

Melody Maker

incorporating 'RHYTHM'

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MARCH 22, 1941

THREEPENCE

KEN JOHNSON: IMPRESSIVE TRIBUTE

KEN JOHNSON PASSED TO HIS LAST RESTING PLACE ON THURSDAY WHEN, IN THE PRESENCE OF OVER 150 FRIENDS, FANS AND MUSICAL ASSOCIATES, HE WAS CREMATED AT GOLDERS GREEN.

The widespread sympathy at his sudden death was reflected in the magnificence of the scores of floral tributes, and in the crush of mourners who completely overflowed the chapel in which the memorial service was held.

Reference was made at the service to "the sudden and unexpected passing of a very gallant and distinguished gentleman," a sentiment shared by all.

MOURNERS

Among the mourners were three members of Ken Johnson's West Indian Orchestra—Tommy Wilson (drums), David Wilkins and Leslie Hutchinson (trumpets); and Don Johnson, Betty Kent and Nadia Doré (vocalists).

Other mourners included Ivor Cummings (secretary and warden of Aggrey House, the West Indian Hostel in London); Leon Cassel-Gerard (Ken's personal manager); Douglas Lawrence, Leslie Perowne and David Miller (representing the B.B.C.); Van Phillips (representing the Dance Band Directors' Association); Alec Mitchell (representing the Musicians' Union); Reg Knight (representing the Musicians' Social and Benevolent Council); bandleaders Van Straten, Reginald Foresythe, Teddy Foster, Edmundo Ros, Don Marino Barretto, Felix Mendelssohn; Stan Bowsher (Ken Johnson's orchestrator); Rudolph Dunbar; Mrs. and Miss Turner Layton; Ike Hatch; Frisco; Scott and Whaley; Elma Warren; Al Burnett; Michael Carr; and the following music publishers: Eddie Day (Francis Day and Hunter); Leslie Kettle (Chappell's); Jimmy Phillips and Joe Brannelly (Peter Maurice); Tom Elliott (Laffeur's); Leslie Osborne (Cavendish); Bill Ward (Lawrence Wright); Bert Lucas (Sun); the MELODY MAKER, etc., etc. Photographs on pages 6-7. See also "Comment" (page 3), feature article (page 3).

DAVE WILLIAMS' FUNERAL

IN the presence of a small gathering of his friends, Dave ("Baba") Williams, victim of the murderous Luftwaffe, was buried at the St. Marylebone Cemetery on Monday.

David Ronald Williams was only 25, but he will always be remembered as an accomplished musician and, what is more important, as the best type of coloured musician.

There were many floral tributes, notably those in the shape of a saxophone from the Cotton Club, Leon Cassel-Gerard and the Palm Beach.

The service was short but impressive, and a professional note was added by the playing of *Dear Old Southland* on the organ by Robin Richmond.

AMBROSE AGAIN ON THE AIR

ON Sunday next (March 23) Ambrose and his Orchestra return to the microphone, with Evelyn Dall, Anne Shelton and Sam Brown vocalising, and Max Bacon making his first appearance since his car smash on December 8.

For the next four weeks, this band will be broadcasting regularly, and their programme for the week is:—

Sun., 9.30-10 p.m. (Forces); Mon., 10.50-11.40 p.m. (Home); Tuesday, no broadcasts; Wed., 6.20-7 p.m. (Overseas) and 11.15-midnight (Home); Thurs., 1.20-2 p.m. (Home) and 11.30-midnight (Home); Fri., 3.15-4 p.m. (Overseas); Sat., 7.30-8 p.m. (Forces) and another Overseas broadcast from 2.15 till 3 a.m. in the early hours of Sunday, March 30.

Max Bacon will be brought specially to the studio by car from hospital for these broadcasts, since he is by no means sufficiently recovered as yet from the accident in which he sustained fractures to both legs, and he will broadcast seated before the mike.

SERIOUS THREAT TO PUBLIC DANCE MUSIC

Official Closure Decree May Be Enforced After Dance Hall Blitzings

OUT OF THE MANY HUNDRED PUBLIC DANCING PLACES IN THIS COUNTRY THREE HAVE BEEN BOMBED IN RECENT RAIDS. WITH THIS SLENDER EXCUSE, THE MINISTRY OF HOME SECURITY HAS UNDER CONSIDERATION THE CLOSING OF ALL DANCE HALLS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!

At the time of going to Press, the MELODY MAKER learns that so far nothing has been decided, but there seems to be considerable support for a closure, and an official decision in this connection would adversely affect the livelihood of hundreds of musicians throughout the country.

Let us state unequivocally that dance music is to-day the greatest form of entertainment available to the people of this country, and without it the majority of the inhabitants of this island would be mere automata trying vainly to go on living without anything to brighten a drab and frightful existence.

The moral value of dance music to the fighting Forces has already been amply demonstrated.

The Commanding Officer of one of the largest R.A.F. camps in England recently told the MELODY MAKER of the great importance he attached to the welfare of both the men and women serving under him and frankly admitted that the station dance band had sent up the spirits of occupants immensely. This point of view is firmly held by Commanding Officers of all units.

PROPAGANDA VALUE

We can only express the hope that the high-ups in the Ministry of Home Security will recognise that the defence of Britain is not only a question of guns, tanks, aeroplanes and troops.

We have been repeatedly told to "stay put" in the event of a German invasion.

The very essence of this "staying put" is that the ordinary people should as far as possible go on living in their normal manner, and dance music is so much an integral part of their ordinary life that its virtual banning—for that would be the sum total of the closing of public dancing places—would be just one more nail in the coffin of the cause of individual liberties.

To be consistent, every place in which people congregate would have to be closed. Even the munition factories, which are so essential to the war effort of this country, are also places where many people are necessarily gathered together as well as the theatres, cinemas, public-houses, sports ground and racing tracks! And even hospitals.

The value of propaganda has already been proved conclusively enough by the Nazis.

Apart from the obvious threat to

STONE IN NEW SHOW

LEW STONE and his Dorchester Hotel Band will supply the music for a new West End show, "Orchids and Onions," at the Comedy Theatre, which opens next week.

This will not affect the band's work at the Dorchester, for there will be two shows at the Comedy daily, the last ending about 7.30 p.m.

Lew has just recorded four new titles with his Stonecrackers, which he modestly thinks are the best of this type he has ever done. They are *Singin' In The Rain*, *Ja-Da*, *Missouri Scrambler* and *Wednesday Night Hop*.

the livelihoods of musicians, publishers, dance hall proprietors and employees, the very fact that neutral countries can still hear dance orchestras playing in public halls on the radio and realise that the British people, in spite of the imminent threat of invasion, are still able to enjoy themselves by dancing—the propaganda value of that is incalculable!

WILL THE MINISTRY OF HOME SECURITY BEAR THESE POINTS FIRMLY IN MIND WHEN MAKING ITS MOMENTOUS DECISION?

MIRANDA DOUBLES CLUB-OWNER

JACK MIRANDA has joined the ranks of club proprietors by opening "Miranda's" in Curzon Street, Mayfair, W., a social club, which will not prevent Jack from carrying on at the Berkeley with Al Collins. Jack Miranda has been in the top

rank of West End saxophonists and clarinetists for so long that he can be said to have authoritative ideas on bands in clubs.

For this reason, is it significant that the music at Miranda's is provided by a mere lone piano?

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THE RECENT TOLL INFLICTED UPON THE MUSICAL PROFESSION AS A RESULT OF ENEMY ACTION HAS BEEN REGRETTABLY INCREASED BY THE DEATH OF BASSIST JOCK PURVIS, OF THE R.A.F., WHO WAS KILLED AT HIS POST.

Jock had been a prominent member of his unit's dance band, having previously played with Jack Harris and other West End outfits.

Swing fans will remember him well as the bassist with Andy's Southern Serenaders, which made several hot discs for Parlophone in 1935.

It is particularly sad to record that Jock was killed on his birthday, and all the more unfortunate that, whereas his colleagues were at that moment engaged on an outside gig, Jock was prevented from accompanying them owing to his official duties.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to his relatives and will be echoed by his many friends in the profession.

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LETTERS

NOTE: The shorter the letter, the better the chances of quick publication. Our **ONLY ADDRESS FOR ALL CORRESPONDENCE** is
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE sincere regret felt throughout the profession at the death of Ken Johnson is reflected in our postbag, and Bill Passant, of Harborne, Birmingham, after saying that he considered "Ken's to be the best band this side of the Atlantic (except, perhaps, the R.A.F. Dance Orchestra)," adds:—

I think he has done a tremendous amount to help England in bringing out a new style of playing commercial dance tunes... and it would be a terrible blow to English swing if his band broke up.

My pals and myself would like to see Betty Kent—his grand swing singer, who goes with his style so well—take over command, on the same style as Ella Fitzgerald did in Chick Webb's Band. I am positive that hundreds of his fans would like to see this happen.

G. S. Pearce, of Wrekin College, Shropshire, also sends a moving tribute, saying:—

There is no doubt that Ken had one of the best bands in the country. Where swing is concerned, he put a new light on every number he played... The dance band profession has suffered a great loss in his death, and we must be thankful that we have a series of wonderful records by him which will always help us to remember him. His recording of *I'm In Love For The Last Time*, in particular, deserves special mention.

Finally, may I add that I hope the members of the band will find it possible to continue under another leader, instead of having to split up.

And "A Young Swing Student," of Lewes, Sussex, on black-edged note-paper, writes:—

IN MEMORIAM

To the passing of Ken Johnson, England's swing king.

He and his boys were a pleasure to listen to out of the nebulae of England's so-called dance bands and swing bands.

Only a small tribute expressed by a circle of friends and myself, but well-meaning.

Turning to brighter subjects "Mike" is once again in the wars, and Timothy Moore, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who holds the record for spinning the longest sentences of all our writers, answers his question, "How can anybody listening to a record know for certain that a solo is improvised or not?" Says Mr. Moore:—

The answer is that one can certainly never tell purely from internal evidence that a soloist can't have had music in front of him partly determining, and considerably resembling, what he played, but that one can very often be sure that a soloist can't have had music in front of him exactly expressing what he played—i.e., that if there were music in front of him he "added" to it himself—by the simple fact that musical notation cannot and could not "exactly express" a lot of what one hears

soloists playing; and I explained in my last letter why I thought these "additions" (assuming that they are so) were such an important part of jazz.

Moreover, the coherence and unity of the composition plus additions often makes it almost certain that the composer (if any) and the "adder" were the same person, and probably that the "composing" and the "adding" took place simultaneously (i.e., that there was no written composition).

Of course, I am using "improvisation" to include, and "composition" to exclude, a solo gradually evolved by the soloist at his instrument. I am not, and cannot imagine myself being, able to distinguish such a solo from an entirely new improvisation.

And on the same subject, that inveterate jazz-scribe R. G. V. Venables, of Llanthony, Mon., after approving of Timothy Moore's last letter, delivers what he calls a "positively fatal thrust to 'stubborn Mike'" in the form of a quotation from Wilder Hobson's "American Jazz Music." He goes on to say:—

Mr. Hobson (who, I think, knows his proverbial onions) says just this: "Here we come to a point which has led to some confusion in the discussion of jazz. It is often said that jazz cannot be notated. It cannot; and, strictly speaking, of course, neither can any other music. Any music is played with a translation of the written note values according to traditions for that particular kind of music and the instincts of the performer. In jazz there is a great deal of improvisation and also of scored music. If the latter is to have its intended effect it must be translated in the playing with a feeling for the jazz language, and the difference between the written note values and what is played will be as marked as in any music known."

I would ask "Mike" to let the above remarks sink in—and maybe to give them a final push by playing the Chicagoans' *Sugar and China Boy*. Whilst the records revolve, let "Mike" consider the effect were seven equally competent jazz musicians of another "school" to play these two pieces.

To say that the resemblance would be superficial is to put it mildly. But when it is realised that "Mike" will not even admit the existence of a Chicago style of jazz, would it be unreasonable to suggest that this superficial resemblance would be quite sufficient to satisfy (I was going to say "deceive") his trained ear?

In dealing with these very records, Wilder Hobson says: "These sides are jazz musicians' music, full of the spontaneous rhythmic subtleties and dissonant lines which defy even approximate notation. The musical texture is fluidly shot through with those illegitimate elements of expression which are a natural part of the jazz language; Teschemacher and Freeman, for instance, are constantly playing notes which, traditionally speaking, do not exist."

