brought it back again here, and Miller also solos on it. A fine tune, but it seems destined for the same fate once more.
 Mercer changes his plan and voice on the reverse. (Capitol 1514.)

Red Norvo
8 Zing Went the Strings of My Heart
6 September Song
 Pat: *September* starts at what sounds like half-time, but keeps this deliberate pace all the way through. Guitarist Tal Farlow's solo has a warmth reminiscent of Django's. On *Zing*, the boys zip through at a frantic rate, but crowd more effectively executed ideas into this than most trios could scare up over a season. Red's vibes, Charlie Mingus' bass, and Tal's guitar work contrapuntally again, and all with great taste and technique. (Discovery 147.)

Flip Phillips
4 Drowsy
6 Vortex
 George: *Drowsy* is just that. A rather melodic little opus written by Flip and played quietly with dull ideas. Other side is a more lively Phillips original that swings in spots as Flip stays ensconced in the range of his horn and emits an airy, whirlwind effect, as the tune title suggests. (Mercury 8911.)

George Shearing
7 Quintessence
7 I'll Be Around
 George: These are the first sides released with Don Elliott in place of Marge Hyams. Now that the former has worked into the group we detect a new sound, deeper and more resonant. George's original *Quintessence* is an airy-type composition designed to present the purest musical part of the quintet. Particularly note the fine brush work by Denzil Best. Wilder's *I'll Be Around* is very effectively presented with the sound Shearing and his cohorts are currently getting. (MGM 10956.)

(Turn to Page 15)
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WHAT'S ON WAX

(Jumped from Page 14)

**Dinah Shore and
Tony Martin**

1 *I Wish, I Wish*
1 *The Kissing Song*

Pat: Using really great pop singers, like these two, on material such as this is criminally wasteful. Sounds like there's a mandolin on *Wish*, the better of the sides, while *Kissing* has lyrics of which this is a catchy example: "Don't lose the opportunity to use your lips in unity." Tony and Dinah should get a medal for tackling these. It demands a selfless bravery. (Victor 47-4126.)

Zoot Sims

Nights and Day
I Understand
Slinging Hash
Don't Worry 'Bout Me
Crystals
Tenorly

Album Rating: 7

Jack: Zoot recorded these in Paris when he was there with Goodman last year, is backed by a rhythm section consisting of Jerry Wiggins, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass, and Kenny Clarke.

He shows to best advantage on two of the up-tempo—*Tenorly* and *Hash*, getting off seven swinging choruses of blues on the latter. The ballads are pleasing, but show much less invention. First time, by the way, that I've heard (on *Crystals*) *Linger Awhile's* chord structure used by the younger set.

Pianist Wiggins has a jumbled style in which he tosses in bits from Tatum, Garner, Wilson, Tristano, Shearing, Bushkin, etc. Listen awhile and you'll hear all your favorites.

Sides are available singly on all three speeds, and in album and LP form. (Discovery DL 3015.)

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Booker T. Washington
5 *General Mac Will Never Fade*
Acap

Mulcahy Trio

2 *America, I Love You*
George: First above is a flag waver in Dixie time written by Seymour Schwartz, owner of the Chicago jazz record shop. It is hastily gotten together (Jimmy Ille, cornetist, didn't have time to learn the bugle calls) in order to get on the market while the Mac-Arthur celebration is still on.

Booker T. Washington, drummer at Chicago's Bee Hive, not only has an apt name but projects considerable spirit in his singing of the lyrics. Dixie group commandeered from John Schenck's stable of artists is called the Pacific sextet. (Rondo 428.)

Frances Wayne

6 *Didja Ever?*
6 *Corner to Corner*

Pat: Backed by Neal Hefti's ork, Frances displays her good jazz conception and confidence on these two semi-novelties. *Corner* reveals a trace of Billie Holiday in spots, while *Didja* sounds peculiarly like something a Parisian singer would make with a local combo. Compare this with several of the less well-known Edith Piaf discs and you'll see what we mean. (London 1076.)

**Bob Wilber and
Sidney Bechet**

Limehouse Blues
I'm Through, Goodbye
Sweet Georgia Brown
The Mooche
Coal Black Shine
Without a Home
When the Saints Go Marching In
Zig Zag

Album Rating: 7

Pat: Band here is Wilber's, with Henry Goodwin, trumpet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Tommy Benford, drums; Pops Foster, bass, and Dick Wellstood, piano. Bechet comes in on two of his own tunes, *Through* and *Without*, but is faintly present on the others in the person of Wilber. *Coal* is a lively, punching number, and our favorite in the group. Goodwin's use of a mute, especially on *Limehouse* and *Through*, is in the Spanier style, while Archey's agility on *Georgia* is remarkable. Altogether, a well-integrated band and some good tunes. (Circle L-406.)

