

## Ellington, Kenton 'Cutting Contest'

Hollywood—Jerry Horn and Les Shear, Oasis operators who found themselves with a three-night overlap in their booking of the Stan Kenton and Duke Ellington orks (Ellington was opening March 7, Kenton closing March 9) had figured out a solution, they hoped, at this writing.

They had Kenton sold for a one-nighter in Long Beach on March 7, Ellington's opening night, and Duke set for a similar deal the following night, Saturday.

On Sunday (Kenton's closing date) they figured on opening the Oasis at 2 p.m. and featuring both bands as alternate attractions in a "Battle of the Bandstand" running to midnight.

"We don't know whether it will be Duke Ellington playing intermissions to Stan Kenton, or vice versa," said Horn, "but it will be the biggest blowoff this town ever saw."

## Fran Warren Gets Film Role

Hollywood—Fran Warren, who recently completed a stand at the Sunset "Strip" showcase spot, the Mocambo, joins lists of others who have caught movie pacts from there.

Fran drew her first film assignment with the lead, opposite Bill Shirley, in the forthcoming Abbott-Costello opus, *Abbott and Costello Meet Captain Kidd*. Shooting was to start March 3.

## Armstrong Scores Triumph In Honolulu Concert Dates

New York—Louis Armstrong scored one of the greatest personal triumphs of his career when he played a series of concerts at the Honolulu Civic auditorium early this month.

More than 1,500 fans, plus two bands, waited hours for him to arrive, then gave him a tumultuous welcome when his plane landed. A motorcycle escort led him to the mayor's office, where he was presented with the keys to the city.

Two concerts the same night drew 5,000 persons to each, including standing room and stage seats, with police closing the box-office early in the afternoon. The first day's gross was \$26,720, with Armstrong getting 60 percent.

The second night was a repeat of the first, as a police line formed around the auditorium to keep all but ticket-holders away from the building. Scalpers were getting as much as \$20 for \$8.80 tickets.

The group doubled into the Brown Derby night club for a few days in addition to continuing nightly auditorium concerts.

## Harry's TV Chances Look Better



Hollywood—Although Harry James' new TV series on KNBH (*Down Beat*, Feb. 22 issue) got off to a sad start, things are now moving along more successfully. The show, with its ridiculous contest gimmick eliminated, is now shaping up as more of a straight music offering, and as such is faring better. With James, right, above are singer Bobby Mack and Patti O'Connor, as telegenic a pair of vocalists as you could find.

## Lena Leaves For Europe

New York—Lena Horne sailed March 5 with husband Lennie Hayton and her new trio for a six-month tour of Europe and the Near East.

Drummer finally selected for the trio, which has Arnold Ross on piano and Joe Benjamin on bass, was Bill Clark, who was heard last year with Duke Ellington and Mary Lou Williams.

Lena opens March 25 at the Drap d'Or in Paris. She will spend May in Israel, appearing with the Israeli symphony, then opens June 2 at the London Palladium.

Dates throughout Great Britain, Scandinavia, and the low countries follow to keep her in Europe at least until Labor Day.

## Look Out! Woody's Herd Is Roaring, Shouts Gleason

By RALPH J. GLEASON

San Francisco—This is an open letter to New York. The Third Herd Is Coming! Look out! On April 7 Woody Herman opens at the Statler hotel, and if wishes were horses I'd be there, because the Herd is roaring! Sparked by swinging Sonny Igoe and the old master,

Chubby Jackson, Woody's band has caught fire again and is going to kick up a storm like the music business hasn't seen since the first Herd.

It is my sincere belief that this is the band that will sweep all the polls for this year. Unless an act of God intervenes, I honestly don't

see how they can miss.

They have ability, enthusiasm, and a fantastic group spirit. It is the most exciting band I have heard in years, and the excitement communicates itself to ANY audience, it's that contagious. The band is shouting and swinging and having a ball in such an obvious fashion that no audience can re-

sist it. Potentially it is the best band Woody ever had.

This is exactly what the music business needs. Healthy enthusiasm. It can't help winning. And this is just what the music business hasn't had in so long practically everyone has forgotten. There is nothing wrong with the dance band business today that this band won't cure, believe me.

Confident Band

In fact, I think they will bring back the whole business from the dismal mess it has fallen into. And they will do this merely by (Turn to Page 5)

## Dizzy Sails For France

New York—Dizzy Gillespie was due to sail for France March 11 aboard the *Liberte*, to open two weeks later at the International Jazz Salon in Paris.

Willard Alexander's office canceled several weeks of bookings at the last minute to make the trip possible. Tentative arrangements called for a three-week tour of France, though offers from Belgium, Holland, and Scandinavia made it quite possible that Diz would extend his visit by a few more weeks.

The trumpet star is making the trip alone. Meanwhile his combo, under the leadership of pianist-vibraphonist Milt Jackson and featuring bop vocalist Joe Carroll, is being booked without him.

## Jazz Knows No Racial Lines, Says Louie Bellson

By DON FREEMAN

San Diego—Louie Bellson, who is, of course, a white drummer with Duke Ellington's band, is in a position to have acquired some knowledge on inter-racial matters. And Louie insists that one man's outcry against white musicians for purportedly stealing Negro ideas in jazz is very much wrong.

Louie, here with the Duke at Eddie Wakelin's Trianon ballroom, referred to a letter by Leroy E. Mitchell Jr. in the March 7 *Down Beat*. Mitchell's point was that jazz is primarily a Negro art form and white "commercialism" had ruined every advance.

Wrong Attitude

"He has the wrong attitude and it's a dangerous attitude," points out Louie. "And he also happens to be way off on his facts. Why, if he thinks Benny Goodman, Shaw, and Barnet, and the Dorseys weren't playing jazz in the '30s, what were they playing? And what does he think I'd be doing with the Duke if I couldn't play jazz?"

"We all get ideas and inspiration from other musicians, but it's not a racial matter at all. Look, when I was first studying, one of my favorite drummers was Jo Jones. He happens to be colored. Now, I'll bet some colored kids are using my work and style as a kind of model. I'd be very flattered if they were.

"Look at the Duke. He's a great admirer of Mel Powell. Mel's white. So what's the difference? It doesn't make any difference to Duke. And our Jimmy Hamilton, ask him who

is his favorite clarinet player, and he'll tell you 'Benny Goodman.'

"It seems silly to be so obvious, but if one man doesn't know, then maybe a lot don't either—but there's no 'stealing' of music along racial lines. People who say there is are standing in the way of any progress in race relations."

After a year with Ellington Louie is convinced that so-called mixed bands are the answer to the bigots, both Jim Crow and Crow Jim. What's more, Louie is scarcely a self-conscious crusader. He joined Ellington for music reasons, he says, and if he appears to be setting an example, it's purely a coincidence.

"It's pretty rough in the south, of course," said Louie. "And naturally I stay with the band wherever we go. White people down there are always interested in the fact that I'm with a colored band. But they're not shocked or anything. Maybe even they are getting used to the idea that it is possible."

## Singer Leaves Hamp

New York—Janet Thurlow, vocalist who left Lionel Hampton recently after a year with the band, opened here at Snookie's on West 45th street.

## Roseland Buys Tony Papa Ork

Chicago—The Tony Papa band, which has been working out of Elkhart, Ind., for the last couple of years, gets a break when it takes over the bandstand at New York's Roseland ballroom on April 25.

Arrangements for the 14-piece crew are by Phil Broyles, *Down Beat* orchestrations reviewer. Band gets a CBS wire from the spot.

## Lucille Reed On The Cover

You'll be hearing more, much more, about the attractive cover subject for this issue. Her name is Lucille Reed, one of the new stars at the Streamliner club in Chicago. She also is making silent commercial films, is heard on Saturdays over NBC on the *Musicians* show at 1:30 p.m. (CST) and at 1 p.m. Sundays over the Mutual network on *Top Tunes with Trandler* from WGN. Lucille began her singing career with Woody Herman in 1949, later was with Charlie Ventura's big band, last year was chosen to represent Chicago in the Miss Television contest. Photo by Ed Hilliard.



(Photo by Bob Young)

San Diego—Louie Bellson is at work beating the drums for Duke Ellington, right, and for racial integration in bands, as related in the accompanying story. Louie and the Duke were caught in action at Eddie Wakelin's Trianon ballroom here.

# Eddie Condon, Jazz' Great Pitchman

(Ed. Note: Eddie Condon is the 27th musician to be profiled in Down Beat's *Bouquets to the Living* series.)

By JOHN S. WILSON

**New York**—The upper hierarchy of great jazzmen includes quite a few instrumentalists. It also includes a few singers. But only one musician has talked his way into this top segment of the jazz world. The operator of this hot larynx is Eddie Condon, the Great Pitchman of Jazz, whose willingness to talk to anyone, anywhere, anytime is matched only by his ability to bring any conversation around to the merits of unscored music as played by a small band.

This has been the dominant theme of Eddie's life. It has gotten both him and his friends quite a few jobs and lost them almost as many. It has made his name significant enough to decorate a night club on New York's W. Third street. And it has brought an awareness of jazz to a vast assemblage of dyed-in-the-wool squares who have allowed themselves to be inculcated with knowledge in order to maintain the privilege of listening to the Condon monologues.

## Fast Man

Eddie is a fast man with a strong opinion or a vivid phrase. Some of his comments on what he terms "the maniacs"—otherwise the self-proclaimed "moderns" of the '40s—would not readily pass through the mails. Before the arrival of the maniacs, his favorite whipping boys were Mezz Mezzrow and people who spouted jive talk. When an overly hip character cornered him a decade ago and croaked, "What's cookin', man?" Condon cooled him off with a single word, "Lepke."

As a man who has been greatly attracted to alcohol in his time, Eddie set up strict standards of behavior for himself.

"I may get drunk as hell," he once proudly remarked, "but I never vomit on my personal friends."

During Eddie's long servitude at Nick's, vast slews of Nick's customers were so sure that Eddie considered them his personal friends that they felt safe in following him across the street to Julius' to have a drink between sets. Nick used to fire Eddie on alternate weeks for little or no reason, but he never could bring himself to point out to Eddie that his Pied Piper routine was depriving Nick's saloon of a lot of revenue.

"Eddie is sensitive," Nick said in a rare philosophic moment. "I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings by bringing up such a commercial matter."

Today no one has to bring such commercial matters to Eddie's attention. As host and front man for the deadfall bearing his name, he makes a point of being available for conversation there practically all night every night. And not just during intermissions, either. There is a chair on the bandstand which is reserved for him, but he rarely burdens it.

## Still Plays

Despite these seemingly prolonged absences from his guitar, Eddie claims that he still plays every night. In support of this theory, he recently shoved his callous-ringed fingers under the nose of a friend who felt he was no longer applying himself assiduously enough to his instrument.

"That," said Eddie, indicating the hardened accumulation of callous, "is not sponge cake."

For a man who has made a name for himself as a musician, Condon's career has been studded with some remarkably negative legends. The most persistent of these is that Eddie has never taken a solo. He admits to doing 16 bars alone while temporarily employed by Artie Shaw at the Paramount in New York. But he has never committed a solo on record because, in his view of jazz, there is as little room for guitar solos as there is for 16-piece violin sections.

## Not Quite Correct

Eddie has also been accused of being the least heard musician in the business, an idea stemming from the no-solo legend. The theory behind this is that since Eddie only plays ensemble and does that on a relatively quiet instrument, no one has actually ever heard him. This is the base of perfidy as any study of his records will show, particularly some of the earlier ones on which he appears to have smuggled a microphone into his pocket.

Jazz critics during the '30s found in Eddie's playing a model of what a guitar should contribute to a proper rhythm section. Hugues Panassie wrote in *Le Jazz Hot*, "Few musicians have so much to give to a hot orchestra as Eddie, with his metronomically regular rhythm which induces superb swing."

This apparent approbation didn't prevent Condon from being irked at some further comments the Frenchman made on jazz when he came to this country in the late '30s.

"He's a game guy, coming over here and telling us how to play jazz," Eddie said. "We don't go over there and tell them how to jump on a grape, do we?"

## Started on Uke

Eddie himself had no grape-jumping heritage. He was born in Goodland, Ind., on Nov. 16, 1905, the youngest of an Irish saloon-keeper's nine children. He was promptly named Albert Edwin and, a little more slowly, brought up in Momenca, Ill., and Chicago Heights. His first instrument was his older brother's ukelele. He remembers listening to records by Mamie Smith but the thing that won him over to small band jazz was a season playing banjo with Peavey's Jazz Bandits. That set the mold.

Then he started working into the Chicago jazz scene of the early and middle '20s. He played with Bix Beiderbecke and hung out with such Chicago youngsters as Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Dave Tough, Benny Goodman, Muggsy Spanier, George Wettling, Joe Sullivan, and Frank Teschemacher. They listened to the New Orleans Rhythm Kings and King Oliver and Bessie Smith, worked when they could find jobs, and learned their instruments.

After six years of this, at the ripe age of 22, Eddie took the step which moved him and a lot of his Chicago friends onto the path of jazz immortality. It was in 1928 that he cut the first McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans sides for Okeh.

## Sneered at Red

The circumstances leading to this date gave the first indications that



Eddie Condon

Eddie might make a successful career of arguing for unscored small band jazz. He had been sneering at Red Nichols' records because the music was planned.

"Jazz," Eddie was saying, "can't be scored."

One of his listeners was Red McKenzie, the ex-jockey who had been riding high for four years as comb player and vocalist with the Mound City Blue Blowers.

McKenzie took umbrage at talk like this coming from a guy who was then playing banjo in Louis Panico's orchestra. McKenzie asked if Condon knew anybody who could play half as good as Nichols. Condon said he knew a dozen guys who could.

## Wax Date

The next day McKenzie listened to Eddie's friends dissect *Nobody's Sweetheart*. This display won him over to the Condon theories so completely that he immediately got hold of Tommy Rockwell and arranged a recording date for the boys.

The two sides they cut, *China Boy* and *Sugar*, introduced to wax the talents of Teschemacher, Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Sullivan, Jim Lanigan, and Gene Krupa as well as Condon. The band was partially named for McKenzie in honor of the fact that it was put together so he could listen to it.

The success of the McKenzie-Condon records so inflamed Eddie that he took a two-week vacation from Panico and lit out for New York. Theoretically, he's still on that vacation.

Under the misapprehension that he had lined up a job for a band at the Chateau Madrid in New York, Eddie returned to Chicago long enough to remove Sullivan

from Panico's band, Teschemacher from Floyd Towne's band, and Krupa from Eddie Neibauer's Seattle Harmony Kings—all without notice. Along with McKenzie, they went to New York and started starving.

## Mixed Band

They picked up jobs where and when they could find them. Occasionally Eddie's conversational abilities landed recording dates for some of them. One of these was the Victor session which produced *I'm Gonna Stomp Mr. Henry Lee* and *That's a Serious Thing*, on which Condon combined three members of Charlie Johnson's band—Leonard Davis, Happy Caldwell, and George Stafford—with Sullivan, Mezzrow, and Jack Teagarden from his own entourage. This turned out to be the first time that a mixed band of white and Negro musicians had recorded for a big label.

A year after his arrival in New York, things had gotten so tough for Eddie that he was actually working for Red Nichols. When Nichols fired him in the natural course of events, Condon and McKenzie reorganized the Mound City Blue Blowers with Josh Billings on suitcase and Eddie and Jack Bland playing lutes. Glowingly accounted in jockey's outfits, they moved into the world of society to play disguised jazz. Eddie's only consolation was that the band was small and the music unscored.

During prohibition, the Blue Blowers were in and out of the Stork club and the Bath club. Came repeal and Condon was working the 52nd St. joints—the Onyx, the Famous Door, the Club 18, the Hickory House. Then he started his eight-year association with Nick's.

## Fellow Spirit

In Nick Rongetti, Eddie found a fellow spirit. They both believed in the same kind of music. Their only difference was in the method of feeding it to the public. Nick felt all a musician had to do was play jazz. Eddie believed it had to be explained. "Play it and talk about it" had become his slogan.

Nick did not completely appreciate Condon's crusading zeal. He fell into the habit of firing Eddie for talking when he should have been playing, but he always hired him back.

At about the same time, Eddie found two more people who believed in his kind of music—Milt Gabler and Ernie Anderson. They also believed in his kind of crusading. Gabler's Commodore Music shop had been putting out some jazz reissues but he wanted to cut some original sides.

In 1938 Condon assembled the band which cut the first Commodore originals—*Carnegie Jump* and *Carnegie Drag*, named in honor of

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## Capsule Comments

Dorothy Dandridge,  
Robert Clary  
La Vie En Rose, NYC

New York — Phil (Pygmalion) Moore has found himself another Galatea.

Before seeing him at work with his latest lady songbird we had (1) caught her many years ago as a teenaged member of the Dandridge Sisters, who recorded with Jimmie Lunceford, (2) read a sumptuous spread about Dorothy in *Life*, (3) heard reports from critics around town that the gal had everything—except a voice.

### Usual Comment

Well, maybe that's the inevitable comment for someone as lovely to look at as Dorothy. Phil's previous protegee, Lena Horne, had to contend with the same reaction, though a few of us believed all along that even with a face like a female Jerry Lewis she would have sounded good to us.

Sleek, svelte, and scrumptious, Dorothy killed the people from the

moment she alighted onto the tiny stage at the Monte Proser club, which rival nitery operators refer to hilariously as "Rose Levine's."

At a club of this kind, on the east side, you would expect Dorothy to sing songs about wanting a man who would give her a diamond-mink Cadillac. And she did. She also did a couple of originals by Phil, aided by his amusing banter from the piano.

Vocally, she's not quite a Lena Horne yet. But she knew how to latch onto a note and hold it, and she sang in tune and phrased well. She did justice to Mr. Moore's tutelage.

### Also Clary

The Moore trio also played some intermission sets for dancing. And, in addition to Carl Ravazza, the show boasted young Robert Clary.

Clary has been around awhile in this country as a singer, but is now breaking through as a comedy-vocal personality kid, and not without reason.

If you happen to be as tired as we are of two of the recent top pop songs, Clary's treatments of *Les Shrimp Boats Arrivent* and *Pleure* (the latter sung, of course, a la Johnnie Ray) will fracture you just as surely as they fracture the tinea. It all makes for fine French fun. —len

## 'Floor Show' Led TV Jazz Parade



New York—Eddie Condon's Floor Show, one of the first and most competently directed television programs to be built around jazz music, ran for a 49-week period about four years ago on station WPIX here. In the picture above are Eddie and his famed four-stringed guitar, drummer Morey Feld, bassist Jack Lesberg, and trumpeter Wild Bill Davison.