"Mike" will now probably say that, since the notes themselves do not exist, is it any wonder that a Chicago style does not exist? Come to that, perhaps these classic records were never even made.



THE picture above shows some of the members of an R.A.F. training school band enjoying themselves prior to going on duty.

The ten-piece outfit comprises Alf Hossack (first alto), from the Leeds 101 Dance Club; Harry Rusbridge (second alto); Paul Bowry (tenor), from the Sale Lido; Jock Macfarlane (tenor and baritone), lately with Bram Martin; trumpet players Cyril Large (formerly with Les Seigar at Llandudno), Billy Tunningley and Arthur Schofield; drummer Stan Richards, from Harry Evans' Sextette Intime at Torquay; pianist Syd Astley, who used to be on the Union Castle boats; and deputy drummer Toni Bidgini, well-known touring xylophonist.

Leader is bassist Johnny Skilton, formerly with Joe Kirkham in the Isle of Man. Band President is W. O. Gunns.

In addition to Station dances, this outfit plays from three to four local gigs a week, and has featured in variety concerts on the stage of the local cinema. They are now on the look-out for trombonists, to join them, who should enrol as electricians through this particular training school, and should write care of this paper.

And, from Bickley, Kent, comes a bombshell. Stand back, boys, and applaud the courage of Alan Punchard, who writes:—

May I, after careful study of as many of Bix Beiderbecke's recordings as I could obtain, ask why so much attention and praise are given to his playing?

His orchestra—or, rather, Trumbauer's Orchestra under Bix's name—seems to my unappreciative ear to represent the fundamental meaning of the word "cacophony"! Admittedly, under Trumbauer, the orchestra as a whole is excellent, but upon being taken over by Bix, each member appears to play with the primary object of making as much noise as can be obtained from his instrument. Even Bix himself allows his much-vaunted trumpet to be well-nigh eclipsed by a singularly unmusical clarinetist.

After listening with great attention to Bix's *Singing the Blues*—so much quoted as an example of perfection in trumpet-playing—I find myself sadly unimpressed by whatever beauties are to be found in this recording. Certainly Bix's tone and phrasing are most excellent, but are not these qualities to be found in any one of some twenty or more first-rate trumpeters?

The quality I miss most in Bix's playing is what is commonly termed "go." No doubt it will appear sacrilegious in the eyes of the die-hards to say so, but is not movement one of the essential characteristics of jazz?

I should welcome correction in my statements, but I challenge anyone to prove to me that Bix's playing had anything not possessed by Armstrong, Charlie T., Jimmy McPartland, Coleman, Oliver and even modernists Cootie Williams and Harry James.

Al Stewart, of Stafford, asks us to reintroduce "Desert Island Discs," or "something of the sort." Perhaps the "Greatest Solos In Jazz" (see page 4) is on the lines of what Mr. Stewart has in mind. Anyway, here are his "Desert Island Discs":—

Knockin' a Jug	Armstrong
Farwell Blues	All Star
Sippi	Louisiana Sugar Babies
Apeez Blues	Jimmy Noone
Black Bottom Stomp	Jelly-roll Morton
Texas Tea-party	Benny Goodman

LONDON CHARITY

WHILE famous pianist Cecil Norman has a resident B.B.C. engagement with Billy Ternent's Orchestra, and is also featured in solo broadcasts, his wife, Betty, is devoting her energies to organising charity concerts for the benefit of the Forces.

The third of these concerts will take place to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, at the Phoenix Theatre, Charing Cross Road, London, from 2.30 to 5 p.m.

Among the noted artistes who have promised to appear are Douglas Byng, Magda Kun, Billy Milton, Cavan O'Connor, and Richard Golden. Edgar Jackson will be the compère.

Let's look at the Hits!

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EDGAR JACKSON Reviews New Swing Discs

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Garland Wilson

"FATS" WALLER AND HIS RHYTHM.

****Eep, Ipe, Wanna Piece Of Pie** (Blain, Dann) (V. by "Fats" Waller) (Victor OA048782) (Recorded April 11, 1940).
*****"Fats" Waller's Original E Flat Blues** (Waller) (V. by "Fats" Waller) (Victor OA051869) (Recorded July 16, 1940). (H.M.V. BD906—2s. 5d.)
 048782—Waller (piano) with Eugene Sedric (reeds); John Hamilton (tpt.); Al Casey (gtar.); Cedric Wallace (bass); Slick Jones (drums).
 051869—As above, except John Smith (gtar.).

A LITTLE of "Harlem's Harmful Little Armful" bestowing his flippancy on trivial ditties such as the *Wanna Piece Of Pie* opus goes a very long way, and most people were becoming rather bored with him following the long run of such records which H.M.V. gave us round about 1938.

But taken in occasional doses the redoubtable Mr. W. is as good as a tonic, and no one will quarrel with the release of the *Eep, Ipe* side, especially in view of the nice piano solo. The nonchalance of the playing does nothing to conceal its tastefulness. This is "Fat's" piano at its best.

LEG-PULLING

But Fats' *E Flat Blues* is the side. The lyric may be the conventional blues story of *I Love My Baby, But My Baby Don't Love Me*, but "Fats" sings it as it should be sung.

Those who know him of old may feel inclined to put down the traces of his skittishness to insincerity, but I prefer to believe that for once he is intending to be genuine.

Not that it matters so much one way or another. If "Fats" has found it

impossible, to keep his leg-pulling out of his singing entirely, at least the rest of the record has a ring of authenticity.

This slow blues has the true blues character. The accompaniment to the vocal is most attractive, Casey's guitar solo is grand, and Sedric's clarinet contribution at least has the spirit of the blues.

The only part of the side about which I am doubtful is Hamilton's trumpet chorus. The wa-wa business seems to be a bit near the ribs.

Nevertheless, this is a record which one can place among one's better examples of the blues.



FREDDY GARDNER AND HIS SWING ORCHESTRA.

*****Someday, Sweetheart** (Spikes) (DR3618) (Recorded May 25, 1939).
*****10 a.m. Blues** (Gardner) (DR3619) (Recorded May 25, 1939). (Rex 9335—1s. 10d.)

THE fact that no one at the studios bothered to note who played on this session and that Freddy Gardner is away in the Navy, makes it impossible for me to give you the personnel of these sides.

True, I have my own ideas, but as your guess is likely to be as good as mine there's no reason why I should risk exposing the fact that I, too, can make mistakes.

All of which doesn't prevent this from being one of the best records made, not merely by Freddy Gardner, but by any group of local lads.

10 a.m. Blues starts off right by being blues in the real sense of the word. How it goes off you will learn for yourself when you hear the excellent trumpet and guitar solos; the latter worthy of Lonnie Johnson, and the improvised concerted chorus at the end which is almost as good as the solos.

More good trumpet playing and solos by guitar and piano are features of *Some Day, Sweetheart*.

Freddy Gardner's clarinet may not be the most wonderful thing that ever happened, but he makes up for it with 16 bars of tenor playing which are outstanding, even for him.

If this were a 3s. disc it would be worth its price. At 1s. 6d. (or, rather, 1s. 10d. with Purchase Tax), it is the best value in jazz that has been offered on a record for months.

GARLAND WILSON—Piano Solos.

*****Just A Mood** (Carter) (TB2427) (Recorded September 7, 1936).
*****Just One Of Those Things** (Porter) (TB2428) (Recorded September 7, 1936). (Brunswick 03115—3s. 8d.)

IT will be remembered that Garland Wilson came to London some years ago, originally as accompanist to the coloured singer, Nina Mae McKinney.

Prior to that he had been "discovered" in America by John Hammond, whose admiration for his work had enabled him to arrive here with something of a ready-made reputation.

These records were made when Wilson was in London in 1936. The delay in their issue seems to be due to the fact that Cole Porter's *Just One Of Those Things* has only just been released in England, and without it there was no other record of Wilson's with which Benny Carter's *Just A Mood* could be coupled.

Garland's playing is in a way not unlike his appearance and personality—delicate, almost to a point of effeminacy, for the most part imperturbable, but prone to flashes of temperament, refined almost to the point of punctiliousness, yet never unimaginative or lacking in spirit.

Although it has acquired, perhaps mainly because of its peculiarly studied technique, a flavour of over-culture, it is always identifiable as typical of his race, and while both these solos may have a somewhat drawing-room atmosphere, they are still good jazz.

WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

*****Looking for Yesterday** (Van Heusen, De Lange) (V. by Woody Herman) (Am. Decca 68054).
***Five O'Clock Whistle** (Myrow, Gannon, Irwin) (V. by Dillagene) (Am. Decca 68160). (Brunswick 03112—3s. 8d.)

68054—Herman (clart.) with Herb Tompkins, Bill Vitale (altos); Saxie Mansfield, Mickey Folus (tenors); Bob Price, Steady Nelson, Cappy Lewis (tpts.); Bud Smith, Neil Read (tmb.); Joe Bishop (flugel horn, tmb.); Tom Linehan (piano); Harry White (gtar.); Walter Yoder (bass); Frank Carlson (drums). 68160—Probably as above.

EVERY week this month the *Five O'Clock Whistle* has blown.

This blow by Woody Herman does nothing to break the sequence of improvements. There is nothing startlingly novel or original about it, but the well-known Herman efficiency is well to the fore.

Also, there is the singing by Dillagene. This girl can hold her own with any of the white American canaries, except perhaps such exceptions as Mildred Bailey or Connie Boswell, when she feels in the right mood.

As regards Herman's *Looking For Yesterday*, the best thing to do is forget it. It's merely a very commercial performance of a sentimental hop, and while it's probably a good enough record of its kind, the kind is not calculated to be reading this column.

★ THE "INDUSTRIOUS JACKSON'S" NEW GUIDE TO DISC PERSONNELITIES ★

RECORD enthusiasts who remember Edgar Jackson's Parlophone "Rhythm-Style" Series Personnel booklet, issued by the Parlophone Company in 1936, will not be the only ones interested to learn that it has been, as it were, brought up to date by the publication of what may be described as a second edition.

The first booklet covered records released in Parlophone's New "Rhythm-Style" Series, Second New "Rhythm-Style" Series (Nos. 1 to 108), and 1934 and 1935 Super "Rhythm-Style" Series from 1929, when the first "Rhythm-Style" record made its appearance, up to the end of 1935.

OVER 500 BANDS

The second edition carries on from where the first left off, covering releases from 1936 to the end of 1940 in the Second New "Rhythm-Style" Series (Nos. 109 to 206), the 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939 and 1940 editions of the Super "Rhythm-Style" Series, as well as the Parlophone Miscellany and British Artists "Rhythm-Style" Series, Swing Series, and Boogie-Woogie Series.

These booklets—incidentally the first is still in print and available to all who

may wish to secure it—which cost only 9d. each, are both designed on the same lines.

Each is in three sections. The first section presents the records in numerical order according to their catalogue numbers, together with their respective "personnels"; the second section is an "Index to Artists," in which all the individual bands and musicians are listed alphabetically with the numbers of the recordings in which each takes part; the third section lists the records in alphabetical order of titles.

Taken all round, it is difficult to imagine a more comprehensive lay-out, or one in which it would be easier to find one's way about, and we strongly recommend all record enthusiasts—especially those who are continually writing to us for personnels!—to secure these booklets before the limited supplies are exhausted.

Some idea of the task accomplished by the industrious Jackson may be gained from the fact that the second booklet alone deals with just on 400 sides, lists over 500 bands and individual musicians, and covers in the Index to Titles section over 550 titles, the titles in the first edition having been brought forward in this section.

F & D's

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THE GREATEST SOLOS IN JAZZ

Hugues Panassie writes:—

IN order to find out the hot recorded solo I like best on each instrument, the best way is to pick the musician I like best on each instrument, then my favourite recorded solo by this performer. This list will reflect my personal idea of the best style on each instrument.

Here are my choices:—

Trumpet: Louis Armstrong's "West End Blues" (the old Parlophone recording).

Trombone: Jimmie Harrison in Fletcher Henderson's "Fidgety Feet" (Brunswick).

Clarinet: Jimmie Noone's last two choruses in "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans" (Parlophone).