Lester Young

5 *Frances*
6 *Undercover Girl Blues*

George: The trouble with the first side is that the tune doesn't do much for Pres and things don't get organized for an inspiring musical performance on anyone's part. The Blues we like much better. Young's tone and phrasing are there, even if the performance

Wax Glamor



Hollywood—Ava Gardner—though why anyone should be concerned over how she sounds—can be heard on one side of a new MGM "glamor" record, which she shares with actress Ann Blyth. Disc, which finds Ava singing *How Am I to Know?*, was recorded from the soundtrack of the movie *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, and was reviewed in the May 18 issue.

isn't the greatest he's ever done. You'll also note old time Basie-ite Jo Jones on drums, John Lewis playing piano, and Gene Ramey handling the bass. (Mercury 8939.)

REISSUES

**The Louis Armstrong Story,
Volumes I, II, III, IV**

Volume I—*Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five: Muskrat Ramble; Heebie Jeebies; Gut Bucket Blues; Skid-Dat-De-Dat; Yes! I'm in the Barrel; Cornet Chop Suey; Struttin' with Some Barbecue; I'm Not Rough; The Last Time; Got No Blues; Hotter Than That; Ory's Creole Trombone.*

Volume II—*Louis Armstrong and His Hot Seven: Potato Head Blues; Wild Man Blues; S.O.L. Blues; Gully Low Blues; Melancholy Blues; Weary Blues; Twelfth Street Rag; Willie the Weeper; Keyhole Blues; That's When I'll Come Back to You; Alligator Crawl; Chicago Breakdown.*

Volume III—*Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines: Basin Street Blues; Weather Bird; No, Pappa, No; Muggles; St. James Infirmary; Tight Like This; West End Blues; Skip the Gutter; Two Deuces; Sugar Foot Strut; Squeeze Me; Don't Jive Me.*

Volume IV—*Louis Armstrong Favorites: Knockin' a Jug; Body and Soul; Star Dust (Parts I and II); Black and Blue; Shine; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Lazy River; Dear Old Southland; If I Could Be with You; I'm Confessin'; Ding Dong Daddy.*

Jack: A monumental, invaluable work. And one that's going to wreck the huge collector's (and bootlegger's) market that's existed in Louis records for years, except

for the folks who are fussy about the label on a record.

These four Masterworks LPs are an immensely important collection of sides by one of the most influential jazzmen to ever blow a horn. They cover four of the most productive years of Louis' life—1925, '27, '28, '29.

Countless words have been written about almost every one of these sides. This will not be an addition. Most of the material stands the test of time, some sounds rather ancient and primitive compared to what many musicians are putting down today.

But it all contains the wonderful warmth and surge that is Armstrong's, a tremendous personality. Many accolades to George Avakian, without whose insistence I'm sure these LPs would never even have been contemplated.

And also to Columbia, which adds a second remarkable jazz document to its Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall concert.

Now about some of those Ellington, Herman, etc., masters still lying on those shelves at Bridgeport. . . . (Columbia ML 54383, 54384, 54385, 54386.)

Wild Bill Davison

Why Was I Born?
Dardanella
Just a Gigolo
Yesterdays
I'm Confessin'
She's Funny That Way
A Ghost of a Chance
When Your Lover Has Gone

George: This is the same set of sweet-hot Davison waxings that Circle had in a 78 rpm album two years ago, plus two added Davison features from the WOR-Mutual *This Is Jazz* show of 1947. The new ones are *Dardanella* and *Confessin'* played with the All-Star Stompers. Highlights are some good trombone by Jimmy Archey, interesting celeste tinkling by Ralph Sutton on *Yesterdays*, and a smattering only of the real Wild Bill "come to Beasie" horn. Lowlights are Bill's sing-along on *A Ghost of a Chance* and the incongruity of the switch from sweet to hot on a couple of the sides. (Circle LP L-405.)

Ralph Flanagan

My Hero
Swing to 45
Panhouse Serenade
Where or When
Joshua
Giannina Mia

Jack: Some of Flanagan's biggest hits to date, now packaged in an album.

Notes say that "not since Benny Goodman came cruising out of Chicago to pack the New York Paramount with hysterically shouting swing fans has the music business known anything like the Flanagan furor."

Anybody here ever hear of Glenn Miller? (Victor WP 308.)

Jelly Roll Morton

The Sage of Mr. Jelly Lord, Vols. III-IV

Pat: Four more albums in the series of library of congress sides released on LP, these are of great interest not only for Jelly's playing, but for their value as a social document, the story of New Orleans at the turn of the century. Too, they show a master story-

Slam Stewart Rejoins Tatum

New York—Art Tatum, in an effort to outnoise talkative Embars customers who treated him like an intermission pianist, expanded his one-piece outfit to trio size with the addition of guitarist Johnny Collins and bassist Slam Stewart. Slam, who gave up his own trio to join Art, was a member of the original Tatum trio in 1944.