## Condon Did Small Task For Us



(Photo by Otto Hess)

New York—Eddie Condon, who won top guitar spot in the *Down Beat* poll in 1942 and 1943, was pleased to be able to present Shelly Manne's award in the same contest to him a number of years later. And while Condon came across with drummer Manne's, Lee Wiley presented tenorist Flip Phillips with his trophy.

# Miss Page Finds An Open Door Welcome During San Diego Weekend



San Diego—Patti Page recently paid this town a weekend call, visiting the naval hospital, the navy training center, and pulling nearly 3,000 persons to the Mission Beach ballroom for promoter Andy Andersen. In the first photo above, Patti's arrival in town is heralded by disc jockey

Don Howard of KSDO who taped an interview. Patti and manager Jack Rael were snapped at the end of a ride on the park's roller coaster for the second picture, while the two shared the stand at the ballroom that night, as shown in photo three. Rael, a onetime Jimmy Joy saxophonist,

directs Dick Pierce's band. In the final photo, Patti signs an autograph for little Tyra Lou Kent, 10-year-old San Diego miss who might well be Patti's double of a few summers ago. (Photos by Bob Young)

## Sarah's Answer To Critics: Sing Best Way I Know How *Is Fame Important? Patti Page Says No*

By DON FREEMAN

Boston — "There's nothing necessarily wrong with being commercial," said Sarah Vaughan, "but there's a point beyond which you can't go without being ridiculous." Sarah, in Boston for a characteristically successful return week at Storyville, was lightly surveying the music scene. "People with genuine talent are lowering themselves by continuing to use some of the material that passes for popular songs these days. I just can't. There are some tunes I just won't do.

**Music Most Important**  
"Look, what I want to put over to audiences is music. If I don't, then to me, I'm a failure. So music is always more important to me than getting with each new hit. "And that too is why I like to keep on improvising, even on songs I've been doing for years. I keep pretty close to the record versions in theaters, but in night clubs, I can let myself go. "About records, do you know I've never really made a record exactly as I'd like to?" Sarah was asked what she had in mind. "It isn't clear yet, but I'd like to use voices, strings. Oh, a whole lot of things—Stokowski stuff. Another thing I want to do is have my own television or radio show, a really musical program.

**Jeri Great**  
"Getting back to what we were

### Elliot To Statler

New York—Elliot Lawrence and his band open a four-week engagement at the Cafe Rouge of New York's Statler hotel starting June 2. Lawrence's very first New York engagement was at the Cafe Rouge in July, 1946.

talking about, I'd like to mention one of the newer singers who shows you can be musical and popular, too. I mean Jeri Southern. I remember hearing and appreciating her at the Hi-Note in Chicago, before she became well known. Jeri plays nice piano, too."

Sarah now reserves her own piano playing for informal kicks. That and listening to her large collection of jazz and classical records are two of her favorite ways to relax.

**Critics Bother Her**  
Is she ever bothered by the critics who claim the Vaughan style has become overstylized?  
"I don't pay them any mind. They have a right to say what they think, but I always sing the best way I know how."

And as vocally important as Sarah's best is to music, equally vital is her integrity, for her greatness is an inextricable compound of the two. —Nat Hentoff

### Spike Turns To Serious Music

Hollywood—Spike Jones says his recent records with a combo billed as "Spike Jones and His Country Cousins" are not to be construed as an attempted invasion of the rustic rhythm field.

They were "just a little excursion into the field of serious music," says Spike. "I've been associated with satires and burlesques so long I just wanted to prove that down in my heart I have a deep feeling for music—that is, music that's really sacred." Jones then took off for a three-month tour of the midwest.

### Theater Date

#### Rich Heads Band Again

New York—Buddy Rich, who just finished a date at Chicago's Blue Note with a quartet, will head a big band again March 27 when he goes into the Paramount for the Frank Sinatra engagement.

Zoot Sims and several other sidemen from the last Rich band will be in the lineup.

#### Kenton Band To Blue Note April 4

Hollywood—Stan Kenton, with the "new" band (dance unit) that sounds just like his old one, except that many listeners thought that the new blood has injected a bit more spirit, left here following his stand at the Oasis for a two-week date at Chicago's Blue Note starting April 4.

Kenton fans seemed to be more than pleased with the work of his newcomers, particularly Bill Holman, tenor, and young Leonard Niehaus, alto. Frankie Capp, who drew the tough assignment of taking over drummer Shelly Manne's spot, was playing with constantly-growing ease and confidence. —gen

San Diego—About as thoroughly genuine a person as you will find in the music business, Patti Page appeared here at Mission Beach ballroom, rode a rickety rollercoaster three times (but only once with this scairy-cat writer), and talked about her brief experience in the movies.

"They tested me at Warner Brothers," said Patti. "What happened was, they were making a movie about Helen Morgan and thought I might do for the part. That sounded fine to me. But after the test, they said 20 pounds would keep me from the role.

**'Lose 20 Pounds'**  
"Look," they said. "Your face is perfect, just right. All you have to do is take off 20 pounds from your figure."

At this point, Patti recalls, she laughed and looked around for the nearest exit. The movies simply weren't that important to her. And if Hollywood wants Miss Page, she insists, they'll have to take her as is—all of her.

(They do say the camera adds a mess of pounds, but in Patti's case there's room to believe that Hollywood drastically needs a better set of horn rim glasses. Or perhaps we have a taste for the fullsome peasant type and the Hollywood executives have been reading *Vogus* too closely.)

**Completely Honest**  
In any event, at 24 Patti Page has an outlook that is completely honest and untheatrical. As a successful singer she is in a position to give youngsters some Horatio Alger-tinged advice on working hard, etc., getting famous, etc. Instead, Patti says this:  
"Is fame really so important? If girls come to me and want to know how to be a big success, I ask them if they're sure that fame is what they want. It may sound kind of corny, but happiness still is the important thing. Or at least it should be.

"Too many kids, I think, are basing their whole lives on a big break that may or may not come. And if it does, they still may be disappointed and unsatisfied because fame didn't bring everything they thought it would."

**Goal Is Marriage**  
In a word, Patti is a practical Oklahoma girl who isn't dazzled by the bright lights. She can see through them to what she wants. And her goal happens to be marriage.

"Sure, I want to get married," she said. "Maybe not now, but say in about two years or so. By that

time, I'll be ready to quit singing. I just want to stay in the business long enough so that Jack (her partner and discoverer, Jack Rael, former Milwaukee saxophone player) can be independently wealthy.

"After that, I'd like to get started on a family. My parents had 11 children. So I figure I'd like to have at least five," said Patti, with considerable directness.

So far, she says, the right guy hasn't appeared. And Patti, for the record, doesn't even have an ideal type in mind. As the patent saying goes, she's still looking.

### Gini In Cellar



Chicago—The new voice in Yo Olds Cellar here belongs to the little lady above, Gini Patton, who has worked around Chicago with the bands of Jay Burkhart and Jimmy McShane, and is following the precedent set by June Christy, Doris Day, and Anita O'Day in breaking in as a single at the Michigan avenue night-spot. Gini just returned from California where she worked with the Dawnaires vocal-instrumental group.



Boston—Sarah Vaughan took Beantown's Storyville by storm not long ago. Here she is backed by, visibly, bassist Ivan Wainwright and drummer Jo Jones. Way over on the left, and out of the photo, is Sarah's longtime accompanist, Jimmy Jones.

Band Review

Tex Beneke's Orchestra Is No Run-Of-The-Miller

Reviewed at the Statler Hotel, N.Y.C.
Trumpets: Ed Zandy, Jimmy Campbell, Dick Holman and Jimmy Steele.
Trombones: George Monte, Vahay Talvarian, Earl Holt.
Reeds: Bob Peck, Steve Cole, alto; Frank Mayo, John Murtaugh, tenors; Gene Sufano, baritone.
Rhythm: Robert Brookmeyer, piano; Walter (Buddy) Clark, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.
Vocals: Bill Raymond, Shirley Wilson.
Tex Beneke—leader, tenor sax, vocals.

By LEONARD FEATHER

New York—It is pleasant to be able to report that Tex Beneke's band is not just another worn-out carbon copy of the Glenn Miller sound. The Miller revival fad, which seemed to be leaving Tex on the short end of the deal as other leaders with less right to the identification reaped a bigger commercial harvest from it, may ultimately turn out to have been a blessing in disguise for Tex.

The presence of two or three highly successful clarinet-over-sax outfits virtually forced him either to become just another Miller bandleader or else to veer away from the style originated by his late boss.

Getting Away

According to the indications during the band's recent stay at the Statler, Tex inclines to the second alternative. While it would be virtually impossible for him to escape the tag altogether in view of the requests he receives for Moonlight Serenade and other hits of the 1940s, it is clear that he will not let his aggregation stand or fall on this foundation.

Evidence that his policy may prove to be the right one can be found in the success of his record of 'S Wonderful, definitely not a Millerish score, but just as definitely one of the better things in his book. Hank Mancini, who penned this arrangement, is responsible for most of the current Beneke book.

A notable feature of this and other arrangements is the reed section.

The saxes, with Tex's tenor helping to lend body and richness by adding a sixth horn, constitute the most satisfactory unit in the band. The able lead alto work is in the hands of Bob Peck, who formerly held down the lead tenor chair.

Good Brass

The brass section plays cleanly, too, boasting one superior soloist in the boppih trumpet of Ed Zandy. Rhythm, while never propelling an irresistible beat, does a competent job.

The vocal department seems a little unsettled. At presstime Shirley Wilson was due to depart. Bill Raymond, a good ballad singer, might be featured more, but possibly this is considered an unsuitable policy for a band whose leader handles novelty vocals.

Since nothing sensational happens from the singing end, it seems probable that the success of the band may depend on hitting more instrumentals on the order of 'S Wonderful.

Tex happily reported that he is beginning to get more requests for instrumentals. He interprets this as a sign that the band business may be coming back. This, needless to add, we can hardly wait to see.

Needs One Thing

To sum up, Tex only needs one thing to land on top, where he deserves to be after the rather shabby experiences of the last year or two: he needs a definite instrumental style to replace the Miller sound, for the lack of the latter can at best be a negative virtue.

If he can do this, with the aid of men like Mancini or of the new arranger, Marion Evans, and if he can do it without resorting to self-conscious gimmick sounds, the Beneke band will be well on its way to musical and commercial security.

Musical rating: 5 points. Commercial rating: 7 points.

Down Beat covers the music news from coast to coast.

German Band Loses Stormy Steed



Wiesbaden, Germany—An international partnership of many months standing was broken up recently when vocalist Stormy Steed, right, returned home after working with Germany's "Sweet Band No. 1" which is led by Lutz Dietmar, at the left above. Lutz plays piano and accordion with his 12-piece crew, which opened Feb. 1 at the Stardust club here for two months. After that, he returns to the Scala club for a three-month engagement. Although these seem like good steady gigs, the pay scale for sidemen (8 p.m. to 1 a.m. weekdays, and 8 to 3 on weekends) is about 500 marks, which is equivalent to about \$115—monthly.

Books Noted

This Modern Music (W. W. Norton & Co. Inc., \$2.50). By Gerald Abraham.

Here, by coincidence, is a striking illustration of the kind of thing that's missing in Barry Ulanov's A History Of Jazz in America.

Instead of talking in vague esoteric terms, This Modern Music gets down to cases, cites and prints numerous examples of modern harmony, of polytonality and atonality, of modern melody and the quarter-tone system.

Originally printed in Great Britain in 1933 under the title This

Modern Stuff, and revised six years later, it has been newly brought up to date for the American edition published here this month.

Gerald Abraham makes an important point in his chapter on "the relative nature of discord" when he asks why music that gives genuine pleasure to the cultured musician can be a painful cacophony to the untrained ear.

Answering his own question, he writes, "he (the layman) is judging it by a different conception of dissonance and with no understanding of it. The chords to which his ear is accustomed, and which he therefore thinks of as concordant (irrespective of harmony-book definitions) are common chords and inversions, dominant sevenths, diminished sevenths, added sixths, and their like . . . but the modern-

Spotlight on AL CAIOLA



Top CBS Guitarist Caiola, plays a heavy radio and TV schedule appearing with Archie Bleyer, Ray Bloch, Alfredo Antonini; records steadily as well. Al says the "Miracle Neck" of his Gretsch Electromatic Guitar (with twin Gretsch-DeArmond pickups) cuts down the tension of his heavy schedule, keeps his hands fresh for show-time: "Fastest, easiest-playing, richest-toned guitar I've ever owned." Write today for more about this sensational Gretsch innovation—plus the Gretsch Guitar Guide, yours FREE.



CAN YOU NAME THIS CHORD?

Al Caiola's hand curves for a stretch that could seem a challenge after a day's workout on an ordinary guitar. The slim, slim Gretsch Miracle Neck literally gives his fingers extra length, makes playing easier-faster. Try this chord on your own guitar now—then visit your Gretsch dealer and try it on the new Miracle Neck guitar. You'll be amazed at the difference!

Address: The Fred. Gretsch Mfg. Co., 60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. Dept. DB-452.

Hal Baker Leaves Duke

New York—Harold (Shorty) Baker, lead and jazz trumpeter with Duke Ellington for the last 10 years, has left the Duke to form his own sextet.

Group includes Tyree Glenn, trombone and vibes; Johnny Aora, piano; Al Norris, guitar; Lloyd Trotman, bass, and Shadow Wilson, drums.

iat needs the flavor of real discord. Without it music is apt to sound to him as insipid as music entirely consisting of common chords would have done to Beethoven or Schumann or Mendelssohn."

But Mr. Abraham's theory of the relativity of consonance and dissonance is not left hanging in midair on a string of unresolved words. His chapter-and-verse analysis brings in dozens of strips of music from Delius and Stravinsky, from Schoenberg and Berg, to show in concrete terms how the theories of 20th century music are translated into practice.

Abraham's book ignores jazz, but in the light of the attempts by Kenton and others to link jazz with contemporary "classical" music, a careful reading of this small volume's 132 pages cannot fail to be enlightening to anyone who can read music, or words about music, with a reasonable degree of receptivity and an inquiringly open mind.

Advertisement for 'TOUCH SYSTEM' Spanish Guitars. It features a picture of a guitar and text describing the system's benefits for playing with both hands.

Advertisement for Gretsch guitars. It includes a list of features: WHAT IT IS, ELECTRONIC PICKUP, LEFT HAND RHYTHM, RIGHT HAND SOLO, 2 & 3 GUITARS IN 1, and SMALL COMBO EFFECT. It also includes a coupon for a free guitar guide.

Cuttin' Contest?

San Francisco—The Crown Prince of Moldy Figs, Tom Quinn, is aroused by a recent UP paragraph printed in the Chronicle. Dated Boston, the dispatch read, "A prosaic washboard is used by the Boston Symphony to produce the final flourish of Stravinsky's Rite of Spring. One of the percussion men of the orchestra runs his fingers swiftly across the ridges to create a percussion glissando effect."

"I'll match La Watters and Clancy Hayes against him any time," Quinn growls.

Advertisement for Roy C. Knapp School of Percussion. It features the school's logo and text describing its training programs for drummers. It includes a coupon for a free guitar guide.

Counterpoint

New Book On Jazz

By Nat Hentoff

Barry Ulanov's A History of Jazz in America (Viking Press: \$5) is of value on two counts. It provides the unoriented with an able summary of the evolution of jazz, and it serves as a vigorous memory stimulant for readers who have already absorbed the jazz story, but may not have thought of it in perspective for some time.

The chief overall merit of the book is Ulanov's fiercely documented insistence that jazz always has been and must be a growing art, that jazz is now at the beginning of its most important creative period.

Valuable

As such, the book is a valuable corrective to the printed complaints of the nostalgia school of jazz critics—the critics who anoint themselves with self-righteousness every month in the grandmotherly pages of The Record Changer.

Ulanov has not allowed his obvious empathy with the modernists to fluff off the early and always valid masters. His sections on Louis, Bix, Jimmie Noone, Beasie Smith, and others of the basic jazz pantheon are limned with genuine emotional enthusiasm.

The one serious defect in the book is Ulanov's facile dismissal of, as he puts it, the "tradition" (which) holds that the American Negro shaped jazz by imposing a heavy layer of his native jungle chants and rhythms upon the European materials he found in the land of his enforced adoption. . . . Whatever its merits as myth, it doesn't fit with the facts of the music itself. It won't do."

Evidence Against

Whether it will or won't do, the fact remains that Ernest Borneman, Rudi Blesh, Marshall Stearns, among others, and recent African field recordings themselves have amassed an impressive weight of evidence to support "the myth." A few quick pages and a pleasantly inapposite passage from Andre Gide aren't enough to collapse the myth, if it is a myth.

It is true, as Ulanov says, that there has been overemphasis on the African background, an overemphasis which has, on occasion, had racist overtones. Ulanov missed an important opportunity to bring the subject into a state of balance. But in his eagerness to slay the dragon, Ulanov forgot that the princess had been reading An Anthropologist Looks at Jazz during her captivity and would like some answers instead of just a dragon's head.

Elsewhere, with few exceptions, Ulanov is fair, well informed if catalogic, and often incisively keen. As in a paragraph on Erroll Garner: "The pleasure he gives can be measured against one's taste for lushness for lushness's sake. His playing, adored by bop musicians, serves also as a measure of the taste of the men who played bop and of the sound they would have

Woody Roars, Says Gleason

(Jumped from Page 1)

being a band that likes music, likes to play, and knows it can play.

Don't worry about the dancers—they dance to this band. And they'll dance everywhere else once the musicians start liking music again. As Chubby says, the truth will be heard, and this band is the truth if I ever heard it.

Right now they don't have the names the first Herd had, but they don't need them. In Chubby, Sonny, and Nat Pierce they have a great rhythm section. In the two tenors, Arno Marsh and Bill Perkins, and the two trombonists, Urby Green and Carl Fontana, they have soloists capable of sparking any band.

In addition, Don Fagerquist is blowing excellent jazz trumpet and that whole section simply shouts. Father Herman is smiling, these days, too. "It's a pretty good band," he says simply.

Ask for Rehearsal

To give you some idea of the enthusiasm this bunch has, they actually petitioned Woody to rehearse during their five-day layoff in Los Angeles in March. When did that last happen in a band?