Soprano Sax: Sidney Bechet in Tommy Ladnier's "Really The Blues" (French "Swing" record).

Tenor Sax: Coleman Hawkins in the "Mound City Blue Blowers" "One Hour" (H.M.V.).

Piano: Fat Waller's piano solo of "Keeping Out of Mischief Now" (H.M.V.) and Earl Hines in Louis Armstrong's "No, Papa, No" (Parlophone).

Guitar: Django Rheinhardt in "Japanese Sandman" (H.M.V.).

Violin: Eddie South in "Sweet Georgia Brown" (H.M.V.).

THREE ALTOS

The alto sax is missing in this list, but I really cannot make a choice for this instrument. In the first place, I like just as much three alto players: Bennie Carter, Johnny Hodges and Willie Smith. Then there is no solo by any one of these musicians that I really prefer to one by either of the other two.

For the piano I felt obliged to mention two records, for I could eliminate neither Fats nor Earl Hines to the benefit of one of them. Their styles are absolutely different and I cannot say that I prefer one to the other.

I picked a guitar solo because of Django Rheinhardt's real musical genius. But, to my mind, the guitar is primarily a rhythm section instrument, at least as far as swing music is concerned.

As a section man I prefer John Saint.

IN JAZZ

Last week GRAEME BUTCHER discussed the question of the greatest solos in jazz, and gave his own choice. In this article he gives two letters which he received on the subject from famous critics, M. Hugues Panassie and Eric Ballard.

Cyr (the man who plays in Louis Armstrong's old recordings) to any other guitar player, although I think that Django is second only to him (as a section man).

On trombone my choice of Jimmie Harrison's chorus in *Fidgety Feet* may be a surprise, as it is a really rough solo, with some glissandi which recall the old-time jazz. Still, it is by far my favourite trombone solo, while on almost every other instrument I hesitated a lot between four or five different records.

In order to point out more clearly why I chose this trombone chorus, I'd like to state that I made all my selections from the swing feeling and creative angle, because this means far more to me than technical polish.

For the clarinet the choice was especially difficult, because such musicians as Johnny Dodds, Barney Bigard and Milton Mezzrow recorded some solos which may compare with Jimmie Noone's best efforts.

Still, I made up my mind on Jimmie Noone, because, having as much ideas and feeling as any other, he has the most limpid clarinet tone I ever heard and a technical execution which gives his playing an extraordinary easiness.

If I may select my favourite solo among my favourites, it will be without hesitation Louis Armstrong's *West End Blues*, for this is, to my mind, a record which never was equalled by any musician or band.

Hugues Panassie.

ERIC BALLARD'S OPINION

All of which (writes Graeme Butcher) was very pleasing, as it will be seen that M. Panassie had 18 favourites the same as I.

Next, I thought I'd see what Eric Ballard might say. This is the result:—

DEAR MR. BUTCHER (he writes).—

One of my few remaining illusions is that in spite of there being "so much to do, and so little time to do it," life offers enough spare moments for us to fill one or two of them at any rate with jazz. But I don't think that we can spare the time to argue about it, especially as all such arguments are rather futile.

Think of the people who spend their lives in squabbling over the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. As if it mattered who wrote them! As Shakespeare—or Bacon—said: "The play's the thing."

And if arguments about art are futile, "experts' opinions are even more useless. A man cannot know any more about music at the end of his life than he did at its beginning: he can only be more familiar with its mechanics.

"POINTLESS KNOWLEDGE"

Therefore I cannot know any more about jazz than young Tom Smith, who has just heard Louis for the first time and decided that he is the last word. All I can have is a raft of quite pointless knowledge about who played in what.

Consequently I don't think that my opinions about hot solos can be of any possible interest to anybody—except, perhaps, to a psychiatrist or to anybody else (God help him) with a technical interest in the workings of my mind.

You see what I mean, don't you? Because John likes this solo and Joe likes that those facts bear no relation whatever to the merits of either.

We are sentimentalists for one thing—all of us. Our music gets tied up in our minds with significances that have meaning only to ourselves. And this is particularly true of recorded music.

Our "favourite" records almost always set us off along a road strewn with memories. So-and-so was the record that we played so much during that week-end at Brighton when we met that smashing red-head.

Think of *West End Blues*. Why do so many people say that it is Louis' best record? Because for many of them it is the first of his records that they heard, and whenever they play it their enthusiasm is coloured by the memory of that first terrific thrill.

So you see! When your girl friend raves about such-and-such a record it's no use blasting her rotten taste. That dreamy look in her eyes means that she is building up some old flame who used to play it to her. So watch your step!

Music isn't a thing that can be weighed and measured. We can only sieve it. All that stays in the sieve must be accepted as being worthwhile, and personal prejudice can only order it in our minds. Man is not God.

After that first weeding-out, his opinions will certainly be biased. It is just the same in any other art.

"BETTER THAN..."

Can you say that Gauguin's "Nevermore" is better than Vincent's "Field with Cypress," or Keats' "Pot of Basil" than Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," or O'Flaherty's "Black Soul" than Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop," or—to get back to jazz—that Louis' solo in *West End Blues* is better than Ed Lang's *Prelude*?

Of course you can't.

All that you can say is that they are good painting, or verse, or prose, or music, or jazz, or whatever it is. There I have given you one or two of my prejudices outside of jazz—but they are only prejudices.

Does it interest you to know that when I read lines like "Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe," I swear never again to defile good paper with my own puerilities, or that I can sit for hours and look at Paul's Tahitian girl?

Of course it doesn't.

Then why should you or anybody care whether I think that Louis gives me a greater kick in *That's My Home* than he does in *Savoy Blues*?

This is not an orgy of self-abasement, by the way. For the personal pronoun substitute the name of any pundit you please. As Wodehouse the Magnificent would say: "Slice us where you like, we're still boloney."

Eric A. Ballard.

WHAT'S YOUR CHOICE?

Well, you have read what Hugues Panassie has to say on the subject, and you have read his choices.

You have read what Eric Ballard thinks about it all.

Do you agree with either of them?—I know my list will be knocked to pieces instantaneously! Drop a line to the Editor, and let's see what the general opinion is regarding this most interesting subject.

No. 154. The committee and members of the Hornchurch Rhythm Club offer their deepest sympathy at the passing of Ken Johnson. At the March 16 meeting there was a lecture by Stan Ginn on "What is Swing?" and two Jam Sessions by the Club Group, comprising Art Hines and Len Pounds (saxes); Alf Tennyson, Gordon Jells and Harry Snell (accordions); Ron Crampton (drums). The March 23 meeting, at Kingswood Café (next L.P.T.B. garage), High Road, Hornchurch, at 3 p.m., will include the second recital in the "What is Swing?" series, by Art Hines, a record recital by Harry Snell, entitled "Blow Your Own Trumpet," and two Jam Sessions. All swing fans cordially invited. Inquiries to Harry Snell, Summerhill Lodge, Pippis Hill, Basildon, Essex.

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Comment

WHERE WERE THE BANDLEADERS?

FOURTEEN cars drove through London last Thursday, to take mourners to the funeral of Ken Johnson.

Music publishers turned out in force; the West Indian colony in London attended *en bloc*; fans, friends and associates of the dead leader travelled from all parts to pay their respects. One hundred and fifty people in all assembled to hear the minister, at the funeral service, mourn the "sudden and unexpected" passing of a "very gallant and distinguished gentleman."

The only fraternity that was conspicuous by its absence was the bigtime West End bandleaders, and all the more honour goes to Alf Van Straten, Van Phillips, Don Marino Barretto, Edmundo Ross, Teddy Foster, Reginald Foresythe and Felix Mendelssohn for ensuring that at least some leaders were present to say farewell to their colleague.

BUT these gentlemen would be the first to admit that they do not constitute a complete and representative list of this country's bandleaders. Where were all the leaders who, but for the grace of God, might have been in Ken Johnson's place? The bomb that struck him down in the performance of his duty might easily have struck any one of them down instead; the restaurant that crashed about him as he died might easily have been the restaurant in which any one of them was playing.

And was he not a worthy colleague? Did he not give service to the profession and entertainment to the public?

Surely the bandleaders could have shown their respect and sympathy by attending his funeral in a body?

Some, we know, were out of town, and of these Joe Loss sent a wreath; some, we know, were not out of town, and we can hardly believe that a spate of pressing work should coincidentally have struck all of them just at the time when Ken was being buried.

To any West End bandleader who could have attended and didn't, we would say—if you had been the victim, and if it had been your funeral, would you not have hoped that Ken Johnson might have thought your death sufficiently important to warrant his coming out early in the morning and baring his head in respectful farewell?

ECHO OF A SERENADE FRENESI

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WHO IS THERE TO TAKE KEN JOHNSON'S PLACE?

THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING! That, of course, is a traditional cry we have heard almost since time began, and, as often happens with such traditions and customs, we apply them to our own walks in life, our professional careers and our intimate associations.

It is, indeed, a very rare occasion when we cannot use that time-honoured saying, but, with the ill-fated passing of Ken Johnson, that occasion has occurred, and those of us whose lives are bound up with the progress of dance music in this country have to ask ourselves this question—the King is dead—who can succeed him?

For the moment, speaking purely from a professional point of view, I cannot think of anyone who could even be remotely considered as a candidate for the vacant throne.

Ken Johnson may not have been a great musician personally, but he had the gift of imparting his terrific enthusiasm for swing music to those who were, and the combination of his ideas plus the ability of his arrangers to interpret them gave us those wonderful arrangements which placed the West Indians in a class of their own.

Being no musician myself, I possibly have said all the wrong things, but, perhaps, if I may quote the words of Van Phillips, whose reputation as a musician is unquestioned, it may be more easily understood.

Van and I were admiring the many lovely floral tributes sent to Ken's funeral, when he said: "These beautiful flowers are a material tribute of the affection in which he was held, but, as a musician, although I never knew him personally, I ask myself, 'Who can take his place?' because he definitely contributed something different to dance music in this country."

THE FIGHT TO THE TOP

Perhaps more than anyone else I knew of the burning desire in Ken's heart really to make the grade, and now, when all that we both desired and planned looked like being realised, he has been taken from us.

When he first came to this country, he came as a student of law, then later turned to medicine, as his father—himself a doctor—wished him to follow in his own footsteps.

Swing music, however, had been in his heart for a long time, and eventually, with his parents' blessing, he decided to make it his calling.

I cannot say much about those early years, for I only met him in a casual manner at the Old Florida Club, when he was playing there, but I know from the conversations we have had since our friendship ripened that they were tough years.

He knew he was up against a wall of prejudice and resentment; he had difficulties with the boys in the band, which finally led him to break it up and take the bold step of sending home for new musicians, and thus starting the present West Indian Orchestra.

The new boys were enthusiastic about his ideas and his ability to lead them, and so he began his climb to the top of the ladder.

Our really personal association began when I booked Ken and the band to open at the Café de Paris, and a happier one I cannot wish for.

We soon found we had much in common and, as time went on, our personal association and our business interests grew closer and closer until we were as one.

All my life I shall be proud of the trust that Ken placed in me. In all our business discussions he used to say: "Leon, you're the guv'nor. If you say it's right, it's okay by me," and no more was said.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are indebted to the Bucks Free Press for some interesting information about Ken's early days. Educated at Queen's College, Georgetown, British Guiana, he came to England to study at Sir William Borlase's School, Marlow, from 1929 to 1931. He was regarded highly both as a student and an athlete, playing goalkeeper in the school first eleven and gaining his first eleven colours for cricket. He was 26½ years of age.



by
**LEON
CASSEL-
GERARD**

The night he was killed, he had been dining at the Embassy Club, and we had discussed a new project which was very close to his heart.

We had been offered a contract for him to appear with a second band at a famous bottle party, and it was his intention to model the band on similar lines to that of John Kirby, of whom he was a great admirer.

In addition, I had booked him and the West Indians to make a nine days' personal appearance tour in Manchester and district for the Newton Lane Agency, and he was full of ideas for making it a huge success.

We had also secured a new recording contract which would have enabled him to give full scope to his plans, for popularising swing music the way he loved it.

DEVOTION TO DUTY

And the crowning achievement of all his plans was to be the stage show we had planned in collaboration with his great friend Buddy Bradley. This was to be a band show without equal, and from my own knowledge of those plans I have no hesitation in saying it would have been sensational.