Other new members at the Embars included a couple of Napoleonic invaders. Teddy Napoleon, with Peanuts Hucko, subbed a few nights on early sets while Joe Bushkin doubled into the Paramount, and the following week uncle Phil brought his Dixieland five in to replace Bushkin.

teller at work, and Morton's recollections are absorbingly frank and often funny.

Volume III (the first two volumes were reviewed in the Feb. 23 issue) is Jelly's "Discourse on Jazz," in which he explains its origins and describes it with accuracy. He demonstrates as he goes along, and such spots as Alan Lomax' question about the difference between a break and a riff, after Morton has carefully explained both, provide an unexpected laugh. Morton plays *Kansas City Stomp*, *Maple Leaf Rag*, and *King Porter Stomp* on this showing the evolution of the tunes.

Volume IV, titled *The Spanish Tinge*, finds Morton playing *Mama Nita*, *Spanish Swat*, *New Orleans Blues*, *La Paloma*, *Creepy Feeling*, *The Crave*, and *Fiddle Fy Creep*. Jelly describes fabled Crescent city badmen on Volume V, singing the ballad of Aaron Harris, who was the most feared of the lot.

On Volume VI, Jelly plays *The Pearls*, *Pep*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Bert Williams*, and *Jungle Blues*. Even those who don't enjoy ragtime, or recognize Morton as a great jazzman, should listen to these as evidence of a successful effort to capture the spirit of an era. (Circle L 41003-L-5-6.)

**Oscar Pettiford
Serge Chalfoff**

Pardido
Ondulap
Take the A Train
Blues for Blanton
Chickadee
Boopcatch
The Mop
Chasin' the Bass

Jack: A Mercer LP that spots four sides of Oscar on cello, and four playing bass with Chalfoff on sides that first came out on New Jazz. Duke men are on the first four; Shorty Rogers, Terry Gibbs, and others on the Serge tunes. (Mercer LP 1003.)

**Eddie Shu-Joe Roland-Wild
Bill Davis**

Two Pair O'Sha's
Flamingo
Waltzin' the Blues
Half Nelson
Sally Is Gone
Dee Dee's Dance
Things Ain't What They Used to Be
Make No Mistake

Jack: Shu has the first three, on which he plays bop harmonica, alto, tenor, clarinet, and trumpet at various times. Barbara Carroll's on piano; John Levy, bass, and Denzil Best, drums. Three by Joe Roland and his swinging strings follow, then a pair by organist Davis. (Mercer LP 1002.)

Down Beat covers the music news from coast to coast.

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Okinawa—All servicemen, and most members of the 558th Air Force band, this dance unit keeps busy playing for various service and civilian clubs here. Members are: Al Romeo, 1st sax; Bob Mahoney, 2nd sax and leader; Teddy Nowak, 3rd sax; Dick Vigeletti, trombone; Art Rosimino, trumpet; Red Gomers, drums; Gordon Maddox, bass; Ray Hryniewicki, piano, and Beverly Harry vocals.

How Jazzmen Got Start At Addams' Hull House

(Ed. Note: This is the concluding section of Al Turk's story on the Hull House band, the first part of which appeared in the May 18 issue.)

By AL TURK

Chicago—My duties as assistant to James Sylvester, who led the Hull House boy's band, included giving instruction on all instruments. I gave the boys their first five lessons, no matter what they played. If a boy missed one lesson he had to make it up, and was dropped back. The class had to progress as a whole. It was up to me or Sylvester to detect, when a section was playing, which member wasn't blowing.

The youngest boy in the big band was Dan Altieri, who played piccolo. He was only six years old. Usually the age limit for the first band was nine, but a piccolo player was scarce and we could use him no matter how small he was. Dan was absolutely a little doll, chubby and cute. He played like nobody's business, picked up very fast. His brother, Anthony, was about 10, and played clarinet. Dan, in later life, was leader of the band on the steamer City of Grand Rapids, and worked at the Trianon with Joe Kayser. He's now business agent of a railroad union out of Los Angeles.

A great feud grew between our band and the Daily News band, which was headed by Otto Reichert. The Hull House band would parade, usually on a Thursday, to the Haymarket theater where we'd stand and play for a while, to advertise the theater, and then go in to see the show.

The Daily News band would do the same thing, going to the Empire theater, down the street. Crowds would gather to watch each group try to outblow the other. The Daily News band would play on our roll-off, and we wouldn't. We played other tricks on them, and we'd all laugh like hell. It was always a grand show.

The Lowest

We were called the Skunks, and the Daily News boys were called the Finks. They had a larger membership than we did, but it's not ego to say that we were the loudest. Later in life the members of the two bands turned out to be very friendly, but when we were bucking, which is what we called the competition in front of the theaters, we were very serious.