We heard them at Linn's ballroom in Oakland, a dancing academy within the meaning of the word, and at a dance in Vallejo. The audience was 99 percent just people. And they danced. The musicians in the crowd were completely

gassed by the band and, strangely enough, so were the paying customers. On their swing through the Pacific Northwest, they went into percentage at almost every date.

"Amazing"

The band plays many of the old Herd standards and it is amazing the way these kids swing that book. They take ballads like How Deep Is the Ocean and make them good dance music and swing them cute and excitingly. Ralph Burns has been writing two a week for them, originals in some cases that you'll never hear of, but you will as soon as you hear this band or they start to record. And may they do that for someone who CAN record them.

Nat Pierce is also writing for them—things like My Old Flame, which Dolly Huston sings in a fine, true voice that helps sell the band. They've got a thing called Businessmen's Bouzouca that will tear your hair off, and versions of Perdido and Undecided that scare you.

For the Record

For the sake of the record, let's put the lineup of the Third Herd down right here. They're going to win a lot of awards individually and collectively. Section by section they can outblow anybody in the country and they're not afraid to.

Here they are. Remember them: Trumpets—Johnny Howell, Don Fagerquist, Roy Caton, and Jack Skarbe; trombones—Carl Fontana, Urby Green, and Jack Green; saxophones—Sam Staff, baritone, and Arno Marsh, Bill Perkins, and Dick Hafer, tenors; rhythm—Chubby Jackson, bass; Sonny Igoe, drums, and Nat Pierce, piano.

Run, do not walk, to the Statler. They should blow the joint apart.

Galloping Gale



New York.—Sunny Gale, whose Derby recording of the Benjamin-Weiss tune Wheel of Fortune has been spinning madly on the jukeboxes and disc shows, is the curvaceous bit of booty displayed above. Sunny used to sing with Hal McIntyre's band. She was supported on the hit disc by Eddie Wilcox' band and arrangement.

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Scanning

Les Strand, J. Windhurst

By DICK SPARKS

Chicago—Although he has built up quite a reputation among fellow Hammond organists in the midwest, Leslie Strand has only recently begun to attract the attention of jazz musicians in general. Everyone knows how a cocktail organist sounds, so why hear another one and subject yourself to it again, they usually figure.

And let's face it. Most Hammond organists are poor musicians. They know a few chords and a handful of tricks and they're in business. Why would a jazzman want to play organ, anyway? Especially a musician who wants to play modern jazz?

Great Sounds

Yet Strand brings to the stand a collection of sounds ranging from those of a wild man of the bop school (his treble lines often sound Parkerish) to a rarely found jazz-based lyric impressionism (his versions of A Foggy Day in London Town, White My Lady Sleeps, Hello Young Lovers, etc.). Many facets of his splintered musical personality are discernible between and beyond these.

Les has been at the Streamliner, one of the four "Rising Stars of Jazz" there, for six months. He is in excellent musical company and, for the first time in his playing life, in a place where he can do the things he wants and have an appreciative audience.

The musicians who have heard him there and been impressed range from Joe Rushton and Rollie Culver of Red Nichols' band, who went into helpless hysterics of disbelief and enjoyment, to Buddy DeFranco, Charlie Ventura, Oscar Peterson, Duke Ellington, Mary Lou Williams, and George Shearing, all of whom agreed that he was a great and unique musician.

One of First

One of the first persons to spread Strand's fame among other musicians was Marian McPartland, who came in nightly for a number of weeks last fall, pulling friends along by the ears. That her recruits came back later of their own accord attests to her musical judgment and to the fascination of the club and its young performers.

Having spent years getting fired from joints in such spots as Peru, Ind., and Fredonia, N. Y., for playing jazz, the present situation leaves Les a bit bemused, and more than a little unbelieving. "I'd heard Gillespie, and Tatum, and Shearing before, of course," he says. "But I'd never spoken to any of them. Why? Certainly. And then all I'd have to do would be to tell them that I played organ!"

Tatum Tops

From a very early interest in the work of Frankie Carle, Strand has moved onward through such influences as the Eddie Getz band of some years ago ("the first bop band I'd ever heard"), to Cristiano and, of course, Tatum, who is his own candidate for first piano in the musical Valhalla.

What he would probably like to do most would be to emulate another idol, Stravinsky, or Brahms, Beethoven, Wagner, or Strauss in bringing all the orchestral tones to express his musical ideas. It is a frustrating wish, of course, but one method of relieving it is to play the organ and to do it with the complete command and artistry which Les Strand is capable of bringing to it.

JOHNNY WINDHURST By Nat Hentoff

Boston—A swinging example of a young musician who can play Dixieland with taste, immaculate tone and fresh conception is Johnny Windhurst. The 25-year-old New York trumpeter is a refreshing contemporary in a cactus land of Conrad Janises, Turk Murphy, and Dayton Rhythm Kings.

The first musical influence Johnny remembers being moved by was Bing Crosby. "I still enjoy his phrasing, and feel I've learned something of melodic conception from listening to his records.

Mundell Lowe To Direct Folk Opera

New York—Mundell Lowe, currently leading his own quartet at the Embers, has been set as music director for The Wind Blows Free, a folk opera which goes into production in July for presentation on Broadway.

Music and lyrics are by Alec Wilder and Arnold Sundgaard. Mundell will use his quartet as a nucleus for the group to be featured in the show.

"Later I more or less accidentally caught one of Louis' shows at Loew's State around 1941. I stayed all day. I'd never heard a sound like that before. I was halfway back for the first show and wound up in the first row.

"A distant cousin outgrew his bugle and passed it on to me. I was then in the final throes of junior high school. By second year high, I had acquired a 16-buck trumpet and lower marks.

"In 1943, I started sneaking into Nick's and Ryan's. I had discovered Bix Beiderbecke records and Floby Hackett in person. Both have been great favorites of mine since, though Louis is the daddy.

Sitting In

"Eddie Condon and Brad Gowans let me sit in at Nick's on Sunday afternoons during the latter part of 1943, and my marks became worse. Then I met the Westchester cats—Bob Wilber, Eddie Hubble, Ed Phyls, Bob Fowler, and the others. We played Sunday sessions at various Scarsdale and Larchmont homes.

"My first steady date was with Sidney Bechet at Boston's Savoy, after Bunk Johnson left the band. From there I went into Ryan's with Red McKenzie and Eddie Hubble.

"I tailed Louis and Jack Teagarden out to Hollywood and stayed to get my Local 47 card. On the coast, I subsisted on chili and milk. Nappy Lamare and Doc Rando gave me some jobs and some meals, but the big boot was doing a concert at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium with Louis, Jack, Eddie Miller, and Sidney Catlett. I wore dark glasses for protection. There were about 5,000 people out front.

To Jazz Ltd.

"Later I worked at Jazz Ltd. in Chicago and in a wonderful band Ed Hall headed in Boston with Vic Dickenson and Ken Kersey. I've led a band of my own in dates at Columbus, Ohio and other clubs in the midwest, played at Condon's and on his former TV show, at George Wein's Storyville and in New York night clubs.

"My musical preferences are for melodic, swinging music—four beats to a measure. I'd like to take my Storyville band which plays that kind of music out to the coast and maybe—if plans go through—to Europe this summer."

Records

On records, Johnny is featured on Eddie Condon's Decca record of A Hundred Years from Today and on the Paradox LP of Jazz at Storyville, a session Johnny was unaware was being recorded. He expects to make—deliberately this time—another Storyville album.

Johnny summarizes his long range plans by saying, "I would like to stay in the business as long as someone likes my music and will monetarily prove it once a week." It looks, then, as if Johnny will be a viable part of jazz for a long time.

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## May Leave Stage

# 'I'm Just Old, Human, And Tired,' Says Ethel Waters

Portland, Ore.—There is no relation between the Ethel Waters you may remember from the dizzy '20s—a hot, blue, and lowdown singer of like-wise songs—and the Ethel Waters who plays Bernice Sadie Brown in the play, *Member of the Wedding*. At 52, the motherly Miss Waters is, in her own words, "old, human, and tired."

Ethel is completely absorbed in the Carson McCullers vehicle which brought her comeback fame and fortune. "I see, feel, and believe it. Each night I bare my soul." She admits the play reflects some of her own, bitter experiences, but insists she is not bitter. "My religious faith has remained unshaken."

### Thankful

She is a precise person, talks carefully, chooses words meticulously, thanks God frequently for "the opportunities He has given me."

The woman who introduced *Dinah* at New York's Plantation club in 1924; who first sang *Am I Blue*; who starred in *Cabin in the Sky*, is probably through with professional singing. "I'm tired. I shall probably leave the stage before too long. I think I will go into concert work. I'm going to see if I can live on my social security. Right now I don't make enough to pay both my bills and my taxes." She didn't say how much she made.

Ethel Waters has an extremely humble attitude toward the stage and acting, considering her phenomenal success in *Mamba's Daughters* ("the epoch of my career") and her current play. She says: "I lead a lonely life. I get my reward in humility. Never did I aspire to the stage, and by not aspiring it keeps my feet on the ground. I want people to win when they come to see me and that is why I work very hard onstage. Every play is a phase of my life."

### Faith Helped

Faith and a great sense of humor have helped her weather such

## Feather Jazz Show Goes Back On Air

New York—The international jazz club program, which Leonard Feather started in 1950 for the Voice of America, has been revived as a result of mail received from jazz fans throughout the world. A new 13-week series was started this month. The show, which is called *Jazz Club U.S.A.*, is being transcribed for shipment to overseas transmitters.



Portland, Ore.—Ethel Waters entertains 4-year-old Adrian Silcox in her dressing room after a performance of *Member of the Wedding* at the Mayfair theater here. Adrian's mother, Mrs. Arthur Silcox, was in the cast of *A Thousands Cheer*, Miss Waters' hit musical of 16 years ago.

## Bouquet To Eddie Condon

(Jumped from Page 2)

Benny Goodman who had played his now famous Carnegie Hall concert the night before and who had postponed a recording date set up for his own band so that Jess Stacy could make the Commodore session.

### Picture Session

When people actually bought these records, Condon followed his dual-action theory of playing and

career slumps as the period between 1945 and 1949 when she went back to singing in clubs. She calls these periods "lapses."

Responding to a comment on her very striking features, she said: "To get into show business when I was 17, I told them I was 21. So today people think I am well preserved for my age." After 37 years in the game she shows fewer marks than some 40-year-olds we know.

About her book and the possibility of another: "I didn't publicize the buzzards. I capitalized on the sparrow. I can tell you there were plenty of buzzards in my life."

—Ted Hallock

talking. He went over to *Life* and talked them into taking pictures of the next Commodore session. These pictures developed into a spread on the history of jazz, including a full page picture of Pee-Wee Russell in full croak.

With Anderson and Paul Smith, his future brother-in-law, Eddie next tried an afternoon night club promotion—jazz concerts from 5 to 8 in the ballroom of the Park Lane hotel. They were a success until the New York Central Railroad, which owned the hotel, found out about them. Railroads don't go for jazz, Eddie discovered.

The three promoters brooded about this for a while. Anderson felt the next step should be Carnegie Hall. In January, 1942, he tried a Fats Waller concert there as an experiment. What he found out was that Fats was unpredictable and that Carnegie Hall did not provide a particularly intimate atmosphere for a small jazz band.

### Concert Series

A month later, the Condon-Anderson forces invaded the smaller purlieus of Town Hall. They grossed a glorious \$480. But they kept on giving their concerts. By the time they had given their third one, the gross had risen to \$516.75 and the Columbia Broadcasting System had discovered the Condon

## Dick Haymes Refuses To Sing 'Current Crud'

By MACK McCORMICK

Houston—"I don't like the current ways and means of selling vocals and I'm not going to succumb to them." Dick Haymes was talking about the rash of whispering-screaming-bellowing styles, over-produced records, multiple recording methods, pseudo folk tunes, and other such phony gimmicks which have so dominated the vocal hits of late.

"Those things simply will not sustain an artist. You make a big splash with some novel, highly specialized thing, and by the time you've gone through a few sequels everyone is sick of you. Hollywood actors aren't the only ones who can get typed.

### Enough to Be Sincere

"It's enough to make it and stay there with a sincere approach without going out on a limb with those circus stunts."

The occasion for these words was a conversation-over-coffee with Dick and pianist Al Lerner, the Haymes accompanist ever since their James band days, during their two-week engagement at the Shamrock hotel here.

Dick admitted he was spoiled by having grown up in the era when a team like Rodgers and Hart set the criterion of pop tunes, and when the top bands and vocalists had some basis of musical merit for their popularity.

### Don't Know Why

"I can't tell you why the public's interest has left intelligent standards for sensationalism, but I can tell you one thing that's keeping it that way. The music publishers, record companies, and everybody between the two are

and put them on television.

As the '40s wore on, Eddie Condon became a very solid citizen. He opened his own night club where he was steadily employed 52 weeks a year and his concerts and TV shows continued and prospered. He published his autobiography, thus joining the distinguished company of Wingy Manone and his old friend, Mezz Mezzrow, the other jazzmen who have written their own life stories.

Today, after the rise and fall of bop, Eddie is still a solid citizen with a wife, two daughters, and the steady job at his own club. But the Town Hall concerts are now past history and so are his television shows.

"The concerts got to be an attractive thing and everybody got into it," he says in explaining his departure from that field. "Then the maniac groups came along and killed the whole thing. I just stepped out while the stepping out was good."

### Nearly a Year

After his television show moved to NBC, it lasted 49 weeks.

"I don't blame NBC for dropping it then," he says. "Nobody was game enough to buy the show and the network carried us all that time."

Despite the momentary inroads of "the maniacs," Eddie feels that his type of small band jazz is coming back stronger than ever. He points out that there are more spots where it can be played now than there were 10 years ago and more towns where there is enough interest to support jazz groups.

Even the television boys are reasserting their interest: a show called *Midnight at Eddie Condon's* is in the works, to be shot directly at the club. When those TV cameras are turned on again, you can be sure that Eddie will be up on the stand playing his jazz. And, in front of the cameras or in back of them, he'll go on talking about jazz. They've done a lot for each other.



Dick Haymes

telling one another their best sales are to be made by riding the crest of flash-in-the-pan artists and material.

"About the only good result of this are the efforts of the established singers, who've gotten fed up, to go back and revive the good tunes. By now the split is well defined—either you're a guy that's known for stunts or you sing almost nothing but vintage material.

"The worse result, of course, is what's happening or bound to happen to the new talent that gets caught in the rush. Sudden popularity, big money for a while and then, nothing! Financially it's foolish. They make all their money in the span of a year or two and taxes take most of that. Where's the fast buck then?"

### Doesn't Matter

"As for myself," Dick explained, "the financial aspect isn't paramount. I don't have to go along with that stuff. When publishers come to me saying, 'Look at this, will you? It's crud, but we think it'll sell,' I simply thank them for their honesty and tell them to take it elsewhere."

We inquired if it was a matter of protecting his reputation and received for our answer a rather hurt, "No." Then the philosophical side of the Haymes nature showed itself:

"A person's life span is an awfully brief bit of time and, I guess, I'm past my halfway point. Call it integrity, aesthetics, conscientious objection, or whatever you will, but I refuse to turn to something I don't believe in. I can honestly say I'm still singing because it's what I want to do—but I only want to do it the way I feel is right."

## Notre Dame Skeds Concert On Campus

Chicago—For the first time in the school's history, Notre Dame will have a school-sponsored jazz concert on campus. The Lettermen, a band led by altoist Gene Hull, will play the session at Washington hall on April 6.

Crew has played at the school for the last four years, working the Saturday night Victory dances and jobbing around town. Band is composed entirely of students and will have its last fling before graduation at the concert.

Original arrangements are being written by Jerry Costello and John Gardner, with additional scores coming from guest Chicago arranger and trombonist, Johnny Gordon.

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### Swingin' The Golden Gate

# Duke's Band 'Magnificent' In San Francisco Concert

By RALPH J. GLEASON

San Francisco—Duke Ellington showed up for his Bay area concert minus lyric trumpeter Harold Baker and with two new singers, Debbie Andrews and Jimmy Grissom. Nevertheless, the band played a magnificent concert at the War Memorial Opera House in San Francisco to a half-full house of about 2,000. Gross was around \$3,600 in a \$7,000 hall.

Reasons for the semi-bomb, according to most people, was the fact that Duke's concert in this house a year ago was canceled at the last minute and the promoter this time didn't do anything to counteract that feeling of distrust. There was little advance publicity and advertising except for window cards, and most of the ticket sale was in the two days prior to the concert.

#### Band Swung

Ellington's trumpet section, which now lines up as Cat Anderson, Clark Terry, Willie Cook, Gerald Wilson, and Ray Nance, is fine as a section but lacks outstanding soloists. The whole band however swung like mad and played great, even though brought down by the small house.

Grissom, who's been up in this area before as a single and with groups, turns out to be a better singer than we remember but so much in the Eckstine mold as to seem anticlimactical.

Debbie is Duke's latest discovery, and while she went over well at the concert, did not seem to be unusual. Perhaps as her presence grows surer she will reach the crowd with a stronger message. Star of the show and obvious spark plug of the band was drummer Louie Bellson.

**BAY AREA FOG:** Helen Humes did pretty well during her Fack's engagement. In fact, she was held over . . . Dan Grissom, the old Lunceford vocalist, now at the Champagne club, which was formerly the New Orleans Swing club . . . Mercury ran a contest on local stations with free records to listeners who could identify the singer on the Slim Gaillard *All of Me*—Slim himself singing straight ballad style.

The Vernon Alley quartet and Cal Tjader's trio returned to the Black Hawk after Oscar Peterson, with vocalists Ernie Andrews and Betty Bennett. Johnny Hodges opens March 25 for two weeks, followed by George Shearing, April 17, for another pair. Spot then plans to bring back Ben Light and later the Dave Brubeck quartet and eventually Red Norvo's trio. Peterson did sensational business. In the first week he paid for the entire two-week show, according to club owner Guido Cacianti.

#### Billie Draws

Billie Holiday's stint at the Bay when drew capacity crowds, with lines out on Bush street in front of the joint night after night. Singer sported a black eye for a time but she's still a "new" Billie . . . Louis Armstrong's group did a week at the Clayton club in Sacramento before their Hawaiian jaunt and their mid-March week at the Hangover. Doc Dougherty plans to issue an LP of the air

shots from the Hangover featuring Marty Marsala . . . Doc is dickering with Wild Bill Davison for a return engagement. The Johnny Coppola-Chuck Travis band will probably record for Dee Gee if present plans go through. The group has caused a lot of talk around town due to the constant airing of one of their tests by a local jock.