In the midst of our discussion at the Embassy, Ken said he had to get to work. The blitz was raging, and I tried my best to dissuade him from going out. But his heart—as always—was with his boys, and his job.

He went out into the inferno—and, ten minutes later he was dead. I say unhesitatingly that, had it not been for his devotion to duty, he would have been alive to-day.

Up to now I have dwelt mostly, and perhaps rightly, on Ken Johnson, as a bandleader, but it is only fitting that I say something about him as a man.

Every one who met him knows just how kind and gentle he was as a person. He was never heard to say a wrong thing about anyone; rather the reverse, he always found something nice to say about everyone, and it was this attractive quality that made him so loved by those who knew him intimately.

CIGAR-LOVER

Outside of his absorbing passion for his music his tastes were simple, if expensive. He loved good food, good wines, and above all a really good cigar. To indulge in these tastes he set himself a timetable which he rigidly adhered to.

He would dash back to his flat from the Café de Paris, after the tea dance, and bath and change. Then he would stroll over to one of his favourite restaurants, the L'Ecu de France, Le Coquille, Pastori's, or the Embassy Club.

There he would leisurely eat a well-

An Appreciation of Ken as a man and a bandleader from the pen of his Business- Manager

chosen dinner with perhaps a glass of wine, and then settle down to the enjoyment of a really big cigar. How he loved his cigars! They were his one extravagance, but for the enjoyment they gave him they were worth it.

I shared his liking for cigars, and many a laugh we had when he would pretend he had only brought one with him when he was dining with me, but somehow he always managed to discover another one in his inside pocket where he had carefully planted it for the occasion.

When we were discussing finance for some job or other he used to say, "as long as you get enough to buy us both a couple of good cigars, I'm satisfied."

With all his popularity Ken had no swollen head, and he loved nothing better than to go to one of the night's spots, after he had finished at the café, and sit in with the boys and jam to his heart's content.

He was a terrific dancer and could quite easily have made a fortune out of this gift alone, but to him it was merely a means of expressing his music.

Often after a tiring day he would go down to a night spot to relax, only to be spotlighted and called on to get up and do his stuff. He was rarely known to refuse.

Another side to his character was his love for the water. He owned his own boat and loved nothing more than to slip away at week-ends during the summer and explore the backwaters of the Thames.

Coupled with his love for sailing was his passionate desire for sunshine.



Ken—as we remember him.

Naturally he was accustomed to tropical heat, and our varying climate had the power to change his moods with the weather.

When the sun shone he was like quicksilver, radiant and shining, and I'm happy to think the sun shone in all its glory the day we said farewell to him.

With his boys, he was like a father. Their troubles were his and he would leave no stone unturned to see that they were happy and satisfied in their work and in their home life.

From time to time he was criticised for apparently being too lax with them, particularly at broadcast or stage rehearsals, but he always defended them and said they would be all right on the job. As they always were, it seems he knew best.

The many letters I have received since his death have been a revelation even to me, of the depths of affection in which he was held by people in all walks of life. But they were no more than he deserved, for he was honourable in business, kind, gentle and lovable in private life, and an outstanding personality in his profession.

If my present plans mature, I feel he will be happy in the knowledge that his boys are still together playing his kind of music and perpetuating his memory by using the title "THE KEN JOHNSON ORCHESTRA."

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BRAND'S ESSENCE OF NEWS

THESE last few days seem to have been full of birthdays. Among those who share with me the Sign of the Fishes is **BERYL DAVIES**, who reached the age of 17 on Sunday and celebrated the fact by singing with the Romany Band at the start of their band-of-the-week programmes.

The day before that some of you may have heard **CHRISTOPHER STONE** congratulating **CRICKLEWOOD BILLY SMITH** on his birthday during the former's daily Anniversaries programme.

Billy celebrated the day before, when he ran a dance at the Palais in aid of the Mayor of Hendon's Air Raid Relief Fund, and succeeded in handing over more than £50, exclusive of receipts for the dance—a total that should easily top £100.

That same Friday night, **STAN ATKINS** celebrated one year's residence at the Welling Embassy Rooms by holding a Birthday Dance in the smaller hall, at which several of the B.B.C.'s officials were present in an unofficial capacity, and a good time was had by all—and by one especially, who judged an Ankle Competition!

Stan had had hopes of holding this dance in the Grand Hall, since various ministries had recommended its release by the Bexley Borough Council last January. But latest news from Stan is that it doesn't look as though the Council is going to give it up after all.

They maintain that there are no alternative premises in which to house bombes' furniture. Stan insists that there are, and is not going to give up the struggle to get back his old premises.

However, he was greatly cheered by a birthday present from the B.B.C. itself. This was in the form of a wire asking him if he would undertake a broadcast with a 14-piece combination on Thursday, April 17, from 3.30 to 4.15 p.m.

You can guess his reply!

A new kind of song-plugging was revealed to me the other afternoon. Crossing Denmark Street, I had swiftly to leap aside to avoid death beneath a car pulling up outside Southern Music's offices.

Another agile movement saved my being knocked flat by the outward swinging doors. Out of the car stepped most of Southern's staff and driver **TEDDY FOSTER**, recently back from Glasgow.

"Nice work, Teddy!" commented **BILLY BOUGHTON**, and explained to me: "All my staff have been out buying budgerigar seed!"

Teddy had taken them on a tour of London's bird shops in quest

by PAT BRAND

of this apparently scarce commodity. With some result, I might add, judging by the packets piled on Billy's desk.

It's my belief he's going to let loose a flock of budgies, all trained to sing the words and music of *Frenesi*!

And whilst we're in the Alley, let's drop in on F., D. and H. Seated at his desk is **CHARLIE LUCAS**, wearing the badge of the Home Guard, in which he and his brother, Sun Music's **BERT LUCAS**, are such active and efficient members.

The other day a man came up to Charlie, pointed to the initials H.G., and asked: "What does that stand for—H! Gang?"

Incidentally, behind the story of **HARRY STAFFORD'S** return to the business lies one of the many untold acts of self-sacrifice brought about by this war.

Eighteen months ago this ace arranger decided that he could do more for his country by making munitions. He forsook an excellent job and went into training at £2 a week on precision grinding machinery.

He was doing excellently until he caught his left hand in the mechanism. Now, no longer any use to the factories, no longer able to play the piano, since two fingers of his left hand are rendered permanently useless, he is back again at his old job, scoring and arranging the music that will speed production in similar factories to that in which he worked.

No wonder troops in the South-Eastern area are asking: "Pass the mustard, please!" For one of the most popular concert parties touring is entitled "The Mustard Pots."

This comprises a dozen men specially selected out of hundreds of applicants by **LIEUT. JENKINS**, who, in addition to being responsible for the production of their revue, "Thumbs Up!" is a compère of some renown in connection with star shows in and around the Bournemouth area.

The whole show goes to the swing of a five-piece band consisting of Ray Gibbs, a brilliant semi-pro pianist; Roy Pearce, a stylish swing drummer; Charles Harrold, probably better known as Carl Ziegler, on violin, who has

played with various broadcasting bands: Laurie Richie, another pro, doubling 'cello, guitar and tenor sax, known for his work with Billy Bissett's Band; and George Weast, another well-known London pro, doubling alto, baritone and violin.

A feature of the revue is the fine two-piano work of Ray Gibbs and Billy Anthony, who brilliantly doubles the accordion. Another very popular musical feature is the trio which comprises Laurie Richie ('cello), Charles Harrold (violin) and Ray Gibbs (piano).

This act has been hailed as a first-class combination, and has even been approached from various sources with regard to taking on a resident job after the war.

On the whole, the outfit has been magnificently acclaimed by both admirers (who include Major **ERIC MASCHWITZ**) and critics. And you won't be surprised to hear that the show will be going over the Forces programme at 9.20 p.m. on March 24.

Back in harness again last week was radio and recording drummer **FRANK PITKIN**, after being blown up, buried in debris and receiving shrapnel wounds.

Five months ago he went into a bombed hospital and succeeded in rescuing five nurses. He went in again for the sixth, and part of the building collapsed on top of him. As a result of which, he has spent from that time till last week in hospital.

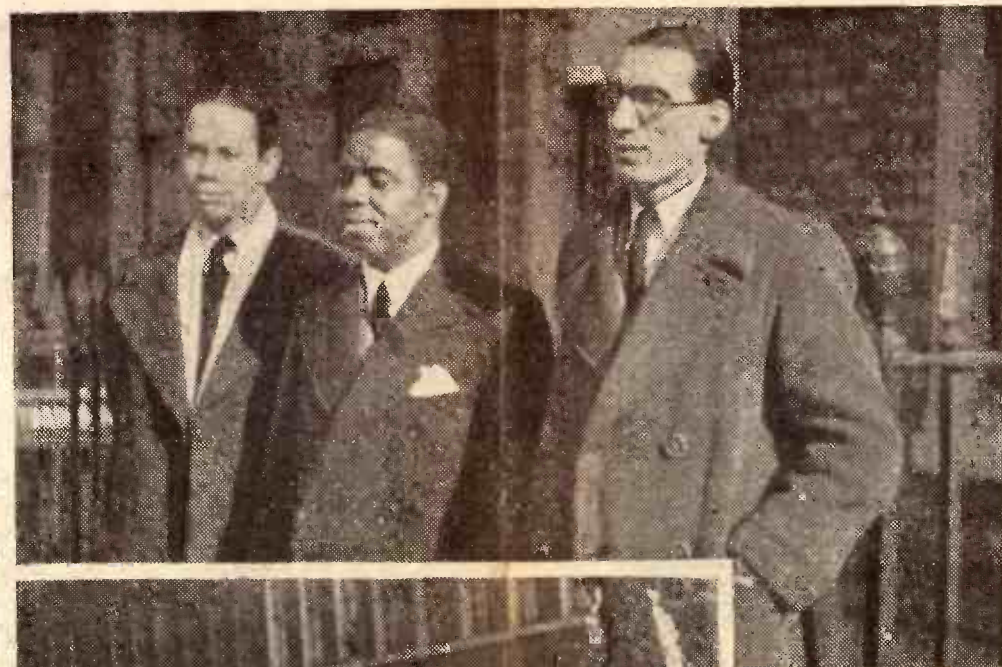
Frank was also at Broadcasting House when a delayed action bomb struck it, so one way and another he can consider himself lucky to be alive.

However, now recovered, he's out on a forty-six weeks' tour for ENSA and proving a great success at every Garrison Theatre and camp the show visits.

There seems to have been a certain amount of confusion last week between *The Breeze* and I.

With the result that I must now offer my apologies to a first-rate trombone-player and an excellent vocalist, **ERIC BREEZE**, as thousands of you know as well as I do, is no more a vocalist with Billy Cotton's Band than I am. He's a very famous RAF trombonist, though. It's **ALAN BREEZE**, of course, to whom I was referring in last week's par.

Postscript, too, to my reference last week to guitarist **ALFRED KEOLOHA LIFE**. At the termination of the Hawaiian Serenaders' two-weeks' stay at Bentall's, Kingston, Alfred joins **TROISE** and his Mandoliers as featured artist, and starts with them at Oldham on March 31.



KEN JOHNSON'S FUNERAL

Pictures by Stanley Nelson

At the top of this set of pictures, you see three members of Ken Johnson's West Indian Orchestra who attended the funeral of their leader. They are (left to right) David Wilkins, Leslie Hutchinson (trumpets) and Tommy Wilson (drums.)



Some idea of the impressive nature of the funeral can be gleaned from the second picture, which shows the cortege about to leave Doughty Street. Below that is one of the wreaths—a full-sized bass drum outlined in flowers, and with the side-drum, etc., made in flowers. The bottom picture shows some of the wreaths. In the foreground is Teddy Foster's original contribution—a treble clef and stave with a conductor's baton through the five lines.

