

Melody Maker

incorporating "RHYTHM"

Vol. XVII. No. 402

APRIL 5, 1941

THREEPENCE

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YOU MAY FIGHT AND WORK ON SUNDAY—BUT YOU MUSTN'T GO TO THE THEATRE! HANNEN SWAFFER on M.P.'s Sunday Decision

BY A PALTRY MAJORITY OF EIGHT, WITH A HUNDRED CAUTIOUS M.P.s ABSTAINING FROM VOTING, THE SUNDAY OPENING OF THEATRES HAS BEEN VETOED IN THE COMMONS, DESPITE SUPPORT FOR IT BY THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. ATTLEE, CAPT. MARGESSON, MR. DUFF COOPER, MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, MR. BEVIN, MR. MORRISON, MR. AMERY AND OTHER PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

So a crushing blow at the rank-and-file members of the musical profession has been accomplished, and the Entertainment Industry—which we have repeatedly described as vitally important in Britain's war effort—loses another round in a fight which has been gradually won by one side of it—the cinema trade—during the past few years.

To-day when the leaders of the dance band profession can fill every Sunday with lucrative Sunday concert engagements and the top-rank musicians gain extra wages as a result, the pit-band musicians now see the end of the one hope they had of gaining some of the money they have lost through the closing of theatres all over the country.

Now when the London theatres are reopening and Metropolitans emerging from the burrows in which they have been compelled to spend their time when not earning their livelihood and helping their country, this decision also takes away what little chance they have of seeing flesh and blood entertainment on the day when most people have the chance.

THOSE M.P.s WHO GREETED THIS DECISION WITH SO MUCH DELIGHT PROBABLY THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY WHEN THEY READ OF THE INTENTION OF AT LEAST ONE PROMINENT SPONSOR OF ENTERTAINMENT, MR. W. MACQUEEN POPE, TO CALL UPON ALL ARTISTES TO REFUSE FUTURE REQUESTS FROM RELIGIOUS BODIES TO APPEAR AT THEIR INNUMERABLE CHARITY SHOWS.

THE WHOLE QUESTION IS BRILLIANTLY DEALT WITH IN THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT, EXCLUSIVE TO THE "MELODY MAKER," FROM BRITAIN'S FOREMOST COMMENTATOR ON ENTERTAINMENT MATTERS, MR. HANNEN SWAFFER.

In the following trenchant sentences Mr. Swaffer rends the hypocrisy which made this appalling decision possible:

HANNEN SWAFFER'S STATEMENT

SUNDAY OPENING IS NOW DEAD FOR OUR LIFETIME. THERE WAS A CHANCE OF IT BEING BROUGHT ABOUT THIS WEEK WHEN, BECAUSE OF WAR EMERGENCY, IT HAD THE COMPLETE BACKING OF THE WAR CABINET. IF IT FAILED IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, IT IS OBVIOUS THAT WE SHALL NEVER HEAR OF IT AGAIN.

If some persistent M.P. wanted to revive the matter, he would have to prepare a private Bill, take his chance in the ballot (in which you do not get much of a hope), and the result would be that one Friday afternoon the matter would be raised again, when almost the only people present would be the opponents to Sunday amusement of any kind!

I deplore the situation. To me it is the object of all progress for well-meaning people to make all the seven days of the week GOOD days, rather than clinging to the old-fashioned idea that God is perfectly satisfied if for one day we go to chapel, and for the rest of the week do nothing to improve the world.

I have seldom found vigorous Sabbatarians in favour of reforms. Many of them are Fundamentalists, and on the whole they are in the habit of quoting texts to prove that God doesn't want anything done. They quoted them in favour of slavery; they used them to oppose the use of chloroform, umbrellas, steam engines—almost everything indeed that made for human progress.

I do not want Sunday opening for myself. I seldom go to the theatre nowadays, and, as a matter of fact, I don't like modern dance bands. But that is not the question.

I can see a whole profession of well-meaning, kindly people condemned to semi-starvation for the rest of the war, just because a lot of people who loathe amusement won't let other people enjoy it.

I know the world of entertainers very well. Generally speaking, it is possessed of more charity and it is much more generous in its attitude towards its fellow-men than any of these Chadbands, who say how wicked everybody else is except themselves.

If we are to have a new world, part of it would be a "Merrie England," of the kind pictured by William Morris, who envisaged an age in which we should have ample leisure to indulge all our cultural aspirations. Essential parts of these are music, the theatre, and the laughter of comedians, but the Sabbatarians hate that sort of thing.

MUSICIANS' UNION COMMENT

Mr. F. Dambman, the General Secretary of the Musicians' Union, made this comment:

"We have persistently supported Sunday opening of theatres and have actually been in the process of negotiating special terms for musicians who would be affected if the motion succeeded. We are disappointed because Sunday opening would necessarily mean a great deal of benefit to the troops and munition workers, apart from providing some measure of employment for all engaged in the industry of entertainment."

True to type, the old canard of the "degrading" influence of dance music and "crooners" was dragged into the Commons' debate and the fearful red-herring of the "Jazzification of our Sabbath" dangled before the members.

Possibly the Sabbatarians are so rigid in their principles that they do not listen to the Government-subsidised and controlled radio on Sundays.

If they did, their analysis of the Forces' programme might be illuminating, particularly in view of the fact that the formula for Forces' entertainment was secured by first-hand approach to the men themselves.

M.U. STOPS SERVICE BAND STAGE DATE

"In principle, we have always been against Service Bands competing with civilian musicians and we look upon this incident as a mere extension of a long-standing struggle against what we regard as unfair competition."

This was the official reply of the General Secretary of the Musicians' Union, Mr. F. Dambman, when asked by the MELODY MAKER to comment upon the action of the Union in having a Lancs. Fusiliers Band prevented from carrying out an engagement at the Lido Theatre, Bolton.

This Band, which apparently has been formed from musicians serving in the Lancs. Fusiliers, was engaged by the management of the Lido Theatre to accompany a professional variety company, headed by Vic Oliver, and to play during the interlude.

The band has appeared as a unit at Service concerts and at Sunday variety shows and a member of the manage-

ment of the Lido told our representative:

"There was no intention whatever of robbing civilian musicians of work. This Army orchestra was engaged purely on its merits and for the appeal and novelty we felt it would have for our patrons. We booked the orchestra for a similar week's engagement a month ago without complaint. Most of the players are professional musicians who have been called up, and they had readily been granted leave to carry out the engagement."

As a result of the action of the M.U., a civilian band was engaged and the War Office has confirmed the ban.

It must be emphasised, however, that the Bolton incident must not be taken as a test case, but, of course, should further cases of Army Bands replacing civilian orchestras occur, it will be instanced in support of a ban by the Union officials.

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M.M. 5/4/41

THE NEW AMBROSE BAND

FINDS ITS FEET

AMBROSE LINE-UP

Nat Temple (clart.); Frank Weir, Joe Jeanette (altos); Aubrey Franks, Ben Greenwood (tenors); Chick Smith, Dave Wilkins, Leslie Hutchinson (tpfs.); *George Rowe, †Paul Fenoulhet, Freddy Butt (trmps.); Sid Sax, Charles Katz, Joe Rickleman (violins); Ronnie Selbey (pno.); Ivor Mairants (gtar.); Dick Ball (bass); Tommy Wilson (drums).

Vocalists: Evelyn Dall, Anne Shelton, Max Bacon, Sam Browne.

* Day-time broadcasts only.
† Evening broadcasts only.

ALTHOUGH Ambrose's return to the air last week was after an absence of only five months, the war has, during this comparatively short period, caused such changes in all modes of life that running a dance band has become a new and much more difficult problem.

There are, for instance, no longer any hotel, club or other jobs anywhere in the country which are prepared to risk the cost of maintaining the type of band that would satisfy Ambrose.

And even if there were, it would be practically impossible to find still free in civilian life, and hold together in one band, the requisite array of star talent necessary to complete it.

Even the feature broadcasting bands to-day often rely on more than a sprinkling of boys who manage to get leave from the Services to play in them, which means that the personnel can never remain constant for any known period, or else the leaders have to be content with such all-round musicians as are still in civilian life, strengthened by one or two corner stars who, because of age or other reasons, are also left in the profession.

WHITE-COLOURED BAND

The effect all this has had on Ambrose may be gathered from a glance at his line-up herewith.

Most of what had come to be known as the Ambrose firmament is conspicuous by its absence, and the fact that there are not more completely unfamiliar names than there are is due in great measure to the fact that the tragic death of Ken Johnson enabled Bert to use from Johnson's band such people as Dave Wilkins, Leslie Hutchinson, Freddy Butt and Tommy Wilson.

Thus we find Ambrose not only with a mixed white and coloured band—a thing he would probably have thought impossible in pre-war days—but one in which, because Paul Fenoulhet was available only at nights and George Rowe only in the day-time, the personnel varied according to the hour at which the band went on the air.

In such circumstances it was surprising that the band was as good as it turned out to be.

But it started off as though both Bert and the boys were playing for safety.

SURPRISE of Stan Atkins' airing on April 17 will be new Swing Quartette composed of Archie Slavin (guitar); Cyril and Sam Bass (vibes and bass respectively); and Benny Fern, trumpet. This will be the first time this group has been heard as a swing unit on the air, and it will be featured in two numbers—'I've Found A New Baby' and a medley of songs with "blue" in the title. In this medley, Nadia Dore and Doris Lowe, will be featured in a vocal duet.



Leader, Star, and Compere—Ambrose, Evelyn Dall, and Carroll Levis talk over a new number.

There was something about the old Ambrose combinations which no other ever quite captured—a brilliance born of contempt, one might say.

