

AUGUST, 1941

Metronome

MODERN MUSIC AND ITS MAKERS



25 CENTS
CANADA 30c

SONNY DUNHAM

World Radio History



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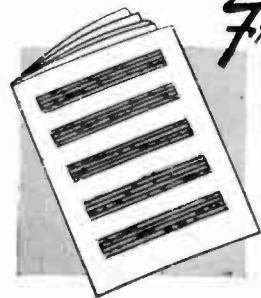
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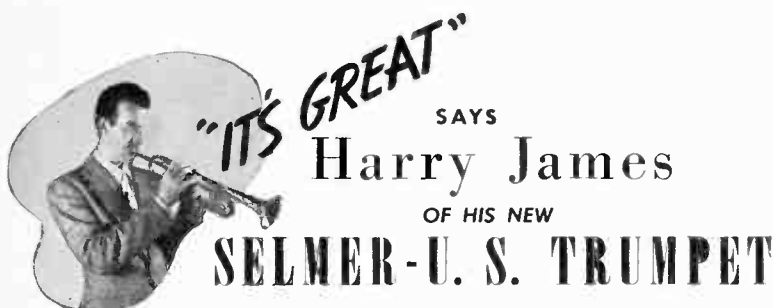
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Metronome

MODERN MUSIC AND ITS MAKERS

Volume LVII

AUGUST, 1941

Number 8

Contents of this issue

NEWS HEADLINERS:

Pages 7-13

An expanded news section, this month, carries a large number of feature stories as well as the usual nation-wide, complete coverage of the band world. Two tours of vital importance are scheduled, one by the defunct Madison Square Garden management, with top bands playing top towns under a set-up similar to the Garden—the other by Artie Shaw's new 52-piece orchestra (7). A story on the Fort Dix bands (7) is followed by two pages of material on the important musical activities at Army camps throughout the nation (12, 13). Exclusive interviews reveal pending changes in the Will Bradley and Bob Crosby bands (8), Frank Dailey's plans for no band (8), Bob Chester's strong thoughts about rehearsing (9), Harry James' appraisal of the great trumpeters (11), Cab Calloway's modesty about his new band (10). Other news ranges from full stories on Benny Goodman's appearances with the Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Harmonic Orchestras (9) to a fine location for Peck Kelly (9), news about BMI-ASCAP (11), band changes, band successes.

BAND REVIEWS:

Pages 14, 15

The Sonny Dunham band is tagged for its wealth of material, the Tommy Dorsey and Les Brown bands get top raves (A-1) with a great future predicted for Les and his Duke University classmate, Johnny Long. Bobby Byrne and Duke Daly also reviewed. Reviewers: G. Simon, B. Ulanov.

RECORD REVIEWS:

Pages 16, 17

Jack Teagarden and Count Basie rate high because of the former's horn, the latter's rhythm section. Other honors on discs go to Roy Eldridge, Bradley, Benny, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey (leading the late stuff) and a host of other fine musicians. Reviewer: G. Wright.

RADIO REVIEWS:

Pages 19, 20

The able Bob Chester band, the fine voices of Terry Allen and Miguelito Valdes stand out in a month of less than exciting airings. Reviewers: G. Simon, B. Ulanov.

STAGE SHOW REVIEWS:

Page 22

Cab Calloway gets an almost unqualified rave for his Strand show, while sister Blanche gets commiseration for a poor Apollo appearance. Will Bradley does a workmanlike job. Reviewers: B. Ulanov, G. Simon.

FEATURES:

Pages 18, 23 and back

Rhythm seems to be no concern of network house bands, thoroughly reviewed in a two-page story by B. Ulanov (18, 19). The Showcase presents the new bands of Stanley Kenton and George Towne (22) and book reviews (21) evaluate new books by W. C. Handy, H. A. Steig, G. Haydon of interest to musicians. Jimmy Bracken diarizes (24), candid new (25) and old (27), the Hall of Fame (28) presenting Cozy Cole, lead back to the regular instrument columns. You will find these as follows: Alkire (33), Dale (34), Wilson and Cassola (34), Antone (35), Luisetti (36), Schertzer (37), Herzog (38), Costello (39), Grupp (40), Krupa and West (41), Cesana (46) and Gallarini (47). Teachers' News is on page 42, the Orchestration of the Month on page 44, Spotting the Bands on page 48 and the Calendar of Important Orchestra Dates for August on 47. Don't miss the vital Editorial on page 50! It concerns all musicians!

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 PUERTO RICO—Juan Castro

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FORT BENNING SWINGS

We have some good jam sessions at our band barracks. There are four musicians here who are solid men, the others don't understand it. This quartette gets together once a week, and the music they play is welcome to my ears. The pianist is a brother of Alvin Rey's drummer—Richard Julian is his name. Our tenor player played with Harder Downings' band for two years and was with Meroff's orchestra in Boston when he was called for service. Jack Shackles plays the tenor, and in the band plays trombone and baritone. Shackles plays good dixieland style, and kicks plenty.

PRIVATE DAVE STERNBERG.
22nd Infantry Band
Fort Benning, Georgia.

THANKS—AND NEWS

Thank you for the "ad" which constructively criticized our band, known as Lew Gray and his Musical Bees, which appeared in your May issue.

We know that your remarks were justly so—and have awakened my husband to the fact that many changes must be made at once to improve the band.

May we thank you sincerely for the space you reserved for that purpose, which we know could have been used for many other bands too numerous to mention.

Lew has been given a seven-year—three-year additional option contract with Frederick Bros. Music Corp., starting July 1, 1941. He may also cut sides for Mills Recordings soon.

MRS. LEW GRAY.
New York City.

INFORMATION

Just a word to tell you that I've at last found a piano player who can play in tune.

RANDY MERGENTROID.
Hotchkiss Corners, Vt.

UNFAIR LIST

Your review of the Vaughn Monroe band was very unfair and I know that the band's many fans will back me up on it. To speak for myself, the first time I ever heard the band I was impressed by it, and it was a record so I had no way of knowing about his so-called "dynamic personality."

LILY TIPE.
Ridgefield, N. J.

In your review of the Glenn Miller show on the stage of the Chicago Theatre, you say that "the Miller show was more like a drill than an entertainment." I saw that show a total of eight times. If that's what they mean by the word "drill," I think I'll join the army and get more of it. Miller's a musician, not a ham actor. If Lee went to see the band make fools of themselves (s)he made a mistake. Miller's boys act like musicians and not idiots.

DON FRIEDLEN.
Chicago, Illinois.

In the July edition of METRONOME, you reviewed, via radio, the Glenn Garr "ork." Were you by any chance too sleepy to listen carefully?

First of all they (the band) do not have singing song titles. They are merely announced during the introduction of the song, which is unique. Their vocalists are all swell and their trio is the only one I have ever heard with real harmony and pep. Next, Glenn has many distinctions in his band that are certainly *not* carbon-copied. And for your information, they can swing superbly, too, but they do not choose to use their music as their feature. (!)

AUDREY HENGES.
Hackensack, N. J.

ONE-NIGHT STAND

Ride a hundred miles to nowhere
To a town up in the sticks,
Where the drugstores close at midnight
And the people are all hicks.

Cold and hungry, somewhat weary
From the date the night before,
And the party that came after—
You can't take it any more!

Come on—pull yourself together!
There is playing to be done,
Time's a-wastin', and in this burg
Dancing is from eight till one.

Grab a sandwich and some coffee,
Climb into your tux—but quick!
Just forget your head is splitting
Smooth your hair down nice and slick.

Sound that "A" and start to warm up
Just ignore the hellish din—
If the cats think *this* is awful,
Let them wait till you begin!

Here's the boss—he's coming over—
"Boys, you know I'm not a crank
But will you watch that new arrangement?
Last night it was just plain rank."

Now he's going to give the downbeat,
See him pose, the slappy cluck!
How you're tempted now to haul off
And let him have it—just for luck.

But instead, you find you're playing.
After all, it could be worse—
And these one-night stands, God bless 'em,
Put the pennies in the purse.

One fine day things may be different,
Pipe dreams sometimes *do* come true,
Then there'll be no more one-nighters.
Miller made it—why can't you?

RUTH SHAPIRO.
Biddeford, Maine.

MORE INFORMATION

Just a word to tell you that the piano player I found, who I thought played in tune, doesn't. Can you suggest someone else?

RANDY MERGENTROID.
Pinkham Notch, N. H.

CATCH 'EM *Young*
TREAT 'EM *Swell*
TELL 'EM *Everything*
says
SONNY DUNHAM




GENE "Corky" CORCORAN
Phenomenal hot tenor, using
30-M Cooqueror



JOSEPH J. KOCH
Baritone Sax



GUY REYNOLDS
Lead and hot alto

● Departing from the usual is a paying proposition all around for Sonny Dunham. An interesting phase of his rapidly-growing organization is that he *discovers* so much talent—and carries the newcomers right along to success. Although only about two years old, the Dunham aggregation is making an enviable record—playing engagements at such "name" spots as Roseland and Meadowbrook in greater New York.

Critics rate Dunham's sax section a standout—and the saxmen rate Conn saxophones as standouts in *their* class, too. The performers are young, but their years of Conn-playing experience add up to an impressive total.

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Any musician, young or old, finds that a Conn instrument—easy to learn and play—helps him get the most out of his talent. See and play the latest Conn models at your dealers—or write for literature, mentioning the instruments which interest you most.

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CONN

BAND INSTRUMENTS

Les Brown & Co.

COOK UP A DISH FOR HEP CATS



Les discusses the brass arrangement with his brother, Warren (left), and Conn-trumpeter Bob Thorne.



(Above) Les takes a chorus on his Conn 6-M Alto Sax, with the complete orchestra . . . vocalist Betty Bonney standing by. Les also uses a Conn 444-N Clarinet.

INTO THE BIG TIME through clever arrangements, flawless musical performance, and sheer *good showmanship* . . . That's Les Brown, who after a rip-roaring engagement at the Strand broke all records at Log Cabin Farms, Armonk, N. Y. Les and his band have won countless admirers through their regular broadcasts over Columbia and Mutual networks. His Columbia and Okeh records are quickly snapped-up by swing addicts.

As shown in the accompanying rehearsal scenes, plenty of study and practice lie behind the success of this smart, new organization. And easy-playing Conn instruments have a big part in making practice *fun*, and performance a smooth pleasure for players as well as listeners. There's a Conn to help YOU make the most of YOUR talent, too . . . Ask your Conn dealer, or write us for free book, mentioning instrument.

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CONN

BAND INSTRUMENTS



Les (seated) lays plans for a hot chorus with his Conn-trombonist-brother and Betty Bonney.



In the groove! A special jazz band unit of the orchestra turns on the heat. Conn trombone, trumpet, alto sax and baritone carrying the load.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND INSTRUMENTS

Artie Shaw Plans Concerts With Fifty-Two Pieces

starting sometime in November. Appearances will be scheduled in cities throughout the country, with Artie and his Philharmonicized Phelines stopping off just for one day in each spot.

The orchestra will play everything from jazz to classics—not too deep, though. Much attention will be given to works of modern Americans, such as William Grant Still.

Shaw plans to organize this group through the month of October. Starting September he will play theatres with its nucleus, a thirty-piece group, which is scheduled to appear in theatres in the eastern part of the country. The two-and-a-half-dozen-sized outfit will go into rehearsal early in August, with no men definitely set yet.

Shaw, meanwhile, continues to concentrate on studying and Victor record dates, most recent of which included a mixed band.

Basie to Lecture At Colleges

following the success of his appearance before the George Washington University student body in St. Louis, Mo., while on an engagement at the nearby Tune Town Ballroom. The Count's personal manager, Milton K. Ebbins, is arranging a series of fall dates at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, Stanford, the Universities of Chicago and California, Pennsylvania and Amherst, tying in with appearances of the Basie band in the cities where those colleges are located.

With the Count at his lectures will be a septet to illustrate his talk about modern American music (sic!). This will consist of the Count at the piano, Buck Clayton on trumpet, Tab Smith on alto sax, Buddy Tate on tenor sax, Freddie Greene, guitar, Walter Page, bass and Joe Jones, drums.

WHITEMAN GETS COMMERCIAL

the air-show being the Burns and Allen program. Pops is scheduled to begin it sometime this fall from the west coast. Time, network, and whether Whiteman will use his current, McEachernized outfit are all to be decided upon at a later date.

Pops recently cancelled his N. Y. Loew's State date when the theatre insisted upon only ASCAP tunes.

BASIE'S TRAM CHANGES

while at the Ritz-Carlton Roof in Boston saw Robert Scott and Eli Robinson replace Dan Minor and Ed Cuffe in the sliphorn section. Cuffe replaced trombonist Dickie Wells while he had his tonsils removed.

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MODERN MUSIC AND ITS MAKERS

Volume LVII

Contents Copyrighted 1941

AUGUST, 1941

By Metronome Corporation

Number 8

Garden, Floppo, Plans Tour



Members of Camp Edwards' 101st Medical Corps Band sat in with MUGGSY SPANIER's boys at the Coonamessett Club in Falmouth, Mass. Buddy Brennan (formerly of Bob Chester fame) is the pianist. Saxist Pete Terry (recently with Teddy Powell) also joined in. The beauty is Betty Taylor, elected Miss 101st Engineers.

Eleven Bands Add Musical Morale To Fort Dix Army Division

of only 18,000 men, which means, in round figures, that every 1,500 men have a band to themselves. All of these bands aren't dance bands, but a number of them are, and the musical needs of the boys in the 44th Division are well attended to at Fort Dix.

Union Erases Name Of Gray Gordon

from its membership files, because of "non-payment of claims allowed by the International Executive Board," to quote an otherwise non-committal AFM executive.

According to CRA, Gordon's bookers, he owes them \$6,500, most of it in back commissions, but \$500 of it a personal loan which the office made him a year ago.

All future Gordon bookings have been cancelled. Chances are, though, he'll jump right back into good AFM graces as soon as he pays what the union claims he owes.

HELENA HORNE ON NBC SHOW

to be called *Strictly From Dixie*. It's going to feature the glamorous colored lass, who's currently singing at Cafe Society, as well as Henry Levine's Dixieland Octet.

Emphasis of the show will be on blues. No definite date for the opener has yet been announced.

The 44th left Fort Dix on July 16 for two weeks of maneuvers at Bowling Green, Virginia. En route, the bandsmen added to their musical duties those of military police, which indicates just how effective army heads think the musicians are in keeping morale!

The 71st Infantry Dance Band played at the opening of the new Fort Dix Hostess House, early last month. Its personnel consists of: Fred Di Salle, Bernie Keen, Mark Di Salle, saxes; Ray Gardner, Paul Oakstein, trumpets; Bill Sprout, trombone; Moe Saltzman, piano; Herby Gaines, drums. Jack Leonard was a sensational success as the band's vocalist, stepping right into army shoes after a N. Y. Paramount show. Another addition to this band is Dave Allman, on trumpet. Dave was the pit leader for the musical comedies, *Anything Goes* and *I'd Rather Be Right*, in New York.

(Continued on page 35)

REDMAN TO LORING

to add his distinctive manuscript to the library of the baritone-leader, currently ensconced at Luna Park, Coney Island, New York, as house band. Don will contribute regular stuff to the Michael Loring books.

Mad. Sq. Remains Consider Trial Trip Next Month; Everything to Go

palm trees, terraces, lighting equipment, et al, for a fifteen-day stint through the middle east.

According to Milton Pickman, Monte Proser's right-hand man in the unsuccessful New York venture, plans are just about completed that will take the entire outfit to Syracuse for one day, Rochester for two, Buffalo for three, Cleveland for six, and Columbus for three. First day will be Sept. 20.

Only changes from the New York enterprise will be the bands. Larry Clinton, whom Pickman manages, may be one; the other isn't set.

802 Plays Ball

Meanwhile, New York's Local 802 has decided to wait rather than press claims against Proser & Co. for the approximate \$13,000 owed to Goodman, Barnet, Clinton and Bernie. Much the major part of that sum is owed the first two.

"Proser acted in good faith with us right along," a union executive told METRONOME, "and so we're going to give him every chance to make good."

Proser won't be connected with the traveling venture, which will be headed by Pickman, who's awaiting only necessary backing before going ahead.