Floral tributes were received from the following:—

The Director-General and Staff of the B.B.C.; the Music Corporation of America; Gerald Hamilton; Sir Frederick O'Connor; Mrs. Johnson; Ivor Cummings and Aggrey House; Ilona Sylva; Turner Layton and Family; Mrs. Franklin and Family; Mr. and Mrs. L. Hutchinson; Lady Iris O'Malley and Lavinia Clarke; Stan Bowsher; Leon Cassel-Gerard and Anglo-American Artists; Betty Kent; Eileen and Betty Farrell; Tom Elliott and Bernard Harris; Elwyn, Julie, Bill and Estelle; The Musicians' Union; Mr. and Mrs. Clarry

Wears; Teddy Foster; Bobby Barnett; Joe Loss; Ike Hatch; Douglas Byng; Mr. and Mrs. G. Roberts; Felix Mendelssohn; Coloured People's Welfare Association; Ralph Boosey; Freddy Tudor; Betty Ward; Arthur Gibson; "The Melody Maker"; Jimmy Phillips; Joe Brannelly; Peter Maurice; Mrs. E. Reed; Edmundo Ros; R. Inglis; Dennis Walton; Leslie Thompson; the Havana Club Band; the Boys of Ken Johnson's Band; Walter Currie; Francis Francis and the Café de Paris; Mrs. V. Baker; Olga and Leslie Kettle; Joseph Bingham ("Frisco"); Van Straten, and many others which arrived too late to be included in this official list.

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THE GRIM PRESENT OF JAZZ: FROM 'HOT' TO 'SWING'

by
"MIKE"

IN my attempt to keep to the straight and narrow path of the subject in hand, I find myself having to exercise considerable self-control.

There is the makings of a first-class argument in Graeme Butcher's article in last week's issue, discussing "The Greatest Solos in Jazz." When—as must inevitably happen—the fight becomes a free-for-all, perhaps I may join in.

And (what's more) I shall probably prove that all the solos chosen by other people were not improvised, but written down.

However, we were discussing the grim present of jazz.

I recalled last week how the public suddenly went hay-wire over what it called "swing." The standard of "good" as opposed to "popular" dance music inevitably deteriorated when quantity was demanded by the public in place of quality.

But there was an ironic touch about the whole thing which has always intrigued me.

IRONY

If I were a commercial bandleader, it would intrigue me even more. The irony consists in the fact that, after all those years, the commercial bandleader found himself making money out of the hitherto despised "hot" jazz—or at least out of the reputation of the aforesaid "hot" jazz.

The success of "swing" was so sudden, so overwhelming, that the ordinary commercial band found itself forced to line up with the new recruits, or else.

Fortunately, it didn't quite turn out that way. The old commercial bands didn't find themselves left behind, if they failed to toe the line. It was rather the other way round.

The newly-famous "swing" boys found themselves having to toe a line they never dreamt of: the line of "commercial" dance music.

This—I think—is how it happened. The "swing" band became the rage: for a while the ordinary public thought everything in the teagarden was Goodman—if you know what I mean.

But the ordinary public, being what it was, still hankered after the soft

mother's milk it had been brought up on. At this point there arose a terrible situation. There was a conflict of loyalties that was nobody's business.

The ordinary public, having screeched so long for "swing," discovered that the leopard of instinctive taste had not changed its spots.

In other words: while "swing" was all right, couldn't they please have a nice pretty commercial tune now and then—even if it must be played in a rather modern style, and that sort of thing?

The new favourites of "swing" replied: yes, if you must.

Then what happened? The Goodmans, the Dorseys, and goodness knows who else, made gestures for the sake of the public.

I won't say that it was entirely in order to keep their places with the public, but there was no doubt a point in the history of jazz when a number of erstwhile stars of "hot" jazz began a policy of appeasement.

I don't blame them. If I were a famous "swing" figure there is nothing in this world I would like more than to be allowed to turn round and teach the "commercial" boys that their sort of music is better for being arranged and played by musicians instead of by businessmen.

COMPROMISE

Of course, that is just what happened. Except that I wasn't one of the people doing it.

The public asked for its commercial tunes played by the most successfully commercial bands of the time. And, as it happened, the most successfully commercial bands were also the "swing" bands.

So when the public felt that it had enough of *Bugle Call Rag*, and asked for something less spectacular, the "swing" bands provided it.

In a sense, I suppose, it was a compromise. If you are a purist, then you

might think the compromise a sign of weakness.

Personally, I am no purist; I consider myself a professional by nature, and I admire professionalism when I find it in others.

I believe that any artist, any writer, any musician (I don't mean that little catalogue to be taken in order of merit) should be able to turn his hand to almost any job according to the dictates of his employers—i.e., the public.

A certain artistic conscientiousness must remain, of course, but on the whole there is a darn sight too much of "oh, that's below my dignity" about things in this world.

Perhaps—now I think of it—the best thing that could have happened to the ordinary run of "commercial" dance music was that the "swing" musicians should have been asked to provide it.

I don't blame anybody for cashing in on the demand for commercial tunes; the temptation must have been irresistible. That, however, is beside the point.

MUSICIANLY

The main thing is that the "swing" favourites *did* provide "ordinary" dance music, and on their own terms.

With the result that "popular" tunes are better played, more interestingly arranged, musically more satisfactory than ever they were.

That is not such a sweeping statement as you might think. I told you the other day that, for one reason and another, I have to listen to a lot of new jazz these days.

My job is the selection of current tunes as recorded by the various companies. What I do with these records when I have selected them is another matter.

But one thing I have learned, and it makes my job very easy indeed: that one may choose the latest hit at random from the month's lists and be *absolutely certain* that the performance will be clean and musicianly.

All one has to do is to look in the supplement and pick out the tune, knowing that whatever band is playing, whether it is American or Local, the tune will be presentable to a very fastidious audience.

So much for "commercial" jazz these days. Good jazz is another matter, and gives me innumerable headaches.

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SISTER.—Gloria Kaye.

TELL you it's in the family. With father a famous Cantor in the East End of London, a brother First Cantor in Sydney, and sister Gloria the singing high-spot of a current road show, is it any wonder that smiling ALAN KANE found fame and fortune waiting for him from the time he started following family tradition?

I have often wondered in the past just how and when these big names of "doh, ray, me" first discover the £ s. d. that lurks in their tonsils, and Alan, at least, is no chance bathroom Caruso.

At the age of nine he was star soloist in a choir.

Off duty and out of surplice it was the same story.

With the aid of a partner and two ukuleles, he put on a double vocal act at concerts and dances that undoubtedly laid the foundation for the many stage appearances that followed in later years.

The first of these took place soon after leaving school, when with his charming and talented sister he went on the boards with a musical show in which he sung and played the drums. Slowly it began to drift round the profession that young Kane, besides

RAISING KANE!

Personalities in Paragraph

by ERIC WINSTONE

being a useful man with the skins, could also put over a vocal chorus slightly more than somewhat, and gradually he became in demand as much as a singer of songs as a beater of rhythms.

In 1934, with the aid of a portable gramophone, a collection of his records, and an enormous amount of determination, he gate-crashed the West End by waylaying Lew Stone in the seclusion of his dressing-room at a theatre.

His initiative had effect. When Al Bowly left for America, Lew booked Alan to take his place with the band, and at last he was definitely in.

No need for me to tell you of his success.

Featured in several commercial radio programmes, including those of Horlicks and Black Magic chocolates, he also recorded for every gramophone label in the country.

It became a habit, when in doubt, to say Alan Kane, and in nine cases out of ten you were right.

His engagement with Ambrose marked the crowning achievement of his career. Even the war did not stop him, and to-day, singing with Harry Leader at Hammersmith Palais, he combines the duties of drummer-vocalist with that of providing tea for thirsty journalists-cum-accordion players whenever I call in to see him and his charming wife.

As a matter of fact, I'm just wondering when he's going to get around to introducing me to his sister.

But that's a different story entirely.

Meet "Uncle" TOM ELLIOTT of Lafleur's cabin.

I beg your pardon, so you've met before?

In that case, I'll waste neither space nor typewriter ribbon in telling you the kind of company you keep, for it must be impossible for anyone to be with this smiling, good-natured young old-timer more than five minutes without appreciating those human qualities that have made him one of the most popular figures in the song business.

Starting with the firm soon after the last war, he used to handle the film angle of what was then one of the largest straight lists in the country.

The advent of talkies, however, coupled with the acquisition of a brand new catalogue of Mills hits from America made him turn his attention to the dance business, where his friendly personality brought him a host of friends amongst the band leaders and radio artists.

To-day he, sits in the chair of exploitation manager for both Lafleur's and Hawkes, and there can be few big names in show business that have not, at some time or other, had cause to be grateful to "Uncle" Tom, as he is known throughout the profession.

A little thing, perhaps, but I can remember the time many years ago when, the smallest of all small-timers, I took my first arrangement to him in the hope of getting it accepted.

My reception, even in those days, could not have been more pleasant if I had been carrying a bundle of radio contracts instead of my first manuscript.

Thank you, "Uncle" ...

No need to ask whether you remember stick expert PHIL WATTS.

Responsible for many fine broadcasts, both with his swing quartette and also his large band, Phil gave up a front-rank position amongst radio band leaders to volunteer for the Royal Air Force, and returned to the air a short time ago in one of the Radio Rhythm Club programmes.

Shortly afterwards, I had the pleasure of meeting him again when he was up in town on leave, and he tells me that everything is fine in the camp where he is stationed.

There is to be another session in the near future for this talented young skin merchant, and he will be repeating the mixture as before with his new "Dixieland" ensemble he has formed since the war.

In the old days, Phil was one of the few musicians in this country who suc-

ceeded in taking coals to Newcastle, letters of appreciation being received from as far afield as America, where swing enthusiasts had picked up his music on the short waves.

Maybe with the Lease and Lend Bill in operation, the U.S.A. would accept him for the duration in exchange for a battleship.

But I'm afraid we should have to have him back afterwards!

Maybe now Spring has come I can take up billiards again. I never play in the cold weather, the sight of three balls together always reminds me of my overcoat.

That man's here again.

To-morrow, Saturday, at 3.30 p.m., on the Forces wavelength, VIC PARKER brings his accordion to the microphone again, with Herbert Thorne, the well-known baritone, in a fifteen-minute heart flutter titled "Serenade Your Sweetheart."

We'll be listening ... lady-killer.

Changing over from his Grand Accordion Band to legitimate dance instrumentation, GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD takes over the band of the week on March 24.

Line-up details are not yet to hand, but featured vocalists will include Les Douglas, Johnny Green and Betty Kent, while steel guitarist Al Shaw is making a special journey down from Manchester to do the sessions with his old boss. At sixteen, Johnny is the youngest male vocalist ever to do a week's resident broadcasting.

Introducing commercial traveller VIC MILNER, who used to drum for Stan Bloomfield, Charles Cooper and many other well-known bandleaders back in the old days, and who is now looking for an opportunity of returning to the profession.

Experienced in stage work, Vic has been holding the sticks since the age

AMBITIOUS NEW DISC SUPPLEMENTS

THE war time emergency law, which, to conserve paper supplies, prohibits the free distribution of printed advertising matter, has had a spectacular effect on the recording companies' monthly supplements.

Forced now to sell these supplements, which hitherto were given away, the companies have felt compelled to offer something more ambitious for even the nominal half-penny and penny they are now charging for them.

The most enterprising production is that introduced by H.M.V.

Called the "His Master's Voice" Record Review, it consists of 16 pages.

It is artistically got up, profusely illustrated, and contains numerous "articlettes" on many of the records, their performers and composers, as well as a complete list of the records released since the publication of the 1940 H.M.V. General Catalogue.

Among the bigger features in the March issue is the first of a series of articles by Edgar Jackson, designed to help the general public towards a better appreciation and understanding of jazz.

Some idea of the importance which H.M.V. place on this series may be gathered from the fact that it is given a whole page to itself.

This "H.M.V." Record Review costs one penny.

At the same price, Columbia have issued, under title Columbia Record Guide, an almost equally ambitious production containing pictures of, amongst others, Andre Kostelanetz, Monte Rey, Nelson Eddy, Nat Gonella, Bing Crosby, Carroll Gibbons, and Victor Silvester.

The Parlophone and Regal productions cost only one halfpenny each and are somewhat smaller. But here again one finds the same interesting array of photographs and attractive lay-outs.



BROTHER—Alan Kane

of ten, and has played with military bands, drum and fife bands, and light orchestras, as well as the usual dance combinations.

Unfortunately, I haven't enough coupons at the moment to provide a fatted calf, but anyone interested in the return of the prodigal in question can get in touch with him at 7, Lacey Street, E.3.

Which reminds me of the landlady who said she could always tell a commercial traveller by the bags under his eyes. Sorry.