The Turk Murphy band at the Italian Village looks like a steady thing. Business has been good . . . Pianist Paul Lingle, long king of the west coast ragtime 88ers, has cut some dozen sides for Good Time Jazz, which plans to issue both singles and an LP. The label also is planning to issue LPs of most of the Jazz Man catalog, which they recently acquired . . . Don Barksdale, KROW disc jockey who went back to Baltimore to play pro basketball, is due back on the station this month. Jim Tharpe, who handled the show during Don's absence, will continue on the station from 12 to 2 a.m. Tharpe has done an excellent job in the spot under some handicaps and deserves a break.

#### Flip Waxes

Flip Phillips recorded four sides with the Vernon Alley quartet for Mercury in February. Titles were *Goodbye, Salutes to Pres, Undecided* and *The King* . . . Rusty Draper, local singer and pianist, has been signed by Mercury and flew to Hollywood in February to cut his first sides. Les Brown played a gig at Sanford university early in March and at the Palladium in San Jose the following night.

Stan Kenton's Civic auditorium date in Frisco drew about 1,500 people, but on his Sweet's ballroom date two dates later went into percentage . . . The Woody Herman date at Linn's ballroom was another successful deal going into percentage. The spot has Ralph Flanagan booked in late in March . . . Charles Sullivan, local hotel owner and entrepreneur, is dickering for a string of 17 Louis Jordan dates when Louis resumes his career in June.

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# Granz Wouldn't Let Me Record With Parker, Says Roy Haynes

Boston—"The reason I never made many records with Charlie Parker all the time I was with him," said Roy Haynes, "was Norman Granz." The brilliant Boston-born percussionist was back home for a few weeks at Storyville with the

George Wein trio and as accompanist for Lee Wiley and Sarah Vaughan, and in this instance, as an articulator of animated versions.

"Bird was under record contract to Norman. Before a session, he'd show Norman the list of musicians he'd like to use. Everything would be all right until he got to my name. 'You mean you'd like to use Roy instead of Buddy Rich?' Norman would ask. The answer was on the paper, but Buddy always wound up on the date—except for one album I finally made, which hasn't been released yet.

#### Other Dates

"Norman also had Buddy play two of the Parker with Strings concerts in New York, but Bird asked me to do the next one in Washington."

Roy has another long-fermenting point to make, one he shares with many musicians. "Some night club owners—not all, but too many—seem to regard a musician as somewhat less than a total human being. Their attitude seems to be that we can be wound up like a clock a certain number of times a night and that we deserve no more consideration than that kind of inanimate object.

"Other club owners fortunately do realize that the more related the relationship between management and musicians, the better the men will play."

#### Underrated

Of the records he's made, Roy prefers *Ding Dong* on Savoy with Pres and *Bouncing with Bud*, one of Bud Powell's Blue Note sides. Of the musicians he's heard, Roy feels two have been unjustly neglected: tenorist Sonny Rollins and "a tremendous trumpet player" in Philadelphia, Clifford Brown.

His insatiable need for variety makes Roy occasionally dragged at the night after night routine of club dates, and he especially wants to avoid getting to the point where he'll be repeating himself most of the time like some of the older drummers.

In view of Roy's devotion to music, however, it seems unlikely he'll ever leave the business for too long. In fact, he might someday head a combo of his own. If that ever happens, Roy avows, it'll be somewhere between the styles of Bird, Pres, and Miles.

"The three together," Roy concluded, "represent for me all the various aspects of jazz at its creative best."

## The Hot Box

# Wild Bill Davison Forms Unit For Tour Of Country

By GEORGE HOEFER

New York—Wild Bill Davison, the uninhibited, angelic faced cornetist of Dixieland jazz, is going to tour the country. He has been the mainstay at Eddie Condon's Greenwich Village club since the day it opened about six years ago. While at

Eddie's he acquired a tremendous following, including many New York visitors who would like to have the Davison horn playing in their home town.

To satisfy this demand, Bill got together a six-piece combo and placed the unit in the hands of a booker. This coming spring will find him en route.

The Davison personality is the most quietly dynamic one in the music world. He can alternate driving hell-for-leather cornet solos with sweet tonal lyrical solos. His private life has always been full of the same type of contrast. At one time he will be loudly calling for whiskey to be delivered to him on the stand while madly pounding his foot to the beat, and later in his home he will be quietly and fondly handling fragile antiques.

#### First Job

Bill was born in Defiance, Ohio, and reared in the basement of the Defiance Public library by his aunt. His first playing job was with Rollin Potter and His Peerless Players. Then in 1923, Bill became acclimated to the life of a traveling musician when he joined the Chubb-Steinberg orchestra.

Collectors have become familiar with the old Chubb-Steinberg Genett and Okeh records. Davison solos can be heard on several of them. His tenure with this band covered a couple of years and when Chubb and Steinberg left the band business, Bill stayed on under the new owners, Omer-Hicks. The latter took the band to New York city to play Roseland ballroom.

Bill's most vivid memory with Omer-Hicks is the famous Earl Carroll bathtub party for which they played on the stage of the Earl Carroll theater. He laughs when he recalls he saw the whole routine, but one of the cops took him home rather than to the station, where most of the party entertainment wound up.

At this point in his life Bill says there is a lapse and he can't remember what bands came when. At any rate, he turned up in Chicago and Eddie Neibauer heard him practicing mellophone and hired him for the Seattle Rhythm Kings to primarily play mellophone and some trumpet. He went to Detroit with this group, but in a matter of a few months was back in Chicago.

#### Theaters

Next came a long period with the Benny Meroff stage band at the Granada-Marbro theaters in Chicago. Of all the band work he has done, he thinks playing theaters is the funniest. For instance, they used to watch the movie in their shirtsleeves between stage shows from the pit. The Granada pit would lower and raise with the band for their stage appearances. One time the pit was raised by

mistake during the picture and the whole band in shirt sleeves was presented to the audience.

Bill recalls the Meroff days as a lush period for the musicians. They made \$11,000 a year and had to pay only \$60 a year income tax. Bill was a valuable member of the group as he played fiddle, clarinet, and cornet, plus singing ballads through a megaphone.

During the worst days of the depression in 1932-33, Bill played in Chicago at the Sportsman's club with Johnny Lane, Don Carter, George Zack, and Tommy Miller who were on clarinet, drums, piano, and trombone respectively.

#### To New York

In 1940 he went to New York and established himself as an exclusively Dixieland palyer. He has played all the Dixie spots frequently with his own small group.

Bill's recordings on Commodore and Coral have placed him among the leading individualists in Dixieland jazz, and his *That's a Plenty* has become one of the great Dixieland records in the field.

## Buck Clayton Rejoins Bushkin

New York — Trumpeter Buck Clayton just played three weeks at the Savoy ballroom with Jimmy Rushing's combo, along with such other ex-Basiettes as Dickie Wells and Walter Page.

He rejoins the Joe Bushkin quartet to return to the Embers April 16.

## Coral Signs Bloch

New York—Ray Bloch, associated for several years with Signature and other Bob Thiele recording ventures, has signed an exclusive contract with Coral.

He will handle sessions for various Coral singers in addition to making dates of his own. First two sides were released last week.

## Trudy Richards Inks Contract With Decca

New York — Trudy Richards, former Charlie Barnet and WINS vocalist, has signed a Decca contract as a result of her successful waxing of *Blacksmith Blues* with Sy Oliver.

She has also set a booking deal with MCA.

## This Is Righteous Jazz In Phoenix



Phoenix—What's happened to Johnny Boswell? We still don't know, but here, at any rate, is what's what with Johnny Boswell—no relation. Boswell is heading a Dixie crew at the Green Gables club here. Spot formerly featured mickey or commercial outfits with emphasis on dreamy music and organ interludes, so you can see that this is really quite a progressive step. In the photo above, left to right: Bob Lloyd, piano; Boswell, clarinet; Joe Eszo, drums; Dick McCarthy, trombone; Gordon Boswell, trumpet, and Del Everett, bass. That thing they are clustered around is a longbow . . . bow, you know.

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### Girls In Jazz

# Beryl Best Since Mary Lou?

By LEONARD FEATHER

New York—You could call her the greatest girl pianist since Mary Lou Williams. Or you might say she's the female Erroll Garner, except that to us her style is even more delightful than Erroll's and more flexible—and Erroll doesn't sing.

So perhaps the best way to put it would be a flat statement that Beryl Booker deserves national recognition more than any other pianist we've heard.

Naturally there are numerous other pianists who rate similar attention and have had similar trouble earning it; but Beryl's combination of pianistic and vocal charm, combined with what we know about her as a person, inclines us to a prejudiced interest in her success.

#### Others Know

Other musicians have long realized her potential. Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn have admired her for years. Garner comes to listen to her whenever they're in the same town. Mary Lou Williams and Beryl have a mutual admiration society (though Beryl denies that either influenced the other). Beryl's career might already have reached an octave or two higher had it not been for the combination of ill health and bad breaks that has continually plagued her.

She was to play the Paris Jazz Festival in 1949 but had to beg off when pneumonia trapped her. She started a new solo career in New York recently but left suddenly for her home in Philadelphia when pleurisy set in.

Despite such setbacks, she'll make it some day. She deserves it.

#### No Lessons

The baby of a nine-piece Philadelphia family (her eldest brother is over 50). Beryl was born in 1923, started fingering a piano at the age of 3, but never took a lesson because the family couldn't afford it. She can read a melody line today, but that's all the music reading she ever does.

An early marriage lasted only a couple of months and left her with a baby daughter. Beryl supported herself and little Gloria by working the bars around Philly with the Two Dukes and a Duchess, with the Toppers (later known as Steve Gibson's Red Caps), and with her own trio. To get in the union she had been obliged to earn the \$25 fee by working as a waitress at \$5 a week.

"Then one week Slam Stewart came to town to play the Earle," she recalls. "Everybody used to go to Nat Segall's Down Beat club in those days to sit in, so I went there hoping to find Slam. He came in and I asked him to play some with me. He looked at me like I was crazy. A woman? No!

#### By Self

"So I went up and started playing by myself. I'd played about eight bars when he was up on the stand playing with me. We played *Body and Soul*.

"After we'd finished that one number he asked me if I wanted to join his trio. He had Johnny Collins and Billy Taylor with him then. I replaced Billy—this was in 1946, and I stayed with Slam almost three years the first time. Later that year Beryl cut two sides for Victor's *Girls in Jazz* al-

bum with Mary Osborne on guitar and June Rotenburg on bass, as well as a solo, *I Only Have Eyes for You*, which was released only a few weeks ago in Victor's *Modern Jazz Piano* album. She also cut three sides with Don Byas for Gotham.

#### Left Slam

Beryl left Slam when her mother became seriously ill. After a few months of semi-retirement, during which her mother died, she returned as accompanist for Dinah Washington, who had heard her one night with Slam.

During her four months on the road with Dinah, Beryl seemingly fell under Dinah's vocal influence. There are distinct Washingtonian traces in the subsequent Booker recordings for *Sittin' In*.

The eight sides on the latter label were made during her second stint with Slam, which lasted nine months. After that she spent more than a year with a group called the Austin Powell quintet, which featured two heavy guitars that practically blotted Beryl out completely. For economic security she stayed with it long after realizing it was time to strike out on her own.

#### First Breaks

Since leaving Powell, Beryl has seen the first glimpses of a real break. Bud Shad, who has waxed her for *Sittin' In*, offered her a Mercury contract. The first date had an all-star cast (Budd Johnson, Don Elliott, Charlie Smith, and Slam). At the same time she signed a booking deal with Billy Shaw, and played a few weeks on 52nd St.

Beryl says she's always played the way she plays now. "Mary Lou and Fats Waller were my early idols, back when Mary Lou was with Andy Kirk," she says, adding that she likes Garner but was never influenced by him.

Being a girl hasn't been a handicap, she adds, but she recalls one amusing incident.

#### Insulted by Pres

"I was insulted by Lester Young one night at the Three Deuces. Somebody wanted me to go up and play with him. He had just gone on the stand to start the set. Well, we started the first number and he kept modulating, to show me he didn't want me there. He kept hollering E Natural, A Natural, and so forth—and I followed him. But after modulating about 10 times, he called intermission again, when we'd only played one number!"

Beryl has a tremendous admiration for Johnny Collins, and doesn't want a guitarist in her group until she can afford him. Maybe that day isn't too far away.

Hollywood—Vicente Gomez, noted concert guitarist, assisted by Hollywood's ace Spanish guitarist, Jose Barroso, recorded the entire background score, main title to final frame, of the forthcoming Alex Gottlieb production, *The Fighter* (Lee J. Cobb, Richard Conte, Vanessa Brown).

## Dixie Sessions Expand In NYC

New York—Friday night is becoming almost synonymous with Dixieland in the neighborhood of Second avenue.

Because the Central Plaza and Stuyvesant Casino sessions have both proved highly successful, instead of canceling each other out, a third series has now started, with Jimmy McPartland as musical organizer.

McPartland's sessions are being held, also on Fridays, at Beethoven hall, 210 E. Fifth street. For the first session the stars were McPartland and Buck Clayton, trumpets; Buster Bailey and Peanuts Hucko, clarinets; Munn Ware and Frank Orchard, trombones; Red Richards and Joe Springer, pianos, and Buzzy Drootin and Sonny Greer, drums.

Jack Crystal's Central Plaza dates have been extended to three days a week—Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday after-

## Cootie 'Dated Enough To Draw Tears,' Says Hallock



Portland, Ore.—Tenorist Sylvester Austin, center, blows a sincerely exciting horn, says reviewer Ted Hallock, who caught Cootie Williams' band at the Ozark club here. Rupert Cole, left, and Cootie fill in with a riff. More on the band in the accompanying story.

noons, the Sunday sessions including a broadcast from 5:30 to 6 over WMGM as part of that station's daily Dixieland coverage.

Portland, Ore.—Cootie Williams' new sextet is better than he is. To a man. A recent one-ner at the Ozark club here proved that the growl-toned trumpeter needs big band backing or he's dead. According to Williams, that's what he's gunning for; recording for a major label (says manager Nat Margo) and reviving the things he did with Goodman's orchestra and sextet and with Ellington.

Cootie's six shared the stand with Dinah Washington, packed the house, but engaged in a rather odd contest as to who could make the most noise—the band or the crowd. Material was spirited, albeit sketchy . . . highly underarranged . . . sounding like five JATPmen on vacation. Tenorman Sylvester Austin made the most sense, varying ideas in each of many, many choruses in sequence. He's 21, but not musically.

Cootie was dated enough to draw tears. On slow tunes, when he indulged in unaffected open tone, his showmanship would have made Ted Lewis cringe. Pianist Al Jarvis and altoman Rupert Cole, though not featured mightily, blew nonetheless a cool breeze. Other sidemen: bassist Richard Fulbright and drummer Ed Thigpen.

Band winds up its 3½-month tour about the third week in March, opening at NYC's Birdland.

—Ted Hallock

## People Just Don't Listen, Complains Vido Musso

San Diego—It was in a dressing room at Eddie Wakelin's Trianon here. Vido Musso, never a man to let silence intrude in a conversation, started talking. Subject-wise, he hopped about, with firm opinions belted out as fast as the topic changed.

Vido speaks: "I don't know what it is, maybe people have other things on their minds these days. They don't listen. The other night we were in a ballroom and I announced to the crowd that we were going to do *Come Back to Sorrento*.

Even Repeated It "I said it was not especially for dancing. The best thing would be to listen—just this one song, I said, then we'd play for dancing again. I even repeated the request.

"So I start playing. And what happens . . . maybe 100 kids or so flock around the bandstand. But another bunch of them goes off on the floor dancing . . . and naturally having a helluva rough time with the tempo.

"After awhile, I look down and who's standing there fuming but the guy who runs the ballroom. As soon as the song ends, he hollers up at me: 'Vido, Vido, they can't dance to that. Play so's they can dance. Swing out . . . give 'em some Dixieland pop!'

#### Topic Twist

Then, as talks with Vido often do, the topic switched to his good friend, Stan Kenton.

"The thing about Stan is this," said Vido. "Whether he's right or wrong, a faker or a prophet or whatever anybody wants to call him, at least he stands alone. There's nobody else like him. He doesn't imitate anybody and—after all, who could ever imitate Stan?"

"But these guys all stealing from Glenn Miller, that's what gets me. Well, I suppose it's all right, if you look at it commercially, and at my age—I'm 40 and I got three kids—who cares about glory? Money's pretty important. But these imitators don't deserve much credit, musically.

Even Billy May "Even Billy May, a fine musician—even Billy is bringing back an old sound. I happen to like

that Jimmie Lunceford sound, so I don't object. Still, it's an imitation whether anybody likes it or not.

"Ah, what the hell, it's a rough time for new bands anyway. Maybe you have to imitate if you want to get anywhere. Look, if a band wants to be a success, you have to go on the road.

"So you try to get good musicians for a new outfit . . . but you can't get 'em to leave L.A. or New York. You can't blame them. If they're married, they have to keep up two homes. They can't live on the money a new band can make. So—nothing."

—Don Freeman

## Chuck Wayne Rehearses Trio

New York—Chuck Wayne, back in New York after three years with George Shearing, and Gene DiNovi, who worked along 52nd St. with Chuck in pre-Shearing days, are rehearsing a trio. Bassist with them is Chet Amsterdam.

## James Now Regular At Riverside Rancho

Hollywood—Harry James band has been signed as regular Thursday night attraction at Riverside Rancho, danceery hitherto devoted to rustic rhythm as exemplified by Tex Williams. Williams has held forth there on a Wednesday-Friday-Saturday-Sunday schedule for the last several years.

## Lee Collins Joins Don Ewell Group

Chicago—Trumpeter Lee Collins, having recovered from the pneumonia which forced him to curtail a tour of Europe, opened March 21 for a month at the Barrel club in St. Louis, in a band headed by pianist Don Ewell.

Also in the group are clarinetist Frank Chace, trombonist Sid Dawson, and drummer Booker Washington. Ewell, Dawson, and Washington were formerly at the Bee Hive club here.

## Guitarists Underscore Whole Film



Hollywood—The entire underscore of the United Artists production of *The Fighter* was recorded by the two guitarists seen above—Jose Barroso, left, and the great Flamenco stylist, Vicente Gomez, who also composed and arranged the music. At the left above is music supervisor Raoul Kraushaar; at right, producer Alex Gottlieb. The film stars Lee J. Cobb, Richard Conte, and Vanessa Brown.