When an Ambrose band of yesterday came on the air one heard something more than good musicianship. It played with a conviction and dash which come only when the most brilliant players have worked together for so long that they barely have to think of what they are doing, let alone what the men in the other chairs may do.

Everybody knew instinctively, from long experience, what would happen, and everybody could—and did!—let fly in the certainty of that knowledge.

SHEARING SOLOIST

This new band of Ambrose's started off without any such dashing spontaneity.

In fact, Ambrose seemed to be nursing it, if not actually trying to hide it, behind a host of vocalists who were pushed up like a glittering array of generals in front of a platoon of rather over-awed Tommies. Even such stiffeners as Sid Phillips' *Air Raid Shelter* (a descriptive piece, the exhibitionism of which was more than compensated for by the insight it showed of the jazz idiom), and the introduction of George Shearing as guest soloist, failed to lure the band out of its shell.

Then last Sunday, after it had been on the air a week, the outfit suddenly found its feet.

If all the old Ambrosian dash was not apparent, at least a goodly portion of it was.

The vocalists dropped into their proper perspective, because the accompaniments began to mean something behind them; soloists such as the swell

"DETECTOR" reviews War Time Radio

Chick Smith were given a new glamour because they were at last receiving an inspiring support, and the band as a whole began to assume its proper place as the main subject in the picture.

If things go on like this, Ambrose should soon have a band which will be a good second to any of his previous combinations, notwith-

SCOTT-WOOD LINE-UP

George Scott-Wood (accordion) with Rex Owen, Jack Clapper (altos); George Glover (tenor); Sammy Sharpe, Manny Denny (tpfs.); Tony Thorpe (trmb.); Syd Bliss, Alf Davis (violins); Len Edwards (pno.); Al Shaw (electric gtar.); Joe Young (gtar.); Ralph Williams (bass); Maurice Burman (drums).

Vocalists: Betty Kent, Johnny Green, Les Douglas.

standing the absence of so many of his earlier satellites.

One particularly happy feature of all his airings which cannot be passed over was the inclusion of Max Bacon.

Still suffering from the effects of his motor smash, which broke both his legs, Max had to be wheeled to the microphone in a chair. But that didn't prevent him from delighting the "ladies and mantelpieces" with his own particular brand of humour in his own inimitable dialect.

SCOTT-WOOD SCORES

Another well-known bandleader who also took the air last week was George Scott-Wood, pianist and accordion virtuoso, whose Six Swingers were by no means his only recording activities for the E.M.I. group, at whose Abbey Road studios he had a regular job.

Scott-Wood can always be relied upon to provide honest-to-goodness commercial dance music, and he did not fail to do so in his last week's broadcasts.

The outstanding feature of most of the programmes was George's own accordion playing. He has developed a very nice sense of style, and his "single-note" solos should have appealed to swing enthusiasts at least as much as they undoubtedly did to all other listeners.

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TRUMPET LEADERS

CONTINUING the review, commenced last week, of the H.M.V. "Masters of Swing" Album—No. 2, we come now to:—

REX STEWART AND HIS FOOTWARMERS.

***Finesse (Bill Taylor) (French Swing OSW.65) (Recorded April 5, 1939).

FRANKIE NEWTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

***Rompin' (Mezzrow) (Am. Victor OA.031465) (Recorded January 13, 1939).

(H.M.V. B.9154—3s. 8d.)

63—Stewart (tpt.) with Barney Bigard (clart.); Django Reinhardt (gtar.); Bill Taylor (bass).

031465—Newton (tpt.) with Mezz Mezzrow (clart.); Pete Brown (alto); James P. Johnson (pno.); Albert Casey (gtar.); John Kirby (bass); "Cozy" Cole (drums).

FINESSE was recorded in Paris during Ellington's last visit to Europe, which explains the presence of Reinhardt with Bigard, Stewart and Taylor.

Whatever else there may be to be said for these small group recordings—and it's plenty!—one thing is that they invariably provide the best opportunities to study the work of the star soloists who take part in them.

It's rather like looking at these soloists through a stereoscopic microscope; not only is the detail more highly defined, but the players stand out in higher relief.

REX, BARNEY, DJANGO

In this instance you have a fine chance to hear Bigard, Stewart and Reinhardt rhapsodising elegantly on a charming little theme suggested by Bill Taylor.

The result is most fascinating.

And, to a certain extent, unexpected. Bigard plays in his well-known lyrical style, but Stewart is a rather different proposition from the Stewart we have come to know from Ellington's discs. There is a warm richness about his playing that gives it a new and even stronger character.

Although the faster and more uncompromisingly rhythmical Rompin' is a very different type of record, much the same remarks apply as regards the

EDGAR JACKSON continues his Review of the H.M.V. 'Masters of Swing' Album.

facilities it offers to hear soloists at their best.

It has grand contributions by the Kansas City pianist Pete Johnson, the guitar star of so many Fats Waller records Al Casey, and Pete Brown, not to mention Mezz Mezzrow, who may not have a great technique or tone, but speaks this language of jazz with style and understanding, and Newton himself, whose trumpet bitingly leads the collective improvisations with which the record starts and finishes.

Add to all this Kirby's swell bass and Cozy's drumming, and you have one of the brightest small band records of the moment.



WINGY MANNONE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

***Beale Street Blues (Handy) (V.) (Am. Victor OA.037730) (Recorded June 19, 1939).

***South With The Boarder (Kennedy, Carr. Original version by W. Mannone) (V.) (Am. Bluebird OA.045935) (Recorded January 15, 1940).

(H.M.V. B.9155—3s. 8d.)

037730—Mannone (tpt., vocalist) with "Buster" Bailey (clart.); "Chu" Berry (tenor); Tee Lanoue (pno.); Danny Barker (gtar.); Jules Cassard (bass); "Cozy" Cole (drums).

045935—Mannone (tpt., vocalist) with Phil Olivola (clart.); "Buck" Scott (trmb.); Tee Lanoue (pno.); Zed Julian (gtar.); Sid Jacobs (bass); Danny Alvin (drums).

BEALE STREET BLUES follows the run of most other Mannone records—unpretentious, spontaneous small group improvisation, with plenty of good instrumentalising to balance off Wingy's superficially frivolous but basically characteristic singing.

South With The Boarder is also typically Mannonian, but in a very different way.

Wingy has a streak of humour that is all his own, and more than once it has found its outlet in debunking "commercial" forms of jazz.

BURLESQUE

You may remember one such instance—Wingy's burlesque of the famous (I nearly wrote infamous) *Isle of Capri*.

South With The Boarder is another of these burlesques—this time of Kennedy and Carr's erstwhile hit *South Of The Border*.

The new title Wingy has bestowed on this opus, and the original lyric he has written, should delight those who love to jeer at the more sentimental jazz

DRUM DOPE-31

NOW we come to the left hand, which is a lot more difficult (and therefore more important) in getting a good roll. Whereas the right hand is held palm down, the left hand is palm up—or at any rate three-quarters up.

The best way to get the right position is first to hold the hand in front of you, relaxed, and with the fingers slightly curled, palm down.

Then turn the hand so that it is at right-angles to the ground—call that half a turn. Then continue round for another quarter turn—and that's the right position.

Then take the stick, and having "hefted" it as described in the last "Dope," place it in the fork of the thumb and forefinger—not quite tight to the fork, but more on the bony part just above the fork.

Now try it on the drum (don't forget that the other fingers are doing nothing as yet). Just throw the stick on to the head with a twisting motion of the wrist.

You'll find it will bounce several times, dying away to a *br-r-r-r*. If it doesn't, then you are gripping it too tightly.

Having got this part right, then place the third finger under the stick so that the top joint just comes in contact with it. AND THAT'S ALL. The little finger does nothing, and the second finger does nothing.

You now have a method of controlling that *br-r-r-r* you get by throwing the stick on the drum—i.e., by lifting the stick clear of the head with the third finger by twisting the wrist back.

Try this over and over again until you get the hang of it.

songs, but they are by no means the be-all and end-all of this bright piece of satire.

Behind Mr. Mannone's but thinly veiled sarcasm shines the light of those who know what true jazz is all about.

But perhaps the chief point about this side is its indirect dig at the many of us jazz enthusiasts who are too often inclined to take ourselves and our chosen music too seriously.



CHARLIE BARNET AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

***Leapin' At The Lincoln (Barnet) (Am. Bluebird OA.047990) (Recorded March 21, 1940).

****Wanderin' Blues (Barnet, Carroll) (V. by Mary Ann McCall) (Am. Bluebird OA.047989) (Recorded March 21, 1940).

(H.M.V. B.9156—3s. 8d.)

Barnet (alto, tenor) with Kurt Bloom, Gene Kinney, "Skipper" Martin, James Lamare (reeds); Robert Barnett, Bill May, John Owens, Lyman Funk (lpts.); "Spud" Murphy, Don Ruppberg, Bill Robertson (trmps.); Bill Miller (pno.); "Bus" Etrie (gtar.); Phil Stephens (bass); Cliff Leeman (drums).

MANY "M.M." contributors have at various times raved about Charlie Barnett and his Orchestra. Probably you have wondered why; the band's records hitherto issued here have indicated little reason for the outburst.

You have the answer in those words, "hitherto issued here." The few Barnett waxings released in Britain have been of commercial titles played in "commercial" style, and have given the band no chance to show its real form.

No such complaints can be levelled against these two sides in this album.

Leapin' At The Lincoln is a swing opus in the real sense of the word, and



FRANKIE NEWTON

none the less so because it has a good melody (note the first chorus).

A more than average trumpet leads in the first chorus, before we hear Barnett's own tenor solo and a good contribution by the clarinet. Note, too, the intriguing lead-in by the sax to his short solo in the last chorus.