Conniff Junks Band; Joins Jan Savitt

in an unexpected move that confounded both friends and those interested in the young trombonist's band. Ray had been getting fine notices, via a concluded engagement at the Hickory House and a more recent stay at Nick's.

Conniff replaces Al Lepol, sinking into a chair that will offer him more mental security than standing in front of a struggling unit did. He will probably be spotted both on sweet and jazz choruses, as he was in his Crosby and Berigan days.

HACKETT THRILLS MILLER FANS

at a Valley Dale, Ohio, date in mid-July. The Bostonian Bix-like trumpeter, who joined Glenn shortly before this appearance, doubled on guitar, and on both the frets and the valves, scored a huge success.

Members of the Miller band, obviously as excited as the dancers, stopped to listen to Bobby solo. The band drew the season's biggest crowd for its date. —COLUMBUS, O.

Bradley Junks Sax Section

Gets Three Former Goodman Blowers In Drastic Move; Section Increases

from four to five men, with the addition of Larry Molinelli, former Jack Teagardener, coming in on baritone. The only man remaining is young Mahlon Clark, brilliant clarinetist whom Will recently took from Dean Hudson's band.

The three Benny Boys to join Bradley are altoist Les Robinson and tenor men Pete Mondello and Arthur Rollini. The first two recently left Goodman, the latter was with Benny's original band and has not been heard with a name outfit since having left several years ago.

Saxes Were O. K.

"I had to do something." Will told METRONOME. "It wasn't that the saxes were bad, but just that nothing was happening. I figured we needed new blood, and so I went out and got it. Now we'll see what happens."

One thing that's likely to happen is a change in the band's style. Heretofore dependent for recognition almost entirely upon boogie-woogie, the outfit is now going to broaden its scope. The inclusion of a fifth sax—Molinelli was hired for his baritone sax ability—makes a switch to a Lunceford pattern a definite possibility. The sweet arrangements, too, will undergo a stylistic change (some have already) with more emphasis being placed upon intimacy.

Brass Not Set

Even more changes are in the offing. Bradley is not satisfied with his brass, either. "Stevy Lipkins is having to work too hard. We need somebody to help him out on first trumpet," states Will. At press-time, Ralph Muzzillo was temporarily in but expected to remain only until the end of the band's current Astor engagement. The trombones aren't secure, either.

The rhythm section already has gone through the house-cleaning stage, with Billy Maxted in on piano (he used to be with Red Nichols), and Felix Jobbe back on bass. Rumors of a new girl singer are without foundation at present, according to Bradley.

Scott Takes On Shorty Cherock

thus augmenting his trumpet section to four men. The band broke records at Cincinnati's Coney Island during July.

Current line-up includes trumpeters Cherock, Hy Small, Jack Hall, Vince Badale; trombonists "Wimpie" Kolyer and Mack Zazmar; saxists Pete Pumiglio, Gabe Gelinis, Phil Olivella, Stan Webb, and Johnny Mezey; pianist Sanford Gold; guitarist Art Ryerson; bassist Morris Rayman, and drummer Milt Holland. Clyde Burke remains as vocalist.



LINDA KEENE, former Miller, Spanier, Pastor, Norvo songstress, did fine by herself on her recent Cafe Society single stint. TEDDY WILSON helped a lot.

Thornhill Success In New England

with especially great success at the Totem Pole, nitery at Nurembega, Mass., played by name bands. Here, Claude's heralded 16-piece musical organization not only did good business but aroused lots of talk with its different approach to ballads. Kicks were forthcoming from newly-added Nick Fatool on drums, as well as Irving Fazola on clarinet and Thornhill's own melodic piano. Dick Harding and Kay Doyle, known here as vocalist with the Bob Pooley and Vaughn Monroe bands, were well received, too.

At Roton Point, Conn., on a one-nighter, Claude and the boys established themselves as good draws, scoring a success at the Long Island Sound ballroom close to that of Vaughn Monroe, who broke all records for the season.—WORCESTER, MASS.

There Are Too Many Good Bands; So Frank Dailey Won't Start His

You may have been reading in other publications that Frank Dailey, the owner of Meadowbrook, is about to organize another band. He used to have a mighty fine one in 1937 and a mediocre one in 1938, and so you might figure that the bug's still in him.

Don't believe those reports, though. Frank, himself, denies them emphatically. "Absolutely nothing doing," he tells METRONOME, with much vehemence. "I'd be absolutely out of my nut if I tried to go out with a band today. You can tell the whole world that I'd rather take a WPA job before I step in front of another band."

After talking with Dailey a little longer, you get the idea that it's not because the bug may not still be inside of him, nor because he's too interested in his Meadowbrook investment, but rather because he's pretty scared stiff of the competition.

Safe Neck Dept.

"After all," he states with no false modesty, "How can you expect a guy like me to compete with the Millers and Dorseys and all those fine outfits. There are so many of them, as it is, so why should I stick my neck out. Nix."

Instead, Dailey is going to get his kicks sticking on the outside and predicting. With him that prediction business has become a real business. For he has had to try to guess which bands are going to click and which aren't, and then book his bets into his own spot—with the hope of making money. That he has been amazingly successful so far is all to his credit.

"The trend now," says Frank, "is definitely toward musical bands. I don't mean just swing. I mean bands that play real music. As I see it, there are three young outfits that have the best chance right now, and all of them are musical. One is Claude Thornhill; another is Les Brown who, they tell me, is really killing them over in West-



FRANK DAILEY, in the days when he had a really fine swing band. He doesn't want another, though, being perfectly satisfied to concentrate on his Meadowbrook spot.

chester, and the third is Sonny Dunham, who's doing a fine job for us here right now. I'd be willing to put my money on any one of these three." (Dailey was not asked at this point whether he already had done so.)

"When you've got bands like that to compete with, what's the sense in trying to start one of your own. No sir, I'm definitely not going to lead any more bands—and that's final!"

Crosby Crew Back To Dixieland

according to personnel changes announced by band prexy Gil Rodin.

"It'll be the best musical band in our history," averred the popular sax-playing executive. "We tried that sweet stuff for a while, but the fellows prefer real jazz."

The Crosbyites will have back in their midst one of the stalwarts of the group when it blossomed forth in its two-beat hey-day. He is Yank Lausen, gigantic trumpeter, who left the band several years ago to concentrate upon family duties and boring radio and pit jobs. To him always went much of the credit for the fine beat the Dispensers used to get.

Other additions include trumpeter Lyman Vunk, who was plucked from Charlie Barnet ranks, and trombonist Moe Zudecoff, a brilliant first-man, who used to play with Tommy Dorsey, but who, like Lausen, has been haunting radio studios of late.

Lausen and Vunk replace Bobby Goodrich and Al King. Zudecoff replaces nobody, the band adding a third trombone.

To make the shift from sweet to jazz complete, the Crew has given an unconditional release to the Bob-O-Links, the vocal quartet behind whom they had been hiding. Liz Tilton remains as the girl singer but chances are that Crosby, himself, will warble lots less, with the band taking on another boy to handle the male vocal assignments.

A press-time report has Hank D'Amico through, with Matty Matlock due to play all jazz clarinet again.

Local 77 Reinstates Ousted Men

following the Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruling which had double-checked the lower court decision ordering their reinstatement. The three Philly theatre musicians, George Tipton, Alvin Schatz and Leon Gordon, were given full membership again and approximately \$600 each as back pay for time missed during the litigation.

The trio was ousted in their failure to pay \$100 fines slapped on them by the international executive board, which called them guilty of playing under scale. Court reversal was a serious blow to the union, which claimed the right to abide by the decisions of its own tribunals rather than follow those of the civil courts.—PHILADELPHIA.

DEAN HUDSON BAND DOUBLES IN SOUTH

with an engagement at the Summit Club here and three morning commercial shows out of Washington.

Sandy Canaris has joined on trumpet, filling the vacancy caused by Jimmy Farr's joining Johnny Long.

Jerry Kennelly, in MCA's office for five years, is the band's new road manager.—BALTIMORE, Md.

B. G. Hit as Conductor and Soloist

Goodman Makes More Changes

with the additions of John Simmons, a colored bassist well-known on the west coast and in Chicago, of Albert Davis, a heretofore unknown trumpeter from Buffalo (Benny thinks that's the city), of saxist Chuck Gentry, and of vocalist Tommy Taylor.

Simmons replaces Walter Iooss. The advent of Davis makes it a four-man trumpet section. "Cootie's going to play all the time," Benny told METRONOME, just before departing for Chicago. Such an unbalanced brass section makes the addition of a third trombone not an impossibility.

Gentry, a west coaster, comes over from the Harry James sax section, and takes over Skippy Martin's baritone book. Martin goes over to lead sax in place of Les Robinson, now with Will Bradley.

Taylor is the first male singer Benny has had since 1935. He will split vocal honors with Helen Forrest, who will still sing many ballads.

Only uncertain spot in the Goodman Gang at press-time was Pete Mondello's vacated tenor chair. Benny was thinking about George Berg, Nick Ciazza, Peanuts Hucko, and Mickey Folus, among others. He was also thinking about his brand new house in Pound Ridge, that has just been completed.

First-rate Location For Legendary Peck

Houston, Texas, pianist. Kelly, who has resisted all offers of major bandleaders of the standing of Benny Goodman, Will Bradley and Jack Teagarden, to come north and join their bands at mighty good salaries, moved to the Rice Hotel Roof in Houston on July 25 with a local crew.

Peck's previous playing in Houston was, on the whole, restricted to the Southern Dinner Club. He has been sought by the hotel management for an engagement at the Rice several times before, but has each time refused the offer. Report is that now, offered twice what he was being paid at the Southern Dinner Club, he was finally won over.

The new Peck Kelly band will consist entirely of top-flight Houston men. Coaxed into a name location with good musicians, Peck Kelly is being watched by bookers for a possible national build-up, if Peck wants it—or will allow it.—HOUSTON, TEXAS.

PASTOR SETS MARK

for Hamid's Million Dollar Pier with an estimated 60,000 in the huge enclosure here on the July 4 weekend. Tony set the all-time high, according to Prexy Geo. A. Hamid.—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



METRONOME'S Heart-Trob-for-the-Month-of-August is Mildred Law, former actress, who last month joined Vaughn Monroe's orchestra to share vocal honors with her leader and Marilyn Duke.

Bob Chester Thinks Most Bands Don't Rehearse Intelligently



BOB CHESTER, who now pays more attention to his tenor.

MONROE ADDS SAX

in person of Johnny Turnbull, who has been with the band before. Johnny swells the reeds to five and adds another vocalist to Vaughn's ranks, taking over most of the rhythm tunes with his tonsils.

spending too much time just running through arrangements and not enough time on the mechanics of musical production.

"It took me quite a while to realize that," avers the elongated tenor-saxist, who's currently leading his band at the Chatterbox in New Jersey. "We'd just run through stuff and let it go at that, too. Now, though, I've commenced to realize that most of us leaders don't pay enough attention to subtle things such as attacking and releasing notes exactly at the same time and the same way, or evaluating a quarter note correctly, and things like that.

"Seems to me," he went on, "that once you get those basic points mastered, it's just that much easier to perfect any given arrangement."

Chester pointed out that during the run of one-nighters he had just completed, he had had plenty of opportunities to hear other bands on the air—either directly or on records. "It really surprised me how sloppily most of them played. That evaluating a quarter note for instance. Of all the bands I heard, I found one that has them all beat for

(Continued on page 37)

Iturbi's Refusal To Play with King Doesn't Affect Two Major Appearances

the first in an outdoor concert with the men of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Benny appeared in a triple role, as conductor of the Stravinsky *Tango*, as soloist in Mozart's *Concerto for Clarinet in A Major*, and as leader of his full band.

Since the Stravinsky work was of only two minutes' duration, the fuss raised by Iturbi was hardly warranted. The fiery Spaniard had informed the management of Robin Hood Dell that he

Benny Goodman's Triumph at Lewisohn Stadium is reported in full on page 26 by Henry W. Simon, music editor of New York Daily newspaper, P.M.

could not allow himself to conduct on the same program with Goodman. Iturbi's objections were not directed against Benny as a soloist, but as a conductor.

Ignoring Iturbi's suggestion that Goodman's contract be cancelled, the Dell management instead paid Iturbi for not appearing. The usually conservative Philadelphia press, remembering previous brushes with Iturbi's publicity-garnering displays of purist temperament, took the occasion to wallop Jose with stories and editorials.

(Continued on page 26)

Reggie Childs Sues Hoff for \$50,000

claiming Carl responsible for a breach of contract on the part of the Childs' male vocalist Paul Carley.

According to bandleader Hoff, Carley came into the Armonk Blue Gardens, where Carl is playing, one night, and asked for an opportunity to sing with the band. Carl told him to come back the next night for audition, and the following P. M. heard Carley and told him he was not for his (Hoff's) band. Next day, Carl Hoff was slapped with a \$50,000 suit for breach of contract by Childs, when Carl didn't even know, he says, that Carley was Reggie's singer.

BOB ALLEN BAND READY TO START

shortly, with the former Hal Kemp singer looking for a few men to fill weak spots in the Cleveland outfit of Vince Patti's, which he recently took over.

Allen, who modestly opines that his band won't be much at first, expects to hide in New York state some place until it's ready.

MORENO FOR ENGLE

with Mel Marvin, as the latter leaves Mel after five years as his first trumpeter. Wayne Engle goes to Art Mooney's similarly styled group, while Tony Moreno comes in from Omaha, Nebraska, to "Take It Easy" with Marvin.

CALLOWAY WON'T CALL HIS BAND HIS OWN—CREDITS MEN ONLY

"Yeah, the boys sure have got themselves a fine band!" exclaimed Cab Calloway about HIS band these days. Only he's always talking about THEIR band.

It might sound funny to you at first, this business of a man spending years to develop an outfit, finally getting by far the best he's ever had, and then, though admitting it's good, disclaiming both ownership and glories.

Cab explains it simply—simply and modestly. "I'm just up front there," he says, "putting on my act. Of course, I do have something to do with the running of the band (Understatement Dept. please note), but after all, it's the guys, themselves, who are doing it—you know, Chu and Cozy and them cats!"

And you do know Chu and Cozy and brethren such as Milton Hinton, Benny Payne, Hilton Jefferson, Jonah Jones, Dizzy Gillespie, Tyree Glenn, and the rest. All of them are responsible in some degree or another for the tremendous raves Cab's band gets everywhere nowadays.

'Hurrah for Harding!'

Calloway compliments flow in abundance, also, towards the ears and pen of one Buster Harding, an arranger by trade, whom the leader credits mostly for his (pardon: THEIR) band's improvement. "He really took over with those arrangements of his and whipped the bunch into shape," opines Cab. "There was something missing in the band for a long time, but nobody could ever put his finger on it. About four months ago, when we were in New York, I sent for Buster. I remembered he once had written a few things we liked pretty well, but he wasn't quite ready at the time. I had a hunch that this time he might be—and he sure was!"

Harding's Hieroglyphics now adorn most of the sheets of paper lying on the Calloway stands. He's turning out stuff that's inspirational. "That's why they're playing so fine," explains Cab. "Buster's stuff just knocks 'em clean out—that's all. Does me too, for that matter," he added quickly, with not much second thought.

(Continued on page 35)



Part of the reason for Freddy Nagel's recent success on the west coast is this lovely lass, Miss Mary Lane.

MRS. JOHN HAMMOND NO JAVANESE

in spite of the reports of genial Milt Gabler, record shop impresario. Milt saw newspaper accounts of John's wedding to Jemison McBride, of Batavia (N. Y.) and decided, forthwith, that Jemison must be a Javanese, since Batavia is top city in those East Indies islands. Whole situation shows how potent has been the influence of young Harry Lim, Batavia, Java, native, whose recent years in the U. S. have put Java on the swing map.



CAB CALLOWAY'S band may not be his own, but this party, celebrating the band's tenth anniversary, sure thinks so. TEDDY WILSON, Cafe Society leader, helped Cab feel happy about the whole thing.