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# Barclay Allen On The Road To Recovery

Hollywood—Barclay Allen, almost completely immobilized for the last 2 1/4 years after an auto accident, recently made his first public appearance as a pianist since his injury.

The ex-Freddy Martin pianist, now able to play from a wheel chair, did an informal concert appearance at a North Hollywood church last week of February.

Though obviously handicapped, Allen seemed to have regained his former skill as a musician. He revealed that he has recorded one side for a major record company, which will release the platter as soon as he completes the number for the other side.

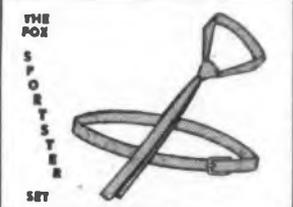
The musician says that since his picture appeared in *Down Beat* a few months ago he has been getting letters of encouragement from all parts of the world. "Believe me, they really helped," he said.

## No Guts

# Stan Terrifies Rustic Guest

Hollywood—Stan Kenton opened at the Oasis to an audience that contained June Christy, Pete Rugolo, and most of his erstwhile star soloists, many of whom came over from their recording session that night with Kay Brown and Maynard Ferguson's ork. When Stan spotted them he announced over the mike: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are playing tonight before a jury composed of the musicians who earned my living for the last five years. They are here to judge the musicians who, I hope, will earn it for me for the next five years." An out-of-towner who had wandered into the Oasis thinking it was a western music spot, muttered: "My God! Five more years of this!"

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# Les Thompson Termed 'A Link'



Los Angeles—Les Thompson, a completely unschooled musician who plays in the bop idiom with a Bix-like devotion to his music, is shown above with disc jockey and concert promoter Gene Norman. Thompson—his instrument is the harmonica, incidentally—is described by Charles Emge in this issue as "a link between the past and the future."

## Los Angeles Band Briefs

Herb Hines, who operates the Hines-Clark agency with Lynn Clark, inaugurated series of Monday night sessions at Inglewood's Trade Winds. The band for opener were Shelly Messa, drums; Shorty Rogers, trumpet; Mary Faith, piano, and Harry Lighton, bass. Beverly Messa spotlighted on vocals.

Buddy Morrow in line to follow Ralph Flanagan at Palladium with four-week stand starting March 18. Jimmy Dorsey after Morrow.

Rey McBarone (clarinet) now heading his combo at Hangover. Has Bob Bigsby, cornet; Max Schneider, trombone; George DeFonseca, drums, and Pete DeSantis, piano.

Vester Amador (guitar, violin, rhythm instruments) into Roosevelt hotel's Cincagrill with Latin rhythm unit. Has Armando Lora, piano; Max Caher, bass; Felipe Hernandez, trumpet, and Babes Moran, drums. Shows stand there with Lucille Young.

Wardell Gray with all-star jazz unit featured on Gene Norman's Sunday sessions at Tiffany, expected to share Tiffany stand with Billie Holiday during her March 18-April 7 run there.

Vido Musso heading combo containing Milt Bernhart, trombone; Gil Barrie, piano; Bob White, drums, and Bob Kesterson, bass, was announced for series of Friday-Saturday-Sunday stands at Billy Berg's 5-4 ballroom (54th & Broadway). Mark Young trio, with Estelle Edson on vocals, followed Baby Piss unit at Berg's 1841 club.

Felton Gardner (piano) quintet now

# DeVol To Split With Capitol?

Hollywood—Looks like Frank DeVol, for the last several years under contract to Capitol as a conductor-arranger, will drop off the firm's roster when his contract expires in June.

Neither DeVol nor the firm's headmen have much to say about it, but it's known that Frank has been talking business with other companies. Vine St. gossip has it that DeVol who, like Capitol's Billy May, has tried from time to time to set off some excitement in the dance band field (but without Billy's success so far), feels the company has been giving May too much attention.

headlining Sunday (4-8 p.m.) sessions at Talipin, Bush Ram (clarinet) combo, featuring Cathy Moore on vocals, continues as Talipin's regular nightly attraction.

**HOLLYWOOD TELENOTES**  
Frank DeVol, now doing weekly one-hour show on KTTV from Long Beach's Lido Ballroom, has Ray Linn, Verna Rowe, and Dick Cateheart, trumpets; Tommy Pedersen and Ray Conall, trombones; Jerry Kasper, Ted Romero, Shamus Harford, and Julie Kinser, saxes; Jack Piel, piano; Milt Holland, drums, and Phil Stephens, bass. (Saturday, 9:30-10:30 p.m. PST) Since starting TV series, DeVol, who took over operation of dancery, has increased Lido dates from Saturday only to Friday and Saturday nights.

Guitarist Don Weston featured on new Jimmy Wakely KNXT (CBS TV) series. Don has Marvyn (Ish Kabibble) Boggs, trumpet; Phil Moody, piano; Hank Caldwell, bass; Wesley Tuttle, guitar, and Stan Hinson, accordion. Most of bandmen participate in vocal and comedy routines. (Sunday, 5-5:30 p.m., PST)

Walter Gross trio, with Howard Roberts, guitar, and Gil Evans, organ, featured on recently-launched KNXT (CBS TV) *All Forces Show*, a Monday-through-Friday series which goes out from here via micro relay (10:45-11:30 a.m., PST). At writing was still not released on west coast.

# Jazz Harmonica Player Called Greatest Prospect Since George Shearing

By CHARLES EMGE

Hollywood—The nearest thing to a really new sound in modern music is coming from an amplified four-octave harmonica played by a young fellow named Les Thompson (*Down Beat*, March 7) who, since his concert debut here last month, has been deluged with offers of all kinds; and can't make up his mind just what to do about it.

Thompson is well aware of the fact that much of the interest stems from the fact that he plays an instrument in which the novelty value will always have a tendency to obscure the rare musicianship of this particular performer. But he isn't worrying about it very much.

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# Ferguson, Wife Cut First Sides

Hollywood—Maynard Ferguson, who is launching his own band here, made a start with four sides for Mercury backing MGM starlet Kay Brown (Mrs. Ferguson).

Band was composed of ace sidemen, many of whom will be with Ferguson's new band when it makes its first personal appearance. Arrangements for the date were by Pete Rugolo, who held forth on the podium, and by Shorty Rogers. Personnel:

Trumpets—Ferguson, Rogers, and Chico Alvarez; trombones—Milt Bernhart, Dick Kenney, and Herbie Harper; saxes—Bob Gordon, Abe Most, Bud Shank, and Jimmy Giuffre; rhythm—Frank Patchen, piano; Shelly Manne, drums; Joe Mondragon, bass, and Barney Kessel, guitar.

## Bill Davison Heads Town Hall Concert

New York—Wild Bill Davison will play a Town Hall concert April 12 before leaving town for a tour. Many prominent Dixieland musicians will take part.

Norman's recent "Just Jazz" concert at Pasadena Civic auditorium, and that concert put him in the headlines as the hottest commercial prospect unearthed in the field of modern jazz since Shearing.

Les had, at this writing, made his first records—a couple of sides for Decca on which he worked as a sideman in a unit backing Decca's new singer, Bobby Stark, unreleased at this deadline. Neither Decca nor Thompson seemed to feel that they had succeeded in capturing on wax what the concert audience heard at Pasadena.

Meantime agents and impresarios have been after him with contracts baited with everything from movie to band-fronting deals. But Les, a calm young fellow not apt to be stampeded, was in no hurry to sign anything.

He has inaugurated his own Monday night sessions at the Mayfair club in Inglewood, a suburb of Los Angeles, and is too well satisfied with his present relationship with life and music to give ear to big talk.

As a completely unschooled, non-reading, great natural musician with a Bix-like devotion to his own music (different as it is from that of Bix), Les is unique as a link between past, present, and future in American music.

Unlike many others, including Bix, there seems to be no frustration in his makeup. He never has thought of his music as a means of gaining fame and fortune. Anything he makes out of it, he is glad to get—but the all-important thing is the kick he gets out of playing his own kind of music for the pleasure of those who like it. For him, other things are just not very important.

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## Holiday Garners Two L.A. Dates

Hollywood—Billie Holiday, currently at L.A.'s Tiffany club, will follow with another local appearance. She's set for a two-week run at Club Alabam, Central avenue nitery, starting April 11.

Alabam, a landmark in the nitery business here which went dark with the postwar slump, seems to be making a comeback.

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TOM L. HERRICK, Publisher NED E. WILLIAMS, Editor

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

ROY F. SCHUBERT, Circulation Manager JANET L. NAJJUM, Auditor  
ISABEL QUINN, Advertising

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

New York Staff: LEONARD G. FEATHER  
340 Riverside Drive  
New York 25, N. Y.  
MOument 4-6373

Chicago Staff: JACK TRACY  
PAT STRANDY  
2001 Calumet Ave.  
Chicago 16, Ill.

Hollywood Staff: CHARLES EMGE  
6110 Santa Monica  
Hollywood 38, Calif.  
HE. 6005—HI. 8447

Contributors: J. Lee Anderson, Phillip D. Brayles, Don Freeman, Ralph J. Gleason, Ted Mallock, Nat Henoff, George Hooper, Michael Levin, Rita A. Niccoli, Sharon Pease, Herman Rosenberg, Bill Russo

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# The Man With The Carnation

Mostly when a man gets restless and moves on to another job he leaves a few friends, a few enemies, and maybe an old desk calendar.

Few people become a legend in their own time.

One of these is Ned E. Williams, who on this, his 10th anniversary as editor of *Down Beat*, is resigning to take an executive job in private business.

Ned doesn't know we've written this. Characteristically, if he did he'd kill it cold before it even got in galley form. He's always been a bitter opponent of personal publicity for reporters, for 10 years would never sign his personal column as anything other than "The Square."

Yet he's pulled some of the fanciest publicity stunts ever seen in this business when he was a slack. Englishmen still remember when the statue of the famed Trafalgar lion made tracks (whitewashed) to the theater where Duke Ellington was playing. Ned just grins when you ask him about it.

That grin, incidentally, is another part of this unique man's personality. Two parts Cheshire cat, one part Rabelais, and a smidgeon of Huck Finn, it has disarmed the toughest segments of show business for 25 years, made Grover Whalen an also-ran in the charm division any time Ned wanted to compete.

Music has known only one other man able to con people so easily, so blithely, and that's Ned's longtime friend and ex-public relations client, Edward Kennedy Ellington.

Like Duke, you can never get Ned to say anything bad about anyone. Time and time we've gone to him screaming and ranting about some sharpster in the business, merely to have him twinkle and say, "Let him alone . . . he'll hang himself sooner or later."

That belief, that the bad guys will always get it in the end, is a rootstone of Ned's philosophy, explains why his friends in the business are legion, and why, over a period of years, he's been right about so many things trade-wise.

For those of the staff who have had stories blandly killed, this belief has occasionally been hard to take.

Confronted, Ned just twinkles, says it's his fault, the story stays spindled, and sure enough, sooner or later the person concerned ties himself up in knots.

But the finest part of having Ned as an editor for 10 years was his genuine lack of musical bias, and his willingness to let the staff run hog-wild from the standpoint of musical opinion and taste.

*Down Beat* in the past decade has been a staunch advocate of good pop, good two-beat, and good dance music, as well as decency, democracy, and development.

All of this is directly a result of Ned's own personality. We suspect he has only one strong personal musical conviction—that Duke Ellington is the greatest thing that ever happened to American jazz.

Yet, despite this, two years ago he let one of us rip Ellington to pieces, consign him to the limbo as the wraith of departed glory.

Like any other newspaperman, Ned has his faults. But what are you going to do with a man who, when you're standing at his desk screaming about a policy mistake, turns to someone else and says, with a chirrup, "Temperamental,

## Miami Meeting



Miami—Herb Lance, whose fine voice and style have been generally ignored by the public, is the young man at the left above, while Bill Doggett is at the organ at the right. And, the man in the center of the group is J. J. Johnson, owner of radio station WFEU in Miami. Lance, whose latest Mercury disc is *Lonesome Town*, and Doggett were appearing at the Mary Elizabeth ballroom in Miami.

## RAGTIME MARCHES ON

### NEW NUMBERS

- BARNES**—A daughter, Patricia Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Barnes, Jan. 19 in Providence, R.I. Dad is AGVA representative; mom is former accordionist-singer Ann Lorinc.
- DULANY**—A son, Howard Chester (6 lbs., 12 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Dulany, Feb. 11 in Westbury, N. Y. Dad is singer.
- FOREST**—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Ted Forrest, Feb. 25 in Philadelphia. Dad is trio leader.
- HODES**—Twin sons, Randall Steven and Richard Howard, both 4 lbs., 2 oz., to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lou, Jan. 15 in New York. Dad is professional manager of Criterion Music.
- JEFFRIES**—A daughter, Romana, to Mr. and Mrs. Herb Jeffries, Feb. 17 in Los Angeles. Dad is singer.
- KINDLE**—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Stan Kindle, Feb. 19 in Pittsburgh. Dad is with Artie Arnell's ork.
- LAU**—A son, John Patrick, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lau, Jan. 15 in Chicago. Dad is with Treet Hogan's agency.
- LIGHTFOOT**—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lightfoot, recently in San Antonio. Dad is organist.
- MAEK**—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Mack, Feb. 18 in Bryn Mawr, Pa. Dad is saxist at the Embassy club in Philadelphia.
- MANNON**—A son, David Joseph, to Mr. and Mrs. Eddy Mannon, Jan. 6 in New York. Dad is harmonica player.
- SCOTT**—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Scott, Jan. 15 in Philadelphia. Dad is in New York.
- SEYMOUR**—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Seymour, Feb. 11 in Chicago. Dad is theatrical photographer.
- SHERR**—A son to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sherr, Jan. 16 in Philadelphia. Dad is former Ray Anthony drummer.
- WEINBERGER**—A son, Richard, to Mr. and Mrs. Armin J. Weinberger, Jan. 26 in Milwaukee. Dad manages the Tic-Tac club there.

### TIED NOTES

- CAMALLERIA-ROCKICOLI**—Dr. Manuel J. Camalleria and Assunta Rockicoli, singer-pianist known as Susan Raye, Feb. 23 in New York.
- DALE-McVEY**—Johnny Dale, comedian, and Dolly McVey, singer, March 1 in Philadelphia in New York.
- GEROLD-DAY**—Arthur Gerold and Marilyn Day, singer, Feb. 23 in Bogota, N.J.
- LEVON-BARTL**—Chick LaVon, drummer, and Lennie Bartl, also a drummer, Jan. 26 in New York.
- LUCAS-MARINO**—Eddie Lucas, lead altoist with Sammy Kaye, and Jeanne Marino, Feb. 24 in Binghamton, N. Y.
- STEVENSON-KORBY**—Bobbie Stevenson, pianist who heads a trio at Detroit's Brass Rail, and Sally Korby, singer with Lowry Clark's band, March 25 in Detroit.
- VINE-FRENCH**—Lynan Vine, CBS staff trumpeter formerly with Bob Crosby and Charlie Barnet, and Dorothea French, Feb. 26 in Williston Park, L. I., N. Y.
- WESTON-STAFFORD**—Paul Weston, CBS

but he writes up a storm."

Ten years have passed. No longer will the mornings be brightened by Ned's inevitable carnation and walking stick, as well as his sly salutations to the staff. But with his departure goes a legend, a man without an enemy in the business, and our real friend.

Music will miss him.

—The Staff



"If business doesn't pick up, we'll have to try a female vocalist again!"

## Chords And Discords

# Whites Killed Jazz? Nuts! Say Readers

East Orange, N. J.

To the Editors:  
I have read the letter sent in by Leroy E. Mitchell Jr. of Detroit (*Down Beat*, March 7) four times and the only conclusion I can reach is that Mr. Mitchell is more confused than our country is. I base this opinion on a number of things, one of which was the fact that in different parts of his letter he states "swing died," and later, "jazz isn't dead." Possibly he couldn't make up his mind.

Reader Mitchell starts out saying that jazz is primarily a Negro art form. From this I gather that he thinks white men should not even be permitted to "try" to play jazz.

Then he says that the white man's insatiable urge to make money killed jazz. I think that most musicians, colored and white, will agree that men like Goodman and Barnet were just as creative and exciting as Count and Hines. Granted that Glenn Miller made a lot of money while contributing nothing to jazz, but Erskine Hawkins isn't starving, and from a musical angle his trumpet never set the world on fire.

This comparison drawn between Parker, Diz, Kenton and Ventura is really a dilly. Just what is there to compare when musically their styles are as different as night and day?

As far as his saying that white musicians are always imitating colored ones; I think that this is ridiculous, but if what he says is

conductor, and Jo Stafford, singer, Feb. 26 in Los Angeles.

### FINAL BAR

- DUPLACEY**—Roy Duplacy, musician, recently in Hamilton, Ont.
- GRIMM**—Carl W. Grimm, 68, music authority and teacher and father of Cincinnati Conservatory composition department head Hugo Grimm, Feb. 25 in Cincinnati.
- HOCHMIR**—William A. Hochmire, 88, oldtime bandman, Feb. 18 in Boston.
- MEYER**—Alexander Meyer, 68, financial secretary of Local 47, Feb. 22 in Los Angeles.
- MOREL**—D'Avignon Morel, former Detroit symphony musician, Feb. 24 in St. Petersburg, Fla.
- SALMOND**—Felix Salmond, 68, cellist and teacher at Juillard, Feb. 19 in New York.
- SCHAEFER**—Louie Schaefer, 89, pianist and violinist, Feb. 13 in White Plains, N. Y.
- VOGELSANG**—Frederick Vogelsang, pianist, Feb. 10 in Albany, N. Y.
- WALBERG**—Anthony Walberg, 33, pianist and accordionist, Feb. 24 in an auto accident near Berwyn, Ill.
- WEAVER**—Chauncey A. Weaver, 82, member of the AFM national executive board from 1925 to 1947, Feb. 15 in Des Moines, Ia.

true, he should keep in mind that imitation is a compliment.

I wish that reader Mitchell would pay more attention to the music he listens to and less attention to the color of the man's skin who is playing it. One of the most wonderful things about music is the fact that the man behind the instrument doesn't count, but the sounds he's making does. Let's leave it that way.

Charles F. Collver

Medford, Ore.

To the Editors:  
I will agree with Mitchell on his first statement, that jazz is primarily a Negro art form. It is a well known fact that jazz was originated by the colored musicians in New Orleans. But I don't believe that Negroes made jazz what it is today. . . .

H. L. Mee

Birmingham, Ala.