The police finally stopped it, but before they did we scored a convincing victory. One night Sylvester picked 28 of us to buck the huge Daily News band, which we did in very good style. We played one march over 20 times, repeats and all, with the idea of confusing the other band. My lips, and those of the other boys, were streaming with blood, but we didn't stop playing, we were so enthused. That, to me, accounts for the endurance, faith, and courage these boys have needed to go to the top as they have.

Dr. Anthony Summers, the only boy Jane Addams personally sent to medical school, was our First Aid boy. He was assigned to the band. He didn't play anything, but traveled with us, carrying his little suitcase.

Won First Place

In the fall of 1914 the Hull

House band was acclaimed first place in a contest among 10 boy's bands. During those days there were no high school bands, so our competition included such groups as that from the Marks Nathan orphanage, and so on.

Perhaps the greatest thrill I had as a band member was the time, in 1912, when we escorted presidential candidate Theodore Roosevelt from the Illinois Central station to Hull House. Teddy shook hands with every boy in that band. I'll never forget it as long as I live.

We spent our summer vacations in the country, and one of the places we stayed was the summer home of Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen in Waukegan, Ill. It was a great experience for us. I remember one time running across the boy who is now Jack Benny, and others who were there included Jake Arvey, presiding justice of the appellate court of Illinois Joseph Burke, congressman Peter Granato, state representative James Adducci, and Dan Serritella, former representative of the 1st district. Frank Annunzio, of the Illinois department of labor, was one of our band mascots.

The Hard Way

At that time, of course, we had no radio or recordings—no models to pattern our playing after. We all had a hard time, but those boys were pioneers of jazz. Just a few went the classical way.

In the band we played overtures, opera, and popular music, which was written in march form at the time. None of us ever had the vision to know what would happen to us. Not until Eddie Richmond joined Sophie Tucker in 1914 did we know we had something to get out of it. Angela Cavallo was the second to leave. He got a job playing trombone with Paul Biese. Fred Lotack, who originated the laughing trombone when he worked with Ted Lewis, was also one of the first to become a professional musician.

Our music had helped us earn money since the beginning, though. We would play for Italian funerals, and other occasions. Once Eddie Richmond and Mac Komie got Caesar Petrillo and me a job with a band at Excelsior Park picnic grove down around Milwaukee ave. We worked from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. for \$2 and all we could eat. We were 12 years old. I said to

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My Best On Wax

By Bill Harris

There's only one thing I've done on records that, when I heard it played back, made me feel maybe I was groping in the right direction. It's on Woody Herman's record of *Let It Snow*.

That was just a throwaway date. We had some time left at a session and Neal (Hefti) gave us this thing to look at a few minutes, then we cut it. None of us had ever heard of it before.

The solo I took was pretty well written out in the score, and not being much of a reader I was in a terrible frame of mind. I thought it would sound awfully mechanical and amateurish.

If I've ever done anything well, it's been under that sort of pressure—when the leader just tosses something at you and says, "Here, play this." Because, I guess, I'm essentially a lazy guy and have to be pushed to extend myself.

That happened when we cut *Bijou*, too. We played it for the first time at the record date and there was nothing there on the score for me but a bunch of chord symbols. They only took a couple of takes, and when it was over I started waiting for my notice. I thought the side had been awful.

Even Find Jazz In Garages Now

Beaumont, Texas—You never know in the great big sprawling state where you're going to hear some good music.

Recently the Mel Arvin trio was booked into the Sutton Motor company garage here for a one-ner.

Occasion was the opening of the \$150,000 automotive showplace, complete with thin-clad cigarette girls, search lights, and fanfare in finial.

Some 8,000 visitors ogled the trio and vocalist Gypsy Edwards as they shared center stage spotlight with a car which roared up to 110 miles an hour on rollers.

—Horace Greeley

Jazz Spot Closes

Vancouver, B. C.—Sandy Desantis' Palomar supper club here has shuttered, reportedly because back income taxes forced Desantis into bankruptcy. Spot featured top jazz names during the last two years.

Caesar "Gee, they really worked us!" and he replied "Why, we got two bucks!" I'll never forget that.

Went into Service

During the first World War, 28 of the cream of the band went into service as the Illinois Field Artillery band, under the leadership of Sylvester. I had gotten married when I was 16 and we had a child by then, so I didn't go. The Hull House boys came back as Riley's Bucks, the greatest army band outside of Pershing's. They had the loss of only one man, Fred Bobine, a baritone player. In the band were Caesar Petrillo, Don Mangano, Frank Forte, Bill Tortorelli, Joe Russo, Walter Straight, and the late Anthony Rizzo.

After the war Sylvester led the official fire department band in Chicago, and now teaches in a high school here. As for me, I worked with Vincent Lopez a while, and in 1922 opened with my own band at the Princess ballroom in Chicago. We were there for 12 years.