Pat Brand writes:— Sensationalism surely can go no further than the exhibition, in a London music dealer's window last Friday, of a scarred and battered trumpet labelled:

"From (a bombed London restaurant). Not for Sale." Following immediate protestations from a great number of the musical profession, I'm glad to say this pathetic relic was withdrawn from the public gaze.

A couple of changes in SYD PETTIT'S Twickenham Palais Band find tenor saxist FRED BURNE now in the alto chair, and HAROLD FLATON coming in on tenor and fiddle.

Newcomer to the band is red-headed MARJORIE HOWELL, recently pianist with Max Castelli's Orchestra, and in addition to seven sessions a week with Syd, she's in charge of Castelli's School of Music and his Accordion Band while he's in the RAF.

Already these three are settling down well together, and Syd should soon be leading a pretty useful quintet.

His band has now been at Twickenham for over fifteen months, and has only missed one night's playing on account of the blitz—that was when, in Syd's words, "an insanitary bomb came through the roof."

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KIRBY AND BOB CROSBY ON THE AIR

BILLY PLONKIT'S
DILEMMA! by Dick Empson

War Time Radio Reviewed by "DETECTOR"

THE tragedy of poor Ken Johnson, killed by a Nazi bomb recently, was brought to mind once again when he should have broadcast at 7.30 p.m. last Friday in the Forces programme.

Announcing that Jack Jackson would take his place, the B.B.C. paid a final tribute to the dead coloured leader which was all the more poignant because of its sincerity.

Let us forget the tragedy that has taken a dear friend from us and remember only the happiness he and his music gave to so many.

It is what he himself would have wished.

Within the last few days the B.B.C. has broadcast the recordings made in America of two programmes which it had previously relayed from the States.

The first, at noon last Saturday, was of John Kirby and his orchestra, originally relayed on September 5, 1940. The second, at 10.30 a.m. the following day, was of the Bob Crosby broadcast which originally took place almost a year previously, on March 29, 1940.

Exactly what the original broadcasts sounded like I do not know, because at the time I was engaged on other duties and did not report them.

But it is safe to assume that the recordings, which were quite good, were much better than the short-wave relays, which generally suffer more or less from "atmospherics."

Announced as "the biggest little band in America," Kirby (probably with "Buster" Bailey (clarinet); Russell Procope (alto), Charlie Shaves (trumpet), Billy Kyle (piano), and O'Neil Spencer (drums), put up a show which at least proved his band to be all that its Parlophone records had led one to believe.

If there was a high spot it was Billy Kyle's piano playing, but this little outfit is so agile, its music so full of verve and ingenuity, that to pick on any one individual is merely invidious.

Yet, taken all round, I did not think the selection of titles did the outfit full justice.

Transcription of tunes such as Chopin waltzes, and even *Griselle's Nocturne*, are questionable enough when done by large bands.

On little get-off combinations like this they merely made one realise how much more acceptable such Kirby specialties as *The Turf*, *Opus 5* and *Royal Garden Blues* would have been.

However, the Bob Crosby presentation left one with no such doubts.

Opening with a grand fox-trot arrangement of the old waltz *Over the Waves*, with its swell tenor solo by Eddie Miller, the band followed on with a very pleasing performance of *Shake Down the Stars*.

Bill Butterfield's trumpet (representing the negro preacher) was a high spot of *I'm Free and Humble*, and then, after a polished performance of *On the Isle of May*, we came to the Bob Cat's version of *Jazz Me Blues*.

To say that this was a high spot of the broadcast is to put it mildly. This group's modernised resurrection of the old Dixieland style is just about as good as "Muggsy" Spanier's, and if that doesn't say a mouthful nothing could.

Jess Stacy's piano solo of one of his own compositions, *Complainin'*, was another great contribution, before the band turned to *Embraceable You*, featuring Irving Fazola's immaculate clarinet, and the old New Orleans classic *High Society*.

To sum up, it may be said that this band is so good all round and has such fine arrangements that it doesn't really matter what tunes it plays.

Its sweet numbers are as attractive as its more rhythmical offerings, and there wasn't a bar in the whole pro-

gramme which could fairly be adversely criticised.

Harmonica (or, if you prefer it, mouth-organ) players were probably not the only listeners to "Happidrome" last Sunday who were intrigued by the wizardry of Ronald Chesney, playing *Ferryboat Serenade* and *Dance of the Hours*.

Chesney is, of course, best known to "M.M." readers for his series of articles on mouth-organ playing which appeared in these columns not long ago, and he proved more than adequately that he can put his preachings into practice.

I have never heard anyone play the instrument more brilliantly—not even Larry Adler.

The B.B.C. now transmits 78 news bulletins daily in its Overseas Services. They go out in 34 different languages and occupy a total of 145 hours per week.

In addition, the B.B.C.'s Monitoring Service takes note daily, for the benefit of Government Departments, of some 200 news broadcasts from foreign countries in 30 languages.

Apparently the cost of this expensive, but essential, contribution to the nation's war effort comes out of the 10s. paid annually by set owners for their wireless licences.

Isn't this a bit unfair on one section of the community, especially as it must mean less money for home entertainment programmes?

RHYTHM CLUB NEWS

No. 140. The Stockton-on-Tees Rhythm Club and the Stockton Record and Instrumental Club have amalgamated, and it is proposed henceforth to hold fortnightly meetings at a venue to be arranged. All swing enthusiasts in the district should contact either T. L. Kane, of 68, Buchanan Street, or H. Dack, of 3, Empire Arcade, Stockton-on-Tees.

No. 150. At last Sunday's meeting of the Ilford Rhythm Club there was a miscellaneous record recital, and Alan Mead gave his recital on Teddy Wilson. A Riddle-Rhythm competition followed, which was won by Ron Whitworth. The Jam Session by the Club Jam Group featured Len Wood (tenor and clarinet), Charlie Weedon (cornet), Alan Mead (piano), Les Robinson (guitar), Jack Surridge (bass), and Tom O'Callaghan and Harry Moulton (drums). At the meeting on March 23 Charlie Weedon will elucidate Dixieland style, there will be another recital by Alan Mead in the series "Star Pianists," and the usual Jam Session.

No. 151. To-morrow's (22nd) meeting of the Dewsbury Rhythm Club is scheduled to hear Vernon Thornes give a recital entitled "The Future of Jazz," and on Thursday next Ronald Wraith will talk about "Trumpet Players in Jazz."

No. 152. At the March 16 meeting of the High Wycombe Rhythm Club the Secretary gave a recital on "The Blues." The evening concluded with a Jam Session featuring George Oliver (tenor and clarinet); Ron Cloke (trumpet); Ron Meachen (piano); Maurice Goodearl (guitar); Norman Hill (bass); and Jimmy Hearnsum (drums). All communications to P. J. Duffell, 53, Millend Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.

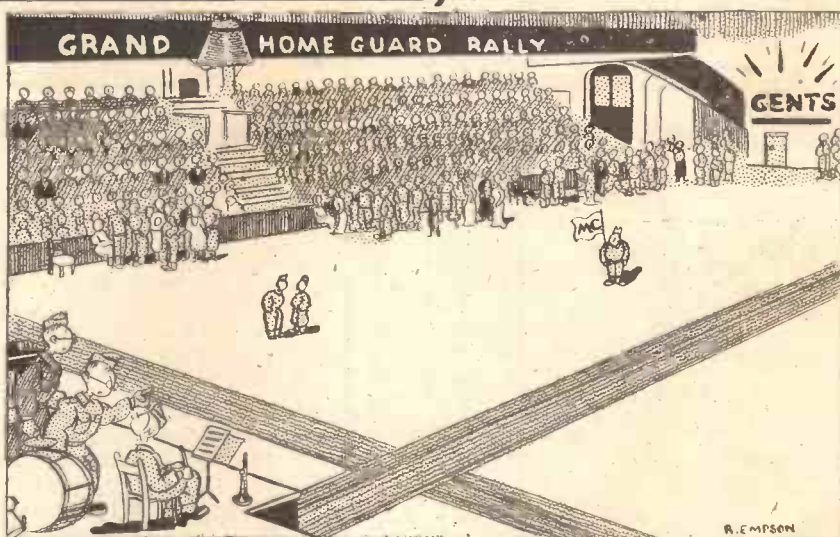
No. 155. The March 12 meeting of the Watford Rhythm Club commenced with a recital on Bix Beiderbecke by Bill Nickell. During the interval there were two competitions, followed by a recital on "The Blues" by Mr. Turnell. The secretary is now G. R. Pratt, of 124, Mildred Avenue, Watford, Herts (phone 4325).

No. 158. At the March 15 meeting of the Staines Rhythm Club, the Brunswick Chicago Album was reviewed and discussed. Also members' new records were played. The next meeting will be at 7.30 p.m. on March 21. A Jam Session has been arranged for March 29 at 2.30 p.m. at the "Three Tuns," London Road, Staines, and instrumentalists will be especially welcome.

Beckenham. R. A. Leeks, of 26, Forest Ridge, Beckenham, Kent, proposes to form an informal group of true jazz lovers in the Beckenham district, and asks all such to communicate with him as soon as possible.

S.W. London. Mr. D. Tilt, of 14, Stamford Way, Norbury, is keen to reopen the S.W. London Club in Streatham, and wants all who are interested to communicate with him.

N.W.3. The N.W. Group Rhythm Club opens on Sunday, March 30, at 3 p.m., at the Rosslyn Lodge Hotel, Lyndhurst Gardens, near Belsize Park Tube, Hampstead. The meeting will comprise recitals by Rex Harris and the secretary, Eric Preston, and a Jam Session with Ted Snood, Andre Goersch, and others. Will jazz enthusiasts in London who would like to become members or guests at the meetings communicate with the Secretary at Keats House, Keats Grove, Hampstead, N.W., by post, or telephone HAMPstead 2067 any evening between 6 and 7 p.m.?



LADIES' BAND SCORES AT GLASGOW Hugh Hinshelwood's Scots News

THE all-ladies band is certainly a rarity in Glasgow, as since 1924, when Gertie Desmond had a quartette at the old Ritz there have only been a few isolated appearances by fair sex ensembles.

At the Locarno, however, the well-known and popular Ivy Benson has just been installed for an extended season, and her ensemble will certainly cause no diminution of the enormous business the hall has been doing all winter. One thing, at any rate—it will surely be a novelty for patrons to see a line-up which stays the same week after week in these days of call-ups to Army and training centres!

Advance news from the West Coast would indicate that Rothesay is going to be an attractive spot for holiday-makers.

Mr. George Bowie, the well-known promoter, is going to have his Winter Gardens variety shows as usual, and also the new Dance Pavilion, which supplied a long-felt want in the "Madeira" two or three years ago. Musical arrangements are still pending.

When the Playhouse started its big band bookings the popular Thursday old-time session was discontinued. Jack Marshall, who runs both the Cameo band and ballroom, pulled off a good stroke of business by coming to terms with dance-maestro Wood, who looked after this promotion, and the old-time fans now have a weekly session at Jack's hall.

RABIN CLICKS

The general feeling about Oscar Rabin's visit to the Playhouse was that a fortnight was not nearly enough for this popular band.

Very good business was done, and at least one record was set up, the figures for one Saturday night being a new high.

Beryl Davis, Eddie Palmer with his Novachord, and Jan Zaldski, the Polish tenor, will all certainly be welcomed on the next visit of this 'real dancers' band.

Up at the West End Ballroom, band arrangements have been changed, the musical end now being looked after by Jack Hastings, local tenor and fiddle man.

The Purley Schools (Drapers) dance, which is usually held in a palais de danse, took place in the Grosvenor this year, Pete Low providing a twelve-piecer.

Occasions like these usually provide a good excuse for "five brass," but as it would need Sherlock himself to find any brass these days, Pete wisely dodged a headache and used a three fiddles-cello-three sax front line. The result certainly justified the choice, on this occasion anyway.

Bob Gardner, who used to drum for Pete Low pre-war, was home on a very short leave from his present occupation of minesweeping, so for old times sake Pete had him in the line-up at the aforementioned gig.

Also at the gig, as a guest, was bassist Pete Watson, who was in Pete Low's line-up at Lewis's, and is now in the Army Pay Corps.