To the Editors:  
Never have I so violently disagreed with anyone so much as I do with the gentleman from Detroit who wrote that whites were ruining jazz. The writer was either so square he's oblong, or else he just didn't have anything else to say.

Evidently the person forgot that it was Benny Goodman who pushed such great Negro artists as Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, and Teddy Wilson into the spotlight. Or Shearing, whose style helped put bop on the level where most of its worst enemies accepted it, has colored men in his combo and has always pushed colored artists. One of Kenton's nine-man arranging staff is a Negro. Can anyone deny that it was Tommy Dorsey who brought Charlie Shavers and Sy Oliver into the spotlight? Or the breaks Harry James gave fellows like Willie Smith and that brilliant arranger Cal Jackson?

It made me the maddest when he mentioned the mad Mab, Charlie Barnet, who gave Lena Horne her break.

I could go on and on knocking holes in the gentleman's argument but space in your magazine won't permit it. If the man from Detroit wants to know how I speak, well, I would like him to know I speak as a jazz fan, a disc jockey, and above all, as a Negro.

Eddie Castleberry, WEDR

Detroit

To the Editors:  
Music is the individual's interpretation of thoughts into sounds. As we are not all able to make our interpretations of our thoughts, we find that we seek persons who can make music for our needs. White or black. I don't think that when George Shearing or Stan Kenton sit down to play that they hate

(Turn to Page 18)



The Pace of Chicago, video show recently reviewed the life of clarinetist Benny Goodman, one of the city's most famous musical sons. Benny appeared with pianist Ralph Blank, cornetist Doc Evans, drummer Red Saunders, bassist Ed Stapleton, and vibist Max Miller. Also in the photo above are, on the left, producer Ed Frank and

narrator Harry Elders, and at the right, director John Alexander. In the photo at the right, Wingy Manone shows he knew just what to do when called for a TV shot with Charlie Aldridge on the latter's KTTV (Los Angeles) show. "I've been wanting to work with one of these barnyard bounce outfits all my life," said Wingy.



Star-lashed lass on the left is Kitty Furniss from Frisco. Her vocation is singing and her avocation is classical music—she was librarian at KFAC in Los Angeles and her knowledge of the stuff is encyclopedic. Grove's, that is. Jerry Gray and his bride, the former Gail Denby, showed up at Gordon MacRae's opening at the Coconut Grove and had their photo snapped—you can see them at the right above.



The tune Down Yonder, currently enjoying a renewed popularity, was being played a quarter of a century ago, when this photo of Cliff Raymond's band was taken. Cliff now lives in Kelso,

Wash. Chick at the right is Kay Martin of the Silhouettes, who have recently teamed up with Red Ingie and company. They are now known as Red Ingie and the Silhouettes.



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# Tips To Trumpeters

By CHARLES COLIN

New York—So you're one of those trumpeters who gets himself all fouled up when he has to read music at sight? Truly it's a fearsome thing, this sight reading, when the chips are down. But, here's a little suggestion that might help you out. It's no 100 percent curative.

Neither does it carry a guarantee that within 90 days you, too, will be able to masticate just about everything and anything at a first sitting.

Much of what happens will depend on yourself. Whether you're willing to apply yourself diligently to the solution of a problem that has retarded your development, musically speaking, will have a great deal to do with your future career as a trumpeter.

### May Be Difficult

While what I'm about to suggest may be hard to take, here it is. Take it for what it may be worth to you.

First, place yourself in the hands of a teacher with an established reputation for thoroughness in the fine details of your chosen field.

Next, start working on the most simple forms of beginners' material. All right—I know—you're an accomplished trumpeter. You blow good horn. You have a remarkable range. You have terrific power. You also have a solid tone and an inspiring, vibrant, exciting style.

Even so, you're only half a musician because you haven't developed that most important requisite of reading what's thrown before you at first sight.

### Can Be Developed

Actually, reading at sight can be developed so that it will have about the same complexities as reading a newspaper. Rather than reading notes by note or reading a group of notes at a time, you can train yourself to read complete phrases at a glance. When this has been achieved you will be able to bring about a greater degree of interpretation than before. For proficiency in this direction,

try to accumulate as varied an amount of trumpet literature as possible. Remember that it's just as important to work towards becoming a perfectionist in sight reading as it is to merely labor over a solitary piece of music.

The whole idea of extensive sight reading is based on the theory of varied experience. In other words, don't try to work constantly on the perfection of only one piece of music before attempting to work on another. Diversity develops an unusual sensitivity of the ear.

### Reduces Effectiveness

At the same time, limiting yourself to perfecting a solitary piece of music tends to reduce the effectiveness of the eye in conjuring with new and different formulas of notation. Briefly, try to develop a rapid process of coordination between the eye and the ear.

Don't forget, too, that learning to read, reduced to simple terms, is in reality a process in basic mathematics or simpler still, arithmetic. Those of you who possess an outstanding ear and talent, but haven't yet taken time out to develop this important phase, do so, by all means.

Training the eye to synchronize with your sense of rhythm is all important, for to properly coordinate a sense of timing means that you will have to refrain from leaning entirely on your sense of hearing.

### Try Many

Meet up with as many different types of rhythms as possible at your particular degree of proficiency and progress. As a tip, I have found it extremely beneficial to take my Arbans book and work through its chapters touching a

# Louis Jordan Back To Work

New York—Louis Jordan has recovered from the severe attack of arthritis which forced him to break up his band and retire to his Arizona home three months ago.

He has been set by GAC to open April 7 at the Warner theater on Broadway, probably with a small band.

This will be the first show in the revival of stage presentations at the theater, which gave them up last summer.

# Ron Selby Opens At Byline Room

New York—Ronnie Selby, British pianist, opened with his own trio at Mabel Mercer's Byline room on E. 52nd St. With him are Kenny John, drums, and Irv Manning, bass.

Selby, who came over here five years ago, was formerly accompanist to Vic Damone, Kay Thompson, and others.

little of each. Never page by page, however.

Once you've k.o.'d the fear of sight reading, renewed confidence will be yours. As a direct result of this achievement, you will be better equipped to give attention to such important factors as intonation, quality of sound, blending your sound with that of your fellow sidemen, and also dynamics and shading.

In conclusion, I would like to remind you that phrasing, interpretation, conception, and good musical taste should not be sacrificed, for these factors are every bit as important as playing the written note.

Yours for better sight reading.  
(Ed. Note: Send questions to Charles Colin, 111 W. 40th street, New York. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply.)

# Ex-Marine Heads Nebraska Band



Lincoln, Nebr.—An often-chosen group for University of Nebraska proms and parties is the Jimmy Phillips combo, pictured above. Phillips, who plays trumpet, and drummer Don Lincoln, now studying in Chicago, were in the U.S. marine band together and started the present outfit in 1948. From left to right above are vocalist Mill Grieron, drummer Jimmie LeRiche, tenorist Norm Smith, Phillips, bassist Vic Farra, vibes man Jim Koser, and pianist Bernie Edwards.

# DeFranco Continues To Work With Five

New York—For the last month Buddy DeFranco has been working with a quintet, currently being held over for a fourth week at Queens Terrace, Long Island.

Group has Kenny Drew on piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Art Taylor, drums, and Teddy Kotick, bass.

Buddy waxed three standards and an original with this personnel for MGM. He will also continue to record with a full orchestra.

# Sally Gooding Dies

New York—The death was reported here recently of singer Sally Gooding. Well known in the 1930s, featured with Cab Calloway's band and on records with the Three Peppers, she died in a Brooklyn hospital.

# Coppola-Travis Big Band Striving To 'Make It'



San Francisco—Two views of the Bay area band reported "determined to make it" in Ralph Gleason's column in the Feb. 22 issue of the Beat. A well-rehearsed crew, the Johnny Coppola—Chuck Travis outfit will try to stress entertainment without sacrificing musical interest. In the photo at the top, Travis (standing) chats with his fellow saxists during a rehearsal period. From left to right are Harold

Wiley, Jack Reese, Richard Luciani, and Jack Spira. In the bottom photo co-leader Coppola, center, and Dick Collins, left, lay out while Andy Paul and Clive Hawthorne blow. Others in the band are trombonists Bob Collins, Bob Lowry, and Royce Stefani, pianist Johnny Marabuta, bassist Ralph Fina, and drummer Dick Saltzman.

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# Harry Von Tilzer, Mr. Tin Pan Alley

By TOM MACKIN

An almost forgotten gentleman from Indiana, or perhaps Michigan—no one really knows which—was the first to write a popular song that sold more than a million copies. The same gentleman published the first songs of Irving Berlin and George Gershwin. He was the first so-called "song pluggers." He is even credited with originating the name Tin Pan Alley.

He wrote more than 8,000 songs and had 5,000 of them published. He called himself Harry Von Tilzer, but his real name was Harold Gumm. Eventually, he made the name Von Tilzer so famous that four of his five brothers adopted it when they entered the music business.

### Many Professions

This amazing person, before employing his protean talents in songwriting and publishing, was a circus performer, actor, singer, magician, medium, vaudeville comedian, horsecar attendant, and medicine show applier.

When he turned to songwriting—an idea that had been in the back of his mind for some years—he wrote such hits as *A Bird in a Gilded Cage*, *Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie*, *That Old Irish Mother of Mine*, *I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad*, *Constantinople*, and *When My Baby Smiles at Me*.

He turned out three songs a day—1,000 a year—and more than 150 of his tunes were genuine hits. And the only musical training he ever had was a half-dozen 25-cent piano lessons.

### To Indiana

According to all biographical sources, Harry Van Tilzer was born at the rear of a shoe store in Detroit, Mich., on July 8, 1872. But he always claimed Goshen, Ind., as his birthplace. It is established only that the family moved to Indiana sometime in 1872.

Barely out of grammar school he taught himself a tumbling act, and straightaway deserted his Hoosier home for the sideshows and sawdust of Barnum and Bailey's circus. His parents caught up with the 14-year-old Harry in Ohio and cut short his aerobic career. But back home in Indiana the restless youth found another facet of the entertainment world that appealed to him.

Above the family shoe store was a small theater where traveling stock companies displayed their wares before a typical small town audience, including one open-mouthed Harry Gumm. The lad became engulfed by the glamour of the theater. He decided to be an actor.

### Sent Him Away

However, his father had other ideas. Aware now of his son's gypsying propensities he bundled the boy off to an aunt in Lake City, Iowa. But Iowa was not for Harry. A few weeks later he was riding the rails eastward on an impro-

vised bed he had rigged under a freight car. Two kindly trainmen discovered the half-frozen lad, took him into their caboose, and hours later landed him penniless in the big city of Chicago.

Harry's brother Jules, his job as a dance band flutist having fallen through, was selling hats in a Chicago department store when the young runaway landed in the Windy city. Harry, clad in a torn silk shirt and wearing a dirty red cap, dutifully visited his older brother at his place of employment. Jules took one look at the ragged youth and screamed, "Get out of here before I lose my job."

### First Stage Role

A small part with the Chamberlain Stock company, one of the most famous of its day, provided Harry with his first stage experience. And he started writing his first songs backstage between shows. Dreaming of the day when his name would appear on theater marquees, Harry dropped the name Gumm and adopted his mother's maiden name, Tilzer. He added the Von for "class."

The Chamberlain show moved to Indianapolis and Harry, forever seeking a change, left to take a juvenile role in a farce-comedy, *The Irish Visitors*, starring Lottie Gilson, "The Little Magnet." Von Tilzer wasted little time courting the friendship of the star. Soon he was singing some of his songs to her. Miss Gilson advised him to take the tunes to Tony Pastor, proprietor of a music hall that was the showplace of New York in the '90s.

Harry, broke as usual, made ready to travel to New York the only way he knew how: via the rails. However, a stock dealer named Sol Munter offered transportation. He gave the young Von Tilzer a job as groom to a troop of cavalry horses being shipped to Jersey City. Harry arrived in New Jersey in 1892 with \$1.65 in his pockets, a batch of unpublished songs in his suitcase, and a strong aroma of horses about his person.

### In Tough Luck

Tony Pastor turned out to be a very difficult man to see, so the youthful tunesmith, all thoughts of acting forgotten in his quest for food and board money, trugged the pavements of Manhattan selling his songs to passers-by for \$1 apiece, occasionally receiving \$5 for a pair of tunes.

Harry was enjoying the free lunch counter of a Fourteenth street saloon one day when a man came in seeking a piano player capable of doing a specialty vaudeville act. Von Tilzer sprang to his feet and convinced the stranger that he was just the man for the job. The \$15 advance he received got his trunk out of check in a Jersey City depot, and Harry was on the road again.

When this show folded, Von Tilzer met George Sidney, a vaudeville comedian. The two teamed up



Harry Von Tilzer

in an act called "The Humerous Germans." A handbill of the time advertised the act as "consisting of singing, dancing, and a medley of the funniest talk ever talked." Featured in the show was one of Harry's earliest efforts at songwriting, a tune called *Jack, How I Envy You*.

### Parting

Von Tilzer was anxious to remain in New York, so when Sidney insisted on a road tour for their act, the two separated. Harry took a furnished room on E. 15th street with Andrew B. Sterling, a lyric writer friend.

Sterling and Von Tilzer were singularly unsuccessful in maintaining any semblance of a steady income. One afternoon, when the two were a month behind in their rent, a dispossession notice and final bill were slipped under the door. As Harry used to tell the story, in a moment of desperation they wrote the verse and chorus of a song on the back of the landlady's bill. They called the makeshift composition *My Old New Hampshire Home*.

The writers brought the song to William C. Dunn, president of the Orphean Music Co. He liked the song and gave the composers a \$5 advance. Dunn promised to publish the tune if his daughter approved.

Miss Dunn proved to be a shrewd judge of popular music and business transactions. She insisted that her father buy the song outright. Dunn paid Von Tilzer and Sterling \$15 for all rights to their tune. *My Old New Hampshire Home* went on to sell over two million copies. It was the most successful popular song written up to that time.

### Joined Show

Songs kept pouring from the pen of the young thespian, but publishers were not interested in his work. Harry, fed up with New York, caught on with a medicine show. He played a juvenile role and doubled at the piano. The show opened in Hartford.

Night after night Harry noticed an attractive young girl sitting in the front row of the theater where his show was playing. A few days before the final Hartford performance, he found her waiting for him at the stage entrance. She begged Von Tilzer for a job in the show, but admitted that she had no stage experience.

Harry, anxious to brush her off

lightly, told her to come back when the show closed on Saturday. He promptly forgot the incident. But as he was leaving the theater Saturday evening, the young lady confronted him. She held out a slip of paper.

"What's that?" gasped Harry. "My trunk check," she replied. "You told me you were going to take me with the show."

### Just Kidding

As gently as possible Von Tilzer explained that he had been merely jesting. He went on to assure the young miss that the mountebank life of a vaudevillian was not for her.

"Haven't you a nice home here?" he asked. "I'd leave my happy home for you," was her answer.

"What a song title!" exclaimed Harry. He whirled, raced to his hotel room, and transferred the idea to manuscript paper. The stage-struck young girl was left standing on the sidewalk, undoubtedly astonished at the strange behaviour of the folks of show business.

### Second Hit

*I'd Leave My Happy Home for You* was Von Tilzer's second huge song success, and its publication established Von Tilzer's reputation as a songwriter. Two members of the Dunn firm that had published *My Old New Hampshire Home*, Shapiro and Bernstein, offered Harry a songwriting job in their new company. They had bought out their former employer, Dunn, and were looking for talent.

Von Tilzer hesitated at the offer, but when they added \$4,000 in back royalties from *My Old New Hampshire Home* to the deal, Harry boarded the next train for New York.

One day, several months after receiving the songwriting position, Harry was getting his shoes shined at a stand at Broadway and Twenty-eighth street when he was approached by two young comedians who were gaining prominence in New York. They had heard of Von Tilzer's ability and were seeking to form a partnership with the promising young composer. Harry told them he would think it over. He rushed back to Shapiro and Bernstein to tell them about the proposition.

### Wouldn't Go?

"You wouldn't want to leave us for any fly-by-night buffoons, would you, Harry?" asked Bernstein. "Well, these fellows are pretty good," answered the youth.

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## Safranski, Lowe Instruments Stolen

New York—A rash of instrument stealing has again broken out here, with several prominent musicians among the victims.

Ed Safranski, leaving his bass in a locked car outside NBC for five minutes, returned to find the bass missing.

Mundell Lowe, whose guitar once belonged to Charlie Christian, left it at the Embers recently and returned to find someone had walked off with it.

Both musicians were still frantically trying to track down the thieves at prestime.

"By the way, who are these comedians?" Shapiro inquired.

"Weber and Fields," Harry said. The next day a new publishing firm appeared on Broadway. Its name: Shapiro, Bernstein, and Von Tilzer.

### Sold Out

In 1902 the partners disagreed. Harry sold his interest in the company for \$1,000 and opened his own publishing house across the street. His brothers, Jack, Albert, and Jules, joined him in the venture. The first songs under the Von Tilzer aegis were *On a Sunday Afternoon*, *The Mansion of Achting Hearts*, *Down on the Farm*, and *Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep*. They were among the biggest successes of the year.

Another of the initial tunes under the Von Tilzer banner was Harry's *Down Where the Wurzburger Flows*. The song served to launch Nora Bayes on her great singing career. Harry heard Nora singing in a cafe and was overcome by her charm and voice. He introduced her to Percy Williams, owner of the Orpheum theater in Brooklyn. Williams was skeptical of the girl's ability, but he agreed to a tryout if Von Tilzer would promise to sit in the audience and give the young contralto moral support.

The night of her Orpheum debut, Nora glided out of the wings, stared at the packed house, and froze. Harry stood up in his theater box and started the chorus of *The Wurzburger*. Nora looked up at him and went on to captivate audiences with the song. She was known for years thereafter as "The Wurzburger Girl." An interesting sidelight to this jolly drinking song was the fact that many people thought the Wurzburger was a river instead of a popular brand of beer.

### Early Stars

Nora Bayes teamed up with Jack Norworth, whom she later married, and the pair were a headline attraction wherever they played. They were stars of many of the early Ziegfeld Follies. They are best remembered today as the composers of the nostalgic *Shine on Harvest Moon*.

One rainy day in 1905, Harry was sitting in a hotel lobby with his lyric writer, Andy Sterling, dreaming up material for future songs. Suddenly Von Tilzer signaled Sterling to silence while a lover's quarrel raged nearby. A teenaged bride was weeping because the rain had spoiled an outing to Coney Island. The young groom promised to take her another day.

"Wait till the sun shines, Nellie," he consoled.