In 1937 Charlotte Carr, who was then the head of Hull House, called me in to look up the history for a

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SWINGIN' THE GOLDEN GATE

Garner's Frisco Opening Proves A Huge Success

By RALPH J. GLEASON

San Francisco—Erroll Garner's opening at the Black Hawk was one of the most successful this city has even seen. An hour before The Master Painter went on, the joint was loaded with customers and it stayed that way from then on. It looked like the club was really going to score with Erroll. And without a door charge, too.

The Garner trio is certainly a thing of beauty and a joy forever, to coin a phrase. Erroll himself has emerged more and more from his shell and now puts on one of the best shows in the business. Happy, smiling, grimacing, cocking his eye and his ears, listening to silent voices, humming to himself, he knocks out the audience of all ages and types.

Musically, of course, I cannot think of anything more delightful. What they produce is such a incredible merger of melody and rhythm with the precision of a Swiss watch, the warmth and beauty of a great painting, and all the swing in the world.

It's just as if Erroll sits there, turns on the generator and out comes this big, round bouncing sound that he molds and shapes with his hands into a work of art. With Shadow Wilson fitting like his name across the drums, brushing a light rhythm, and John Simmons delicately picking the notes out of his bass, the trio has now jelled into a single cohesive unit that seems unable to do anything wrong. They certainly have the golden touch.

Spike Jones, to really change the subject, did a week in the St. Francis Hotel Murat room that almost blew the joint apart. He came in right after the MacArthur free show and started blasting, drilling, and knocking down the plaster. He packed the house nightly for two shows and gave the management grey hairs as he slung washtubs full of junk on the polished parquet floor.

BAY AREA FOG: Louis Armstrong's three weeks at Rafael's 150 club were off to a bum start, with the club not really spreading itself ad-wise and asking deejays to pay their own tabs after one round on the house opening night. But Pops came on stronger as he worked the spot. . . . Orrin Tucker into the Claremont hotel but the hotel couldn't get him much air time unfortunately. . . . Earl Murphy, Chicago bass player, in town

20-year reunion of the band. Of the 165 whose names we could remember, 65 showed up. In 1938 some of these same boys formed the Hull House alumni, of which I was the first president. It was a great honor.

All of us are grateful to James Sylvester and Hull House for the start we had. Today young people have so many more opportunities than we did to hear and learn music. Think of how much more they should be able to accomplish!

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with the Mae West show. Jack Sheedy opened to good houses at the Greenwich Village. . . . George Shearing's two weeks at the 150 Club were only so-so, but the spot was all wrong for him. . . . Lots of rumors that Nat Cole and then the Benny Goodman sextet will hit town shortly.

Yes, that was Dick Reinhardt, MCA's boy here, playing drums in Bill Bullard's house band at the Downtown theater during Frankie Laine's run. Dick was sent in as a sub one night. Now wouldn't you think MCA could afford to pay him enough so he didn't have to make those gigs? . . . Gerald Wiggins, Lena Horne's accompanist, knocking the local cats cross-eyed during her Fairmont hotel date. . . . Betty Mee Champin, a Piedmont housewife, has just scored with a song, *Willy Boy*, which Dennis Day is set to record for Victor.

Mrs. Champin, wife of a local attorney, got the tune moving through Jack Erickson and John Leoni, a couple of local songsmiths, with an air show on KRE called *Song Debut*.

Ted Stanford is drawing a lot of ooohs and aahs from the younger set with his vocals with the Dick Saltzman band Friday nights at the hotel Richelieu. Dick has been pulling lots of kids to these weekly sessions "just for dancing." . . . Frankie Laine and Carl Fischer's fine tune, *We'll Be Together Again*, may be in the next George Shearing album. George was set to cut some more sides after leaving here down in L.A. and was mulling the possibility of using the tune. . . . Laine may do a European tour this fall unless plans for his TV show interfere. Currently Frank has a real hot TV show, result of his recent TV appearances in NY, on the fire and it may light up at any minute.

Billy Shuart off to New York via Detroit after a couple of years here highlight of which was his wild big band. . . . Johnny Markham, lately with Charlie Barnet on drums, waiting for the reforming of the Barnet crew and meanwhile gigging around town as, is drummer Johnny Berger.