But perhaps the strength of the record is the way the band as a whole puts over a most attractive arrangement.

Even better, however, is *Wanderin' Blues*. A slow, 12-bar blues piece, it has the true blues character.

The saxes in the first chorus play with a nostalgic sweetness that would not be a disgrace to Ellington's team: "Bus" Etrie's electric guitar solo is all it needs to be, and Spud Murphy's eerie trombone and the growling jungle trumpet lend atmosphere to Mary McCall's excellent vocal.

But perhaps here again it is the way the band puts over a swell arrangement that makes this record not only a credit to Barnett and his combination, but one of the best white band records we have had for some time.

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RHYTHM CLUB IN GIBRALTAR

News from the Clubs

TRUMPET TIPS—33

HAD a letter the other day from a fellow who wanted to know where he could get a left-handed trumpet. I wasn't quite sure whether he was pulling my leg, or whether he had had his pulled.

I had never heard of such a thing, and, in any case, I could see no necessity for it.

There are quite a number of left-handed trumpet players (Wingy Mannone is the classic instance), but all of them, so far as I know, play the normal instrument.

I have no doubt that a left-handed trumpet could be made, but the cost would be out of all reason to the facility achieved.

Even right-handed trumpet players frequently give their right hands a rest by holding the trumpet solely with the left hand and manipulating the valves with their left fingers—in easy passages, of course.

But if you've learned to finger the valves left-handed, I see no reason why you shouldn't always use the left hand.

The only point I can think of is that it might be worth while to have a finger-ring made that will fit on the main tube leading to the bell, although even this might have the dangerous result of bringing the finger-tips into a wrong position for easy manipulation of the valves.

Most of you won't be affected by this point, but I quote it as a matter of interest, and also as an example of worrying about things which are not really important.

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MY KINDA JAZZ...

by HARRY A. FIELDHOUSE

IN recent issues of the MELODY MAKER two seemingly divorced items have connected in my mind and raised the whole question of the musicality of Jazz.

One was when Bill Elliott eulogised the tenor solo in Red Norvo's *I Got Rhythm*, which he included in his "Classics of Jazz" series; the other was the gist of Dr. Sydney Northcote's comments that jazz is "a formula rather than a form," and lacks "the logical development of a musical idea." The tenor in *I Got Rhythm* is, to me, the kind of solo that, though undoubtedly in the jazz idiom, succeeds through its instrumental dexterity and consequent superficial excitement.

It is a series of short phrases played in rapid succession, but in the aggregate failing to comprise a musical unit. And many readers will agree that this description applies to a whole class of jazz that commonly passes as good.

Here Jimmy Dorsey exemplifies the extremes. At his worst he could spin out endless variations on a theme, without meaning anything; yet at his best he could construct the neatest solos imaginable—e.g., *My Kinda Love*, *I've Got A Feelin' I'm Fallin'*.

EXCITEMENT VALUE

It is a serious defect in our standards of criticism that both reviewers and public rate a piece of jazz on its excitement value rather than on its logic as music.

The tendency of recent jazz has certainly been to gratify the undiscerning listener in that respect, and it can be very largely attributed to the semi-commercial "killer-diller" style in which the rhythm section "carries" the band.

The so-called "torrid tempos" of Messrs. Krupa and Co., of which we hear so much, serve only to produce an artificial effect of continuity, on which the melody instruments lay their disconnected outpourings.

When rhythm sections were quieter and more closely knit with the brass and reeds—when, in other words, they had a sound musical function—their influence was catching to the soloists, and there was less noise and speed for its own sake, and more music to compensate.

Conversely, one must admit that the "backgrounds" were less refined than they are now. But the transition has been out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Dr. Northcote can be criticised for limited outlook (his reported comments are almost exactly the same as a broadcast he gave some time ago—even down to his record examples), but he evidently sees that, by clinging to a conventional formula, jazz too often recapitulates only an inferior impression of its best moments.

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?

There were, and still are, innumerable musicians capable of playing the best jazz, but they, and their lessers, no doubt reason that, if they can achieve popularity and make a good living out of the bogus variety—well, why not? This attitude is understandable when one considers how rarely the critics are unanimous about any artiste's merits.

To the question, "What do you expect from jazz?" there can be no better answer than "Music." Or, to reverse the answer, one does not expect a musical idiom that condones sharp or flat players for being "characteristic"; or hoarse shouts from its vocalists for being "emotional."

Nor does one expect undisciplined ensembles to be acclaimed for their "abandon," or a rhythm section's loud mechanical monotony for its "drive."

In place of these shortcomings one expects tunefulness, a degree of brilliance, taste, coherence—in short, as I have said, music.

This is not asking too much, and for conviction one need not look beyond the recorded highlights of jazz. Obviously the future of jazz does not lie in the much-publicised "developments," such as those of Gershwin and Raymond Scott, or even Alec Templeton's fugue;

these may contain the germ of a new music, but not of jazz.

For if jazz is a formula, its future must lie, as Dr. Northcote suggests, in a return to its prosperous past. Jazz can progress in only one direction—that of quality.

To achieve this, musicians and public must become harder to please, less willing to be blinded by critics' phrases and instrumental virtuosity. The cult of logical and tasteful soloists must be encouraged, to the exclusion of the "tear-off-a-chorus" type.

CLIMAX-BY-REPETITION

If we are to have "riffs," let them serve a musical purpose; climax-by-repetition is a dead formula for good jazz. After hearing Wilson play *Don't Blame Me*, the banality of a string of Waller or Basie clichés is unspeakable.

The very best soloists have always founded their work on musical solidity. Almost in the beginning of jazz, Bix set the right example by scorning ostentation, and his clarity and precision gave to his inventions a value that outlasts the senseless flashiness of later popular idols. It is also noteworthy that, other than the "whip-up"—which was not exclusively his own—he had no stock-in-trade effects.

Pee-Wee Russell's clarinet in *Memories Of You*, Benny Carter's alto in *More Than You Know*, Armstrong's trumpet in *Savoy Blues* (fortunately there are many more), are all grand jazz, and, being perfectly constructed, are also grand music.

For myself, I shall always enjoy and admire them a hundred times more than the *I Got Rhythm* class, because they have beauty in their perfection of form, originality in their melody, and excitement in their rhythm and faultless execution.

To anyone with feeling for music, these are the things that count.

No. 158. Saturday's meeting of the Staines and District Rhythm Club heard Dennis Price give a recital on Jack Teagarden, and there was a "Swing Knowledge Competition," the prize being a record token. On April 5, at 3 p.m., there will be a Jam Session, and on April 7, at 8 p.m., at the "Three Tuns," London Road, Staines. Please note Secretary's new address: 4, Clarence Street, Staines.



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WHEN THE "M.M." CALLED HIM "BIDLEBECKE"

A Dip Into the Jazz Past

IN the MELODY MAKER for April, 1927, an article appeared under the heading, over a mere single column, "A NEW GENIUS IN THE DANCE BAND WORLD."

It all arose from a telegram which was received at the "M.M." office in which the claim was made that the "Quinquaginta Ramblers" was the best dance band in the country.

The "M.M." being the organ of the dance band business, this statement could not be allowed to pass without challenge, and the Editor forthwith journeyed to Cambridge to find out all about this amateur band.

QUINQUAGINTAS

The result was the heading quoted above, and an eulogistic story signed "E. J." which even the least intelligent among you will recognise as the initials of one of the best-known of all jazz writers. It told the story of the Quinquaginta Ramblers and the Elizalde brothers, who were its leading lights.

The combination had four saxes, led by Manuel (Lizz) Elizalde, two trumpets, tuba, drums, banjo and piano. At the piano was Fred Elizalde, the leader and at that time only twenty years old.

One of the saxes was Maurice Allom, the Cambridge cricket Blue, who afterwards played for Surrey and England. The banjo and guitarist was George Monkhouse, who also afterwards became well-known in the profession and has recently made a great reputation as a photographer of motor racing.

As Edgar Jackson, who, of course, was the writer, said: "As a modern dance band it is, I honestly believe, in advance of any other now playing in this country."

That was how Fred Elizalde, afterwards the centre of more controversy than perhaps any other jazz figure in this country, made his bow to the profession. Now this was not the only important result of that first article, although Elizalde's influence, though it ceased eight years ago, is still being felt.

The advent of the Elizaldes not only brought a strikingly new influence into the British jazz orbit, but also changed the trend of jazz style here. It gave direction to the native bands and informed them of the latest and best trends of the American combinations.

NEW JAZZ "SLANT"

It is to the credit of Edgar Jackson and Percy Brooks, Editors of the MELODY MAKER of those days, that they immediately recognised that the Elizaldes, who had first-hand experience of the best American bands (Fred was offered a staff arranger's job with Paul Whiteman at a salary of £40 a week) might bring an entirely new "slant" to the business in this country.

Almost immediately the old rag began to exhibit their names prominently and the brothers began a series of articles about famous American bands and players, many of whom were unknown in this country.

This was in the issue of May, 1927, and here are extracts from the first article:

"Everybody, of course, knows Red Nichols... a delightful, charming fellow, and like many other artists, thoroughly unreliable. Is Red... but there are many other players who, though they are not known outside a small circle of delighted admirers, are nevertheless as good, if not better, artists. Take, for instance, 'Bix' Bidlebecke. 'Bix' is considered by Nichols himself, and every other trumpet player in the States for that matter, as the greatest trumpet player of all time. Yet how many in this country know of him?"