"That's it, Andy," shouted Harry, springing from the divan. The two sprinted for Von Tilzer's office, and in a matter of hours had created one of America's best loved ballads, *Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie*. It was always Harry's own favorite song.

### New Writer

Early in 1907 Max Winslow, a contact man for the Von Tilzer firm, brought a young singer named Israel Baline to see Harry. The singer was hired to perform Von Tilzer tunes at Tony Pastor's music hall. A few months later Baline, who was an amateur songwriter and a worshiper of Harry, brought one of his compositions to Von Tilzer for a hearing. It was called

(Turn to Page 16)

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# What's On Wax

## Les Brown

- You're My Everything
- You Are My Sunshine
- You're Driving Me Crazy
- You're the Cream in My Coffee
- You're a Smoothie
- You're the Top
- You're Blass
- You're an Old Smoothie

### Album Rating: 7

Every new release by this outfit strengthens our conviction that here is the example par excellence, even the definitive model, for any and all aggregations of its size and type. This album is no exception. Brown and his intrepid platoons of sharpshooters expertly chalk up another collection of bullseyes, calmly lifting their trajectories over the obstructing field of tall, waving corn nurtured by the hearts-and-flowers cover motif and the meaningless blurbs on the dust jacket.

The band alternately purrs and powerhouses its way through these eight tunes, and the arranging staff came up with a king-sized miracle on *You Are My Sunshine*, transforming this insipid bit of idiocy into a fine rhythmic plaything for the band. Magic of that sort is everyday stuff for Brown; his is one of the few groups currently operating that can rise above any bad material forced upon it and yet maintain its stylistic and artistic integrity. (Coral.)

## Ruth Brown

- 6 5-10-15 Hours
- 6 Be Anything

First side is a blues with an infectious Yanceyish beat—infectious like the measles if you don't dig this kind of blues, infectious like laughter if you do.

The uncredited band creates a good mood, helping make the anguished Miss Brown sound more like herself and less like Miss Cornshucks than ever on *Be Anything*. (Atlantic.)

## Wini Brown

- 6 Be Anything
- 5 Heaven Knows Why

Wini Brown, the gal who made *Gone Again* a hit record for Lionel Hampton, is gone again. She gets the right mood for the tune on *Be Anything*, aided by Joe Thomas' tenor, a vocal group, organ, and rhythm.

There's a pleasant warmth in her voice on this side, without any of the phony dramatics you find so often in this kind of performance. (Mercury.)

## Joe Burton Sextet

- 2 Got You on My Mind
- 2 The Sun Comes Up and the Sun Goes Down

Let this be a lesson to any young innocents who may have eyes for a Local 47 card! This record, released by a Hollywood firm, is so determinedly commercial, in the worst sense, that the listener may wonder if it was not meant, after all, to be a super-subtle satire of the typical blue-hillbilly disc. Repeated hearings, however, tend to eliminate any such theory.

Burton either knows no better or, what is worse, is deliberately treading the primroses in an effort to tap the vast market for this sort of thing. (Imuro.)

## Rating System

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.

## After Hours with Joe Bushkin

- California, Here I Come
- Once in a While
- Dinah
- If I Had You
- They Can't Take That Away from Me
- At Sundown
- High Cotton
- O' Man River

### Album Rating: 7

Here are the men and music Joe used in his last stay at the Embers—Buck Clayton and Jo Jones, with Safranski and Sid Weiss splitting the eight sides on bass. And in case only seven of the titles look familiar, be advised that *High Cotton* is nothing but the blues.

This is nice, informal swing music, neither antiquated nor modern, with Joe playing pleasantly and Buck provided some of his best waxed work since Basie days. Only weak item is *O' Man River*, on which he experiments with a plunger with mildly corny results. On *Once in a While* Jo Jones' weakness for slowing down tempos is again evident.

Odd feature of Bushkin's music, perhaps a hangover from his Condon associations, is his gimmick of ending numbers by moving to the 7th of the submediant, followed by a two- or four-bar tag. On one side of this LP, all four numbers end that way. Not that we're complaining, mind you; just intrigued. (Columbia.)

## Barbara Carroll

- Taking a Chance on Love
- 'Tis Autumn
- They Can't Take That Away from Me
- The Lady's in Love with You
- You Took Advantage of Me
- Autumn in New York
- Love of My Life
- My Funny Valentine

### Album Rating: 7

Atlantic has been a little more venturesome than some of the major labels in its choice of subjects for a piano LP series. The selection of Barbara Carroll, for instance, is a laudable attempt to give a new artist a break.

Barbara's regular trio (now with her at the Embers) works on these sides—Joe Shulman on bass and Herb Wasserman on drums. The fast sides are straightforward, typical bop piano, a term that need not be taken derogatorily, since we can think of few pianists, male or female, who can pattern themselves more elegantly along the lines laid down by Bud Powell.

The pretty sides are very pretty sides, showing some of the imagination you expect from a pianist with a real knowledge of bop's harmonic and melodic gifts to jazz. (Atlantic.)

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## The Clovers

- 5 Middle of the Night
- 5 One Miss Julep

*Middle* was written by Temha Nugetre, noted Turkish composer who has contributed so many songs to Atlantic's rhythm-and-blues repertoire while standing on his head. It's a 16-bar blues. Both sides are adequate vocal-group material for r. and b. fans. (Atlantic.)

## Nat Cole

- 5 Easter Sunday Morning
- 5 Summer Is A-Comin' In

Cleanly done, relaxed, and free of technical error—these sides are about what we've come to expect from Cole these days. Certainly not creative or exciting in any way, as many of the old trio recordings were, but better than a lot of vocal-with-ork performances being fluffed off on us at present.

Purists may frown at the topical aptness of *Easter* (in the best Irving Berlin tradition), but then, you know, it may not catch on. (Capitol.)

## Alan Dean

- 6 If You Go
- 6 Since My Love Has Gone
- 7 All My Life
- 7 Be Anything

It may be just a lucky coincidence, or possibly the MGM executives are convinced that music is coming back, but there isn't a bad tune among Alan Dean's first four American sides.

Given this head start, the British singer takes full advantage of it. As has been indicated previously in these pages, he shows all the evidences of a mature singer who can phrase well and sing intelligently without copying anyone. He deserves to be very big very soon.

*All My Life*, a great old song on which Ella Fitzgerald did such a wonderful job in the '30s with Teddy Wilson, was a good subject for revival.

Leroy Holmes, putting the accent on strings, does a capable job of writing and conducting on all four sides. (MGM.)

## Jimmy Dorsey

- 4 I'll Always Be Following You
- 3 Wimoweh

This disc might have been cut 10 to 12 years ago; the tremendous development undergone by jazz since that time has apparently had no effect whatsoever upon JD.

If we eliminate the question of the relative importance of a dated sound, and judge this record purely on the basis of musical worth, the rating goes up a bit, but only a few decimal points. Vocalist Sandy Evans deals adequately with rather inadequate material on the first side, which is a "yum-tiddy, yum-tiddy, yum" type of blues cliché.

Just what *Wimoweh* is all about we leave to the cryptogram addict. Sounds pseudo-Indian, or pseudo-Hawaiian, or pseudo-something or other. (Columbia.)

## Toni Harper—Harry James

- 7 Blacksmith Blues
- 8 Don't Send Me Home

Here's the perfect antidote for an overdose of the Bell sisters! Toni belongs to the same age group and thus fits into the "talented youngster" bracket (a special handicap rating, ostensibly bestowed by the lay music-lover), but from an artistic standpoint, she can give the Belles a head start of 20 10-inch sides and an LP album and win hands down. Toni's already mature voice and intrinsic musicianship are undeniable.

Add to all this the fine backing of James' band and you've got a disc a bit too good, musically, to sell a million, but it may do well enough to warrant more of the same. (Columbia.)

## Dolores Hawkins

- 4 Love Me Long
- 5 Oo-Wee

Dolores (not to be confused with Coleman's wife—this is the former Krupa vocalist) fairly bubbles with enthusiasm on the nondescript *Love Me Long*.

*Oo-Wee* rings a little truer by virtue of being a 12-bar blues, with gutty piano and band work. Whether Dolores is a natural singer for the rhythm and blues market, though, is open to debate. (Okeh.)

## Neal Hefti - Frances Wayne

- 6 Always
- 7 Don't Be That Way

The formula that made *Charmaine* a success for Neal is duplicated successfully on *Always*, which gets swinging treatment with Frances and the Cavaliers getting a good blend on the second chorus.

Reverse is the first vocal we re-

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member hearing on *Don't Be That Way* since Mildred Bailey's, and its rancy contours fit Frances fine. Good, tasteful music without gimmicked-up sounds may well pay off for Neal if he'll just hold to that line. (Coral.)

## Ted Herbert with Teddy King

- 8 Come On, Get Out of Bed
- 3 Cards

Miss King is the Boston girl praised on these pages about a year ago for her work on a Nat Pierce record and who was the subject of a recent Nat Hentoff story.

She sings the provocative *Come On* with a great beat, shows an individual style, and does a wonderful job indeed. A change of key going into the last eight is beautifully handled, as is the spoken ending that resolves back into singing. Despite the flawless musicianship she displays, the record could be a success commercially if it got some plays.

The reverse, sadly, has no vocal, is a Harry James type handling



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of the venerable Csardas, with "legitimate" treatment first, then a swing section, then the trumpeter breaking into the familiar triplets to finish it up. Linn Blaisdell is the hornman. (Marvel.)

Nellie Lutcher

- 4 What a Difference a Day Made
- 5 The Heart of a Clown

Pushing a device or gimmick too far often results in some obvious inconsistencies. The device in this case is the use of a large, lush studio orchestra, complete with standard symphonic instrumentation, as background for a vocalist whose style was originally developed in conjunction with a small, rhythmically emphatic group.

The shotgun wedding of Nellie and orchestra gets off to an uncomfortable start in Day; her neat little outboard-powered vocal seems lost in the swelling, sensuous sea of strings and double-reeds which supports it. The struggle subsides a bit toward the middle of the record and Miss Lutcher finally makes port safely, apparently none the worse for her experience.

Clown is a more compatible mixture, undoubtedly because the orchestra is considerably more restrained. Such simplicity tends to eliminate clashes between Nellie's vocal line and the background. (Capitol.)

Shelly Manne Septet

- 5 The Count on Rush Street
- 5 All of Me

These sides were cut in Chicago by an all-star group from the Kenton band when Stan's "Innovations" concert played there in November. Men on the date were: Conte Candoli, trumpet; Art Pepper, alto; Bob Cooper, tenor; Bill Russo, trombone; Don Bagley, bass; Shelly Manne, drums, and Chicagoan Gene Esposito, piano.

The Count, a Russo line on After You've Gone changes, is one of those things that just doesn't come off. Due to the too-fast tempo, the ensembles are terribly ragged and the soloists get pretty well hung up. Pepper's offering is acceptable, Candoli's good, Cooper's fair, and Russo's inadequate. Arrangement is well-conceived, has some good contrapuntal movement, but execution is way below par.

Shelly sings All of Me rather in-

Turn This Way For The Marvelites



Cleveland—"We are trying like mad to get known, but it seems as though the heads are all turned in the other direction," moan the Marvelites. So, to the understandably anxious trio, the Beat, as always, will give the publicity of a photo printed in an international publication. Harry Damas plays vibes and bongos; Dave Davis is the bassist, and Bobbie Palk plays guitar and violin.

gratingly, but about the only thing of value on the side is an able solo from Conte. (Dee Gee.)

Billy May

- 5 Always
- 4 There is No Greater Love

If the May organization hopes to contribute to the revival of the band business in general, more attention should be paid to details in its recordings. Granting that reeds in unison, with much lip-bent glissandoing, is an acceptable commercial gimmick, one can expect, at the very least, a technically correct presentation thereof.

On these sides, Mr. May's reed

section sounds rather like a 9 a.m. multi-tape of Johnny Bothwell, and compares unfavorably with the precision of pre-war bands such as Miller and James. Billy can get by with that on dances, perhaps, but not on discs.

Rhythm section plays a nice two-beat which should facilitate the tarpaperian efforts of John Q. The vocal group on Always wisely preferred to remain anonymous. (Capitol.)

Joe Mooney

- 7 Nowhere
- 6 We'll Be Together Again
- 7 Crazy She Calls Me

Top Tunes

Listed alphabetically and not in the order of their popularity are the 25 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.

- Anytime
- At Last! At Last!\*
- Be My Life's Companion
- Bermuda
- Blue Tango
- Brokenhearted\*
- Charmaine
- Come What May
- Cry
- Dance Me Loose
- Down Yonder\*
- It's No Sin
- I Wanna Love You

- Please, Mr. Sun
- Shrimp Boats
- Silly Dreamer
- Slow Poke
- Tell Me Why
- The Little White Cloud That Cried
- Three Bells\*
- Tiger Rag
- Tulips and Heather
- Undecided
- Wheel of Fortune
- Wimwam\*

- 6 Long Ago Last Night
- 6 The Girl of My Dreams Tries to Look Like You
- 6 Love is the Thing

Six vocal sides from Joe, as he plays Hammond organ and gets warm backing from bassist Bob Carter and Vaughn Monroe's guitarist, Bucky Pizzarelli, who shows fine conception and modern feeling.

Nowhere is a slyly-hip, happy-sad-type tune written by Joe that neatly debunks the Table for One, Please, James and Music, Maestro, Please sort of thing. Interesting interplay twist the trio preceding Joe's fine singing on Crazy, and great feeling on Long Ago Last Night, though the tune doesn't deserve all that effort.

Together is the lovely Frankie Laine ballad, while Ellington's Girl of My Dreams is done slickly. (Carousal.)

The Ravens

- 5 Lookin' for My Baby
- 6 Begin the Beguine

Baby is a strange blues, doubled into 24 up-tempo bars, with strings of unoriginal lyrical verses. Beguine, both in its solo and group vocal passages, is a more typical and more commercial piece of behavior. (Mercury.)

Frank Sinatra

- 7 I Could Write a Book
- 6 I Hear a Rhapsody

Shades of the old Frank! The Voice evidently put some effort into both of these, and his phrasing, articulation, and feeling are as of yore, though the voice doesn't entirely capture the old surety. But they're most enjoyable efforts, with Book getting the higher rating because of its superiority as a song.

Axel Stordahl, of course, conducts. (Columbia.)

Tab Smith

- 3 Echo Blues
- 3 Moon Dreams

"Tab Smith, His Fabulous Alto Sax and His Orchestra," hollers the label, pummeling its red chest, mindful of the leap Tab's *Scenes of You* took to the No. 1 spot on the rhythm and blues hit parade.

Tab's success is more fabulous than the performances associated with it. Echo is an anemic blues in an echo chamber, Moon an average instrumental pretty tune, the latter also featuring a spot of not quite painless trumpet.

Whether this is good music and whether it will sell are two different questions. (Atlantic.)

Billy Taylor

- Willow, Weep for Me
- The Very Thought of You
- Somebody Loves Me
- Good Grooves
- Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams
- What Is There to Say?
- If I Had You
- Thou Swell

Album Rating: 7

Another entry in Atlantic's Piano Panorama LP sweepstakes, this collection is less imaginative in its choice of material but just as tasteful in performance.

Billy's expert work is aided here by guitarist Johnny Collins, a valuable man on anybody's team, who strikes out with a chord here and there; and by Al McKibbon and Shadow Wilson.

Good Grooves, Billy's theme number, is the most interesting item, partly because it's the only original in the set, the other seven being slightly-too-familiar standards. (Atlantic.)

Joe Turner

- 4 I'll Never Stop Loving You
- 7 Sweet Sixteen

A mediocre tune and a well-tailored eight-bar blues (the latter by brother Nugetre). Joe and the band, led by Van Walls, are at odds on the first, but Walls lends an authentically Pete Johnsonian flavor to Sweet. (Atlantic.)

Dinah Washington

- 8 Trouble in Mind
- 7 New Blowtop Blues

After an endless string of musically dog-eared pop songs, Dinah finally gets back to the blues, the style that made her famous, on these sides, and she's welcome home.

Trouble in Mind, always one of the best blues, has a band accompaniment and a strong solo by Ben Webster. The new Blowtop (Dinah originally cut it for Decca as Hamp's vocalist) is better than the original, thanks partly to Paul Quinichette's great tenor obbligato throughout.

Dinah is still one of the great blues singers. She should never let her public, or herself, forget it. (Mercury.)

Mary Lou Williams

- Surry with the Fringe on Top

- Pagliacci
- Opus 2
- From This Moment On
- 'S Wonderful
- Mary's Waltz
- You're the Cream in My Coffee
- Blue Pastel

Album Rating: 8

To those who feared for awhile that her flirtation with bop had taken the Mary Lou Williams out of her style, this LP comes as a reassurance. Mary Lou still gets her own special sound out of a piano, still writes such charming originals as the waltz, and shows that just as she was a great 1932 pianist in 1932, she is a superb 1952 pianist today.

The choice and treatment of material and tempo is in perfect taste, from Leoncavallo to Gershwin. The discreet assistance is by Bill Clark on drums and Carl Pruitt, bass.

Everything about this collection is right, even to the choice of a picture and the cover design. And to top it all off, there isn't a boogie-woogie tune in the bunch. (Atlantic.)

REISSUES

Jazz Off the Air

Volume I

- Lover
- Honeysuckle Rose
- How High the Moon
- Flip and Jazz
- Back Still Jumps

Volume II

- Sweet Georgia Brown
- High on an Open Mike

Now on LP and a new label are these WNEW Saturday Night Swing Session sides, and highly welcome they are.

First album spots Roy Eldridge, Flip Phillips, Eddie Safranski, Al Casey, Specs Powell, Mike Colicchio (piano), and Mel Torme on drums on *The Moon*.

Lover drives, though Specs' rushing of the tempo and insistent banging push Flip and Roy too hard to allow relaxation.

Honeysuckle is delightful unamplified guitar throughout by Casey, as he provides some of his best recorded work. There's also a second part, one which didn't appear in the original Vox album, that consists of what sounds like Eldridge and Torme scattling hilariously.

Moon, too, has a chorus that didn't show up originally, and Torme pounds away happily. Flip and (Turn to Page 18)

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# Owe Debt To Men Like Story of 'Mr. Kenton For Progress Tin Pan Alley'

By SHARON A. PEASE

Chicago—For another in our series of repeat columns we have chosen Stan Kenton. When his initial column appeared in *Down Beat*, June 1, 1945, Stan had become a national musical figure as a result of his novel and unique ideas presented through the medium of his "Artistry in Rhythm" orchestra.