ALL-LANCS. CONTEST

Friday next, March 28,
at the Carlton Ballroom,
Rochdale, Lancs.

★ THE FIRST, AND POSSIBLY ONLY, CONTEST IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO HOLD THIS SEASON, OWING TO WAR-TIME CONDITIONS, THIS EVENT LOOKS LIKE BEING ONE OF THE FINEST EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT THE LANCASHIRE DISTRICT WILL HAVE ENJOYED FOR MANY MONTHS.

"Although," writes organiser Lew Buckley, "I have still a few vacancies, I already have bands competing from Oldham, Ashton, Bury, Blackburn, Liverpool, Leeds and Manchester.

"In dealing with applications for entry I have been deeply impressed to find how bands are managing to carry on.

"I have arranged for dancing to take place from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., and to ensure that it shall be non-stop I have engaged Freddy Platt and his 12-piece orchestra as house band.

"I have also applied for a licence, and tables can be reserved by applying direct to the Carlton (phone: Rochdale 3347).

Well, that seems such a promising start that there is little we need add to it.

The contest is, of course, open to amateur and semi-pro. bands from all parts of Great Britain, and combinations desirous of competing, but who have not already applied for entry, should send their applications immediately to Lew Buckley, at 107, Broadway, Royton, Oldham, Lancs. (Phone: MAIn (Oldham) 1431). Service bands are eligible and will be especially welcome.

Adjudication will be undertaken by Edgar Jackson, Eddie Macauley, and, possibly, Richard Valery, if he can get away from his R.A.F. duties, and there will be the usual "M.M." Bannerette of Honour, Diplomas and other handsome prizes for the winning bands and best soloists.

This may concern you!

If you are a Cinema Organist or direct a Theatre, Cinema, Hotel, Cafe or Dance Orchestra, we invite you to send to us for

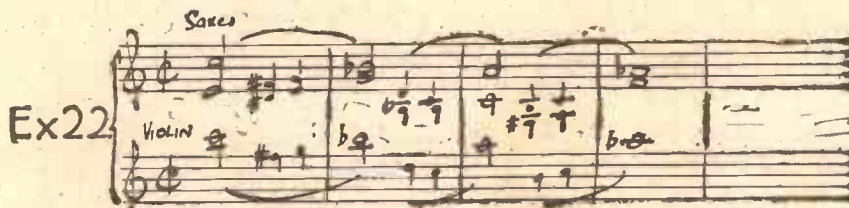
PROFESSIONAL SETS OF DANCE OR STRAIGHT ORCHESTRATIONS

—NOTE—
The following particulars must be sent with your request:

- (1) Send Pro. Card or Printed Letter Heading.
- (2) Private Address.
- (3) Address where Band playing.
- (4) Exact make-up of Orchestra.
- (5) State if interested in Dance, Straight, or both.
- (6) State whether you make returns to the P.R.S.

A charge of 2/- will be made to cover postal costs, etc., but in return a good parcel of works by leading writers will be sent immediately. YOU MUST NOT MISS THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

PAXTON'S, 36-38 Dean St., London, W.1



ARRANGING HINTS

by SID PHILLIPS

★ **ALTHOUGH** I have dealt with the treatment of the melody and rhythm instruments in the depleted war time orchestra, I have purposely omitted the violin, on the ground that many small orchestras will not possess one.

But for those in which there is a violin, there are some useful ways of employing this orchestral voice which are a little away from the orthodox.

Apart from the solos which will be a valuable addition to the ensemble from the violin, the instrument can also be employed to advantage playing with the sax team.

In a passage such as that shown in Ex. 22, the violin is seen doubling the alto an octave higher. This adds "bite" to the passage, and is an effect you should often employ.

Then in unison passages, such as that shown in Ex. 23 for the saxophones, the addition of the violin, also in unison, really is demanded to preserve the broad and sweeping nature of the phrase.

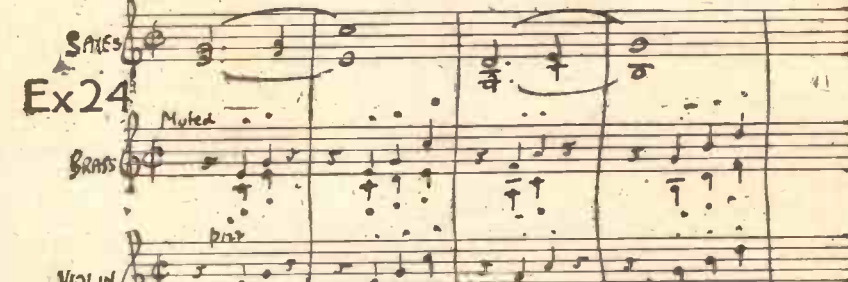
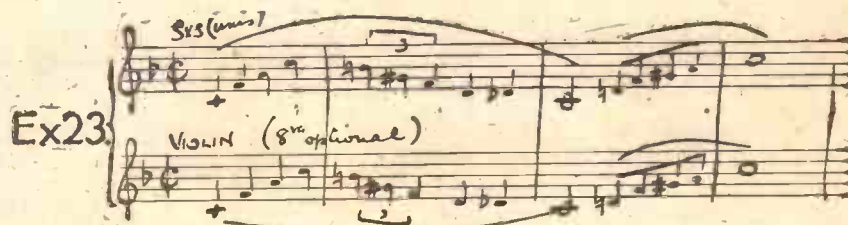
The use of the fiddle in counter-melodies is so self-evident that it is hardly necessary to point it out, and good violinists can add greatly to the musicality of a passage with tasteful counters.

In the third example this week we have a slow-moving sax melody with clipped brass figures.

The brass is muted, and I give you here just another admirable use for the violin, this time pizzicato.

A word here about "pizz" fiddle. This use of the fiddle can add most effectively to the piquancy of a musical phrase, but don't for heaven's sake overdo it, like a fiddler I heard many years ago at a contest. He played a whole "hot" pizz. chorus.

At least, he thought it was hot!



Classified Advertisements

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.

SALE BY AUCTION

OF THE STOCK OF A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEALER

Comprising a large number of Piano Accordions (120 bass, 80 bass, 48 bass and 24 bass) by Hohner, Gerdal, Alvari, Estrella, and others; Saxophones by Conn and Selmer; Clarinets by Buisson; low-pitch Bassoons; low-pitch Boehm Flutes by Rudall Carte; Guitars; also parts; Music, etc., to be sold by

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(Son of the late WALLIS ELLIS, of Stockwell)

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Go Anywhere - Own Transport
Own Microphone
All Coms. to: 70, HAYDON ROAD, WIMBLEDON, S.W.19.
Telephone: Liberty 4913.

INSTRUMENT REPAIRS

"ATMO-PROOF" Drumheads. — See advertisement on opposite page.

MUSIC WANTED

WANTED, small up-to-date dance library. Give titles and lowest price for cash.—26, Sandorue Avenue, Shrewsbury.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

DRUM BARGAINS!!

FULL supplies in stock at LEN WOOD'S, 12, Richmond Buildings, off Dean Street, W.1. (Gerrard 1386). 10 per cent. discount to members of H.M. Forces. No H.P. terms.

BEST quality snare and batter heads fitted to your snare drum (no charge for lapping) 15/- and 17/6.—Same day service at LEN WOOD'S, Gerrard 1386.

CARLTON, 14 x 7, glitter silver, £7; Premier Olympic, 14 x 6, £4/10; 3 octave harpaphone, F.P., £6.—JOHNNY PROST, 6, Meard Street, London, W.1.

EXCELLENT full-sized piano accordion for sale, £10.—Apply FELDMAN, 9, Oakleigh Gardens, Edgware, EDG. 1105.

HAWKES Tympani, orchestral model, 24 1/2 in. x 27 1/2 in., slide-in legs, deep copper shells, as new, tubular bells, eight 1 1/2 in. tubes, on oak frame, low pitch, E flat, £20 the lot, cash. Any evening 6 p.m.—GORDON WHATLEY, 3, Clifton Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.

NEW "Gibson L.75" guitar, with plectrum guard and case, unscratched, 21 guineas.—Apply, J. LUCAS (Top Flat), 32, Grosvenor Road, Chiswick, W.4.

DRUMMERS' KITS.—28 x 15 D.T. B-drum, 14 x 6 S-drum, accessories, 10 gns.; trap-table, 15/6; Krupa cymbals holders, 7/6; thin cymbals, 12-in. Zinjians 16/6, 11-in. 14/6, 10-in. 12/6, 8-in. 10/6; 15-in. Zildjian 20/-, 10-in. 30/-; 13-in. swish, 17/6.—115, Longwood Gardens, Ilford.

ZILCO cymbal, paper thin, 11 in., £2/5, post free.—LEN WOOD.

HIGH HATS.—Premier chrome, £3/5; Premier, £3 and £2/5. Cymbals extra.—LEN WOOD.

CHINESE Tom-tom, 12 in., new, 25/-.—LEN WOOD.

PREMIER trap tray super, £2; Premier ditto, 27/6. Others in stock.—LEN WOOD.

DRUM KITS as new. Storm pearl, £20; full-size kit, £9; small gong and snare drum, 30/- the pair; temple blocks, genuine Korean, 35/-.—LEN WOOD.

BESSON trumpet, Class A, B flat, perfect, super case, £7/10.—LEN WOOD.

SETTIMIO soprani 3 piano accordion with case, slightly used, 120/41; also Selmer sterling metal clarinet, Albert. What offers?—HEN-SHAW, 7, Wharnclyffe Road, Ilkeston.

TUNABLES.—Glossy white "Swing King," 12 in. and 14 in., double heads, £9; deep 11-in. snare drum, black chrome fittings, as new, £9/15; G.E.C. moving coil microphone, as new, £6/10; Monark trumpet, S.P.G.B., excellent condition, good case, £8/10.—GEO. TREUTLEIN, 11, Cecil Road, Peterborough.

TRUMPET by Martin, S.P.G.B., excellent condition, no case, cheap, £6; after 6 p.m.—GEORGE E. PORT, 28, Copenhagen Street, Islington, N.1.

BASS, 4-stringed, machine head, perfect condition, snip, £12.—LORD, 22, Highbury New Park, N.5. (Basement flat.)

MICROPHONE AND AMPLIFIER CO., 8-10-watt A.C.-D.C. microphone amplifiers, complete, £18.18.

22, ST CILES HIGH STREET, W.C.2.
GIBSON FOH special guitar, brand new, unused, £15.—Call or phone 10-5. 14, Alberon-gardens, N.W.11. Speedwell 6960.

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All popular and standard stocked orders over 5/- sent post free.

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CHEAP dance library, 12 numbers 5/- post free (quartettes, some cases quintettes).—T. W. PRISK, 6, The Gable, Camborne, Cornwall.

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MELODIES, piano accompaniments, music from voice.—RIGBY ARONS, 19, Otley Road, S.W.9. (Near Oval.)

SONG poems set to melody, with or without pianoforte accompaniment as desired.—Box 2753, MELODY MAKER.

ALL types of lyrics, composed, springtime verses a speciality, by EDYTHE THOMSON, 28, Cowslip Hill, Letchworth.

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SAXOPHONES, clarinets, accordions, etc., purchased for CASH; cheque by return.—W. PUMFREY, LTD., 92-94, Stockwell Road, S.W.9. PHONE: BRISTON 2605.

DRUM KITS WANTED

Full size, any make.—PACKARD, 119, Avenell Road, Highbury, N.5.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WANTED for small band. Saxophone, accordion, clarinet, trumpet, guitar and drums. State lowest price for cash. No dealers.—68, Walton Street, Oxford.

WANTED FOR CASH

Drums, kits or separate parts. Bring or send. We pay carriage. Cash waiting at LEN WOOD'S, 12, Richmond Buildings, off Dean Street, W.1. (Gerrard 1386.)

WANTED, Dick Stabile alto sax mouthpiece; original facing only.—67, Macklin Street, Derby.

SAX wanted, alto and tenor, must be in good condition, preferably American manufacture; state price required.—97, Cobtree Park, Maidstone.

TENOR and alto saxophone wanted. Give full description and lowest price for cash.—GREEN, 20, Hall Drive, S.E.26. Syd. 6408.

ALTO sax, good condition; also B flat clarinet; must be low pitch.—Write particulars, 7, D'Arcy Drive, Kenton, Middlesex.