"Nevertheless, even Nichols plays to-day the style that 'Bix' was working as far back as five years ago, because that style was still considered, even in America, to be the latest in trumpet playing! 'Bix' is called the 'king' by his brother musicians—a fitting title for such an artist... Like many other artists, he's quite crazy in a mild way."

The italics, by the way, are mine, and I particularly want you to notice the spelling of Bix's name. As far as I know, this was the very first time Bix's name (even in any spelling), was ever printed in this country.

Then there were Louis Armstrong and Ted Schilling. The attitude of the jazz pundits in this country towards Negro Jazz had been condemnatory or at least patronising. That the coloured

players were to be admired was the antithesis of the general critical opinion here at that time.

The present generation will not know much about Schilling, but he was undoubtedly a great player and deserved the Elizaldes' eulogistic remark that:—

"... He is the only player we have heard during the past twelve months or so who has absolute originality of phrasing and style, and who hardly ever does the same things, or anything like them, twice in the same tune."

Note that about not doing the same thing twice! How many other players can say that they are free from jazz clichés?

Of saxophone players, the Elizaldes, who might have been described then as the Goncourts of the jazz profession, were enthusiastic over Jimmy Dorsey and Trumbauer with their preference for Dorsey. But what about this paragraph?

"Bennie Goodman is another master saxophone player whose name has not yet reached this side of the world, but whose playing entitles him to everyone's admiration. He

and thorough appreciation of dance music as this Italian-American." They credit Matt Malneck, however, with second place and say that his conversion to jazz was the result of the tuition of a trombonist named Randall Miller, who seems to have only this to his credit.

The tuba as an instrument in the dance band is *demodé*, of course.

However, Herb Herndon, who gets a big hand from the Elizaldes, has disappeared with his tuba from the business. Or, if he is still active, I don't seem to have heard of him.

There was Joe Tarto, too. He was apparently on all the gramophone sessions ten years ago. As a point of interest, where is he to-day?

From the publication of these articles and the influence of the Elizaldes, this journal went all out for a "hot" policy.

In their third article the Elizalde Bros. (as we might call this commentating team) discussed Whiteman, Ben Bernie, Ted Lewis and the young jazz dilettante



BIX "BIDLEBECKE"

record review that month of Trumbauer's *Singin' The Blues*, and the reviewer said:

"In addition, in this combination there is Bix Bidlebecke, also of whom the Elizalde brothers told you. Here is your chance to prove the truth of their statement that he is the King of Trumpet Players."

Joe Venuti, too, makes what I think was his initial appearance in the review with *Wild Cat* and *Sunshine*, with Eddie Lang on the guitar.

The confusion over Bix's name was even seen in a Parlophone advertisement in that issue, where he was also "Bidlebecke." Fred and Lizz certainly started something...

LOPEZ HAIR-CUTS

The fourth and last article about American musicians discusses Vincent Lopez, George Olsen and Herb Wiedoeft. Lopez was then a great jazz piano virtuoso and tremendously popular. They even had Lopez hair-cuts in New York then, and the Elizaldes give him high marks for technique while regretting that "his style is by no means as up-to-date as one would wish."

It appears that Olsen, too, had Red Nichols and Miff Mole in a hot six-piece band at one time.

Now although Lopez, Whiteman and one or two of the others were known in England and had appeared here, but Miff Mole, Red Nichols, Bix, the Dorseys, Andy Rollini, Fud Livingston and other white pioneers really became known to the British jazz public through these mercurial brothers from Manila.

It is interesting to look back and realise how much the whole trend and progress of British jazz owe to the Elizaldes.

by
STANLEY NELSON

is playing with Bennie Pollock's Band in Chicago.

Was this the first European tribute to the great Benny? It certainly would seem to be the case. Jack Pettis, described as the "star" of Ben Bernie's Band, seemed to have been the American No. 1 in those days on tenor.

ARMSTRONG'S "HEART"

This first article also mentions Bennie Pollock as a great drummer and Fud Livingston, and, incidentally, shows that the Elizaldes were already planning to import some of these great players to this side.

This impression is confirmed in the second article of the series, in which issue, it is significant, there was an editorial of some length on "Why Hot Music is Essential." And in this June, 1927, issue Fred Elizalde wrote about "hot" phrases for all instruments in which he quoted musical examples from Eddie Lang, Louis Armstrong, Miff Mole and Jack Pettis.

This is what he had to say about Louis's intro. to a tune called *High, High, High Up In The Hills*:

"Louis Armstrong, although admittedly one of the best trumpet players of the day, is of the coloured race... his only fault seems to be that his tone is a little rough, but he certainly has a heart."

In the second article about America, the Elizaldes mention Tom Dorsey, Andy Rollini, Frank Davies, Joe Venuti and Herb Herndon. They say that Miff Mole would have instanced Tommy Dorsey as the world's greatest player on the trombone, but in their opinion "there isn't much to choose between them."

Both the Elizaldes seem to think that the California Ramblers was the best hot band up to that time. When you consider that this combination contained Nichols, Jimmy Dorsey, Andy Rollini, Harold Brodsky and Frank Davies, this opinion was obviously justified.

How many remember Davies and Brodsky here now? Only the other day I was talking with young old-timer Harry Robbins about Brodsky, and he expressed the view that he was the greatest pianist he ever heard in the jazz business.

It was in this second article that the admiration of Fred Elizalde for Andy Rollini was proven. Incidentally, there are a number of quotations of the Denza Dance Band which made many records at that time, and the Elizaldes say that this was another name for the California Ramblers.

Joe Venuti, these commentators say, "is absolutely outstanding. There are some near him, but none has the wonderful style, exceptional technique

Roger Wolfe Kahn. At that time Whiteman was inclining towards the "hot" and he had Red Nichols, and the Dorsey Bros. in his band at that time.

Ross Gorman, the former Whitemanite who first achieved fame with his clarinet glissando at the opening of the Gershwin *Rhapsody in Blue* had turned leader at that time, and after putting his band into one of Earl Carroll's "Vanities," he had gone into the Monte Carlo Club in New York.

They comment ironically on Roger Wolfe Kahn:

"If he wants to put a band in any special place and the proprietors don't want it, he just buys the concern... he owns every conceivable instrument, makes noises on them all, and the band's main prayer is that he won't want to play with them..."

The magic name of Beiderbecke—spelled "Bidlebecke"—appeared in the

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BRAND'S ESSENCE OF NEWS

by
PAT BRAND

THE story behind the girl in this picture is one of the queerest that I have yet printed on this page.

For there is no story. I cannot even tell you her name, where she was born, or exactly how old she is! For she does not know these things herself.

Brought up by a guardian, she has adapted her professional name from nicknames given her as a child—**KARENA**.

She came into this office last week, a tall, slim, fair-haired girl, who asked what chances there were of her singing professionally. Saxophonist **DON BARRIGO** had suggested she came to see us, and bit by bit her story emerged—what little there was of it.

Starting as a professional model—you've seen her inviting you to smoke Craven A, you've seen her photograph on innumerable magazine covers—she had always wanted to sing, had studied hard. And the outbreak of war, cutting down advertising allocations, had left her free to indulge her ambition.

Studying, she had been heard by many people, **CARROLL GIBBONS** included, who had expressed a high opinion of her chances, and urged her to continue studying.

But how to get into the profession? It's a question that has puzzled (and beaten) many people. And it may interest them to know how, last Friday, we set about putting this mystery girl on the dance-band map.

To begin with, let's make it quite clear that Karena really can sing. That she is not a croonette (of whom there are already legion), and that she has a quality in her voice that sets her apart from scores who have come to this office aspiring to fame and for-

tune. Otherwise we would not have wasted her time and ours.

So the first thing was to get this voice into concrete form, to obtain a sample of it that could be handed to busy bandleaders to hear at their own convenience, rather than expect them to set apart precious moments of the day for a personal audition.

A record had to be made. Star Sound Studios were phoned, an appointment made, and on Friday afternoon I accompanied Karena to the session.

In charge of Star Sound is, of course, former radio compère and announcer **DEREK FARADAY**—and if there is anyone more gifted to transform the atmosphere of a dentist's waiting-room into that of a cosy drawing-room, I have yet to meet him.

As a matter of fact, we were first given a chance to hear one of the masters made the day before by the newly formed Beach Underground Band, which is managed by **BILL ELLIOTT**, who also directed this session.

Outstanding among a line-up of stars seemed, on this showing, to be Rube Stolofo on trombone, Charlie Short on bass (stood up on a table bang against the mike), and the vocal taken by young Benny Lee in *I Got Rhythm*, whom Johnny Claes discovered tailoring in Glasgow.

From all accounts, you'll be hearing more and more of this new outfit, a

feature of which is the use of three tenors which not only swing out in fine unison, but give a unique tonal colour behind the two trumpets of Johnny Claes and Dave Wilkins.

But to revert to the matter in hand. Karena was first introduced to the mike—which turned out to be one of the most up-to-date in the country, of a type used in the N.B.C. studios, and so designed as to permit of no blind spot and completely to eliminate retarded wave-impact—and considering it was the first mike she'd ever met, she took the introduction astonishingly well.

And then we got to work. First a run through for balance and length, and then, with the clock pointing to four-thirty, the red lights flickered twice, stayed on... and Karena was on the air.

It was half-past six, and six recordings of one side, two of the reverse had been made before Derek returned to listen with us to the final play-back.

It was an awe-inspiring moment. But it proved one thing. We had not fallen down in our estimation of her chances. *We Three* and *Moon For Sale* are now ready for bandleaders' attention—and I've a feeling that they won't be giving that attention in vain.

Well, well! So we Londoners have been too modest after all! Unwilling to risk the wrath of the provinces, we've done our best to clamp down upon a tendency to stress how London dance-halls have been carrying on during the blitz, despite rocking dance floors, traffic dislocations, near-by fires and so forth.