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Washington, Dinean (Birdland) NYC, 7/19-
8/2, nc
Waters, Ethel (Capitol) NYC, In 6/7, t
Williams, Joe (DeLisa) Chicago, nc
Wittwer, Johnny (Hangover) San Fran-
cisco, nc

Waters, Elton (Capitol) NYC, In 6/7, t
Williams, Joe (DeLisa) Chicago, ne
Wittwer, Johnny (Hangover) San Fran-
cisco, ne

Bal-Blue Three (Balboa) Empire, Ore., ne
Bardo Quintet, Bill (Congress) Chicago, In
5/29, h

Huston, Ted (Park Casino) West New York, N. J., In 5/22, nc

Janis, Conrad (Jimmy Ryan's) NYC, nc

Spanier, Meggy (Hangover) San Francisco, Out 6/4, nc; (Tiffany) L.A., 6/5-18, nc
Staton Trio, Dell (New Yorker) NYC, h
Stehman, Zeke (Flamingo) Terre Haute, Ind., nc

Walter, Cy (Drake) NYC, no
Warren, Fran (Mocambo) Hwd., In 6/1, nc
Washington, Dinah (Birdland) NYO, 7/19-
8/2, nc
Waters, Ethel (Capitol) NYC, In 6/7, t
Williams Joe (Delia) Chicago nc

Weidlers Desert Jazz For Comedy

By TED HALLOCK

Portland, Ore.—When a top instrumentalist and sideman, someone, say, like George Weidler, ex-Kenton and Barnet lead altoist, ankles the progressive fold, dons false whiskers, sings funny songs, and becomes a comedy sensation almost overnight, that's quite interesting. When two more top sidemen like, say, Warner Weidler, ex-Kenton tenorman, and Walt Weidler, ex-Barnet first alto, do likewise, that's news.

Which is what's happened with and to the Weidler brothers. Today, at the nation's better clubs, Walt, George, and Warner can be caught nightly in the craziest collection of antics. You're embarrassed a bit at first, watching them. Immediately you think of a chorus line starring Marowitz, Getz, and maybe Les Robinson. That thought passes and you're entranced.

Making Ioot

The Weidlers are pleasing people and making beaucoup dough; much more than twice their sidemen's wages which ranged from \$175 (George) to \$135 (Warner) weekly while the two were with Stan. When the boys broke in their act at Pappalardo's, in Ridge Crest, Calif., they took \$300 for the week, which was to be the extent of their stay. At week's end the spot's owner offered them exactly double their wage to stay a second frame. They did. They're that good.

It's really a phenomenon to watch them work, remembering all the while George's delicate lead work with Stan, Warner's solid section tenor, and how Walt sparked the Mab's reeds for more than two years. Perhaps there is a more obvious relation between modern music and wit than we realize.

George (24), Warner (27), and Walt (26), are natives of Los Angeles, from an extraordinarily talented family. Their father, Alfred, heads 20th Century-Fox's miniature-model-making department. Their mother, Margaret, was by turns an opera singer, pianist, violinist, is now hailed one of the west's most promising abstract painters. Sister Virginia's histrionic talents are known. Other two sisters are non-professionals.

First Lessons

Trio attended North Hollywood high school and Mar-Ken professional school. While in school the brothers appeared (1934-35) as a singing act at Frisco's Golden Gate theater (with Horace Heidt) and L.A.'s Paramount and Orpheum. It was then that Margaret Weidler bought instruments and arranged for music lessons.

For Walt, 11, it was accordion; Warner, 12, picked up a C-melody sax, and George, 9, stayed two weeks with drums, then shifted to alto.

With the zeal of youth our heroes formed a 14-piece jazz crew in Los Angeles, styled after Kenton's Balboa crew. This folded in 1941, the year all three joined the union and set out for individual careers.

Where To

George, too young for the armed forces, joined Freddie Slack, jumped to Les Brown for 22 months, was hired by Kenton in September, 1947. Walt, who had played with Al Donahue, Randy Brooks, Jimmy Zito, and Barnet, served two years, then rejoined Barnet upon discharge in January, 1945. Warner was drafted for three years, got out in December, 1944, played with his own combo in L.A., then with Barnet, joining Kenton shortly after George recommended him to Stan.

In December, 1948, Kenton's band dissolved. George, Walt, and Warner had been writing songs—Lillian (recorded by Nat Cole), and Melvin, the Goat Boy, (sliced by Kay Kyser), were the two most successful. The three finally got together, added pianist Larry Kinnamon, jobbed locally until the day in May, 1949, when all three journeyed to Capitol's studios to etch their latest ditty, *The Schnitzelbank Polka*.

Originally the Weidlers had planned to record the thing as a demonstration so that someone

else might put it on wax. Carlos Gastel suggested Spike Jones as a possible interested party. But Cap's Jim Conkling liked their test so well he offered the boys \$100 a side to wax *Polka* and *The Joka Polka* tune.

No Contract

Unfortunately nothing much happened to that record. Nor did they net a Capitol contract. Their songs have not enjoyed a great measure of success, due to such circumstances as surrounded Kyser's disc of *Goat Boy* for Columbia. Just as Kay's biscuit was released, Columbia moved its pressing plant east. There was a tremendous demand in L.A. for the novelty, but no records to fill said demand. So it died, a victim of public weariness.