Matty Malneck's Music Called 'Slaughter'

in a legal complaint voiced by St. Louis residents a few weeks ago before City Judge Joseph Catanzaro. One of the complainants, a doctor, told the court that the Hotel Chase Starlight Roof was making unnecessary noises in the wee small hours, which interfered seriously with his sleep in the fashionable Maryland Place and Lindell Boulevard house where he lived. He said that he appreciated good music, but the band on the roof in the early morning (Malneck's) "slaughtered it."

Others described the music as "pandemonium" and another doctor, a member of the Municipal Opera Association, said he thought he knew his music—and this wasn't it! The master of ceremonies was described by the complainants as "a cross between an oldtime circus barker and a banana peddler."

Defense was based on the fact that the band was not making the alleged noise for advertising purposes, to which the Judge agreed—with a final decision in the offing at press time.—ST. LOUIS, Mo.

JUDGE JOINS POWELL

as featured vocalist with Teddy's band, currently playing at the Rustic Cabin, Englewood Cliffs, N. J., and heard several times weekly over CBS and Mutual.

Fats Knocks Out Seattle Fans

in theatre appearance presented by Seattle's Norm Bobrow. The show at the Moore theatre, originally scheduled for two hours, went to three, and kept a large crowd stamping, whistling, cheering for more of the Waller music. Fats wisely mixed his stuff, culling sweet and hot selections from his books with effective contrasts.

Success of the concert was not so much the shakily constructed 12-piece band but Fats himself, at the piano, and tenor saxist Eugene Sedric, trumpeter Herman Autrey and drummer Slick Jones. Affair was programmed as a regular concert, with a program note on Waller much like those carried by classical concert brochures.—SEATTLE, WASH.

CAFE INTRODUCES NEW QUARTET

at the behest and suggestion of John Hammond, who heard the boys on a test recording and brought them to Cafe Society proprietor Barney Josephson's attention. The group, out of Jacksonville, Florida, will be called the Cafe Society Quartet and will be featured at the Uptown Cafe indefinitely. Feature of their singing is the great depth of basso Elijah Wright's voice and Golden Gate-like arrangements.

Security Board Decision Perils Percentage Deals

for bandmen, in a strict ruling by the Social Security Board in Washington. The decision, seeking to pin responsibility for the payment of the employer-tax, says that as long as orchestra leaders accept percentages of receipts they are employers, just as ballroom owners, hotel owners, etc., and must, in those cases, be responsible for the employer social security tax.

AFM Executive Board and lots of local bigwigs have the warning under warm discussion, for it implies a number of discomfiting things. The small number of top bands that get percentage-agreements could probably never make straight pay contracts equal to some of their big shares of the big gates garnered as percentages. This also cuts down severely on bookers, working against percentages, who feel agreed-upon totals wouldn't approach percentages in meting their dough.

'Little Man, What Now?'

The little bandmen, by far the largest in number affected by the ruling, are worried over the possibility of paying employer social security taxes, a big slice out of their small earnings which they had thought had been settled as none of their business, but rather, that of hotels, ballrooms, etc. Too, there is the possibility of government suits for back taxes, if percentages remain and leaders are interpreted en masse as employers. Only reasonable solution that seems remotely possible would call for the classification of percentage-earning leaders as employers, all others as employees.



JELLY-ROLL MORTON, famous blues pianist, composer of such famous standards as "King Porter Stomp," "Shoe Shiner's Drag," and "Jelly-Roll Blues," passed away at the age of 51 in the Los Angeles General Hospital, July 10. He had been ill for some time, and, excepting for a record date for General Records, had been nationally inactive in recent years.



Three crack composers collaborate on a new tune, all royalties from which they will donate to the United China Relief Fund. The composers are Ira Gershwin, Arthur Schwartz and E. Y. (Yip) Harburg. The tune is "Honorable Moon."

SPA President Blasts BMI As Sweat Shop

in a recent broadside delivered by Irving Caesar.

The chief executive of the Song Writers' Protective Association made no bones about where his group stood in the still boiling ASCAP-BMI controversy. Said he, in part:

"BMI (the implement and creation of CBS and NBC) has never found it consistent with its business interests that writer and publisher should participate in a disposition of mechanical rights, transcription rights and performing rights to their mutual advantage. Since BMI is owned by the broadcasters, it is the user; and since it is in the publishing business, it is the seller. BMI evidently thinks it silly to yield to writers the basic elemental rights that SPA has achieved for writers in its minimum basic agreement.

"It is all too evident that BMI was organized by the broadcasters for the sole purpose of destroying the rights vested in writers and putting song writers in the category of sweat-shop workers. . . ."

'This Hydra-Headed Monster'

Caesar's oratory was no doubt influenced by the fact that BMI royalty percentages for song-writers are only a small fraction of those that ASCAP obtains. "One cannot but wonder," continues Caesar, "at the effrontery of the broadcasting monopoly in creating this hydra-headed monster representing the radio, phonograph and transcription combine, maintained for the sole purpose of whittling away the rights of creative artists."

Meanwhile, nothing new to report on radio's gigantic feud, except that more and more bands are getting less and less time on the Mutual network.

Ernesto Lecuona Hurt; Emilio Grenet Dead

in a series of unpleasant Havana happenings. Lecuona, famous composer of *Para Vigo Me Voy*, *Two Hearts That Pass in the Night*, *The Breeze and I* and hundreds of popular favorites, was in an automobile accident that knocked him up some, but did not seriously injure him.

Emilio Grenet was the brother of bandleader and composer Eliseo Grenet (*Mama Ines*, etc.) and drummer Ernesto Grenet, who is currently with the Bellamar Orchestra, Cuba's top hot band. Emilio, who lost one of his legs several years ago by shark bite while swimming at the Vedado beach, died of appendicitis, of which he had been critically ill.

Other Cuban News

The Bellamar Orchestra has been signed to a six-month contract at the Sans Souci, after having played the spot for a year, and they may remain indefinitely. Armando Romeu's band is a great favorite in this part of the world and is looked to for the latest American music. Mario Gil, a singer who is much like Jack Leonard, recently returned from the United States to join the Bellamar. His good English makes him an excellent Master of Ceremonies for the Bellamar show and a good singer of American songs for the band.

Hugo Del Carril, recognized as the most popular and best known tango singer in the Latin American world, since the death of Carlos Gardel, will make his Cuban radio debut as this piece goes to press, in an eagerly awaited appearance. Carril is the highest paid artist ever to come to Cuban radio.—HAVANA, CUBA.

BOY TO BRASS KING

with Mel Marvin's orchestra. Brass player is trumpeter Bobby King, whose wife presented him with an 8-lb. son at White Plains Hospital on July 10, to be named Richard Allen King.

'ARMSTRONG'S STYLE WILL OUTLIVE BEIDERBECKE'S!'—HARRY JAMES

"Louis' style will outlive Bix's—in fact, it has already!" That's the opinion of Harry James, number one trumpeter of the land, according to all popularity polls, on the oft-discussed subject of Armstrong vs. Beiderbecke.

"Take your modern arrangements as well as your modern jazz trumpeters," continues Harry, whose string-stocked band and swing-socked ball team are scoring triumphs all over the east, "and you'll see plenty of proof of what I'm driving at. They're full of Louis' licks.

How many of Bix's do you find, though?"

Expressing a distinct preference for Armstrong's horn, and lack of enthusiasm for dixieland, Harry admits that perhaps on that count his own opinion of the relative merits of the two doesn't count for too much. "Also, I never did hear Bix in person. I've heard plenty of his records, of course." He did hear Louis in person—many times—and considers him the master of them all.

"But I'm not going entirely by what I like and don't like," insists hard-blowing Harry. "I'm going by what the others have accepted—you know, arrangers and other trumpet players. They're always taking stuff from Louis, more than from anybody else.

"Don't get me wrong, either, I'm not taking credit away from Bix. He was a wonderful musician—really wonderful—but I don't think that years from now you'll find he had as deep an effect upon jazz as Louis has had."

Live Men Good Too

Harry's line of reasoning falls in with a pet theory of his, which he has often expressed to intimates, but never to the general public. Its crux is that "you don't have to be dead to be great." James has often shown intense disdain for so-called jazz authorities, who, unable to analyze jazz as it is being created, attempt to show their knowledge via an historical approach. "They really don't know!" he expostulates.

Tactfully, he considers only those trumpeters whom he has heard in person, when compiling his list of favorites. And, before making any decisions, he studies them from all angles.

James favorites are Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, and Charlie Spivak. The first two are the guys who thrill him most when it comes to playing out-and-out jazz; the last when it comes to tone and sweet blowing. He doesn't expect either Roy or Charlie to have as much influence upon the future of jazz as Louis did, though.

"Armstrong is the daddy of them all, so far as I'm concerned," Harry repeats, who, so far as he is concerned, doesn't put a guy named James any place near a guy named Armstrong. "Everybody's playing his stuff, and until a greater creator comes along, that's the way it'll be—for me, anyway!"



LOUIS ARMSTRONG (above) is the trumpeter whose style will outlive all others, according to Harry James—yes, even that of the great BIX (below).



B. BAILEY'S MIRACLE

astounded onlookers at a Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street airing late in July, when the Kirby clarinetist played a difficult solo with the use of only three fingers of his right hand, which had suffered a compound fracture a few days earlier.

PERRY ON OWN

after eighteen months with Gray Gordon's Orchestra, through thick (Toc) and thin. Art will do a solo spot on network sustainings and is considering Broadway musical offers for the Fall. He will continue under the Gray Gordon management.

BRITISH SERVICE BANDS HEAD ISLE'S MUSIC

Something like a sixth of the membership of the British Musicians' Union is serving with the various forces. Since this group includes the young age group that meets military requirements, some of the finest British musicians are now playing in uniform. Royal Air Force, Royal Marine, and countless other service organizations have sponsored dance bands of apparently high quality.

Perhaps the highest standards are those of the R.A.F., whose various divisions include small and large bands of varying purpose but of consistent quality. The top British jazz stars, Max Goldberg, Andy McDevitt, Tommy McQuater, and others, are in R.A.F. outfits which play dance dates all over the Isle of England and which do considerable broadcast work.

The shortage of able musicians for even established bands is so acute that many find themselves depending upon service musicians, who are allowed to work in civilian bands in their spare time. Some of the best records British bandleader Lew Stone has ever made (according to British critics) depended strongly upon a part R.A.F. personnel. The British Broadcasting Company, sponsoring highly successful dance music programs, designed for German consumption, is relying more and more upon service combinations for these weekly bits of musical propaganda, what the English *Melody Maker* calls a "Radio dance music Blitz on Germany!"

Too Many to List

It's impossible to list all the able outfits being formed in Anti-Aircraft, Air Force and other forces. Each issue of the weekly *Melody Maker* mentioned above lists an increasing number of these bands, formed across the country. At a recent Dance Band Contest, organized for an important English region, two of ten competing bands were service groups, representing a York and Lancaster Regiment and an Anti-Aircraft Brigade.

The R.A.F. Dance Band that has attained the greatest prominence of all service bands is that led by Sergeant Jimmy Miller. Its broadcast performances have given it a popularity and identification among the most important bands in Britain. Since R.A.F. bands are usually presented at dances under the anonymity of their service names, many promoters have implied that their lesser organizations were the Miller-led band. As a result, there is a movement among these bands and their supporters to secure special names for each of the R.A.F. and the other service organizations.

May Go on Wax

Another of the important R.A.F. bands is the six-piece crew that famed British drummer Joe Daniels leads. It looks forward to recording, and, like the bulk of other service organizations, is allowed to set engagements for itself in the free time it is allotted by military authorities. As a result of the high evaluation of the importance of music in effecting public morale by military and civil leaders in Britain, the service bands are producing music of high quality, music that should not be underestimated in the list of vital factors that help to keep a valiant people going.

VENUTI FOR VENUTI NO GO

in Philly nitery, when the fiddler-bandleader attempted to bring over the entire show (Andrews Sisters, et al) from the Earle Theatre to do a stint for nephew Jimmy Venuti, who is making his band debut. The theatre management pointed out to Joe, with considerable wrath, that his contract specifically forbids outside appearances while at the Earle, and the much-advertised appearance at the club had to be casually cancelled, with ill-feeling all around.



64th Coast Artillery Corps Orchestra

Britons Discover Kid Drummer

seven years old, who is hailed by his discoverers, well known British drummer, Max Bacon, and the English music weekly, *The Melody Maker*, as a "natural drum wizard." The youngster, Victor Feldman, cannot read music, and can hardly hold his sticks, he is so small a child. To quote the English paper:

"This kid's drumming would be grand stuff if executed by an intelligent adult. To think that a child can execute such natural rhythm with such incredible confidence and attack is quite staggering."

Victor works with brothers Robert, 17, who plays clarinet, and Monty, 16, who plays accordion, to form a swing trio. He remembers arrangements perfectly in his head once they have been worked out by the three Feldmans and has a perfect sense of rhythm, of tricky breaks and bar lengths for jam sessions. His British admirers are confident they have a young genius in seven-year-old Victor Feldman.

BERLIN SONGS TO UNCLE SAM

under the commission of the Chief of Ordnance of the U. S. Army and the Secretary of the Treasury. Song Irving wrote at the behest of the former is *Arms For the Love of America*; for the latter he penned *Any Bonds Today?* The two patriotic ditties have been coupled on their initial waxings by Barry Wood, for Victor, and Kay Kyser, for Columbia.

ARMY GRABS MASER

first-named Mort, the west coast lad who's been turning in those brilliant arrangements for Earl Hines and his girl singer, Madeleine Greene. Maser's stationed at Camp Ord in California.

Zinn Arthur Band Tours for Army

appearing at Mitchell Field, Long Island on the July 4 holiday, and due to appear other places soon. The boys spent their furlough at Grossinger's in the Catskills, where Arthur used to lead the band. Henry Nemo supplied plenty of kicks.

Zinn leads a Swing Six, consisting of Johnny Mince, ex-Tommy Dorsey clarinetist; Bill Clifton, ex-Paul Whiteman pianist; Phil Krause, ex-WNEW vibraphonist; John Speidel, 1941 Worlds Fair drum contest winner; Harry Kolstein, ex-Buddy Clarke tenor saxist and Frank Di Paola, ex-Van Alexander violinist. Leader Arthur handles vocals, much as he did with his own band before being drafted.

CHESTER GRATIS FOR SOLDIERS

at Fort Jay, Governor's Island. Appearance of Bob's band was scheduled at press-time to take place July 28.

Local 802 gave permission for the outfit to appear for a short concert, sans pay. Bob and boys willingly offered to do their bit for the army.

The Fort may book other bands. Capt. David Rosen is in charge, with Peter Dean helping.

HARRY JAMES GETS LYNNE RICHARDS

young singer who auditioned with the band during its July appearance at Brooklyn's Manhattan Beach. She replaces Dell Parker, Broadway beauty, who stayed with the band only a few days.

Johnny Fresco of Holland remains in Vido Musso's tenor sax chair, despite the fact that Dave Matthews played the band's last Lincoln Hotel broadcasts, in place of Fresco.

Ex-Lewis Trumpeter In Fort Meade Band

along with a tenor saxist and singer who used to work with Ray Herbeck and Baron Elliot. Sam Lillibridge, the trumpeter is "a spark plug" of the 93rd Infantry's dance orchestra, according to Lieut. E. L. Davis, while Jack Williams is the singing saxist.

"We have a fine arranger and singer in Tommy Naylor (bass fiddle), who lead his own orchestra before the draft," states Lieut. Davis.

The rest of the Fort Meade band (Maryland) includes pianist John Fichette (Washington), saxist John Brown (New York), cornetist Bobby Derr (Hazleton, Pa.), saxist Bob Hall (Arlington, Va.), and Rocco Panetta (singer and librarian from Washington). Until the band can get a drummer and tenor sax, it is borrowing those two men from a national guard unit.

Aid has come from Post Commander Colonel Allen, who allowed the group money for a bass fiddle and drums, from the Post Recreation Officer, who supplied an initial sum of music, and from a p.a. system donated by one of the boys. Several music publishers have supplied orchestrations gratis.



BUS BASSEY, former Goodman tenor saxist, is now at Camp Grant in Illinois.

BARNET HEPTET NOW CHEROKEES

in name change instituted by Charlie, to follow the big name the Ray Noble Indian tune made for him and his band. The swing septet within the band will still be fronted by Bobby Burnet and Charlie, however.