And now we're asked, "What about a little news from London?"

H. MADENBERG, of London Syndicates, seems to think that South London in particular has been neglected, and, realising this, he opened on St. Patrick's night at the Embassy Ballroom, Catford, which had been closed since **TOMMY KINSMAN** left last September—and packed the hall.

Leading a well-known local eight-piece, he found the venture so successful that he's now there regularly every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, which, he says, "Proves that in spite of newspaper scares and local forecasts of a big flop, London dancers are only too eager to carry on, given suitable halls and bands to dance to."

Well, have we ever suggested otherwise? But it just goes to show that you can't please all the people all the time, and H. M. suggests we run a survey of London dance-halls to show what the local lads are doing.

It's an idea worth following up...

Broadcasting again, from 4 to 4.40 p.m. on April 10 (Forces), will be **STANLEY NORTH** and his Orchestra with vocalists Hermann Watson, Harry Pearmain and James Redmayne, together with Rita Ray as featured songstress.

Since the war, this twelve-piece has undergone many changes in personnel, only one of the original members—trumpet player Maurice Hayton—remaining, though pianist Laurie Wilson was with the outfit for a number of years before the war.

Stan tells me that despite everything, business has been excellent; he has been booked out for more gigs than ever before, and, indeed, his trouble (in common with the majority of bandleaders these days) has been getting the bands, not the bookings!

The winter season has seen the band draw in huge crowds to the Municipal Assemblies at the Queen's Hall, Bradford, this being its seventh season for the Bradford Corporation. And once again the band has been fixed up for regular Sunday concerts in Horton Park.

This bandleader and war-time Fire Service officer promises one or two novel effects in his forthcoming airing, especially in the sax section, and all Bradford and most of the rest of the country will be listening for them.

BIBULOUS NOTE: *Six Bells Stampede* recommences April 7, when this famous jazz hostelry in Chelsea reopens after being blitzed last year.

HARLEMESSE AS SHE IS SPOKE

Lesson 3 In What Musicians Say—And What They Mean—In Harlem

"Well, flatten my head and call me icky! Watcha know, Joe?"

"Well, chop off my arms and call me Venus Man, I'm like the chicken, I ain't stickin'. Are you all reet?"

"I'm all root."

"Well, all rote!"

"Say, was you down to Milt's las' Sunday?"

"Man, I was really in there. That clam-bake was a solid mess, I'm tellin' you."

"Guess Brad was in there blowin' that tail-gate jive, huh?"

"Yeah, man, but Sandy ain't no square either. Sandy like to cut him to ribbons."

"How about that mess?"

"An' Lips was really killin' himself, man. He got on one of them twelve-bar kicks and started in sendin' himself."

"I gotta drop by and dig some of that jive."

"Well, all rot! Do that little thing. I'll look for ya Sunday."

"Take 'em, man!"

"Solid!"

"Well, well, well! How are you, my friend?"

"My goodness gracious! Oh, not bad, thank you; are you all right?"

"I'm all right."

"Well, all right!"

"Were you at Milton Gabler's jam session last Sunday?"

"Very much so. Old boy, that reunion was a distinct success, I assure you."

"Presumably Bradford Gowans was playing his Dixieland trombone style, eh?"

"Yes, but Sandy Williams is no fool either. Sandy almost completely outplayed Bradford."

"Would you believe it!"

"And Oran Page was really excited. He got into a blues mood and began to feel the spirit."

"I must come in and listen to some of that stuff."

"Well, all right, please do. I'll expect you on Sunday."

"Until we meet again, my friend."

"Solid!"

CLASSICS OF JAZZ

by Bill Elliott

No. 17—"Limehouse Blues" and "Echoes of the Jungle," by Duke Ellington and his Famous Orchestra (H.M.V. B6066)

LIMEHOUSE BLUES has everything a record should have. Tone colour, lovely solos, grand arrangement and the Ellington ensemble—which, in this record, is perfect.

Although it was issued ten years ago (you have probably gathered by now that this is the early Ellington promised some weeks ago), it does not seem at all dated, and provides a welcome antidote for some of the new releases.

It opens with a little "atmosphere" effect as Sonny Greer and the sax team endeavour to get the band into the Oriental spirit, but we can forget that as Cootie and the ensemble take the first chorus with Cootie growling away in the grand manner.

WHAT HODGES!

Listen to the Duke's neat four-bars piano lead to the next chorus, and then give an ear to that amazing brass team who share it with Hodges—and what a Hodges! I've raved a lot, I know, in the last few weeks about Johnny, but I can't help it if he plays in all the best records. Listen to his tone and attack here.

Bigard comes into the lime-light next with a lovely clarinet solo full of trills and shared by Carney on baritone.

I like Carney; he always blows as if he means it, and his style is certainly all his own. I like also the break he takes at the end with Duke helping out on piano.

So to the last chorus, which pursues its usual Ellingtonian way with the brass team playing like angels—they even make me forgive the Chinese coda.

The other side is, I think,

CHOOSE YOUR OWN CLASSICS!

Bill Elliott's new competition closes on Monday, April 7

All you have to do is to choose four classic records, listing both sides (tune and band). Six swing records go to the entry nearest Bill Elliott's own list. Address entries to him, c/o "M.M.", 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PERSONNEL.

Arthur Whetsel, Freddie Jenkins, Cootie Williams (trumpets); Tricky Sam, Juan Tizol (trombones); Barney Bigard (clarinet); Johnny Hodges (alto); Harry Carney (baritone); Duke Ellington (piano); Fred Guy (guitar); Wellman Braud (bass); Sonny Greer (drums).

typical Ellington, and it is the Duke's best style—the one he has really made his own.

The thing that strikes me first is the rhythm section. "Throbbing" is the best way I can find of describing it as it marches grandly on, backing up some grand solos.

This is a difficult side to write about as there is so much going on that it would need practically a page of the "M.M." to do justice to it.

BUY IT!

For that reason, I'm going to depart from my usual practice and just tell you what to listen for rather than give the routine.

First of all, Cootie playing some of his greatest growl trumpet, and then Freddy Jenkins on open trumpet whose tone and phrasing should be an object lesson to all trumpet players, even though this

record was made ten years ago.

Then listen to the brass team playing low register after Barney's rather mournful clarinet solo and the banjo chords behind that same clarinet. Then there is Hodges again, and the coda, and the clarinet team, and what the heck!

It's one of the greatest things Duke ever did, so if you haven't got it, go and get it before you buy another new release.

NEWS

MAKING his debut in variety on Monday next at the New Coliseum, Harrow, will be Johnny Green, the 17-year old vocalist who has recently been extensively airing with such bands as Jack Leon and George Scott-Wood.

He will be presenting a solo act featuring many of the songs which he has helped to make famous over the air.

On Good Friday (April 11) he will top the bill at the Grand Theatre, Luton.

WE regret to have to report the death of Irene Rogers.

This talented young vocalist made her debut with Art Gregory and his Band at Murray's Club and showed considerable promise, especially at the Sunday concerts which he was then running. She was booked to broadcast with Johnny Green's Juvenile Band, but the project fell through and she left to tour for ENSA.

Recently, she returned to give an audition for Gerald, but was taken suddenly ill and died eight weeks later in hospital.

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WHEN COMMERCIAL JAZZ CHANGED FROM MELODY TO RHYTHM

by
"MIKE"

WITH the standard of commercial performances raised to such a high level during the past seven or eight years, a great change has come inevitably over the business of what we used to call "hot jazz."

What has happened, of course, is that the new fashion in popular playing has stolen a great deal of the thunder of those who had been trying to go their own way with something less spectacular, less commonly heard.

The commercial idiom changed suddenly from the purely melodic to the primarily rhythmic.

While the public demanded its popular songs played in what it was pleased to call the "swing" manner, the musicians themselves regarded popular songs as an excuse (and a profitable one) to make ingenious arrangements, and generally go to town at the public expense, instead of being obliged to do so in their spare time, as it were.

PUBLIC AND "HOT" JAZZ

The truth is that the public, in the general sense, never did take to "hot jazz," and I doubt very much if it ever will. When, in 1933, the "swing" craze started, it was for a very different kind of music that the average listener clamoured—and a very different kind of music it was given, too.

Apart from the "swing" versions of popular numbers, the public was offered numerous performances of the "popular classics" of jazz—*Tiger Rag*, *Bugle Call Rag*, and the rest.

While one or two tolerable recordings emerged from this wholesale reproduction of hackneyed pieces, for the most part each bandleader, each arranger, vied with his competitors to see who could make the most noise.

Noise—that was seemingly the only thing left now that popular dance tunes were being played rhythmically. The public was getting its "swing" solos, its smart arrangements, its well-played dance-music-without-tears, its examples of "vitality."

Those who were not occupied in providing these thrills had to draw attention to themselves somehow.

The trouble was that public taste skipped a couple of bars. From the old-fashioned straightforward form of popular song, with its unsophisticated

presentation, the public proceeded directly to the over-sophisticated and elaborated effusions of the vogue-bands.

These bands based their styles on the superficialities of "hot jazz." They learned from its manner, not from its substance. The substance of the best of jazz is its melody, the primary tune on which the orchestrator and improviser work.

COMMERCIAL "SWING"

In the case of commercial "swing," the primary tune was supplied by the song-writer, not the composer of instrumental tunes. Thus the public was given all the garnishings of jazz without the meat.

Or rather, if jazz consisted of flesh with garnishings, commercial "swing" was fowl dressed up in the same way.

The melodies composed by Irving Berlin on the one hand and by Redman and Ellington and Carter on the other have little in common except the number of bars they consist of.