Their Capitol experience inspired the Weidlers to build an act. They had trod the boards during childhood and knew the rudiments of vaudeville. More songs, more comedy lyrics were penned. Nick Castle (who staged MGM's *Summer Stock*) became interested, began staging their songs, suggesting props, routines, patter. Today's act is as much a Castle as a Weidler affair.

Said act, more AGVA than AFM, embraces a little of everything. George doubles on bass, Warner on guitar. Walt is the straight man (musically speaking) on alto and clarinet. Both George and Warner, lest we be misunderstood, still play a gang of horn, however.

Gentle Comedy

The Weidler brand of comedy is gentle, definitely not dirty—not even risqué—yet holds its own with any entertainment on the same bill. Even beef-trust Babbitts get fed up with the smut with which most nitery programs are well-salted.

This threesome performs with a wistful approach to humor. It might even be wise someday for them to incorporate the mistakes-on-purpose element in their performance. An audience just can't, and doesn't, dislike these guys.

They work fast, practice hour after hour on enunciation and timing. *Mississippi Mud* is one example of how such diligence to mechanics has paid off. They sing the tune legit, then as it would sound on a phonograph at double speed, finally groan the whole thing to an unwinding halt.

Instrumentals

Instrumentally, *Flight of the Bumblebee* (played at its usual breakneck speed) and *Holiday for Strings* keep all three in trim musically. *Flight* is a three-part invention which allows about eight wonderful bars apiece for improvisation (and yet all three modestly deny their ability to blow jazz). As an encore, and usually the sign-off routine, Warner announces they'll play this highly technical composition backwards. Which they do, in a very surprising way. It's the simplest sort of a performance. Simple enough to allow complete audience understanding. Take *Holiday*. Just three guys who end up playing each other's saxophone, arms impossibly entwined. But, until you've seen the Weidlers do it—or the Smith Brothers cough drops gimmick with black beads apiece . . . it's too much.

This may be the first real news break for the Weidlers, but it's only the lead to a story that should go on and on. Handled by Charlie



(Photo by Ted Hallock)

Portland, Ore.—Three members of a fabulous family, the Weidler brothers are shown in the midst of their act at Amato's supper club here recently. Guys are, from the left, Warner, George, and Walt. Their story is told in the adjoining columns.

Have To Learn Your Horn, Says Armstrong

By DON FREEMAN

San Diego—Louis Armstrong has said it before and he says it again. "Too many kids playing today don't want to learn their instruments. They don't know how to read. They won't listen to advice from anybody older than 25. They don't

know how to live or take care of themselves. Tell the truth, I don't think they're really interested in music."

The Satch, resting between rests at his engagement in Pacific Square here, fingered his lips gingerly.

Don't Take Care

"These chops, man," he said. "Kids playing horn today, they blow real high—all they want to do is hit the high ones; they don't care about anything pretty. These kids don't take care of their chops."

"I've been playing that good horn for 37 years. Every night it takes me two hours to treat my chops so they don't crack. How many kids can play 37 years? Burn themselves out. Look at Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Muggsy, Billy Butterfield. We keep going."

"Gillespie? Sure, Diz is fine. He's established. But these kids try to imitate Dizzy and they won't learn or practice. They just end up bad. They ruin jobs, too, playing sloppy and looking the way they do. They don't seem to have the soul. Horn's like a violin. It takes soul and heart to play right."

Not a Writer

Louis pulled out a sheaf of typewritten pages. "Writing my life for a book," he said with a wide grin. "But I'm not really a writer. I just remember things and put 'em down like it happened."

One page contained a list of names. His index finger went down the line. "Morris Karnofsky," he read. Then he laughed. "Old Morris used to deliver coal to the cribs back in Storyville. And the girls used to stand around wearing that red lingerie, real fancy."

Wick (Ken Murray's p.m.), the trio is now mulling a record contract, had TV appearances on the Ken Murray show and *Cavalcade of Bands* on their return to NYC. MCA is bidding for them, and they continue their efforts at tunesmithing a novelty that will really click. Whether it does or not, they will.

Down Beat covers the music news from coast to coast.

Sidemen Switches

Buddy DeFranco: Vince Ferrara, baritone, for Danny Bank; Charlie Walp, trumpet, for Dale Pearce, and Andy Cicalese, alto, out (to Charlie Barnett). . . . Hal McIntyre: Sol Gubin, drums, for Don McLean. . . . Guy Lombardo: Vic Lombardo, reeds, for Ray Hopfner.

Red Allen: Buster Bailey, clarinet (returned after illness), for Bob Dukoff (to Vincent Lopez). . . . Ray Anthony: Jimmy Schneider, clarinet, for Steve Cole (to Tex Beneke). . . . Vaughn Monroe: Burt Pederson, trumpet, for Doc Severinsen (to Tommy Dorsey).