Leo White, who would have played clarinet with the Cherokees, was replaced by Ray Hopfner on that instrument with both big and small bands when Leo was forced to remain in New York under a doctor's care. Cy Baker was scheduled to join the trumpet section in place of Lyman Vunk, on the coast. Hopfner used to be with Woody Herman; he doubles on trombone. Baker was featured hot man with Jimmy Dorsey and Casa Loma.

Andy Gibson has replaced Horace Henderson as the band's chief arranger. Andy used to be with Basie, James and Calloway.



—Photos by J. J. Gregor

Two Fort Bliss (Texas) dance bands. At left, orchestra of the 12th Cavalry, and at right, the orchestra of the 7th Cavalry. Both help make Texas army life that much more enjoyable. Dance bands, as a matter of fact, supply one of the major forms of recreation for the boys in khaki in all parts of the country these days.

Fort Devens Has 13-Piece Outfit

led by staff sergt. Joseph Dlapa. Saxists are Philip Falcone, Floyd Bettinger, Francis McCool, Snowden Evans; trumpets are Manuel Aguilar, Armen Ninno, Henry Tedesco; trombonists are Lee Stedman and Forest Churchill; pianist is Earl O'Dell; George Dewan is on drums, and Walter Hunt plays tuba.

That's the way the First Division Artillery group shapes up. Also at Fort Devens (Mass.) is the 26th Infantry Orchestra. This group spots Frank Belva, lead and hot tenor saxist, trumpeter Dick Leclerc and singing-trombonist Sammy Benjamin. It plays every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at the War Dept. Theatre. Dances are seldom, because the soldiers' feet are usually too swollen.

Fort Knox Now Boasts Three Dance Bands

all of them greatly improved recently through the influx of musicians from name bands. The units are the Armored Force Replacement Training Center Orchestra under the direction of Master Sergeant Melvin Short; the 1st Armored Regiment Orchestra, directed by Tech. Sergeant John Calahan, and the 1st Infantry Orchestra directed by 1st Sergeant Arthur A. Cobizez.

FELTON BOOKS TO UNCLE SAM

as Happy settles down as a stage comedian, in the long-run Hellzapoppin in New York City. The orchestra leader donated his ten-year-old library, with its hundreds of arrangements, to Camp Upton, at Yaphank, Long Island, N. Y., Captain Maurice King, music head of the 98th Division which occupies the camp, receiving.

S. STOCKTON IN ARMY

to fulfill his agreement for a one year stay in Uncle Sam's army. Sonny was featured vocalist with Dean Hudson until June 30, on which date he was drafted.

Dean is dickering for Don Boyde to replace Stockton while the latter is in the army.

WASHINGTON ENVOY'S SON SELLS TURKEY SWING

Neshui Ertegun, son of the Turkish Ambassador to the United States, will be a jazz ambassador back to his native country from the United States, when and if he can tear himself away from the native habitat of the Ellingtons, Coleman Hawkinses, Meade Lux Lewises and the other swing stars he admires.

Neshui, who is twenty-three years old, was born in Istanbul, Turkey, and was a student of philosophy during his four-year sojourn at the University of the Sorbonne in Paris. Just before his years at the Sorbonne, he had been introduced to American jazz in London, in the persons and bands of Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway. In the British capital, too, he spent much time listening to the orchestras of Ambrose and Lew Stone.

In Paris, young Mr. Ertegun joined Hughes Panassie's Hot Club of France and was an ardent devotee of the music of Django Reinhardt, Stephane Grappelly and Alix Combelle as much for the American guest stars who sat in with them as for themselves. Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Bill Coleman, Kaiser Marshall and Eddie South were frequent jam session mates of the French musicians and Ertegun learned much from them.

Since 1939, Neshui Ertegun has been in the United States with his Ambassador father. Here he has lectured on jazz (in Washington and Baltimore) besides appearing several times on swing programs on the air.

Imported Jam Session

Several months ago, as reported in METRONOME, Neshui "imported" jazzmen Sidney Bechet, Sidney DeParis, Art Hodes, Meade Lux Lewis, Joe Turner, Wellman Braud, Vic Dickerson

and Manzie Johnson from New York for a jam session. With this beginning, he hopes to present several similar sessions this fall and winter, with outstanding American jazz artists participating.

Neshui Ertegun's record collection is understandably formidable, around the 3,000 mark. He has many rare discs, with a large representation of those early records that were quickly cut out of American catalogues but remained available somewhat longer in Europe.

At present, he is on a tour of the 48 United States and Canada looking for rare records and hoping to hear some unknown musicians who play first-rate jazz. He will stop off in San Francisco with high expectations for the Lou Waters band there, which employs an instrumentation like that of the original King Oliver group.

When Neshui Ertegun returns to Washington, he wants it known, visiting swing men will again be welcome to call upon him at the Turkish Embassy, as they have in the past. Ertegun is a serious young swing emissary, and is determined to do all in his power for and with jazz musicians.—Carl Mirman, WASHINGTON, D. C.



The man with the fake glasses is Private First Class Peter (Dean) Heinemann, who used to act like this with Teddy Powell's band, but who nowadays helps bring bands over to Fort Jay on Governor's Island.

Fort Benning (Ga.) Books Big Bands And Pays for 'Em

in a new policy started at the southern training camp, the second largest in the country.

The scheme, whereby the soldiers don't have to pay a cent to hear the big boys, has been worked out by Major George A. Sossaman. Profits from the Post Exchange, the store at which army men buy goods at regular retail prices, will cover the cost of bringing in the outfits.

No name bands are expected until October, but from then on the boys can look forward to top-flight music every ten days or two weeks, if proposed plans go through. The camp has already sent out feelers to booking offices to see what can be done about bringing in the top-fighters.

What price they'll have to pay is conjectural, though they're reported prepared to go into the four figure class, if necessary. However, it's expected that booking offices will give them all possible breaks, with band leaders also seeing to it that the army lads don't get scalped the way so many inexperienced college groups have been in the past.

TD Wins Make Believe Ballroom Band Poll

with Tommy taking over honors last won by Glenn Miller. Glenn was second.

Voting was done by post-cards sent to Martin Block, who runs the record show for NY's indie, WNEW. 219,000 votes were cast for 175 bands.

Biggest surprise was Vaughn Monroe's fourth place finish, Jimmy Dorsey coming in third. Goodman, Kaye, Shaw, James, Krupa and Rey followed, the last named also a big surprise.

The poll is considered somewhat indicative of general popularity. It's also considered a press-agent's paradise, since it's just a matter of filling in a penny post card and signing any name.

NEW LONG PIANIST

is Junie Mays, ex-Al Donahuer, who replaced army-bound Greg Pierce on Johnny's New Yorker Hotel stand. Band has been renewed till September with strong possibility of a Paramount engagement following its current stand.

Much Material In Dunham's Band

**Good Arrangements and Rhythm Help,
But Adolescent Nonchalance Retards;
Dorsey and Brown Top Other Reviews**

SONNY DUNHAM (B-2)

In for a big build-up at Frank Dailey's esteemed Meadowbrook, Sonny Dunham's band is in there doing just that: building itself up. That goes not only for the popularity aspect but also from the musical point of view, in which you're probably more interested too.

There's plenty of musical material within the Dunham Dungeon to bode well for his outfit's future. Here and there, general inexperience doesn't permit it to shine forth as it should, but, then, the band's young—*younger* than you think, because it has been pretty thoroughly revamped within the past two months.

Fortunately, Dunham has several sound bases upon which to build. First of all, there are the arrangements, along Luncefordian principles, yet with numerous

SONNY DUNHAM and his Orchestra. Reviewed by GEORGE SIMON at Meadowbrook, Cedar Grove, N. J. CBS and Mutual wires.

Saxes: (1) Guy McReynolds, (2) Corky Corcoran, (3) Tony Bastien, (4) Joe Koch. Trumpets: (1) Van Racey, (2) Lint Montgomery, (3) Pete Condoli. Trombones: (1) George Faye, (2) Hal Smith. Piano: Fred Otis. Guitar: Leonard Mirabella. Bass: Ziggy Shevak. Drums: Howard Smith. Vocals: Diana Mitchell and Ray Kellogg. Leader, trumpet and trombone: Sonny Dunham.

NEW SYSTEM OF RATING BANDS

In the accompanying reviews, letters stand for the bands' musical worth and numbers for their commercial value.

Musically speaking, "A" is excellent, "B" is good, "C" is adequate, "D" is poor. Commercially speaking, "1" is excellent, "2" is good, "3" is adequate, "4" is poor.

Thus, a musically excellent but commercially poor band gets "A-4," while a musically poor but commercially excellent group receives "D-1."

sparks of originality. Credit George Williams, Pat McCarthy and Joe Mooney for same.

Secondly, there's the good rhythm section, which, from at least three-quarters of its members, gets good beats not only when the band is playing jazz numbers, but also when it goes through its numerous ballad renditions.

Thirdly, there's the sensation-styled trumpet and musical experience of its leader, who's been around in big bands (notably Glen Gray's) long enough to know what he wants, and, what's more important, how to get it.

Fourthly, there's an almost mythical esprit de corps at times, a pretty obvious desire on the parts of the fellows in the band to work, and to work hard and well, in an honest attempt to achieve due recognition.

In its most natural moments, the band makes use of these and other attributes. It plays pleasant jazz, at times exciting jazz, and it plays ballads prettily and musically.

In the former department it is helped no little by the rhythm section—most especially Howard Smith's drumming and least especially Fred Otis' "limp-left-
(Continued on page 30)



SONNY DUNHAM's band—Front row: singers Ray Kellogg and Diana Mitchell, Dunham, saxists Koch, Bastien, McReynolds, Corcoran. Middle row: trombonists Smith and Faye; guitarist Mirabella; pianist Otis. Back row: trumpeters Condoli, Montgomery, Rasey (hatless); drummer Smith; bassist Shevak.

TOMMY DORSEY (A-1)

It's hard to think of a richer commercial combination than the one that Tommy Dorsey leads. And it's hard to be more satisfied musically by so complete a commercial expression. For Tommy's years of experience have finally added up to the cream of the cream for him. This band is almost unbeatable at making the customers happy—no matter what they come for.

The extraordinary success of *I'll Never Smile Again* last summer established Tommy Dorsey all over again as a shrewd maestro of popular musical matters. Behind that success lay a campaign that this band excellently reflects. There were the fine pretty arrangements

TOMMY DORSEY and his Orchestra. Reviewed by BARRY ULANOV at the Hotel Astor Roof, New York City. NBC wire.

Saxes: (1) Freddie Stulce, (2) Dom Lodice, (3) Manny Gershtman, (4) Heinie Beau, (5) Bruce Snyder. Trumpets: (1) Chuck Peterson, (2) Ziggy Elman, (3) Jimmy Blake, (4) Al Stearns. Trombones: (1) Dave Jacobs, (2) George Arus, (3) Lowell Martin. Piano: Joe Bushkin. Guitar: Clark Yocum. Bass: Sid Weiss. Drums: Buddy Rich. Vocals: Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines and the Pied Pipers. Leader and trombone: Tommy Dorsey.

of Axel Stordahl, and the distinctive, relaxed hot manuscripts contributed by Sy Oliver. There were the assorted vocalists, culminating in the Pied Pipers,
(Continued on page 30)

BOBBY BYRNE (B-2)

There's an immense amount of fine stuff in this Bobby Byrne band—both musical and commercial material! It's capable of doing just about anything—beating out good jazz, creating mellow moods while playing ballads, and supplying both oral and visual entertainment for even the ickiest of customers.

It's a good deal better band, technically speaking, than it used to be, too. Don Redman is arranging for it now, and he's supplying it with some ingenious manuscripts. The rhythm section gets a much better beat than it used to when the band was last reviewed in these pages. The addition of a fifth sax makes the reeds just that much more

BOBBY BYRNE and his Orchestra. Reviewed by GEORGE SIMON at Hotel Pennsylvania, New York. NBC wire.

Saxes: (1) Charlie DiMaggio, (2) Bunny Bardach, (3) Jerry Yelverton, (4) Don Byrne, (5) Rocque Dominic. Trumpets: (1) Johnny Martel, (2) Johnny Fasso, (3) Bob MacDonald. Trombones: (1) Sid Brantley, (2) Don Ruppensburg, (3) Don Matthews. Piano: Louis Carter. Guitar: Dick Skinner. Bass: Abe Siegel. Drums: Dick Farrell. Vocals: Dorothy Claire and Stuart Wade. Leader and Trombone: Bobby Byrne.

impressive. The brass is more brilliant than before. And even the vocal department has been strengthened.

But the band still isn't consistent
(Continued on page 28)

LES BROWN (A-1)

The biting music of Les Brown is almost unique today. It's almost unique because the fine musicians of Les Brown have a collective spirit and an ensemble potency that can't be rivalled among white bands and certainly is rarely duplicated for cleanness and clarity among colored ones. There is a fullness like Lunceford's here, a power like Basie's, and a delicacy and intimacy withal that are Les Brown's and nobody else's.

The Les Brown band is almost unique in its ability to play both sweet and hot. Like no other band, except Tommy Dorsey's, this one is at home in all sorts of music, striking an ease and a distinction in the lowliest as well as the loveliest ballad, in the slightest as well as the fullest jazz number. Though one can make qualifications, and this reviewer will, it should be stated clearly and unmistakably that this Les Brown band is one of the great bands, that Les has slowly but surely brought his organization along until it has become a versatile crew of surpassing brilliance. It isn't easy to name names and call

LES BROWN and his Orchestra. Reviewed by BARRY ULANOV at the Log Cabin, Armonk, New York.

Saxes: (1) Steve Madrick, (2) Wolfe Tayne, (3) Abe Most, (4) Eddie Sherr. Trumpets: (1) Bob Thorne, (2) Don Jacoby, (3) Eddie Bailey. Trombones: (1) Si Zentner, (2) Bob Fishel, (3) Warren Brown. Piano: William Rowland. Guitar: Joe Petrone. Bass: John Knepper. Drums: Nat Polens. Vocals: Betty Bonney, Ralph Young. Leader and saxophone: Les Brown.

credits in a band that has as much overall distinction as this one, but that's not because names and credits are sparse. There are some first-rate soloists in the Les Brown band and the sections have clear claims to their own individual team marks—high musical marks, at that.

The bulk of the solo power of the band lies in the saxophone section. Here the Brobdingnagian tonal acrobatics of tenor Wolfe Tayne provide the fullest contribution. Tayne's choruses are quite different from any other tenor's

(Continued on page 30)



LES BROWN, fronting saxists Sheer, Most, Madrick, and Tayne, while his right shoulder is tickled by Bob Thorne's trumpet.

JOHNNY LONG (B-1)

Pleasant, in all its honorific meaning, is the word for Johnny Long's band. What's surprising, if you've only heard this band on the air, on records, or at very short performances, is how fine it is musically to back up its personable human qualities. Its greatest holes are strictly musical, but its greatest assets, save one, are musical too.

That exception among the assets is one Johnny Long. His musical contribution to the band (the fiddle) is good. But his personality contribution is exceptional. Johnny's warm smile and at-ease look on the bandstand make friends for himself and his bandmen by the split second. His hearty greeting of dancers, his favorable reception to requests, his all-around desire (and ability) to please, really get over. Johnny is the boniface for this band, in much the way that mine host toddled the customers into their favorite spots at Old(e) English(e) Inn(e)s. And a band that depends so much upon pretty music, and upon delighting dancers, as

JOHNNY LONG and his Orchestra. Reviewed by BARRY ULANOV at the Hotel New Yorker, New York City. NBC-Blue wire.

Saxes: (1) Kirby Campbell, (2) King Walker, (3) Cy Woistman, (4) Paul Harmon. Trumpets: (1) Swede Nielson, (2) H. L. Shockey, (3) Jimmy Farr. Trombones: (1) Walter Benson, (2) Ed Butner. Piano: Gregory Pierce. Guitar: Oggie Davies. Bass: Ray Couch. Drums: Floyd Sullivan. Vocals: Helen Young, Bob Houston, Paul Harmon. Leader and violin: Johnny Long.

this one does, needs that sort of ingratiating greeter for its leader.