If the public had not wanted to hear Berlin rather than the others, then the whole history of the popularity of modern dance music might have been different. As it was, Redman, Ellington and Carter were side-tracked and left in a siding while the express of public taste rushed by.

I will not say that Messrs. Redman, Ellington and Carter were forced to draw attention to themselves by making

a lot of noise, but there is no doubt that other artists were not content to sit in their sidings and get on with the job of making music in their own way.

"Swing" was known to the public as a kind of music that was louder, more elaborately scored than the old commercial music had been; so that, in order to be at all conspicuous among your fellows, there was only one thing for it: to play even more elaborately scored pieces louder still.

SHEER NOISE

In a world that is already noisy enough this tendency in jazz is more than ever disturbing. "Chicago style" and "Dixieland style" are all very well in their way, but too often sheer noise is offered in the hope that it will be mistaken for "vitality."

In the case of older jazz there are always any number of compositions which one can play to the layman with a reasonable chance of being able to persuade him of their musical quality.

Among the works of Ellington alone there are many instances of restrained, lyrical music which do not offend the most sensitive ear.

But I can't say the same about present-day jazz. As I have told you before, I have to choose recordings for a particular purpose; if I were to pick on most of the recordings available nowadays I would be defeating my first object.

So it is that I stick to the commercial records, and to one or two of the older examples of jazz. It is not just that I have to think of the object in view when I look for records; it is also that I find this new music jarring on my own ears.

Which is a serious matter.

PAT BRAND WRITES:

FORMER dance promoter, now Air-craftsman, **CHARLES COOPER** was recently at the City Hall in Hull. A Dutch sailor took the stand and started to sing *Dinah*, *Some of These Days*, and other classics, in English. By all accounts, he was a riot and the crowd kept clamouring for more until his repertoire was wellnigh exhausted.

When he at last came off the stand, Charlie approached him with beer and hand outstretched in congratulation—and discovered that this was none other than **J. CLEEF**, the vocalist of the famous Blue Ramblers!

He had "hopped over the side," as

he put it, when Jerry marched into Holland and joined the Navy. He is in raptures over the way that the English have made him and his compatriots welcome, and is quite contented but for one, thing.

The Band is still playing in Rotterdam (under duress), though apparently not with the same enthusiasm as in pre-war days, but Cleef has lost all trace of his people.

So if **JOHNNY CLAES** or **FREDDY BIERMAN** can give him any news, will they write to him (addressing him as Leading Steward) at Nautilus, G.P.O., London?

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MASTER MASTER

Personalities in Paragraph . . . by ERIC WINSTONE

for hearing every American recording that reached England, and also for deciding which of them should be issued for the fans over here.

Like the architect who knows how to build a house yet cannot lay bricks himself, Harry, although not a musician, showed remarkable discrimination in choosing swing material, and was responsible for the issue of some of the best jazz records in the early days.

When the Brunswick was once again taken over, this time by the ever-growing firm of Decca, he began to

arrange sessions himself, both with the top-line English bands and also with the many American artists who came over. Amongst the latter were the famous Mills Brothers, who incidentally gave Harry more headaches than he cares to remember.

Apparently the procedure for getting their vocal harmonies on the wax would go as follows:—

A session would be arranged for Monday morning.

Sharp to time, three of the four brothers would present themselves before the microphone and proceed to await the arrival of the fourth.

An hour later, one of them would volunteer to find the missing member, leaving the remaining two drinking innumerable cups of tea until they, too, had to leave for another engagement.

* * *

Another date would accordingly be made for the following day, which would result in the previous absentee arriving an hour early, while one of the brothers who had turned up on the day before, apparently forgetting the date entirely, would wander off to take a look at the Tower of London or some such place, causing everything to be once more postponed until the following week.

In direct contrast, the sessions presided over by the famous "Duke" proved to be a model in efficiency, the entire band turning up prompt to the

minute and invariably finishing with plenty of time in hand.

On one occasion, with only two titles fixed at the time of the session, the Maestro from Harlem sat down at the studio piano and then and there wrote out the themes, routine and harmonies of the remaining numbers, which incidentally were amongst the best of his recordings while he was over here.

Actually one of the "hottest" sessions that Harry can remember took place with Lew Stone and his Band when a fire broke out over the control room, filling the studio with smoke and making the atmosphere so thick that the music could hardly see its way on to the wax.

Happily there's no chance of such a thing happening these days, for when I saw him last he was on his way back to the office to spend the night fire-watching, and I had a mental vision of this popular personality putting out incendiaries with one hand while with the other he wound up the handle of a portable gramophone.

Knowing his intense enthusiasm for his work, even that wouldn't surprise me . . . and, incidentally, if you want to know what Harry looks like, see next week's page. A picture of him will adorn it.

* * *

And now I must really be getting along to the next paragraph, but before I go, speaking of fire watching reminds me of the musician who used to sit up all night with an old flame in Regent Street.

Stop me if you've heard it before.

* * *

Listeners to the swlegant broadcasts of Geraldo and his Orchestra who have gained enjoyment from the crazy comedy of vocal star JACKIE HUNTER, will be interested to hear of the fan-fan who showed her appreciation recently in a manner both apt and original.

After airing of *Eep Ipe, I Want A Piece Of Pie*—which, incidentally, brought Jackie to the microphone in a vocal request for excess rations—a large parcel was delivered at the Hunter residence containing a large and tasty example of the culinary art together with the following epistle:—

Dear Jackie,

Here is that pie you keep "eep-iping" about. Put it in your mouth and shut it.

I'm sorry I couldn't send you the soup as well, but we didn't have a paper bag to put it in. Incidentally, it's a real Canadian pie baked by a Canadian.

Don't think that you're the only one who has lived in Winnipeg either. I've lived there myself, and in Vancouver, B.C. (British Columbia, not Boys' Club).

I'll be listening in the next evening you broadcast to see if you're still asking for some pie. (Signed) Another crazy Canuck.

* * *

Eep ipe, readers . . . I want a baby grand piano.

* * *

Remember the BISSEX BROTHERS, those two guitar-playing discoveries I mentioned on this page some time ago?

Since our first meeting, they have made quite a start for themselves in the business by recording several sides for Decca under the leadership of ace fretlist RON PEACHEY, who heard them at the same time as myself when they played at Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter in Charing Cross Road.

When you consider the time it usually takes for the average beginner to pass through the magic portals of the recording studios, they have reason to congratulate themselves on a very lucky break.

I shall watch out with interest for the first issues, and I bet both the lads will be doing the same. . . .

* * *

To the muted strains of a jive trumpet, and the lilt of the boogie woogie, twenty-one-year-old Miss EDNA LITTLE, charming secretary to "Wally" Moody, Columbia recording executive, celebrated her coming-of-age at a Croydon restaurant last Saturday, while many members of the dance band world dropped in to wish her luck.

With "Bruts" Gonella leading a swell trio, and such well-known personalities as Harry Leader and Felix Mendelssohn

BEFORE you waste any more time endeavouring to puzzle out the meaning of the apparent repetition of this week's heading, allow me to explain that the first word refers to those original waxes from which all gramophone records are made, and that the second relates to that well-known and well-liked recording chief, HARRY SARTON, who is responsible for both straight and dance issues of Decca, Brunswick and Rex in this country.

* * *

Got it straight?

Good, then meet the Boss.

Starting at the age of sixteen back in the old Vocalion days, he used to pen-push with the best of them until he got himself a job in the copyright department of the Brunswick Record Company when they first came to England.

From there, with that good-natured grin of his getting the maximum amount of co-operation from the publishing pundits, he graduated into the celluloid industry, joining Warner Brothers as liaison officer between Hollywood and Denmark Street.

Strangely enough, when Brunswick began to get into financial straits, Warner Brothers took the firm over, and titling this offshoot of their activities Warner Brunswick, Ltd., put Harry once more back in the wax business.

A swing enthusiast, he was responsible

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present, the profession appeared well represented, while numerous telegrams bore ample testimony to her popularity amongst the many musicians who have come in contact with her at the Abbey Road studios.

While in this modern age I understand the female of the species reaches the age of discretion within a day of leaving the cradle, still I would like to add my own good wishes to the many received.

So good luck, Edna, and many happy returns of the key of the door to you.

DANCE BAND DON'TS—22

THERE was a classic Billy Plonkit cartoon which had more than a grain of sense in it—as, indeed, has all first-class humour.

Billy, addressing his two henchmen, said: "You two keep on playing—I'm going down the other end of the hall to hear what the band sounds like."

If your band is only three strong, like Billy's, you really can't take heed of the bit of advice contained in this week's "Don't"—which is: *Don't forget to listen to your band.*

In other words, it's a first-rate idea to go down to the other end of the hall and listen to your own band. True, the bit that interests you most (your own part) will be missing; nevertheless, you'll probably get an idea of the band which will surprise you.

You can't really tell what a band sounds like when you're sitting in it.

So, at your next rehearsal, take it in turns for each of you to sit out a whole number. Never mind if it sounds a bit odd with some essential instrument missing—carry that missing one in your mind's ear, and listen to the rest for tone, balance, intonation, style, nuances, tempo, and all the rest.

Then have a joint post-mortem, and don't be afraid to say what you think. If you get over it without split heads, you'll all be benefited.