REQUIRED, kit of drums, moderate price.—Full particulars to FRANKS, 2, Whitehall Gardens, Acton Hill, W.3.

B FLAT tenor sax, good condition, low pitch.—66, Bath Road, Hounslow.

WANTED, low-pitch saxophones, clarinets, trumpets, guitars and piano accordions; state lowest price.—BRONS ORCHESTRAL SERVICE, 47, Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

MUSICIANS WANTED

MR. ARCHIE, of Archie's Juvenile Band, requires boys and girls, aged 14-16; knowledge of any instrument; instruments supplied if necessary; this is for his No. 2 Junior Band.—Apply, Hippodrome, Aldershot.

WANTED for resident broadcasting orchestra, accordionist, also drummer, S. and D., commencing March 24; efficient lady musicians preferred.—Wire, phone or call LEONARD, Bobby's Continental Restaurant, Bournemouth.

WANTED, all musicians, gigs waiting.—Write to DRUMMER, 78, Barrow Road, Streatham.

CELEBRATED works military band has vacancies for military band instrumentalists, non-military age, especially oboe, trumpet, flute, bassoon and euphonium players. All instrumentalists considered. Employment found.—Box 2757, MELODY MAKER.

WANTED, cellist and drummer, ladies doubling preferred but not essential.—Box 2756, MELODY MAKER.

TENOR sax doubling clarinet or violin for good permanency; preference to good stylists; state experience, if exempt, and terms required nights only; 22 hrs.—Box 2759, MELODY MAKER.

ACCORDIONIST and other instrumentalists required for practice band.—THOMAS, 152, Eversholt Street, N.W.1.

WANTED, violinist and cellist, few weeks.—Box 2760, MELODY MAKER.

WANTED, trumpet; Brighton; permanent; good money.—ALAN GREEN, Clarence Hotel, Brighton.

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FREE NIGHTS ONLY.

Swing, pit, stage, etc., experience.
Willing to travel.

Box No. 1023, Melody Maker.

FORCES' LETTER-BOX

A/C. L. Arden has been offered lessons on the clarinet by one of the lads in this station's R.A.F. band, but has no instrument to practise on, and, being a married man, cannot afford full price. Has any reader a spare instrument, for which reader Arden will willingly give a small sum and postage?

L/Cpl. Sonny Rose writes that the band he is with is still seeking a trombonist. Anyone in the profession, or even a semi-pro., who is about to join up, and who would like a more or less "duration" job, with a G.B. tour and a broadcast in the offing, should get in touch with him through us.

Pte. N. F. Watts, of the 167th Coy., Pioneer Corps, a four-in-a-bar chord basher in the company's dance band, has been ordered by the corporal who leads the band to learn to play his guitar solo style. Pte. Webb, therefore, wonders of any "M.M." reader has a decent tutor, or some guitar music to spare that would help him obey orders like a good soldier!

L/Cpl. A. Woodroffe, now playing solo cornet in the Gloucesters' H.Q. Band, is anxious to contact trombonist Harry Priggin, last heard of playing in the Grenadiers' Band. Before being called up, both played in Stan Atkins' Band. He also looks forward to news from any friends who may see this.

The O.C. "H.Q." Company, 9th Bn. the Sherwood Foresters, writes that they have in that unit a dance band playing regularly for regimental dances and concerts, but its activities are greatly restricted owing to the shortage of music. Could any reader help them in this matter?

Pte. L. Haywood, of the Bracebridge Military Hospital, writes that the personnel have formed a concert party to entertain the patients. They have a six-piece band, but are badly in need of a drum kit to complete it. They have already given a number of concerts, for which they have been fortunate enough to borrow a kit, but cannot expect this favour to continue indefinitely. They appeal to musicians to give them a "break" by helping them to break the monotony of their less fortunate pals in khaki.

Pte. W. Boodcock, of the Pioneer Corps, would like to transfer to a company which boasts a good band. He plays tenor sax, clarinet and piano, and has played with Toni Rice of Leeds, Hotel Majestic, Harrogate, etc. Would any P.C. bandleaders who are interested write to him c/o this feature?

Owing to Defence Regulations we are prohibited from divulging addresses of members of H.M. Forces. Please write to the above-mentioned c/o Forces' Letter-Box, "M.M.," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Telephone enquiries should be made to Temple Bar 2468 (extension 258). Small advertisements received by telephone will be held pending the receipt of cash. Classified advertisements for insertion in "The Melody Maker" can be handed in at the Trade Counter, Third Floor, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Classified Advertisements

2^d. MIN. CHARGE
PER WORD
2/

All Small Advertisements must be prepaid and sent to arrive not later than first post Tuesday morning to:—
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NO NAME CLARINET, low pitch A, Boehm system, wood, nice condition... £6 0 0

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Melody Maker

Incorporating
MAR. 22, 1941

"RHYTHM"
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Your Diary for 1941—

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JERRY DAWSON (OFF TO THE WAR) SENDS HIS LAST NORTHERN GOSSIP AS A CIVILIAN

JERRY DAWSON

WELL, GENTLEMEN—HERE IS MY "SWAN SONG." BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, I SHALL BE A FULLY-FLEDGED PRIVATE IN THE 2nd BATTALION OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT.

Yes, it's as sudden as that; one merely awakens one morning to find that a regular and usually welcome early morning visitor has dropped his bombshell through one's letter-box, complete with P.O. for four shillings, and a message of welcome from the War Minister.

I don't know how I shall like it, as the life will be more than a change from that which I have been leading during the past four years, but I only hope that it won't be too hard on my long-suffering feet.

I am looking forward to making a host of new friends and to the prospect of retaining at least some interest in dance bands and their doings.

The unit which I am to join has always been proud of its regimental band and since the outbreak of this war a dance outfit has also been formed from the ranks under the leadership of the Regimental Bandmaster.

Mind you, I shan't get much chance of offering criticism, but there is nothing to stop me from crawling to my bed—as I probably will do for the first week or two—and muttering under my breath about the band.

And so my departure leaves Editor Ray Sonin the sole survivor of the staff who shared in the trials and tribulations, glories and triumphs of the pre-war MELODY MAKER.

Percy Mathison Brooks, Dan S. Ingman, Chris Hayes, Bernard Greenbaum, Andy Gray—all are serving the common cause, and if I can make myself one-half as useful as have these colleagues of mine, then I shall be happy.

My four years on the editorial staff of the "rag" have without question been the happiest of my life, and I have thoroughly enjoyed my association with bandleaders, musicians and artists.

As I look back over the years—it seems so much longer than it really is—I can think of no other job which could have possibly given me the kick that mine has.

At first I was thrilled and more than a little awed in the presence of the profession's big-timers, but I soon began to learn that they were mostly good fellows and just normal human beings who had had the limelight thrust upon them.

Very few of them had looked for it—but none refused it when the chance came.

I can also look back with considerable pleasure on my past association with the small-timers, who did so much towards building up the business to the heights which it has reached in entertaining the masses.

I know only too well that many of the "Billy Plonkies" were responsible for accepting low figures for their services, but really they were not altogether to blame.

They were—and still are—waiting to

be organised, and I hope that when this sortie is over, and victory ours, the Musicians' Union, with its fine ideals, will come forward with a comprehensive scheme for the reorganisation of the dance band profession which will cover everyone from the lowest to the highest.

Some of my happiest memories are of MELODY MAKER Contests, and my only regret is that my call did not wait until after the forthcoming All-Lancs Contest at Rochdale on Friday next (March 28).

Many were the arguments and grouches as to whether this Contest or that Contest had been "cooked"—many were the verbal battles as to who should have won this or that prize, but all this was in the heat of the fray, and the boys knew very well that everything was really "straight up" and turned up to try their luck at the next show.

And so, before I leave you for the duration, may I thank all those who at any time have helped me in my efforts to keep northern readers in touch with the happenings in their own area, and in particular all those who have from time to time taken the trouble to write me with their tit-bits.

These are the people who have kept the MELODY MAKER alive, particularly since the outbreak of war, and I would be grateful if in future they would continue to write to the paper, but this time to the Editor at the "M.M." London Office, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

It is my fond hope that I shall from time to time be able to write a few lines for the paper even whilst serving—the money will come in useful, anyway!—as I have always found plenty to write about in the Forces.

In any case, it can't last for ever, and looking forward to the day when "The Lights of London Shine Again" and the "M.M." returns to its 24 big pages will be one of the things which will make life worth living whilst fighting this evil thing which has been sent to threaten our very existence. . . .

GIRLS' FOUR-PIECE AT EXETER

WITHOUT even one rehearsal before opening at Bobby's Restaurant, Exeter, with her four-piece girls' combination, Ann Cole has been given a six months' contract after the first week.

Leading on violin and tenor sax, Ann has with her Pat Magill on piano and accordion, Pat's sister Belle Magill playing 'cello, guitar and alto sax, and Marie Cleve on drums, doubling straight violin and vocalising.

Pat Magill and Ann were with the late Teddy Joyce when he formed the "Girl Friends," and Pat, Marie and she were with Ivy Benson for the first three months of Ivy's Mecca engagements.

Delayed trains and curtailed travel facilities precluded any rehearsal whatever before opening, and Ann attributes the success of the band to the hard work and willing co-operation of the girls with whom, now that they are nicely settled in, she manages also to give a good many troop concerts round the district.

TO ALL "M.M." CORRESPONDENTS
In future, please send all copy to the Editor, "M.M.," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach him not later than Tuesday mornings.

NORTH-EASTERN BOYS IN THE FORCES

MOST of the North Eastern boys serving with the Forces are in the R.A.F. (writes Ken Williamson). Here is news of some of them.

Lance-Corporal Jimmy Camsey (Sunderland), who has played with Ambrose, Jack Harris and Maurice Winnick, is now blowing his trombone and directing the Border Regiment dance band recently heard in the programme, "Private Smith Entertains." Jimmy also does arrangements for the band, which appears at Northern theatres in the troop show, "Border Rhapsody."

Other members of the band are Les Posgate and Len Walker (saxes); "Ginger" Bailey (tenor); Happy Anson and Bud Tunstall (trumpets); Miss Jean Lawrence, A.T.S. (piano); Dougie Phillips (drums); Sgt. Cronin (bass) and Geoff. Powell (vocalist).

GRAMOPHONE WANTED

Jimmy tells me the boys cannot buy, borrow or steal a portable gramophone. He asks if any kind reader has a portable he no longer requires put away in the attic. If so, please send it to 6, Whinney Hill, Durham City, and I will despatch it. Alternatively, Jimmy's address can be obtained from the Melody Maker office.

Two Sunderland boys are in the R.A.F.ians Dance Orchestra. They are pianist Tom Pears and Jack Thirlwell (trombone). Tom was previously with Mantovani, and Jack played with Peter Fielding.

Four boys who were with Peter Fielding for several years are together in an R.A.F. five-piece combination. They are Lou Dickenson (piano), George Sumner (drums), Dougie Bainbridge (tenor) and Arthur Coppersmith (alto).

Bobbie Dixon, one of the finest alto players the North East has produced, is playing with a Pioneer Corps band. Before joining up he was with Harry Thorley's Band.

Pianist Bobbie Clarke and drummer Johnnie Oliver of the "Good Companions"—a band that has played at Wetherall's Ballroom, Sunderland, for several years—are in the R.A.F. Eddie Atkinson, who was vocalist with this outfit, is in the Army.

Jimmy Dunning, whose band played at the Regal Ballroom, Durham City, and Hector Stopher, assistant manager of the Oxford Galleries, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, also joined the R.A.F.

RHYTHM CLUBS

No. 159. Blues Slingers and Jelly Roll Morton were the subjects of a joint record recital by Messrs. Jack and Burke at the March 17 meeting of the Finsbury Park Rhythm Club at the "Fishmongers' Arms," High Road, N.22. A short Jam Session ended the meeting. Fresh material is needed for future meetings, and anyone willing to give a recital should contact the Secretary, 1, Endymion Road, Harringay, N.4.

No. 160. The meeting of the Southern Rhythm Club on March 25, at the Beehive Hotel, Footscray Road, New Eltham, S.E.9, at 7.45 p.m., will include a Jam Session to be held with a view to forming a Club swing combination. All communications to Fred Carroll, 106, Blannerlie Road, New Eltham, S.E.9.

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