The Upstarts (vocal combo): Ronnie Edwards for Don Patterson and Dee Norvas for Phyllis Cameron. . . . Val Olman: Bob Fishelson, trumpet, for Freddie Lambert. . . . Ralph Flanagan: John McCormick and Buddy Karboski, trumpets, for Ruddy Scaffidi and Lefty Feist.

Tommy Tucker: Marty Holmes, tenor, for Rudy Pesch. . . . Lee Castle: Don Leight, trumpet, in . . . Art Warner: Armand Anelli, trumpet, for Rusty Dedrick.

Gene Krupa: George Atwood, bass, for Ed Gordon. . . . Freddie Masters: Jack Jackson, baritone, for Bill Farrell. . . . Noro Morales: Herbie Berg, tenor for Ed Grimm.

Lionel Hampton: Idres Suliman, trumpet (from Erskine Hawkins), for Duke Garrett (to form own band). . . . Marcelino Guerra: Jimmy Santiago, drums, for Tony Miranda. . . . Payson Re: Ray Michaels, drums, for Al Kendis (to Sonny Kendis).

Vincent Lopez: Barry Valentino, vocals, for Lee Russell and Johnny Messner, alto, for Jimmy Horvath. . . . Erwin Kent: Dave Williams, bass, for Irv Lang. . . . Gene Corber: Tom Montgomery for Bob Wick (will do a single).

Louis Prima: Ray Nowick, trombone, for Moe Sadwick (to form own band). . . . Stanley Worth: Duke Eberhard, piano, for Moe Wechsler, and Julie Schwartz, alto, added. . . . Tony Aless (Steve Allen TV show): Bernie Privin, trumpet, for Paul Cohen: Arnold Fishkin, bass, for Sam Shoohe, and Moe Feld, drums, for Ed Shaughnessy.

Les Brown: Marty Berman, baritone, for Ed Scherr. . . . Billy Bishop: Ed Lavanne, trumpet, for Al Cole. . . . Webb Lanning: Dick Cumberland, piano, in.

Dean Hudson: Jean Terry, vocals (from Joe Sanders), for Terry Greu. . . . Milt Herth: Ernie Rudisill Jr., drums, in. . . . Augie Fernandez: George Fornaci, tenor, for Dick Carr (to marines). . . . Orrin Tucker: Ray Babb, bass, for Chuck Gramer (to army).

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How The Laine 'Style' Started

By DON FREEMAN

Horne Cracks Records Again

San Francisco—Lena Horne's opening at the Fairmont hotel broke all records for the spot and business on succeeding nights continued to hold to that terrific pace.

On the second night, Lena suffered the misfortune of having a main fuse blow out in the hotel which darkened the spotlight and knocked out the p.a. system, but it didn't bother her too much. She's apparently quite used to working without spots or a mike.

After her current west coast bookings, Lena is set for at least five years, Ralph Harris, her manager said. Brazil, Copenhagen, Jerusalem, and Stockholm are just a few of the places that want her.

She is currently planning on another European tour later this year which will take her back to England. There she is expected to make two movies for a British studio and hopes to make some records.

—Ralph J. Gleason

San Diego—Not that it's world-shaking news historically, but it's never been printed before. Perhaps nobody ever asked him. But here's how the Frankie Laine jazz-beat singing style started. "It happened back in 1935," recalls Laine, who packed Pacific Square ballroom in a recent date here. "Those were pretty rough times. This was in Stamford, Conn.

Steady Gig



"During the day I worked as a shipping clerk in a factory and at night I'd be over at a German-American club to do a little singing—without pay.

Would Alternate

"This was an odd little place. They'd alternate their music. First they'd play a German song and then an American popular song. That's when I'd sing. I didn't have a very clearly-defined style then. I mean I didn't sound different. Some people even said I sounded like Crosby."

Laine hastens to add that it was an era when everybody sounded like Crosby. Or tried to.

"Anyway, I was strictly with the ballads, the sweet, syrupy stuff. Well, there was this fellow who played violin in the little outfit. His name was Pete Viggiani—he's out of the music business now, but doing very well—he dropped in to see me when I was at the Copa—and he was good. He played wonderful jazz violin.

Noticed Difference

"I listened to his violin on the jazz stuff and noticed how the first chorus would be straight, then the second improvised around the tune. Now the way I was singing I'd do two choruses, one just like the other.

"It didn't take much to figure out that Pete had something there. So I tried a jazzman's approach to singing. I went on kind of a jazz kick and developed a style out of it.

"But new style and all, very little"—here Frankie, a man whose memory and basic sincerity haven't been dimmed by success, stopped to correct himself—"I mean nothing—happened for a long, long time."

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See
Page 2

DOWN BEAT



Barnet Re-Forms Again

(See Page 1)

★ ★ ★

DeFranco's New Band Reviewed

(See Page 3)

★ ★ ★

Hallock Gets His Lumps

(See Page 1)

★ ★ ★

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