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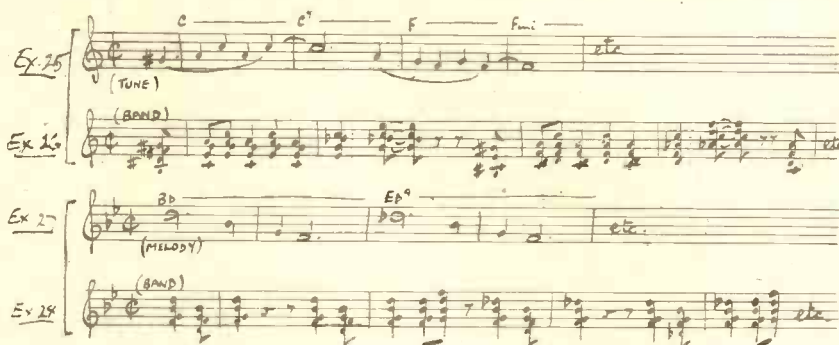
Pepping Up The Last Chorus

★ NOWADAYS the general type of dance programme consists of "choruses" rather than set arrangements. I mean by this, of course, when playing for dancing and not for recording or broadcasting.

Playing chorus after chorus will inevitably result in monotony, and so it should be your endeavour to give each chorus a different tone colour.

In the combination with which we have been dealing in these articles a suitable sequence would be: 1st chorus—ensemble; 2nd chorus—saxes; 3rd chorus—brass; 4th chorus—piano or violin; last chorus—ensemble.

The more popular and well-



known the song you are playing the more necessary is it to make the last chorus striking and different.

After much experience in this kind of work I find that the best treatment for this "pepping up" of the last chorus is to introduce

a rhythmic figure or "riff" which can satisfactorily be applied to the tune.

In the first example this week (Ex. 25) I have given you a few bars of what might be a popular tune. I have deliberately written this melody myself in order to

avoid copyright difficulties on published songs.

This will explain to readers following these hints why I invariably use original melodies in the examples.

In Ex. 26 you will see a suitable "riff" on this tune. As a general rule the most natural fitting for these rhythmic figures is to apply them to the first sixteen bars, then normal ensemble for the middle eight and the "riff" again for the closing sixteen.

The last two examples show another hypothetical melody with the appropriate ensemble treatment.

If you adopt the scheme I have outlined in this article you will undoubtedly find that your renditions of the numbers in your programme are enhanced considerably.



Currently slaying 'em at the Cricklewood Palais is vocalist CARL RAMON. Bandleader Billy Smith, who discovered him and signed him up with his band, says: "Since Carl joined the band, the girls don't look at me any longer. I wonder why?"

FORCES' LETTER-BOX

A/C2 "E. L." wants to know whether any reader has a cheap trombone or trumpet, or an old instrument of which there is no further need, to help him entertain fellow airmen after duty. He is also on the look-out for a tunable tom-tom. He would pay postage or carriage on these.

A/C2 Alan Freeman, now stationed "somewhere in Hants," wants news of his pal Pat O'Regan, who joined up during mid-summer last year—and would Beryl Davies please write?

Gunner B. Cohen, writing from Wales, with his wife and two pals has arranged to entertain local hospitals, cripples' homes, etc., in his district. Hitherto they've been fortunate in borrowing a bass drum from the local Scouts, but this is no longer possible, so they ask if any charitable reader has one to spare or to let them have on deferred terms. Failing that, if anyone could spare them trap tray, temple blocks, etc., they might effect an exchange with the Scouts. What do you say?

Pte. J. S. Cross, writing on behalf of six lonely soldiers of the Army Dental Centre, in the wilds of Scotland, sends a heart cry to readers. One of them plays accordion and guitar, but no longer has either of these instruments, and wonders if any reader has either knocking around for which he has no further use, as they would willingly pay carriage for something that would make all the difference in the world to their leisure hours.

Cpl. J. Tierney, of the R.E., would be glad to get in touch with alto sax players in the R.E. who would like to transfer to a company with a dance band, as they have an instrument but have lost a player through his promotion to another unit.

A/C Simpkin, A.A., wants to buy a copy of Schlemmer's "Rhythm on Record." If any reader has a copy for sale, will he write to 10, Drayton Road, Leytonstone, E.11?

Pte. Ken Wood, of the East Lancshires, has always wanted to play hot trumpet, but circumstances have prevented him until recently, when, with more time to spare, he has been promised tuition by two dance musicians in his regiment. Now that his chance has come, he urgently needs an old trumpet or trumpet-cornet, either on loan or as a present. Can any reader help a really ambitious young man who really means to get somewhere on this instrument?

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.

Hats off to a Nation of Shopkeepers

NAPOLEON sneered when he called us a Nation of Shopkeepers—and lived to regret it. The men who stand behind the guns have a dangerous, dramatic, exciting part to play, but let it not be forgotten that the Shopkeepers of Britain are serving to make an end of Hitler too. Their part is not spectacular or dramatic; it is often thankless, always difficult, but necessary to victory—for the very reduction of their trade means more war factories and more munitions.

It's not easy to watch trade fall, without complaining, even when you know that machines once turning to serve civilians must now serve khaki and blue.* It requires a high degree of public spirit and understanding to cope with the ceaseless worry of eking out dwindling supplies, even when you know that instead of filling shelves the factories are filling shells—and equipping those who fire them. It takes a good deal of tact and patience to explain to difficult customers just why they can't have six of a thing when you know that for the good of the nation, themselves and yourself, they can't have even two. But the shopkeepers of Britain are doing these things every day, and doing them well—Hitler, like Napoleon, will live to regret it.

**This is not an idle phrase. An actual example may be quoted of a factory, previously engaged on civilian work, which recently turned out 5,000,000 blouses and 6,000,000 pairs of trousers for serge battledress.*

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NORTHERN NEWS NOTES

AFTER being in hospital for seven months with a severe spinal injury, Pte. Tommy Bainbridge at last managed to get back to his drum kit—but he had to go on leave to Barrow to do it! Tom is a protégé of Max Abrams and a great admirer of Sid Phillips's drummer, and took time out to lead the Crescents Band at a "snowball dance" organised by the Furness Dancing Association.

During his long spell in hospital, the result of an Army car smash, Tommy's only real bright spot was his contact with Max Abrams, for whom he has a terrific admiration. Indeed, he defies anyone to deny that Max is not "Britain's greatest technician" at the "batterie."

I'm not taking sides on this point, but I'm glad to pass on Tom's regards to his friends in the business and hope that he will manage to form a band in the Liverpool hospital where he is convalescing now.

Ivy Benson, while expressing the wish that it won't be long before she's greeting Jerry Dawson again as a civilian, tells me that she is making a change in her band and adding Dorothy Dowers from Doncaster (an alliterative triple-tonguer!) as 3rd trumpet. On 2nd trumpet now is Daisy Evans, late of Teddy Joyce's femme band, and Ivy further says that she has discovered a 2nd trombone.

The instrumentation of the band now is three saxes, four brass and four rhythm. Ivy will probably be adding another sax, and so if any lady, as Harry Weldon used to say, fancies a job with Ivy and thinks she can play alto or tenor well enough—well, the Locarno, Glasgow, is the place to write.

The former "M.M." Bolton correspondent, James Ryan, was amused to see a fellow "towny" perspiring "on the square" at an R.A.F. station recently, and the victim, Al Stevenson, former saxist with Phil Richardson, no doubt smiled ruefully at James's sadistic grin.

Curiously enough, one of the P.T. instructors at that station is the Leeds guitarist, Cpl. Frank Ingle, who used to lead his own well-known Collegians band there and who, when he joined up, had to cancel solid bookings for more than a year ahead.

Frank gets a little guitar-playing at the camp, however, and plays with local outfits, too.

Drummer Reg Ormerod, who played before the war with Jack Whitefoot's Band at the Catlin's Arcade, Llandudno, is now leading the Collegians of Darlington, formerly under the direction of Stan Godfrey. Stan is now in the R.A.S.C., but he can rest assured that his old outfit is in good hands.

At week-ends they play the Spa Hotel, Croft, and the line-up now is: Jack Pattison (trumpet); Arthur Burcombe (alto, fiddle and clarinet); Reg Sleightholme (bass); Freddy Porter (piano), and Reg himself leading on drums. The boys manage to find their week-nights fully occupied with gigs.

Grateful thanks from David Bruce, of Liverpool, about last week's note. He had two wires on the day of issue, which would seem to prove something about the "M.M.'s" pulling power.

S. R. N.

ELSIE CARLISLE (STARTING NEW SHOW) WANTS ACCOMPANIST

ELSIE CARLISLE, now known almost universally as the "Forces' Sweetheart," tells me that next week she is due to start a new series of "Carlisle Express" broadcasts, (writes "Detector.")

It will commence on Wednesday, April 16, at 12.30 p.m., and continue thereafter every Wednesday at the same time for the following five weeks. After that Elsie will take the show on tour.

Unfortunately for her, Elsie's accompanist, pianist Eric Barker, is now in the R.A.F. and finds it increasingly difficult to get leave to appear with her.

Last week at Hull she had to use the pit orchestra, and the result was not an unqualified success.

She is consequently looking for a new accompanist. Candidates for the job should write her c/o "M.M.," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Incidentally, Elsie had a couple of very narrow squeaks in the blitzes at Manchester and Sheffield, but luckily she came through unhurt.

No. 159. Last Sunday's meeting of the Ilford Rhythm Club included a record-recital by Jack Surridge on Joe Marsala, and a record recital. Jam Sessions were given by a group of local musicians, and the Club Jam Group, featuring Charlie Weedon (cornet), Ken Franklin (clarinet), Len Wood (trumpet), Alan Mead (piano), Les Cole (guitar), Jack Surridge (bass), and Harry Moulton (drums). At next Sunday's meeting Tom O'Callaghan and Alan Mead will give recitals. There will be two Jam Sessions, to which local musicians will be welcomed. All information from Jack A. E. Surridge, 133, Katherine Road, East Ham, E.6.