Kenton, like all experimentalists, has a large gallery of critics who disapprove of many of his revolutionary concepts. Still, all are inclined to applaud his seriousness of purpose which has enabled him to blaze new paths in the forest of atonal combinations.

The accompanying style example is a Kenton original titled *Pease's Patience*. The title is Stan's apology for the prolonged prodding required to get him to interrupt his busy schedule long enough to complete the composition.

This selection is one of 30 examples included in the folio *Down Beat's Styles of Famous 88's*, edited by this column and published by Leeds Music Corporation.

*Pease's Patience* reflects the Kenton flair for unique ideas. His solid, full left hand establishes an interesting and colorful accompaniment based on chromatic alterations and extended harmonies. The melody is a perfectionist's example of perfect continuity without monotonous repetition.

The modern harmonic trends among serious composers appear to be based on a planned deceptive



Stan Kenton

tonality (key relationship). Some analysts believe that harmonic foundations rest on innate elements of the human race and

(Jumped from Page 13) *Just Like the Rose.*

Harry liked the piece and published it. That was all the impetus Baline required. He continued his composing and several years later had a phenomenal hit on his hands called *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. By that time he had changed his name to Irving Berlin.

In the same year, Von Tilzer married a New York widow, Ida Rosenberg and the couple lived an idyllic existence for 25 years. Ida

therefore we are able to fill in the voids (easily perceptible to the eye but not always to the ear) and missing tones because it is natural and basic.

Still, other theorists believe that this phenomenon is the result of familiarity and inevitable progress or change. Which group of theorists is nearer the truth is certainly not as important as knowing that we are now able to hear and enjoy harmonic combinations such as Stan's, that were at one time purposely avoided.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to men like Kenton for the progress we have made as a result of their unselfish and tireless efforts.

(Ed. Note: Mail for Sharon A. Pease should be sent to his teaching studio, Suite 619, Lyon and Healy Bldg., Chicago 4, Ill. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply.)

died shortly after the celebration of their silver wedding anniversary.

### Newspaper Man

To the Von Tilzer publishing offices one morning came Monroe Rosenfeld, a parttime New York *Herald* reporter and composer of such songs as *Johnny Get Your Gun* and *Take Back Your Gold*. Rosenfeld, hunting material for a newspaper article, found Harry chewing on a cigar stubble and thumping his antediluvian Wurliizer, in which he had inserted strips of paper between the strings to simulate a mandolin effect.

"That sounds like a tin pan, Harry," observed Rosenfeld.

"When all the pianos around here are being pounded, the place sounds like a tin pan alley," chuckled Von Tilzer.

"Tin Pan Alley" was the title Rosenfeld used for his article, and the name was associated at once with the imaginary headquarters of the popular song business.

### Kept Writing

During the following 10 years Harry continued to write and sing the songs America wanted to hear. *Swinging in a Hammock*, *Take Me Back to New York Town*, *The Cubanola Glide* (which started a new dance craze), *All Aboard for Blanket Bay*, and *the Green Grass Grew All Around*. *All Alone*, and *They Always Pick on Me*, flowed from the gifted pen of Von Tilzer in rapid succession. The last named was revived by Alice Faye in the motion picture, *Hello, Frisco, Hello*.

Von Tilzer had the voice and personality to popularize his own tunes. He traveled across the country crooning his melodies in his peculiarly pleasing baritone. This method of pushing the sales of a song, commonly known as "plugging," was introduced by Von Tilzer. Today song plugging is considered essential to the success of any popular song. Some of the larger publishers employ more than a hundred people as fulltime song pluggers.

In 1911 came one of those songs that have immortalized the name Von Tilzer, *I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad*. It has remained a favorite to this day, especially with choral groups and male quartets.

### Still Famous

The second decade of the century saw Von Tilzer's fame undimin-

ished. *Goodbye Boys*, *That Old Irish Mother of Mine*, and *On the Fall River Line* were hits by Harry. An up and coming entertainer and bandleader came to Von Tilzer in search of a theme song. Harry obliged, and Ted Lewis has been identified with *When My Baby Smiles at Me* ever since.

Harry's brother Jules, who had left the Von Tilzer company to join Remick Music Co., hired a promising 18-year-old composer for \$12 a week. Jules introduced the embryonic tunesmith to Harry, who was impressed by the young man's work. He volunteered to publish his first piece, a novelty titled *When You Want 'Em, You Can't Get 'Em*. That was in 1916. Two years later, the same youngster wrote *Swanee* for Al Jolson, and he was on his way to fame. The young composer was, of course, George Gershwin.

The advent of jazz and swing was a cue that oldtimer Von Tilzer could not miss. *Just Around the Corner*, written in 1925, was Harry's last big hit.

### No More Tunes

"They're not writing pretty tunes anymore," he said. And Harry never did write another hit song. For the rest of his life Von Tilzer remained a kind of 'elder statesman' in the popular music business.

He became a familiar figure at every prominent boxing match in Madison Square Garden. Harry and Mike Jacobs, major domo of the fight game, became great friends. On the night of Von Tilzer's death, Jan. 10, 1946, Jacobs reserved an empty seat at ringside in memory of his songwriting friend.

Harry died at the Hotel Woodward which, of course, is on Broadway. He would not have had it any other way. The next day, when word had passed that the dean of American songwriters had left Tin Pan Alley forever, many an old entertainer recalled the words of one of Harry Von Tilzer's greatest songs:

"And then the stars grew dim and cold,  
The moon grew pale, my heart grew old;  
My dream is o'er, to live no more,  
Last night was the end of the world."

### Slow Blues

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# Things To Come

These are recently-cut records and their personnel. 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.

**LEE BROWN'S ORCHESTRA** (Coral, 3/18/52, in Los Angeles). Trumpets—Don Palmito, Bob Fowler, Wes Hensel, and Bob Higgins; trombones—Ray Sims, Bob Fyng, Dick Noel, and Stampy Brown; sax—Al Libero, Abe Aaron, Dave Paul, Merv Herman, and Benj Stone; rhythm—Goff Cartson, piano; Holly Bandock, bass; Tony Rini, guitar, and Jack Spraling, drums. *Lonny Ann Folk*, vocal.

*Who's Excited?* and *Just When We're Falling in Love*.

Same as above, except Herb Jeffery, vocal.

*Flamingo* and *Basin Street Blues*.

**HELA FITZGERALD with SY OLIVER'S ORCHESTRA** (Decca, 2/25/52). Trumpets—Cale Fells, Taft Jordan, and Stan Fishelson; trombones—Henderson Chambers, Earl Bellman, and Bobby Byrne; sax—Hyla Schertzer, Sid Cooper, Dick Jacobs, Joe Thomas, and Art Drillingner; rhythm—Hank Jones, piano; George Barnes, guitar; Sandy Block, bass, and Jimmy Crawford, drums.

*A Guy Is a Guy*, *Goody-Goody*, *Go, But I'm Glad to Know You Love Me*, and *No-where Cap*.

**MIKE CROSBY with JOHN SCOTT TROTTER'S ORCHESTRA** (Decca, 2/14/52, in Los Angeles). Trumpets—Ziggy Elman, Bobby Guy, and Red Nichols; trombones—Ted Woody, Wendell Maybow, and Elmer Smith; sax—Murray Berov, Dave Harris, Larry Wright, Warren Baker, and Matty Matlock; a string section; rhythm—Buddy Cole, piano; Perry Berlin, guitar; Country Washburne and Larry Brown, basses, and Nick Fatico, drums.

*Ida*, *Nobody's Sweetheart*, and *Sellin' Boom Champagne Band*.

**HELA TRIGLIA'S BAND FEATURING PHIL URSO** (Prestige, 3/16/52). Tony Fracolla, trumpet; Phil Uro, sax; Herb Keller, alto; Gene Allen, baritone; Bill Tullis, piano; Bud Mitchell, bass, and Elvino Man, drums.

*F. U. Stamp*, *Tangarine*, *Bill's Blues*, and *Lee Fado*.

**ANDREWS SISTERS** (Decca, 2/11/52, in Los Angeles). Trumpets—Manny Klein, Van Rose, Joe Yricart, and Charlie Goldford; trombones—Sy Zentner, Tommy Pederson, Ed Keedy, and Bill Schaeffer; sax—Jack Bennett, Henry May, Ted Nash, Bobo Savata, and Chuck Contry; rhythm—Wally Wechsler, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Artie Shavers, bass, and Ray Hagen, drums.

*Don't Be That Way*, and *Stag, Stag, Stag*.

**GIL HUSTON with GEORGE BARNES' QUINBLE** (Decca, 1/31/52). Paul Jordan, piano; Everett Barkdale and George Barnes, guitar; Benny Black, bass, and Jimmy Crawford, drums. Gil Huston, vocals.

*Bambino*, *Cambino*, *Man and Cream Lilia Hill*.

**TOMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA** (Decca, 2/28/52). Trumpets—Art Deppov, George Chack, Art Turovski, and Charlie Shavers;

trombones—Nick DiMaio, Sam Hyster, Yak Tavlorian, and Tommy Dorsey; sax—Ed Szalai, Marvin Koral, Gene Cipriano, Sam Donahue, and Teddy Lee; rhythm—Gene Herman, guitar; Mort Oliver, bass, and Jimmy Chapin, drums. Willie Stark and Charlie Shavers, vocals. Jimmy Crawford, drums, added for last tune.

*Come What May*, *Love, Where Are You Now?*, and *Hambone*.

**MILT LARKIN, THE K-RAYS and ACE HARRIS** (Coral, 2/11/52). Milt Larkin and Tyroo Glenn, trombones; Lowell Hastings, tenor; Ace Harris, piano; Milt Hinton, bass, and Jimmy Crawford, drums.

*White We're Young*, *Walking in the Sunshine*, *Art's Boogie*, and *Don't Buy Blues*.

**ACE HARRIS with SY OLIVER'S ORCHESTRA** (Coral, 2/7/52). Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dick Jacobs, saxophone and celeste; Billy Kyle, piano; Everett Barkdale, guitar; Sandy Block, bass, and Rudy Taylor, drums.

*Their's How It Goes*, *Sentimental Years*, *Two Wrongs Never Make a Right*, and *One For My Baby*.

**COLEMAN HAWKINS TENOR SOLOS** (Decca, 1/31/52). Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Sanford Gold, piano; Al Castleton, guitar; Trigger Apter, bass, and Benny Shacter, drums.

*Spallbound*, *Amber*, *Lost in a Fog*, and *The Corcoran*.

**NEAL HEPTYS ORCHESTRA** (Coral, 2/6/52). Trumpets—Chris Griffin, Billy Butterfield, Jack Lawson, and Minkoy McMichie; trombones—Will Bradley and Kai Winding; sax—Hyla Schertzer, Ed McKeach, George Berg, and Art Drillingner; rhythm—Lou Stein, piano; Art Byrnes, guitar; Ed Safranah, bass, and Don Lammond, drums.

*Sarah's Side*, *Always*, and *Cherokee*.

**THE MODERNAIRES with GEORGE CATES' ORCHESTRA** (Coral, 1/33/52, in Los Angeles). Trumpets—Conrad Conno, Manny Klein, and Johnny Best; trombones—Sy Zentner and Marshall Gram; reeds—Ted Nash and John Hasker; rhythm—Paul Smith, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Phil Stephens, bass, and Al Stoller and Ben Singer, drums.

*The Dippy Doodle* and *I'll Always Be Following You*.

**ARTHUR PRYSOCK with SY OLIVER'S ORCHESTRA** (Decca, 1/21/52). Trumpets—Boris Frivis, Taft Jordan, and Stan Fishelson; trombones—Bobby Byrne, Mort Bellman, and Henderson Chambers; sax—

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## Lawrence Welk O.K. Following Operation

Hollywood—Lawrence Welk underwent an operation for removal of gallstones in a Santa Monica hospital on Feb. 28. Was reported "doing nicely" at deadline and expected to return to bandstand at Aragon ballroom by middle of March. Singer Roberta Lynn fronted band during his absence.

## Record Reviews

(Jumped from Page 15)

Jazz is a bit too frantic, *Buck Still Jumps* another light Casey excursion.

Volume II is by far the better of the two LPs. Charlie Ventura, Allen Eager, Fats Navarro, Bill Harris, Chubby Jackson, Buddy Rich, Ralph Burns and Al Valente (guitar) lay down some superlative stuff, with all the men, especially Fats, wailing away at a high level on *Georgia Brown*. Ventura throbs, Harris preaches, Eager cools, Fats thrills, and Rich rips out a drum solo that makes sense.

Here's a mixing of styles that produced some of the best jazz you'll ever hear from a casually-assembled all-star group.

*Open Mike* has more good solos from all concerned and features some interesting interplay between Jackson and Rich. (Ecotonic.)

**Max Kaminsky**  
*Back in Your Own Back Yard*  
Eccentric  
*Love Nest*  
*Fidgety Feet*  
*All the Wrong's You've Done to Me*  
*Guess Who's in Town*  
*Everybody Loves My Baby*  
*Don't Leave Me, Daddy*

Commodore records here gives us a collection of sides featuring the cornet of Max Kaminsky, most of which were issued on 78 under Eddie Condon's name. If you like Maxie's impelling, dulcet-toned horn, and we do, you'll find this set well worth possessing. On *Back in Your Own Back Yard* and *All the Wrong's* you'll get some fine Lou McGarity work in driving ensembles and slow blues solo. (Commodore LP FL 20019.)

## Chords And Discords

(Jumped from Page 10)

The music that they made, or that when Lee Konitz or Charlie Ventura pick up a saxophone they are always thinking of money. I would think they enjoy playing as well as the money that is in it.

Music is giving a great understanding between the Negro and the white. Don't put it down.

Richard King

To the Editors: New Orleans  
I have been a continuous reader

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of the *Down Beat* for a number of years, and I do think it's the most unprejudiced magazine in the United States. It is certainly doing a wonderful job for all musicians. We need many more magazines like *Down Beat*.

Rudolph Davis

## Friday Nighter

To the Editors: Baltimore  
Congratulations on George Hoefler's long overdue coverage of the Friday night stints at the Central Plaza. Many of New York's finest musicians join in these sessions. The promised article on the rocking-the-boat parties at the Casino will be welcomed, too.

Carol Kerndl

## Leadbelly

To the Editors: Bronx, N. Y.  
I would appreciate it very much if you would help me solve a bit of a mystery. The mystery goes under the pseudonym of Leadbelly. He supposedly made the tune *Rock Island Line*, recently recorded by Art Ford, famous. He is associated with New York's Greenwich Village. That's about all I know.

Charles Pizzo

(Ed. Note: The late Huddle Ledbetter (Leadbelly) was a Negro folk singer and guitarist who, after being incarcerated in a number of southern prisons, was discovered by musicologist John Lomax and, with Lomax' aid, added greatly to the library of congress' store of folk-song information. Information on Leadbelly is probably obtainable in some of Lomax' writings in the New York public library.)

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## Evolution Of Jazz

by J. Lee Anderson



... he was a match for any critter on two legs ...



... he could paralyze ordinary mortals with a glance ...



... this man's contribution to music ...

The folklore of America is crowded with the homespun heroes of yore, the tall tales of pristine supermen born in the imagination of the founding fathers. Paul Bunyan was the king sized creation of the lumbering fraternity with a fondness for moving mountains, rivers, and assorted landscape to his satisfaction. Paul and Babe, his big blue ox, were certainly two of the most overworked legends in history. American laborers have a hero—John Henry, "that steel drivin' man." In an epic duel with a steam drill, the God of the Hammer proved his superiority over machinery but the effort cost him his life. Pecos Bill was the rip-roaring, two-gun demi-god of a wild and wondrous west. He was a match for any critter on two legs or four until he met a dude who asked so many ridiculous questions about the west that "Bill plumb laughed himself to death." Johnny Appleseed remains a gentle saint among the American giants. Armed only with a Bible, he wandered from the Monongahela to the River Platte sowing apple seeds in the wilderness. Joe Magarac is a muscle man straight from the Iron Cities of the U.S., a super-Sandow

who stirred molten steel with his bare hands and squeezed ingots into iron rails. Annie Christmas is an exception, a folklore female. A product of New Orleans, Annie tipped the scales at 250, stood six feet and eight inches in height, wore a small, wood-tipped mustache, and occasionally sported a lengthy necklace to which she added a head for each piece of anatomy forcibly separated from a rival battler. Annie dressed as a man during much of her career but sometimes donned feminine garb to "assume command of a floating brothel on the Mississippi." Bras Coupé, idol of Crescent city Negroes during the early 19th century, appears to have some basis in fact, although the powers attributed to him do not. He was immune to fire, bullets bounced from his skin like hail stones, he could paralyze ordinary mortals with a glance, and in addition, he dined on human flesh. Old Stormalong was the seaman's hero. Tall as a main mast, he took his whale coup straight from a longboat and ate his shark raw. Slappy Hooper, the world's best sign painter, is a Chicago brush wielder "who once painted a hot stove so authentic it burned down the

building on which it was painted." Jazz, too, has a Big Man. He found his inspiration in the shadow of the District dancehalls, listening "in a daze" to the rough ragtime tunes cut through the Delta night. And once he got started, the inspiration and his natural genius carried him on to the heights. By 1922, he was heir apparent; five years later he was the new king—with throngs of followers attendant to his every appearance. Art Hodes tells it: "It would take us half an hour to get to the band stand just to shake his hand." The years have seen small change in that scheme of things; his reputation is now world-wide rather than city-wide, but the genius and the accolades are still as much in evidence. As long as the multi-tangent art of jazz has a single listener, as long as one youthful brassman remains to struggle through a Beginner's Method, as long as a solitary horn pushes aside the smoke in a 2 x 4 joint somewhere in the world, you shall know the unanimity of this man's contribution to music—the contribution of Daniel Louis Armstrong!

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Ralph Marterie; Kenny Mann, tenor, added . . . Tony Pastor; Dave Figg, tenor, for Ralph Aldridge, and Bob Gluckman, drums, out . . . Louis Prima; Ray Rossi, piano, for Ralph Wert.  
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## Local 47 Official Dies

Hollywood — Alexander Meyer, financial secretary of AFM's Local 47 since 1940, died of a heart ailment on Feb. 22. He was 68; left his wife. There were no children.



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(See Page 1)

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**Duke, Kenton  
Battle On  
Bandstand**

(See Page 1)

★ ★ ★

**Bouquet To  
Eddie Condon**

(See Page 2)

★ ★ ★

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