It's the pretty music the band plays that gives it its greatest musical distinction. Of the new bands coming up today (or the old, too, for that matter), this one comes closest to the unique sweet style set by the great Isham Jones band of many years ago. Its four-clarinnet voicings, its simple sectional harmonies on some of its ballads, mark this Long outfit as exceptionally shrewd

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JOHNNY LONG'S band, caught at the New Yorker just after Jimmy Farr (extreme right) joined them and before he got his uniform.

DUKE DALY (B-4)

Ever notice how many pitchers come out of the minor leagues, highly touted, "sure successes" in the majors, only to fall down miserably and find themselves back in the bushes because, despite all the stuff they could put on the ball, they lacked one essential element: control.

That's the current status of Duke Daly's band. There's a lot of material here, but it's being tossed out in true hit-or-miss style, with the targets, so far at least, being mostly missed.

Duke, who's had a few successful regional, or minor league, bands, but who so far hasn't scored in previous attempts at big time, has surrounded himself with several excellent musicians and given them arrangements by two reputedly fine writers, Horace Henderson and Roger Moore. Such a combination of talents is bound to click here and there—and it does—but that same combination is amazingly inconsistent when it comes to musical stability. You get the idea that the band has never

DUKE DALY and his Orchestra. Reviewed by GEORGE SIMON at Playland Casino, Rye, N. Y. Mutual wire.

Saxes: (1) Herb Tompkins, (2) Bobby Dukoff, (3) Jimmy Sands, (4) Dick Rollins, (5) Harry Sopp. Trumpets: (1) Ted Fisher, (2) Max Tiff, (3) Phil Fisher. Trombones: (1) Dan Pooley, (2) Chuck Maxton. Piano: Al Reese. Bass: Bert Blake. Drums: Sid Kay. Vocals: Vera Barton.

gone through an intensive, intelligent rehearsal, so that when the men sound good it's just as much of an accident as when they sound bad.

Standing out among the outfit's good points are the saxes. They're ably led, and apparently also rehearsed, by Herb Tompkins, a veteran of Woody Herman and Les Brown teams, who blows an amazingly consistent and facile lead via a tone upon which the others can lean without trepidation. Such a leader makes it just that much easier for the quintet to get the good blend that it does get.

Tompkins, however, cannot be held

(Continued on page 26)



DUKE DALY'S saxes at Playland. Herb Tompkins is the lead-man in the middle.

Teagarden's Great Horn Leads Discs

**Jack Blows More Immortal Works;
Basie Much Better, Eldridge Adds
More Thrills; James Stupendous**

By GORDON (DISCUSSIONS) WRIGHT

Here it is 1941, and they're playing records Jack Teagarden made back in 1931. Come 1951, and they'll be playing records he made back in 1941—that is, if he keeps on turning out sides as fine as *St. James Infirmary* and *Black and Blue*, which he recently waxed for Decca. Backed by a rich-sounding band with an unusual amount of body, Jack sings and plays trombone magnificently. On the first, which is cleverly arranged and also features some fine Danny Polo clarinetting, he blows into a bottle, dispensing with the bell of his horn, and giving the same effect he used to produce on Mound City Blues Blowers' discs. On the other, it's just out-and-out brassy tromboning: real, natural tone in the lazy Teagarden vein. Coincident with Jack's sudden popularity, Okeh has reissued his theme, *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues*, backing it with *United We Stand*. The band, Teagarden's first version, isn't as crisp, but Jack plays wonderfully, and there's a tenor (Hub Lytle's?) on the theme that must have helped to inspire him. In any event, any of these four sides should inspire you!

COUNT BASIE Much Better

The Basie rhythm section, about which so many critics rave, gets the idea of how to play for records on 9:20 *Special* and *Goin' to Chicago Blues*. Note how much more compact it is when Joe Jones plays brushes. Soloistic honors go to Coleman Hawkins, imported for the date, whose blowing sounds much more inspired here than it did on *Feedin' the Bean*, waxed under similar, guest circumstances. The band, as a whole, impresses even more on the reverse, though, what with the biting, and at times extremely humorous, brass behind Jimmy Rushing's shouting; the sax inflections behind the ditto, and Buck Clayton's soulful trumpeting. The Count's at his daintiest on *Tune Town Shuffle*, which also spots commendable Tab Smith altoing, while Helen Humes' vocal and Earl Warren's lead alto highlight *You Lied to Me*. But it's the first coupling that gives you an idea of how great the band can be when it wants to be! (O).

GENE KRUPA Roy and Anita

It's Roy Eldridge again, this time helped a lot by the fine beat Anita O'Day gets. The entire band becomes infected on *Let Me Off Uptown*, on which Roy is positively stupendous. The two of them combine for more kicks on *Kick It*, whose reverse, *After You've Gone*, is a bit too flag-waverish for genuine jazz thrills. Gene's band, still hampered by some of the world's dullest arrangements, shows slight improvement on pop sides, with Howard Dulany's singing helping *Flamingo*, and somebody's pretty trombone aiding *Til Reveille*. Roy and Anita, though, are definitely the interests in this band (O).

WILL BRADLEY Surprise Mumbling

The first paragraph rave, Jack Teagarden, has himself a fine aper in this Bradley band. It's Terry Allen, heretofore strictly a balladeer, who mumbles awfully impressively in a blues idiom through the passages of *Boogie Woogie Piggy*, aided and abetted by Ray McKinley's squeaking and drumming. The brass, especially Lee Castaldo's jazz trumpet, top the reverse, *Love Me a Little Little*, which has a Lynn Gardner vocal that's too "cute" even for words as bad as these. Allen reverts to ballad form on *Flamingo*, not the best thing he has done, on which Will plays lovely trombone. Its reverse, *Swingin' Down the Lane*, has a really definite beat, plus some very good Peanuts Hucko tenor saxing (C).

BENNY GOODMAN Soft as Spring

Thanks chiefly to arranger Eddie Sauter, the Goodmen are doing much more with ballads than they used to. He has produced two lovely arrangements for them—of *Soft as Spring* and *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*, on which Benny plays softly and sympathetically. The former has it over the latter in that Helen Forrest emphasizes feeling instead of affected musical tricks. However, don't overlook the writing for the saxes and the way first-man Les Robinson interprets it on *Baby*. Each of the sides is backed by the usually good Goodman swing: the first by *Down, Down, Down*, on which both Benny and Helen kick plenty; the second by *Good Evenin', Good Lookin'*, on which both do ditto while the brass bites deeply (C).

HARRY JAMES Stupendous Horn

Boy, this band's really kicking like mad these days! The first few measures of *Dodgers' Fan Dance* (why the apostrophe "s"?) might not enthrall you, but wait until Vido Musso and Harry start kicking. Harry hasn't put anything more thrilling on wax than the stuff on this side, which also has good Al Lerner pianoing. The reverse, *Lament to Love*, features a good Dick Haymes vocal and Harry in an



One-man band BECHET (see page 32).

Elmanesque mood. More thrilling is *Sharp as a Tack* (a steal from *Oh Baby*), on which Harry and Vido both bite off more than most men can chew. More of the two on *Jeffrie's Blues*. An interesting James revival is *One O'Clock Jump*, which has magnificent tenor by the late Herschel Evans, plus fine Jess Stacy piano, and Harry, of course (C).

CHARLIE SPIVAK Better Stevens

Thrilling trumpet, but along more legitimate lines, comes from Charlie as he plays open horn on *The Angels Came Through* and *A Rose and a Prayer*. Garry Stevens is gradually turning into one of the finest singers with any band—notice the virility of his voice on the latter tune. The band gets a fairly good beat on *Charlie Horse* with Bill Mustarde's trombone passage attribute No. 1 (O).

GLENN MILLER And Better Eberle

The most vastly improved of all vocalists these days (and he had a long way to come, too) is Ray Eberle. That strain, that made him so difficult to listen to, has disappeared entirely in *I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest*, which he sings so easily and with much feeling. There's also some soulful, intimate Tex Beneke tenoring—on this and on *Take the "A" Train*, on which Billy May's trumpet kicks prolifically, obviously inspiring the band behind him, and which gives Private Herman Alpert plenty of opportunities to show off his good bassing (B).

BENNY CARTER Surprise Singer

This band gets a good lift, features interesting arrangements, and plays in tune. What's more it has fine altoing and trumpeting from its leader, plus a clean piano on *Cuddle Up, Huddle Up*. But the biggest thrill comes from the unnamed vocalist, who sings *What a Difference a Day Made* with a wonderful beat and plenty of real feeling. For your information, it's Maxine Sullivan, who, if she sang like this all the time, would be remembered all the time. Ever hear that wonderful chorus of *Stop, You're Breaking My Heart* she sang several years ago on Vocalion with Claude Thornhill's band? This is much like that (B).

SAM DONAHUE Irene Daye Back

The saxes, with their subtle inflections, take top honors on *Six Mile Stretch* and *Do You Care*. Note how especially light they are on the former, which also spots fine passages from Wayne Herdell's piano and somebody's alto, with everything backed by one of the finest rhythm sections in the business. Despite an awkward tempo, Herdell plays a good piano passage on the reverse, which brings back to wax Irene Daye, who used to sing so well with Krupa. She ditto for Donahue (B).

LARRY CLINTON And Peggy Mann

Peggy Mann continues her fine warbling tactics for Clinton. She's especially impressive on the slow part of the two-tempoed *What's the Good of Moonlight*, on which Larry pulls a reverse Jimmy Dorsey with his singers, and which also unleashes Johnny Austin's rhythmic trumpet. Peggy's good, too, on *What Good Does It Do*, which has good Ben Feeman lead sax inflections and a fluid Steve Benorico alto passage (B).

TOMMY DORSEY TWELVE-INCHER LEADS LATE STUFF

Where Tommy Dorsey's first twelve-inch regular release (*Deep River* and *Without A Song*) was something short of terrific, his second deserves that adjective and any of a half dozen synonyms you can think of. The "A" side is a middle tempo version of *For You* that gets a wonderful beat and the brilliant assistance of Jo Stafford (girl of the Pied Pipers) on the vocals. Joe Bushkin and Ziggy Elman contribute effective piano and trumpet solos, respectively. Tommy Dorsey starts the Deane Kincaide arrangement of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* on the reverse with a soft indication of the familiar spiritual's theme against a happy figure of the arranger's devising. Follows a succession of choruses by the able Dorsey soloists, ending in a fine driving ensemble (V).

The first two sides of the much-heralded Artie Shaw date, which used Cafe Society musicians and strings, with Lena Horne handling the vocals, are at hand. Lena's singing is all that could have been expected, pliant, intelligent, with a lovely voice quality. But the solos are few and insubstantial. Fragments of the Benny Carter alto stand out, alongside of some Shaw clarinet and a little Jimmy Shirley guitar. But on the whole, the ensemble and the conventionally scored sections dominate in the Shaw versions of *Love Me A Little Little* and *Don't Take Your Love From Me* (V).

The intriguing melodies of Enric Madriguera's theme tango, *Adios*, are most effective in the Glenn Miller slow fox-trot arrangement. There is little in the way of sustained solo work, most of the voices being attractively assigned to the several teams of the big band. The reverse, *Under Blue Canadian Skies*, implements this nation's good neighbor policy a little more lushly (same being Ray Eberle's singing) than our respective governments would probably sanction in the more straightforward channels of nation relations (B).

Jan Savitt has a fine discing of the lovely Koehler-Arlen successor to their *Stormy Weather*, *When The Sun Comes Out*, with feelingful singing by Allan De Witt and similar guitaring by Dan Perri giving it impetus. Coupling is the Mickey Rooney-Sidney Miller effort, *Love's Got Nothin' on Me*, a friendly little tune, which Jack Palmer sings quite well, and the band plays in a spirited way at one of Jan's typically fast tempi, here well adapted to the cast of the tune (V).

Peggy Mann adds a real distinction to the Larry Clinton version of *Tenement Symphony*, a clever motion picture tune, which Butch Stone caps attractively (B).

Fats Waller's tune-writing proclivities are engagingly set forth in *Do You Have To Go?* a pretty tune by the composer of *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*, which will sound better when sung completely straight. Fats' piano is, of course, a lovely strain-carrier. *Twenty-four Robbers*, the backing, is bumptiously performed and sung by Fats and his cohorts, with specially good work by Bugs Hamilton's trumpet and Al Casey's guitar (B).

RED ALLEN Impressive Piano

This sextet's finally on wax. Two rapid-fire sides that give you one idea of what the band can do. It's not the boys at their best; still it's far above par. Standout on both is pianist Kenneth Kersey, who plays fine solo passages on *K. K. Boogie* and kicks like mad behind the rest of the band on *Of Man River*. Of the other soloists, Ed Hall's clarinet is the most impressive, Henry Allen and J. C. Higginbotham trying a little too hard for comfort. Don't overlook Bill Taylor's bass (O).

WOODY HERMAN Potent Brass

The mighty brass section takes top billing on *Hey Doc*, on which Herbie Haymer plays fine tenor and Walter Yoder shows again what a good bassist he is. This side gets a better beat than its reverse, *Night Watchman*, a pretty hackneyed arrangement of the blues, saved by the individual efforts of Haymer, Neal Reid's trombone, Cappy Lewis' trumpet, and Woody's clarinet. The band has done better than either of these, though (D).

TOMMY DORSEY Rocking Brass

There's a ride-out on *Nine Old Men* that really rocks, thanks a lot to the brass. The Pied Pipers prove once again on this side that they're way in front of all other vocal groups. This time they're helped by Joe Bushkin's tasty piano backing. Highlight of *Love Me As I Am* is Ziggy's tightly muted, kicking chorus. Lowlight is the sax ensemble, sloppy, and far below its usual high standard (V).

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD Good Scoring

An exceptionally fine arrangement saves an otherwise self-conscious tune called *Peace and Love For All*, which is fairly well sung by Dan Grissom. He gets a beat while emoting *Blue Prelude*, played at a peculiar tempo, and highlighting Willie Smith's alto, Joe Thomas' tenor and a tremendous, last-chorus beat (D).

CHARLIE BARNET Kicking Trombones

The Barnet boys get a cheery beat on *Ponce de Leon*, which features a fine Spud Murphy trombone passage. The reverse, *Little Dip*, is too intense for comfort, though the trombones kick as a unit. Bob Carroll, still another improved singer, does a good job of *I'll Never Let a Day Go By*, while Charlie's "I've-just-been-whipped" sounding inflections on soprano sax are featured on *When The Sun Comes Out* (B).

(Continued on page 32)



Benny Carter, ARTIE SHAW, and Laura Newell, veteran harpist, on the capitalized's recent mixed Victor date.



TOMMY DORSEY, lads and gals, never "without a song." Cartoonists, especially, should enjoy Ziggy's expression.



The impressive RED ALLEN band on its Cafe Society bandstand.

Rhythm Not House Band Business!

**NBC, CBS Jazz Units Really Lack Beat,
But Have Other Soloistic Assets;
Little WNEW Band Best of Them All**

By BARRY ULANOV

Rhythm is definitely not the business of the radio networks' house bands. The work of NBC and CBS units has other distinctions, but when it comes to a beat, these bands are just as impartial to it as the drummer members of the NBC staff are supposed to be in the cases before the Local 802 Trial Board, on which they sit.

Jimmy Lytell, clarinetist, and Walter Gross, pianist, lead the two most jazz-auspicious bands presented by the networks. With first-rate soloists of the calibre of Jerry Jerome, Bill Graham, Al Philburn, Carmen Mastren, Pee Wee Irwin, Ward Silloway, Artie Drellinger, who play for CBS and NBC, you'd think that the music produced by these organizations would be of an even high quality. It's sad to report that the music is really of an even low quality, and is completely eclipsed by the brilliant work of a little six-piece band at local New York radio station WNEW. As much the reason, as any other, for this total eclipse is the condition of the house bands' rhythm.

Columbia's Jazz

At CBS, in the other units than Walter Gross', the attention shown jazz is so negligible as to make a particular consideration of rhythmic needs obviously impossible. The Gross beat is in the hands of Johnny Blowers, drummer; Sam Fiedel, bass, and Vincent Maffei, guitar, with momentary assists from Howard Smith at the piano when the band is not playing under Gross' direction. This rhythm section is either so skillfully concealed by CBS interior decorators or by CBS engineers, or just has wasted away to a wispy representation of the individual talents of the men who make up the trio and/or quartet.