DECCA RECORDS CHIEF "BLITZED"

ONE of the latest to suffer from the Nazi blitz, it may now be revealed, is Mr. E. R. Lewis, director and general manager of the Decca Record Co., Ltd., and its associated concerns, and member of the London Stock Exchange.

Some weeks ago Mr. Lewis' office in the City was destroyed. More recently his house was practically demolished on top of him and his wife by a very heavy bomb.

Luckily no one was hurt, because the occupants of the house were at the time all in the dining-room, the one room which did not completely collapse. But most of Mr. Lewis' furniture was ruined.

In spite of their loss of property, we congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Lewis on their fortunate escape—and on the escape of their cat.

It turned up uninjured two days after the occurrence.

No. 159. The April 9 meeting of the Pimbury Park Rhythm Club, at 7.30 p.m., above the "Fishmongers' Arms," High Road, Wood Green, will include two record recitals: one by Rex Harris on "Rare Discs," and the second by Eric Preston, of the N.W.3 Group, on "Singing the Blues." This will be followed by a Jam Session.

No. 161. At Monday's meeting of the Sidcup Rhythm Club, a recital on the first fifteen years of recorded jazz was given by the Secretary, from whom full particulars of the club can be obtained by writing to 43, Cavendish Avenue, Sidcup. Next Monday there will be a recital by J. C. Godbolt on "Whiteman, King of Jazz?" commencing at 7.45 p.m., in the Coffee Room of the Station Hotel.

Classified Advertisements

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.



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

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

DRUM kits wanted, full size, any make.—PACKARD, 119, Avenell Road, Highbury, N.5.

ALBERT ALLNATT wants to buy saxophone, trumpet.—70, Haydons Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19. LIBERTY 4913.

ALTO saxophone and B flat clarinet, low pitch.—Write, giving full particulars, 12, Clissold Court, London, N.4.

DRUM kit wanted for small band.—A. O. M., LTD., Colinside Works, Oxford Road, New Denham.

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Town Hall, SOUTHPORT.
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JAZZ PUBLICATIONS

MARCH 1. "DOWN BEAT," 1/4; "HOT DISCOGRAPHY," 15/3; "HOW TO RUN A DANCE BAND"—a grand handbook published by "Down Beat," 11/3. 8 in. by 10 in. photos—MUGGSY, ARMSTRONG, BECHET, HAMP-TON, GOODMAN, etc., 1/2 each, 5 for 5/9. Send stamp for lists.—JAZZ PUBLICATIONS, 62, Cross Road, Bushey, Herts.

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Melody Maker

Incorporating "RHYTHM"
APRIL 5, 1941 Vol. XVII. No. 402

THE "MELODY MAKER" Special Musician's Diary

(1940-1941 Edition—10 August 31st, 1941)

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RECORD CROWD AT MEMORABLE "M.M." LANCs. CONTEST: Cyril Blake Wins High-Standard Show

THE 1941 ALL-LANCASHIRE DANCE BAND CHAMPIONSHIP, PRESENTED LAST FRIDAY (MARCH 28) BY THE ENTERPRISING MR. AND MRS. LEW BUCKLEY, AT THE CARLTON BALLROOM, ROCHDALE, PROVED ONCE AGAIN THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT A "MELODY MAKER" CONTEST THAT CAN PUT EVEN A HITLER WAR IN THE SHADE.

Last year's contest at the same venue drew to the hall a crowd of 700-200 up on the previous year, and only about 100 below the hall's record for a 2s. 6d. week-night dance, set up at an "M.M." contest four years ago.

But last Friday night even this record was broken, when over 800 packed the Carlton to listen and dance to the competing bands, aided by Freddy Platt's exceptionally good 12-piece rhythm combination.

It was, however, something very much more than mere numbers which gave the evening the atmosphere of the happier days of peace time.

PEACE-TIME STANDARD

If these Lancashire folk were keener on anything than their dancing, it was the fortunes of their favourite bands. Supporters' cheers were mingled with the boos of other bands' fans as each competing unit finished its performance.

Partisanship ran high, but it was

always good-natured and never broke the bounds of true British sportsmanship.

In spite of the difficulties which semi-pro. bands find in carrying on in these days, when musicians not in the Fighting Services are working such long hours on munitions and other national duties, six of the eight entered bands not only managed to appear, but showed that they had found time to rehearse and keep up their form.

The playing of the first three was well up to peace-time standard.

The contest was judged by Edgar Jackson and famous pianist Eddie Macauley, who is now on munitions work.

"I don't get much chance to play piano nowadays," said Eddie; but no one would have believed it from the show he gave after he had presented the prizes, and which received the ovation it deserved from the crowd which packed itself round the piano to watch him play.

JUDGES' REPORT

Adjudicators: Messrs. Edgar Jackson and Eddie Macauley.

WINNERS

CYRIL BLAKE AND HIS BAND, 10, WATERLOO STREET, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

INDIVIDUALISTS' AWARDS FOR: ALTO, TENOR, TRUMPET, TROMBONE, DRUMS.

Consisting of four saxes, three brass and three rhythm, this band owes its success equally to the ability of its soloists as such (its trombone player was quite outstanding—almost, it might be said, a second Chisholm), and its competence as an ensemble.

Its arrangements, and even more noticeably, perhaps, the way it played them, were rather more suitable for stage presentation than for the dance hall. The ensemble evidenced fine attack and precision, but slightly exaggerated phrasing, coupled with a tendency to play rather too staccato, made the band more conspicuous for verve than relaxed lilt.

Nevertheless the band at least showed itself capable of achieving as a well-drilled whole the results it had set itself to attain, and put up a performance that for dash and unanimity of purpose was at times quite electrifying.

SECOND

NEW FLORIDA BAND—J. GREGSON, 11, RHIWLAS DRIVE, BURY.

INDIVIDUALISTS' AWARDS FOR: CLARINET, PIANO.

An unusually well-conceived slow foxtrot arrangement of *Rose Room*, a musicianly performance of the waltz *Love Is All*, and a flair for hitting the right tempos, which was especially noticeable in the quick-step *Shades Of Hades*, were among the more notable features of this three-saxes-trumpet-three-rhythm combination.

A tendency to be rather studied robbed the playing of some of the ease, relaxation and rhythmic flow it might otherwise have had, and slightly faulty intonation in the sax team was at times noticed.

However, apart from these shortcomings, which can very easily be remedied, the band played neatly and tunelessly. Tasteful and stylish work from the piano and trumpet (latter only just missed his soloists' award), and a tuneless low register clarinet solo on the mike all went to help the combination; so did the good balance of the sax team.

All round, a performance of which none concerned has any reason to be ashamed.

THIRD

EDGAR HARRISON AND HIS BAND, 23, QUEEN STREET, CREWE. INDIVIDUALISTS' AWARD FOR: BASS.

Displaying a commendable degree of honest-to-goodness musicianship, and probably the most diligently rehearsed outfit in the contest, this band would probably have secured at least second place had it not been for three failings.

First, it played too loudly. The otherwise excellent three-piece brass section blew out with a force that, while it did little to harm the team, it forced the three saxes to overblow in their attempts to be heard, thereby spoiling their tone.

Secondly, while the sections individually played well together, they did not give sufficient heed to each other, with the result that they seldom quite blended into that ensemble which marks the first-class band.

Thirdly, the phrasing, though musicianly, was rather too "straight." Nevertheless, the band played with spirit and confidence, and has so many good points that a little attention to the aforementioned shortcomings should rapidly bring it up to winning standard.

* * *

Placed fifth, Rex Kane's Dance Band, of Oldham, secured the cup for the best band of not more than six performers.

SCOTTISH DANCE NEWS

By Hugh Hinshelwood

NO dance band casualties in Clyde-side's recent blitz have been reported so far, but there was, of course, some inevitable interference with the business, mostly in gigs.

Tommy Todd and his Band, whose activities are in one of the hardest hit areas, are temporarily out of work through damage to the hall where Tommy's father carries on his old-established and successful dance promotions. Business will be resumed, of course, but in the meantime Tommy and his boys are looking for gigs, collectively or otherwise.

Anyone interested may 'phone the number of "this column," Douglas 0618.

ELRICK RECRUIT

George Elrick has a new recruit in the ivories dept., George Bowie leaving to make way for John McCormack, who is on his feet again after a long spell of indisposition.

He was previously with Bobby Hogg and his Band at Glasgow Locarno, and is certainly glad to get into the business again.

Another band change is reported, this time from the Piccadilly Club, Glasgow, where Frank King's Band now includes Jack Davis on drums. Jack has been gigging round and about for quite a long time now and should do well at the niterie.

Neil McCormack, who combines his

musical agency with a spot of gigging, has now severed his long connection with the Lorne Dance Hall, and is now free-lancing, and has been deputising recently with Louis Freeman's resident Band at the Playhouse.

ROY TRUMPET ILL

Up at the Playhouse, where Harry Roy and his Band are still doing swell business, trumpeter Frank Thornton laid off for a few days with tonsillitis. His place was taken by Syd Beecham, who usually plays with Louis Freeman's Band for the afternoon sessions.

Judging from recent conversations with Harry's boys, Louis Freeman has them all "signed up" for New York trips with his "navy" after this fracas is over. There will need to be a big boom in shipbuilding to accommodate all the would-be sailors!

A visitor to the Playhouse was Glasgow vocalist Len Camber, who went off to join Gerald not so long ago. Len was having a week "out," and was looking forward to getting back with the band again.

Glasgow musicians, like others, are doing spells of fire-watching duty in their various halls. The conditions vary so much for this job that a meeting, summoned by the M.U., was pending at the time of writing, to discuss this important matter.

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