Columbia presents this house band in a variety of afternoon shows, mostly at 4 or 4:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Of course, the boys work too on several commercials and do part-chain interludes on some evening spots. But the work that gives them the greatest opportunity to do something is the afternoon show, called, variously, *Accent On Music*, *Afternoon Serenade*, *A Slight Case of Ivory*, *A Boy*, *A Girl and A Band*. The last-named is the tip-off on all the efforts of the crew. Bob Hannon, the boy, Dolores Anderson or Audrey Marsh, the girl, occupy some half of the time allotted the band, and as a result, the shows turn into thin productions, featuring voices of little musical value and, certainly, no jazz understanding.

Bob Hannon is a pleasant enough musical comedy tenor, whose chief contribution to these sustainings is his spineless rambling through assorted Western trivia, *Painted Desert Serenade*, *Cowboy Serenade*, etc. Dolores Anderson has a high soprano which should lend distinction to an airing of light classics, but which doesn't mean much on programs designed to accent the

good deal more jazz can't be allotted his digits. Howard's years of experience with Isham Jones and Tommy Dorsey should be some indication of fitness for the work, and the jazz records he made with Tommy should be ample proof of his excellent capabilities.

Pee Wee Irwin, on trumpet, Ward Silloway, on trombone, Artie Drellinger, on tenor sax, and Reggie Merrill, on clarinet, add their effective solo voices to the band's jazz numbers, but their solo voices are not too often scheduled in the dull, tight manuscript from which they ordinarily play.

One thing should be made clear. This band doesn't always play jazz, and, perhaps, doesn't need to. But when it

Unfortunately, in spite of an excellent personnel, this band is as far from getting that elusive beat as the CBS outfit. Certainly much of the responsibility for that situation must be attributed to the slipshod efforts of drummer Nat Levine. Levine, who worked for some time on the *Basin St.* show, is by reputation a very capable musician. That is he reads well, and can handle all sorts of varied percussion work. That's probably why he occupies a responsible position on the staff of the National Broadcasting Company. But as a jazzman, he is less than able, a negative rhythm factor, who doesn't conspicuously run down or run up tempi but who does a perfect job of hiding the rhythms until the most alacritous musical detective couldn't possibly find them. Levine's sorry work, or lack thereof, was a serious hole in *Basin St.* jazz efforts. With the Jimmy Lytell band it is even more serious.

Bassist Haig Stephens has been around. But he isn't around the WEA and WJZ microphones when his band broadcasts. You don't hear him at all. And you don't hear pianist Chuck Dale as part of the rhythm section at all. Dale occasionally picks out a simple, quite pleasant solo on ballads and soft standards that you can't miss because the rest of the band lays off.

That leaves one man. Carmen Mastren. Carmen is the whole rhythm section to judge from careful listening on many occasions on many radios. His is the only rhythm note you hear regularly. His is the only suggestion of a potent beat, capable of moving this band along jazz lines. On a recent Sunday afternoon airing (*Stars In The Afternoon*), Carmen played an original of his called *Just So-So*. There was nothing melodically brilliant about the piece, but while Mastren held the microphonic center of attention, that Lytell band got a swinging, medium tempo, and then a faster one, that was the jazz high spot of the afternoon.

This band is not shy of good soloists. For this writer, at least, the standout work on solo choruses is being blown by one, Bill Graham. Bill is a trumpeter of really fine tone and delicate ideas that he gets across beautifully, muted or open, to distinguish more than one dull arrangement. Al Philburn complements the Graham style on trombone. His muted work is usually in the same mood, and adds a lovely touch on the sweet stuff.

Among the saxes, the most professional solos are those of ex-Goodmanite, ex-Norvoxman, Jerry Jerome. Jerry's fulsome tenor horn is not much stirred up by the beatless wonders in the rhythm section, but his choruses reflect his experience. They are at least imbued with a jazz feeling, with the easy conceptions that would mean a lot if the section as a whole phrased that way. Some of the sax scorings, out of manuscript by Deane Kincaide, are rich and full of a fine jazz feeling, so that even this usually too-straightforward quartet gets a jazz sound to its work from the very construction of the musical phrases.

Lytell himself takes solos of abundant



The much-praised Merle Pitt band (at N. Y. station WNEW). In the customary order, Pitt, Terry Snyder, Dick Kissinger, Max Ceppos, Sam Frey, Frank Froeba. Snyder doubles on drums.

lightness and to eschew the classics. As for Audrey Marsh, her vigorous attempts to be remembered as Audrey Marsh don't do anything to raise the standard of Columbia jazz.

Walter Gross, most pretentiously presented by the CBS continuity department, is certainly an excellent technician at the keyboard. It is hard to recognize him as a jazzman, however. His sedulous efforts to cultivate the surface qualities of hot music, in such much-repeated originals as *A Little Jive Is Good For You* show nothing but his own inadequacies at getting a beat, the freedom or relaxation that make for good jazz playing. Walter adds interest to a program with his virtuoso technique, but it would be better employed in music that didn't pretend to be jazz. His introduction to his showpiece arrangement of the Chopin *Waltz in C Sharp Minor* suggests that a capable program could be built around Gross' impressions of light classics, with much delving into musical comedy music, and none of it improvised with jazz pretensions that can't be supported.

With such a man as Howard Smith on the staff, it's hard to understand why a

does play jazz it doesn't realize anything like its minimum abilities, and when it doesn't play strict jazz, it is playing dance music of a low variety that wastes talents of this high order. In other words, the assignments handed the band take little or no advantage of the men in the band, and don't succeed in making broadcast programs of recognizable consistency. What is clearly needed is a clearer conception of the duties of jazzmen in a house band, and a fuller utilization of the abilities of jazzmen to play jazz—with proper rhythmic backing to stimulate that jazz.

Jimmy Lytell's Band

The National Broadcasting Company has begun a vigorous exploitation of the recently formed Jimmy Lytell band. Lytell, a veteran clarinetist, was a member of the original Memphis Five, and has years of excellent playing experience behind him. His exquisite tone and fanciful ideas make him a first-rate performer of pretty tunes. As a jazzman, he too leaves something to be desired. But he is so far above the average radio bandleader that his addition to the ranks of same cannot help being greeted with great enthusiasm.

beauty on the ballads, as mentioned above, and does quite well on the jazz. His leadership has given a more distinctive hot direction to this band than any other New York unit heard in years on the networks. What Jimmy needs now, and badly, is a more distinguished library and some locatable rhythm. The library, if built around stuff like Kincaide's, will help to push his men into a consistent groove, instead of the confusing admixture of popular forms that they are now muddling through. The rhythm will, of course, give the capable front-line musicians some kind of a base from which to work, and maybe, too, a shade of that kind of inspiration which has almost never stuck its shapely head in the doors of the networks' studios.

Few of the Lytell broadcasts mean much as overall production. But that same *Stars In The Afternoon* previously mentioned popped up with Jack McCarthy that mid-July Sunday afternoon, and was sent on its way with magnificent merriment and true announcerial importance. McCarthy is the number one wag of NBC, an incomparable ad libber, with a good appreciation of what makes the music come out different than it goes in. He improved a half-hour of running gags about Lytell's name-repetition and that same worthy's golf that had the boys in the band in stitches and certainly must have relieved a nation of tense after-Sunday-dinner stomachs of some of that tenseness. This set-up, enlivened by the library and rhythm improvements suggested above, might well become a sustaining that rivals the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street for largeness and loyalty of audience.

Basin Street

The idea back of this show is too well known to need full outline here. Welbourn Kelly's classics-kidding commentaries, read with mock-seriousness by Gino Hamilton, give a wonderful tone to the show that the bands of Paul Laval and Henry Levine do their apparent utmost to remove. The men in their two sub-divisions of NBC's Large Dance Band unit are capable. None of these is a great soloist. But their work is fully consonant with pretty high standards of popular musical perform-

ance. When they are filling the duties of *America the Free*, the *Cities Service Hour* or similar assignments, these bandmen turn in clickwork performances. On the *Basin St.* show, called upon to create vital jazz, they show themselves to be quite undistinguished.

The *Basin St.* rhythm section gains nothing from the unsteady drumming of Harry Stitman, and the rest of that quartet does nothing to rescue the self-same forlorn beat we have been so remorselessly tracking down through the great networks' studios. Best work contributed on these shows is that of Henry Levine, a trumpeter with jazz understanding and with the equipment to project that understanding. If his little dixieland group could only capture some of Levine's spirit, there would be important music on the *Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street* broadcasts.

Paul Laval (Joe Usifer) gets around outside the *Basin St.* airing. He sometimes leads the Lytell band, leads for Ted Steele and on several sustainings and sponsored shots is in charge of the music. Usifer is an able musician; that accounts for his large and varied responsibilities. But Usifer is not the jazzman either he or NBC would like him to be. He's best as a straight reed artist, and should be presented only as such.

Foolish Pretentions

There lies the core of network popular musical and jazz problems. Too



NBC guitarist Carmen Mastren

many leaders and too many program directors and supervisors have fallen prey to the pressure publicity that has surrounded the word "swing" in the past five or six years. They have surrendered to the misconception that anything fast or not a ballad is "swing." Instead of presenting their musicians within frames suited to their abilities, they insist upon sending them forth with a jazz tag, which these musicians cannot possibly live up to.

NBC has in the Lytell band its only jazz group that can properly be called such, and even it, as we have suggested, is far from a truly satisfactory outfit. The Large Dance Band and the Jazz Band units are capable only of a subdued dance music, and that without much distinction. The latter 15-piece crew, under Irving Miller's direction, does a large variety of broadcasts, with

nothing suggesting the merits of its member musicians. Zeke Zarchy on trumpet and Fulton McGrath on piano are given infrequent opportunities to play a few free bars, but, on the whole the band surrenders to sloppy phrasing, plays little together and never even suggests that it is all of fifteen instruments large.

Somehow or other the knack of conveying moods must be wafted across the music and program executives' offices in Radio City as well as Madison Avenue. If changes are made in the CBS and NBC jazz bands to make them really representative of that name, and all other dance music is adjusted to the clear enough and different enough demands of dance music, network popular



NBC clarinetist and bandleader, Jimmy Lytell.



NBC saxist Jerry Jerome

orchestras will begin to shape up as important popular orchestras.

WNEW Tops Them All

At WNEW, a small New York station that makes most of its audiences sit up, write in and thus take notice of the records of the big bands, there is an excellent little sextet, led by ex-NBC studio-man Merle Pitt, that tops any of the network groups. Pitt's crew of two fiddles (including his own), piano, accordion, bass and vibraphone, is noteworthy for its rhythmic ease, its understanding of all the varieties of popular music and its marked ability to set a mood. A junior edition of this band is a trio, bass, guitar and vibes, which is quite good but not in a class with the Pittmen.

The outstanding soloists in the sextet are hot fiddler Max Ceppos and pianist Frank Froeba. This pair of potent jazzmen never fails to please and excite with their tasteful choruses, intelligently adapted to the moods that the whole band carefully sustains on its many weekly airings. Dick Kissinger on bass and Terry Snyder on vibes get a fine beat, and Kissinger adds to his helpful work by some very effective scripting of special arrangements for Pitt. Sam Frey, who plays that usually despondent jazz instrument, the accordion, offers truly brilliant stuff on the pleated box. He gets beat, tone, ideas, all the things you might and should expect of a professional hotster.

At the moment of writing, the Merle Pitt band was on the air three times a day, Monday through Saturday, and an additional half hour, Tuesday through Saturday. This is a grueling schedule

to meet with continual inspiration, even musical intelligence. Pitt and his great little band bring both those qualities to their work with magnificent consistency. They remain a perfect example of what an all-around house band should be.

WOR and WMCA

Neither WOR nor WMCA attempts very much in the way of house band jazz. The WOR outfit, with able work from Steve Schultz and Tom Parshley, is heard to its best advantage on the attractively produced Sunday night show, *Cats n' jammers*. On this show the orchestra responds to guest stars of the first jazz magnitude by playing with at least some feeling and at best a real beat and an impressive jazz feeling. WOR men double into the Morton Gould band, do some Latin American music on the *Tropical Serenade* show and accompany singers such as Jane Merrill and John Duggan, but get little opportunity outside the sustaining mentioned to play any kind of important popular music at all. WOR has the commercial policy, like the small stations, of filling most of its program breaks with recorded music, broken up with spot announcements (heavily paid for, of course). As a result little live music of quality filters through what is generally called *Melody Moments* by the WOR program department.

WMCA, undergoing a wholesale overhauling by its new owner, has instituted a heavily scheduled house-band under the direction of Joe Rines, best known as a society hotel leader around New York. Rines' band is too new, and the station policy equally so, to judge completely. The group plays rather thin arrangements with workmanlike ease, accompanies singers of little moment with little excitement, and occasionally produces music of real quality, in such things as the special *Boy Meets Horn*, which features capable Willis Kelly on trumpet, with his own small jazz group, Willis Kelly and his Killers. Rines is also featuring another small group, under trombonist-vibraharpist Jerry Borshard's direction.

The burden, then, still rests with the NBC and CBS networks. They have the material for better jazz and dance programs, with the only big musician holes lying in the rhythm departments. An intelligent revamping of their sustaining

(Continued on page 36)



CBS pianist and bandleader Walter Gross

Chester's Arrangements Click on Air

**Bradley's Allen Fine;
Ditto Cugat's Valdes;
Others Disappointing
On Radio Remotes**

BOB CHESTER

**Fine Dance Music,
Despite Obstacles**

Chatterbox, Mountainside, N. J. NBC-Red, July 21, 12:05 A.M., EDST.

The modern Mal Hallett is off the road at last. Result: air-time. Result of that: an impression of a greatly improved dance band with plenty of fine arrangements by Dave Rose, a clean, brilliant, if not mellow-toned sax section, a biting brass quintet, and several good soloists.

A combination of the Chatterbox's shallow-roofed acoustics and a not perfect setup on the part of NBC's engineers kept this program from being greater than it was. Not that it wasn't leaning towards that adjective. But when you've got a ceiling as low as that, your brass is bound to sound pinched and often untrue, for there are absolutely no overtones. What's more, certain notes, especially higher ones, will cut through better than others, so that you're likely to have too much first trumpet and not enough of the rest of the brass, especially of the trombones. Which is just what happened on this show.

NBC's inadequacy resulted in too little rhythm. There was about as much bass as you hear from the Andrews Sisters, with only high-hats and, sometimes behind vocals, the piano letting you know about the beat.

Yet, despite those physical limitations, Chester's Choices put over a good program. From the pretty theme, *Sweet One*, the lads jumped into *Ay-Ay-Ay*, which, being a rhythm tune, was hampered by the lack of audible rhythm. Then into *Maria Elena*, a typically lovely Rose arrangement that struck a lovely mood. Bill Reynolds sang it nicely, if not over-intelligently. Breathing in wrong spots is apt to make lyrics sound silly.

Then came *Feed the Kitty*, highlighted by Chester's fine trumpet man, Garner Clark, he of the two-beatman, Texas school. The rhythmic saxes and Betty Bradley also helped. Another Dave Rose special, *Because of You*, followed, with Reynolds singing better, despite too much voluble competition from the saxes towards the close. There was also too much of them behind Betty Bradley doing *Accidentally on Purpose*, on which Lionel Prouting played some neat rhythmic fill-ins. The reeds gave Miss Bradley a better break on *Slow Down*, an excellent arrangement at a fine tempo, highlighting some fine tenor inflections (conceivably by Chester, himself). The wind-up was *Dark Eyes*, with Clark's trumpet right-fully in evidence.

In toto, a good airing. Chester's got himself a fine, all-around band.—SIMON.

WILL BRADLEY

**Terry and Ray
Grab Honors**

Hotel Astor Roof, New York City. WOR-MBS, June 16, 12 Midnight, EDST.

Obviously, on this first broadcast from its summer location, neither the Will Bradley band nor the network engineers could be held responsible for an awkward balance, which made the sections sound as if they were playing in separate rooms. But the band can be taken to task for its roughness and its occasionally questionable intonation. There was, however, a pair of vocalists to save the night for Beat Me Bradley, Terry Allen and Ray McKinley.

From their first appearances on the shot, Terry and Ray were its highlights. Together, they did one of the most engaging arrangements to date of the *Boogie Woogie Piggy*, that can be and most often is nauseatingly cute. Here, the mock drama enacted by the singing pair, with Terry's broken voice and Ray's whisky-sour accents, was neatly implemented by the band's good beat (temporarily drummed by the same Mr. McKinley) and some effective reed scoring.

Ray's *Chicken Gumboog* and *All That Meat and No Potatoes* were typically infectious, with some fine trumpet by Lee Castaldo and trombone by Will Bradley on both, and an unusually fleshy brass backing for the guttural vocal on the *Meat* opus. The band got its most impressive beat on that number, with an especially good last chorus, which was really swung out at its medium tempo.

Terry Allen came on for *The Things I Love*, taken at a fine slow tempo, and really revelled in his rich, deep baritone, and his intelligent phrasing. *I Guess I'll Have to Dream The Rest* was also all Terry's, and he made the most of it, getting a pretty trombone bit from Bradley to add to the soft mood he created.

Not so much can be said for the two efforts of Lynn Gardner, who sang *The Hut-Sut Song* with some effectiveness, if only because of her directness, but who was entirely too coy for the already dripping *Love Me A Little Little*. The band capped a good end onto the program with two of its important standards, available through this network's ASCAP affiliation, *In A Little Spanish Town* and its old theme, *Strange Cargo* (amusingly announced as its new theme).—ULANOV.

ART MOONEY

**It May Be O.K.
In the Room (?)**

Bordewicke's, Tuckahoe, N. Y. WOR-MBS, July 19, 2:30 P.M., EDST.

What can you say about a band like this that hasn't been said before? It's typical corn stuff, in this case made a bit more unbearable by a tremulous tenor, through whose vibrato you could drive a Mack truck, overshadowing some other out-of-tune reeds; by a predomi-

nating, out-of-tune tuba; by a meaningless Hawaiian guitar, and by a trombonist who plays flat.

However, it's made a bit more palatable by a good first trumpeter who phrases nicely and has a pleasant, round tone (*Memory of a Rose* and *What Word is Sweeter Than Sweetheart*), by Carl Denny, a fine singer (*What Word* and *A Rose and a Prayer*), when he's not aping Bob Eberly (*Memory of a Rose*), and by the happy sound of Jeannie Ryan's voice (*I Miss Your Apple Pie*). However, the lass shouldn't try to put it on too much—her *Hut-Sut* was too affected and consequently full of sour notes. Oh yes, there's also a pianist who might do really well for himself in a musical outfit.

Bands like this seldom click on the air. In the room they get by with a lot of novelties, such as *Johnny's in the Pantry* and *Daddy*, because they can add visual appeal too. And sores, such as that horrible lead tenor and that tuba and that guitar, and the generally vile intonation, don't become as apparent and don't spoil proceedings as thoroughly as they did this particular program.—SIMON.

TOMMY TUCKER

**Too Much
Tic Toc**

Berkeley-Cartaret Hotel, Asbury Park, New Jersey. WOR-MBS, June 16, 11:45 P. M., EDST.

For a band that depends so much upon novelty songs, it's really a major shame to toss in a pile of tawdry Mickey Mouse effects, such as Tic Tocs, too. They only clutter up the proceedings, get in the way of the clear performance of the novelties and distort some of the considerable values of Tommy Tucker Time.

One of the ablest aspects of the Tommy Tucker broadcast was the band-leader's announcing of his band's numbers. He gave intelligent information about the music to come, spoke without the cuteness or dullness that seem to

affect so many bandsmen on the air, and was altogether fine, except for his mumbling diction in pronouncing some of the song titles, and, most unfortunately, in naming his male singer (He's Don Brown, isn't he?).

The program began with a strict novelty, *It Ain't No Use To Worry Anymore*, which may have been Tommy's feeling about WOR engineers, who secured a balance for the broadcast that made the band sound as if it were playing at Soldier's Field, with a strong wind blowing away from the microphone. As the number worked up to its finish, the balance improved somewhat, and Amy Arnell came in from the wide open spaces for the last half-chorus of this mild bucolic air.

Morton Gould's *Pavanne* was blessed by an airy muted trumpet break, and a medley of *Love Me As I Am* and *The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else* occasionally showed the band in tune. Regrettably, for the most part, the intonation of the brass, and the saxes, was so uncertain, that it negated the pleasant qualities of Tucker's introductions and the simple styles of his singers.

If the last number hadn't had that cheese aura provided by one-step rhythm and whiffs of whining guitar and dipped-in-the-hay trumpet and tenor sax, it would have been most effective. For the melody of the announced discovery of Tucker's, *I Don't Wanna Set the World On Fire*, is very pretty and Amy Arnell and the Voices Three sang it with a nice simplicity and directness. Tucker must, however, seek more change in the course of a single arrangement, get away from the monotonous, de-emphasized series of beats, and thus perk up his sometimes excellent and almost always different material.—ULANOV.

XAVIER CUGAT Features Brilliant Singing Star

Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Starlight Roof, New York City. WOR-MBS, July 16, 11:30 P. M., EDST.

The playing of the Cugat band on this airing, as on all of its broadcasts,



XAVIER CUGAT seems to find Kel Murray's baton intensely interesting. Benny Goodman is the more nonchalant on-looker. Picture courtesy 1935.



BETTY BRADLEY, definitely not an obstacle to Bob Chester's music.



Will Bradley Singer
TERRY ALLEN



Clyde Lucas Leader
CLYDE LUCAS

was expectedly straight, smooth and quite unexciting, either as a dance band or as the premier exponent of Latin American rhythms that Senor X is supposed to be. But as the background for the singing of Miguelito Valdes, the program was superb!

Valdes is one of the most brilliant, if not *the* most, of Cuban singers. His brash accents and torrid attack come close to the style we know in this country as "hi-de-ho." That is, Valdes chants, near-screams, murmurs, lows, caterwauls, and sings some notes of great purity. He has the vocal equipment of a first-rate classical singer and the taste and temperament of a folk artist.

On this broadcast, Miguelito Valdes opened the proceedings, with a rather elaborate number, choral-backed, that piqued your curiosity rather than satisfied your ears. He came back for the concluding *Rhumba Rhapsody*, to climax the program in a way that nothing else Cugat could have done would have. This theme song of the fine rhythmic group, the Cuartetto Caney, is turning into a great hit for Xavier, largely on the basis of Valdes' vital singing. Its intriguing theme sometimes gets temple blocked by the drummer, or lushed aside in the long piano solos. But there is enough Valdes and a sufficiency of the fine figures that make up the original.

A beguine, whose name was indistinctly gargled by the announcer, showed off the routine formula of a Cugat number: fiddles, saxes, in rather drab voicings, muted trumpet, marimba, maracas, claves, all sorts of gourds, and the piercing interpolation of piano and harmonium. The band came to more imaginative life for *Daddy*, with a peppy vocal by Lena Romay, but the ticky tempo, with the Duchin-like piano and the corny vocal outbursts of "Daddy" by the band in chorus, made this almost comic. When the chorus relaxed into a Spanish version of the gold-digging epic they at least had an exotic quality to compensate for their 1925 style.

What remained, after all four numbers had been tucked away, was the brisk singing of Miguelito Valdes, his fine voice and florid temperament, the performance of an artist whose work makes every Xavier Cugat broadcast and record and personal appearance worth looking forward to.—ULANOV.

CLYDE LUCAS Excellent Tonal Quality Not Being Exploited

Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y.
WOR-MBS, July 20, 11:45 P.M., EDST.

Three tunes in fifteen minutes makes for a pretty slow-moving program. Lengthy arrangements, plus a draggy theme, and extra wordage on the part of Lucas, himself, were the causes on this show.

Musically the band has its merits. Chief of these is its good over-all tonal quality, with credit especially to the brass. There's also a trombonist capable of creating a pretty mood (*Lament to Love*), a trumpeter with a good hot tone and a trombonist with good jazz conceptions (*Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm*).

But the outfit also has its demerits. A pianist drags tempos unmercifully; a drummer lets cymbals ring too much; Lynn Lucas just doesn't have a voice; the fiddles, playing pretty stuff, are sloppy, and, judging from the way the boys did *Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm*, swing means about as much to them as it does to a movie director.

There's too much good musical stuff being wasted here. Lucas, judged upon this airing, has most of the necessary requirements for an excellent sweet outfit. Why not concentrate upon that form of dance music instead of trying to play rhythmically without an adequate rhythm section?—SIMON.

LEO REISMAN —And He Used To Be Good, Too!

Colony Surf Club, West End, N. J.
WOR-MBS, July 20, 11:30 P.M., EDST.

That man over there, hanging his head in shame, must be Leo Reisman. He's a good musician. He must know how bad his band sounds. Chances are, he probably feels like tossing his current crew right into the Atlantic, which, they tell us, is adjacent to the Colony Club. Perhaps he should.

There's just about nothing to recommend this outfit. The arrangements are frightfully dull, sounding suspiciously like stocks. On the show caught, only *Boa Noite*, with its soft clarinets, sounded anything at all like the Reisman of old.

What's more the way the fellows play

W. C. HANDY AUTOBIOGRAPHY A MUSICIAN'S MUST

W. C. Handy is certainly one of the country's best-known composers. Among classical musicians, as well as popular, his music is respected for the richness of its strains, for its vital contribution to the unique culture of America, the hot jazz that found one of its strongest roots in William Christopher Handy's Blues.

"Father Of The Blues" (Macmillan, \$3.00) is well written. It has the mark of authenticity in a way that Benny Goodman's autobiography didn't. That is, its phrases seem natural to its author, and its thinking, sometimes rich and original, sometimes straightforwardly like a million other men's, seems the product of the Handy mind. Just where Arna Bontemps edited the book doesn't particularly matter. For the editing has been accomplished with a maximum of conviction.

The Handy life goes back to Florence, Tennessee, and comes forward to the ASCAP Festivals that saluted W. C.'s fine music. It moves over the religious education of this colored minister's son whose parents and teachers looked upon his guitar and cornet as sinful instruments. It touches upon his early high spot in the mayoralty election campaign in Memphis that produced the great Blues named after that Tennessee city. There are quotations from the Blues that help to explain that simple, but not easy to write, form. There are asides that show Handy's deep devotion and affecting understanding of his people. And there is the imposing framework of the success story of a musician of great talent, who rose above bands of small moment, bigotry and the dangers and difficulties that beset all men, regardless of race, creed or color, when they buck the world for a fair share of its glory.

The form of the book is splendid. You feel a surge of triumph when, in passing, Handy mentions that the Beale St. square that once saw ugly race riots now bears his name. And you feel a surge of contentment at the clean rolling-out of a distinguished life in jazz. This book is a must for musicians who look for more in their daily work than bread and butter and a shirt on their backs.

Novel Salute to Swing

Henry Anton Steig, whose stories about musicians in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* had a certain ring of authenticity about them in spite of their distortions to follow the romantic formulas of those two magazines, has written a novel about the rise of a swing band. It's called, awkwardly indeed, "Send Me Down" (Knopf, \$2.50), and is apparently a careful paraphrase of the life of Benny Goodman, herein known as Frank Davis.

Frank Davis plays piano instead of clarinet, and his brother Pete plays clarinet instead of the assorted horns and bass of the rest of the Goodmans.

them isn't any better. The brass, especially, is at fault. It was woefully sloppy on *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* and *I Can't Change My Heart*, and especially out of tune on the latter.

Reisman has had splendid dance orchestras in the past. How and why he ever put together an outfit like this one is one of dancebandom's major mysteries. On this particular show, the only

But Frank and Pete have lives much like the familiar lives of the Goodmans. Frank finally attains success with the aid of George Trudway, who is clearly constructed after the person of John Hammond.

In describing the early years of Frank and Pete, Steig gets a fine feeling. Their striving after music through the dimnesses of a community music school and the cramped understanding of their parents and friends is excellently indited. When, however, Steig brings his characters through the intricacies of a complicated plot, from poverty to wealth, with way stops in Scranton and other towns west and north, he is less successful, sometimes indeed quite unconvincing.

Somehow, you must take the musical greatness of these boys for granted. Nothing about Steig's writing gives them the grandeur that the simplest musical statement of Benny Goodman gives that great clarinetist. Musicians will find momentary interest in the emotional affairs of the Davises and their musical friends. Idealistic young musical fans will be impressed by the idealistic ending. This is a book for those whose spare time is big and not too important to them.

For Woodshedding

Glen Haydon's "Introduction to Musicology" (Prentice-Hall, \$4.00) is another in that firm's impressive Music Series, edited by Douglas Moore. Subtitled, "A survey of the fields, systematic and historical, of musical knowledge and research," the book successfully bridges the fields of acoustics, psychology, esthetics, musical theory and musical history. Its form is close to the text-book, though Professor Haydon writes with more life and communicable interest than the text-books of music usually get. For musicians who are seeking to enlarge their appreciation and understanding of the great art in which they work, this book should be helpful. Woodshedded, with the dogged devotion that musicians achieve so well, the hours spent with this "Introduction to Musicology" might well open the great fields of musical knowledge to its musician-readers, perhaps indicate broader interests and greater careers to some.—BARRY ULANOV.

things even remotely worthwhile were some piano fill-ins, the singing of Carol Horton and Bob Richards, and the fact that Mutual kindly cut the broadcast to fifteen minutes.—SIMON.

LUNCFORD IN FILM

New Orleans Blues, to be started soon by Warner Brothers on the west coast.

Cab's All-Around Show Astounds!

**Bands Offers Great Entertainment;
Poor Support Hurts Sister Blanche;
Old Bradley Band Good, Unexciting**

CAB CALLOWAY

*Strand Theatre, New York. July 9,
3:30 P.M. show.*

The all-around vitality of this show was astounding. It combined showmanship with superb music in a stage offering that was presented with good taste and consistent musical interest.

Perhaps the biggest factor in the fine effect of the show was the ensemble drive of the Calloway band. These boys get a beat that is in part the result of the work of Cozy Cole on drums and Milton Hinton on bass and Danny Barker on guitar, but is as much again the product of the total drive of all the men in the band. They register as sections, they register as individuals and they register as a unit. And then they polish it all off for stage shows with a wonderful madcap humor, a relentless visual exhibition of the fun they are having and the great jazz they are giving.

Even Better Cozy?

It's easy enough to single out individuals. Cozy for one, though he might have been more effectively presented as a soloist in the tuneful, brilliantly rhythmic *Rhapsody in Drums* rather than the more pedestrian showpiece, *Paradiddle*. There were the able soloists, Dizzy Gillespie and Jonah Jones on trumpet, Tyree Glenn on trombone, Chu Berry on tenor sax. And there was Cab.

He was at his best in this show. He sang *The Hut-Sut Song* and *Daddy* in sprightly fashion, then ducked off-stage to return with some smartly sharp, sartorial drappings, in true Harlem fashion; long, low, square-cut, white jacket, huge-brimmed cocoanut straw and a Lenox Avenue strut. Cab gave all of this to *Geechy Joe*, and more (three boys, three girls who danced wonderfully) to *Are You All Reet?*

The Only Bring-down

Everything in the show fitted the band's distinctions, except singer Avis Andrews. This dramatic soprano seemed like a female Jerry Colonna with her grating flatting and pompous phrasing, until you realized she meant it! Other colored specialties on the well contrived bill were really first-rate, however.

When you left this show, you remembered Cab, his potent voice and spectacular personality; you remembered the variety acts and you tried not to think of A. Andrews; but what stood out strongest was the fine band that played back of and through all this. Here was hefty, foot-moving jazz and jazz with a sense of humor (and strong credits in the laugh dept. to Dizzy Gillespie, who deserves that sobriquet). Here was a topnotch band whose music matched its showmanship, and which, you felt, deserved every single one of the many mammoth raves it had been receiving during its three weeks at the Strand.—B. U.

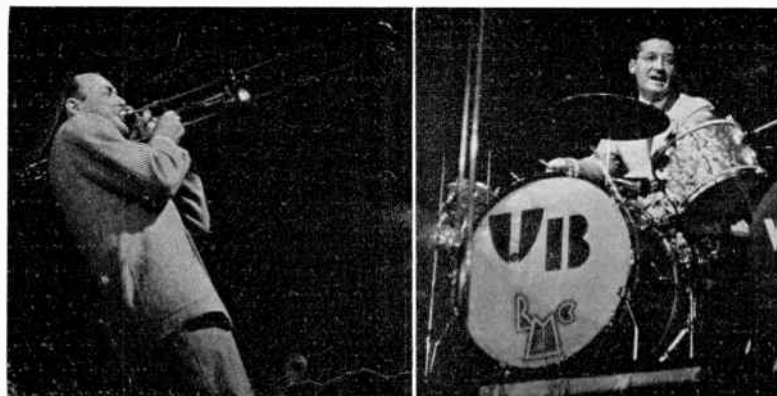


The CAB looked like this years ago; he's a bit more polished today, but every bit as thrilling.

WILL BRADLEY

Paramount Theatre, New York. June 16, Noon show.

The show gave you a pretty good impression of how the Bradley band used to sound. By the time you'll be reading this, the sax section, which wasn't especially inspiring at this performance, will have been completely revamped, and



Leaders BRADLEY and McKINLEY on the Paramount stage.

the new brass section, which didn't always play in tune, will be a little older.

The band put on a good enough performance, on the whole, however. It didn't get too much to do, itself, but what it did do was satisfactory, and it backed up the other acts far more professionally than most bands have on Paramount's stage.

Emphasis, thank goodness, was away from boogie-woogie. Billy Maxted got off a few good bars on the opener (*Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy*) and trumpeter Lee Castaldo, who turned out to be the most exciting man in the band, got off a fine trumpet passage. More ditto from him behind Lynn Gardner's vocal of *Daddy*, which she sang well, with a good beat and a pretty gown. The entire brass was brilliant behind her on *Oh Look at Me Now*, with Ralph Muzzillo, playing his first show, compensating for inaccuracy with brilliance. The brass sextet should have tuned up beforehand, though.

Smart Terry Allen

Then came Terry Allen—seemed a little clumsy putting one singer right after the other. Terry didn't sound clumsy, though—right smart, instead. The good Paramount p.a. system is made for his rich voice, which impressed while ballading *Flamingo* and while getting a surprisingly good beat out of the beat *Dolores*.

What could have been a show stopper, but wasn't, followed. A jazz arrangement of *Hall of the Mountain King*, hastily done and focussed upon Ray McKinley's drums. Seems to this reviewer that the man used to play far more exciting solos and display far more personal charm when he didn't go in for pork-like grunting. He's still one of the greats of drums when he's his natural, wonderful self.

Came Jane Froman, as unnatural a singer as you'd ever want to hear, who succeeded in slowing up things as only a singer who's neither fish nor fowl can. Isn't it a shame that a girl with as fine equipment as she has, should go through such apparent torture while emoting. While many swing the classics, she tries to operatize the pops. Even her *Hut-Sut Song* was unconvincing Verdi.

Then the band's best beat in *All*

That Meat and No Potatoes, a fine tempo helping McKinley's unique singing, Castaldo's trumpet, and Bradley's trombone. Danny Kaye, who isn't too obvious for some, finished proceedings.

All in all, not a bad but certainly not an exciting stage show. The Bradley band has done better and undoubtedly will do much better things. In the words of that philosopher, Randy Mergentroid, Jr.:

"You can't sound like a million bucks, When going through a state of flux; So wait till they apply the lux, Before you shout, 'Oh gee, oh shucks!'"
—G. T. S.

BLANCHE CALLOWAY

Apollo Theatre, Harlem, New York. July 10, 3:15 P.M. Show.

This Blanche of the Calloways is not much musically. She depends entirely on a kind of long range battering of hi-de-ho to weaken her audience to the point where it can accept the negligible efforts of her pathetically underrehearsed band.

Blanche is a trouper of many years' experience, and that tells in the arduous task any stage show must be with a band of so little distinction and so much less opportunity. In this show she kicked some response out of an apathetic audience by the sheer vigor of her efforts in *I Come From A Swingin' Family*, *There'll Be Some Changes Made*, *Do You Catch On?* and *How'm I Doin'?* She flayed her arms and played her feet in all directions. She grimaced and groaned and, in ways too numerous and too obvious to mention, tried to substitute visual vitality for a good beat and an infectious rhythm.

The diction of the singer-leader is excellent. Blanche gets a beat, too. But she laid out her show on a strictly up-tempo level, tried to make up for shoddy musical performance with a shoddier double-entendre ditty (*Do You Catch On?*), and only clicked a little with her ardor and her changes of dress, which elicited some mild comment from female members of the audience.

The Blanche Calloway band is really a Boston band, the crew of Joe Nevils, whose eleven youngsters play with understandable lack of interest. They only had four numbers to do in the show and apparently spent little time preparing them. They seem to lay off more than a little between engagements with Blanche and don't spend the necessary time refurbishing their library and their playing. As a result, the saxes fall into that baleful colored band stereotype, Lombardo-imitation, and the brass comes dangerously near phrasing like the S. Kaye trumpets and trombones. The Nevils crew is personable on the stage, grinning and young and quite happy about it all. It has a couple of fair soloists, John Cooke, trumpet and Val St. Cyr, trombone, and only needs a more cohesive, coherent understanding of its function, lots of rehearsing and a closer working agreement (theatrically) with Blanche Calloway to turn into the kind of professional backing that able entertainer deserves.—B. U.

SHOWCASE OF NEW BANDS

Kenton Boasts No Horseplay, Much Music

Leading a band is a serious business for young, new, west coast leader Stanley Kenton. His fourteen-piece band, Kenton boasts, indulges in no horseplay, avoids all the tricks in the books of show-conscious bandmen. Instead, he avers, his band will offer music, more music, and then still more.

Though the emphasis in this band is on the setting of danceable tempi and keeping people happy on the dance floor, Kenton's crew swings. Out on the coast, Stanley has earned quite a reputation as a pianist and much of the important ad libbing proceeds from his keyboard. Red Doris on tenor and Jack Ordean on alto saxophone, Chicco Alvarez on trumpet and Dick Cole on trombone, are also featured in the plentiful hot choruses allotted to solo instruments.

Kenton's band is sub-titled, "Artistry in Rhythm." Much of that "Artistry" depends upon the sax voicing, which spots a strong baritone. Too, the solos of Doris and Ordean, in this section, are the most vital individual contributions to almost every arrangement in the books, sweet or hot.

Lots of attention is being paid the rhythm section, with a great deal of credit for its work going to bassist Howard Rumsey. Al Costi on guitar and Marvin George on drums work together with Kenton to fill out the rhythm.

"Artistry in Rhythm" means, among other things, a full book of special arrangements, with the bulk of these penned by arranger Ralph Yaw, whose orchestration is featured on page 44. Some of these specials feature Kenton, others feature the soloists mentioned above. A goodly number spot Kay Gregory, Stan's vocalist. Kay's background has been chiefly with show bands and in radio, and she adds the force of a practiced visual personality to the band. In addition, she has the facility of singing in several languages—including the Hawaiian, which is an especially good attraction on the west coast.

Kenton will repeat over and over again, if asked, that his band specializes in no particular kind of jazz. "We don't play dixieland or boogie woogie," he says. "We don't even play rhumbas," Stan continues, "but we do play a strictly musical jazz, without novelties, with musical interest and easy to dance to." Upon these principles, the new California band of new band-leader-pianist Stanley Kenton stands.

INITIAL PHOTOS OF NEW BANDS

Top two shots: STAN KENTON and lads on west coast location.

Bottom two shots: GEORGE TOWNE and lads in rehearsal studio.



George Towne Band Hits Big Town In Alger Tale

Horatio Alger's tales of success, from rags to riches, have nothing on the story of George Towne, new MCA bandsman, who made his big time debut on July 20 on the Fitch Bandwagon. Towne, a Washington, D. C., lad, took his band-leading name after his alma mater, Georgetown University, from which he graduated with, first, a B.S. degree, then, with a law degree.

Six weeks before George Towne's NBC airing, he and four other members of his original Washington band were literally starving in New York. They were sleeping in the parks of the fair metropolis of Manhattan, and eating on thin dimes. George finally secured an audition with the Music Corporation of America—and, open sesame! he was in!

Unlucky Classics

George's background is classical until his 13th year. He studied the rudiments of music with an old French professor, but after five years (8-13) revolted against the classics in favor of popular music. He got some work with small dance bands, and played in his high school orchestra. When he reached Georgetown U., he saw a ripe field for a dance band. The campus was highly receptive, and George was able to send himself through college on the returns of his hand.

Towne's original ambitions were in the field of foreign diplomacy, and that's how he entered the field of law. However, after passing the bar exam, and practising law for a half year, he junked everything in favor of his dance band. His society-styled outfit gathered a successful deb and cotillion clientele in Washington, and things seemed good enough in the D. C. city. However, George wanted a whack at bigger things, and so he came to New York. Gotham was harder to get ahead in than George had figured—and so he was almost reduced to breadlines and municipal flophouses before he got his break.

Society Band

The new Towne band is still in the society style. Arrangements are by George, who also plays some guitar with the band, and original Towne pianist Willis Greyar. The instrumentation consists of four fiddles, three tenor saxes, two trumpets, trombone, piano, bass and drums. Vocals are handled by Peggy Dean of Ted Lewis and radio background.

George hopes to keep his band from sounding like a thousand other society-styled outfits by a steady reliance on fiddles, with a double in the quartet on viola. The outfit is primed for locations rather than one-nighters, and is stressing a subdued manner, with lots of melodic emphasis and a clear view toward danceability.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN JIMMY BRACKEN

MONDAY—Ran into Louise Tobin on the way up to the office. We dropped in to see Larry Shayne at Famous Music and listen to some fine acetates a girl named Judy Abbott had made—a white girl with a real beat. Bumped into Mario Maccaferri on the street, who was all set to show me his new reeds till I convinced him I didn't play clarinet. Dinner at the Astor with Gil Rodin, who's mighty excited about the changes to take place in his Crosby band, but who's really brought down about the Chicago Cubs. Then over to NBC to catch the Kirby band on that Basin Street show. That thing they did called *Close Shave* was an awfully close shave from being *I Got Rhythm*—or was it? It's a shame that NBC building is so large, because somewhere within its recesses must be the beat that the Basin St. band lost several years ago—once they discover it, they'll have a semblance of a legitimate excuse for themselves. After the show, down to Johnny Long's at the New Yorker, for a very pleasant evening. Jimmy Farr's trumpet sure helps that band. His younger brother, Tommy, a trombone find who recently joined Pastor, was listening with Hicks Henderson.

TUESDAY—Dick Gilbert, *WOV's 5th Ave. Troubador*, dropped in to say hello to his former compatriots. He's doing fine over there. Seemed a little lost when we didn't have any records for him to sing with. To Claude Thornhill's rehearsal later in the afternoon. Nick Fatool helps the band lots. Fazola is still with him, despite lots of foolish rumors. Van Alexander was rehearsing his new band in the next studio. It sounded good, through closed doors. After rehearsal with Claude to Glenn Miller's office, to be greeted with the usual sunny Polly Davis smile. Al Simon dropped in to play his new tune, called *Still*, and it seemed to impress Claude no little. Young, and getting successful, song-writers Jean Barry and Leah Worth also on the premises. Dinner at Sardi's with Will Bradley, who revealed the contemplated changes in his personnel. Didn't see the stage show, because of the usual inefficiency and general stupidity of the Paramount house crew—how much they could learn from the Strand! So to Roseland to witness ceremonies at which George Hall was officially turning over his band to Dolly Dawn. Bobby Byrne, Johnny Long, Vincent Lopez and Martin Block, who talks too long at affairs such as these, all there to help make proceedings that much more glamorous. Then over to Dempsey's to catch Irv Carroll's band for a few minutes. He's got himself a fine boy singer, a potentially good clarinetist, and a really knocked-out trombonist.

WEDNESDAY—Lunch with Willard Alexander and Ira Steiner of the Wm. Morris office who said that the review we ran of Vaughn Monroe last month spoiled all their fun—whatever that may mean. Out to Charlie Spivak's house in New Rochelle for dinner with the charm of the evening emanating from young Joel, Charlie's six-year old, who's really a hep lad. Over to Glen Island after dinner to listen to an evening of Spivak music (hardly a hardship) and then back to New York with Charlie and wife Fritzie to drop into WOR's Moonlight Saving Man, Jerry Lawrence, and kid over the air for a while. That program's getting an immense listening audience. Jerry, by the way, is one of the few announcers in the business who sounds good-looking and is.

Kicks at Cafe Societys

THURSDAY—Cafe Society evening. First to the uptown branch to hear how well Linda Keene was doing—and she was doing well—and also to get the usual kicks out of Teddy Wilson's playing and from his band. Then, later in the evening, to the downtown branch to hear Lena Horne, than whom they don't come any more beautiful, and Henry Allen's band, which is still getting that fine beat. Miss Horne and Jay Higginbotham seemed a bit bewildered by the record date they had recently made with Artie Shaw and a lot of strings. Paul Robeson was there—what an impressive, gigantic gentleman he is!

FRIDAY—Caught Cab's stage show with Barry Ulanov and George Simon and then backstage to talk to Cab while he was taking a steam bath. Seems he had had his tenth anniversary the night before and was trying to sweat out the effects thereof and therein. Dizzy Gillespie, great kidder on the stage, kidding just as much behind, and slowly driving Tyree Glenn into a coma. Back to the office and a long phone conversation with Bob Chester, whose main worry these days seems to be his male singer department and how to lick his wife at gin rummy. Ran into Paul Laval on the way home, who's all enthused about the second Basin St. album that's due to come along and on which he'll do more woodwind novelties. In the evening up to Rye to catch Duke Daly's band, but it had been raining and the bandmen outnumbered the customers, so nobody played very long. Tried coming home by way of Brooklyn and K. K. Hansen's directions, which is like trying to get to letter "B" in an arrangement via the coda. It didn't work, either.

SATURDAY—A tennis match this p.m. with Les Brown, his first trumpeter, Bob Thorne, and Peter Dean, who gets out of uniform and off Governor's Island now and then. Discovered that a guy can't lead a band and play a five-set match too. In the evening up to the Log Cabin in Armonk for an evening of Les' music, which gets more thrilling all the time. Jimmy Gardner, Texas' No. 1 jazz enthusiast, there along with the Misses Miriam Spier and Rosemarie Smith. John Hammond around, too, only nobody could locate him in the record-breaking crowd.

SUNDAY—Still in the Armonk district, so over to a party by the Richmans for the Brown band, feature of which was a soft ball game. Les' side got licked by



DOROTHY CLAIRE, pert Bobby Byrne songstress, is a bit less pert these days after having been laid low by an appendicitis operation. Jimmy Bracken swears he saw her with her appendix last month, though.

brother Warren's. Didn't stick around long enough to see what that would mean on the stand that night, deeming it safer to drive over to Rye and listen to Daly. More people this time.

MONDAY—Over to the union to present them with another royalty check on the *All Star Band* (1940 METRONOME version) record date. Harry Suber the gracious recipient. Then into Willie Feinberg's (802 sec.) waiting room, to be charmed, whilst waiting, by the Misses Kessler and Marvin, later to be joined by Prexy Jack ("I-like-my-iced-coffee-iced") Rosenberg, who was on his way out to get a drink of same. Pleasant chatter with Feinberg, who's lost too much weight since his illness, and who's one guy who really deserves the vacation he's about to take. Seems everybody burdens him with troubles with nobody getting lack of understanding. Here's a model union man. Then over to wander around NBC, eventually winding up in drug store with bookers Joe Glaser and Moe Gale, and Les Brown. Then home, later to be joined there by Andy Kirk, Henry Wells, Dell Trice, Guy Wood, a girl trio and sundry wives and arrangers. Got a lot of kicks waxing on my home recorder, most of them coming from the wondrous way Wells warbles. Didn't break up till about three in the morning at that.

The Harry Jameses and the Dixie Walkers

TUESDAY—To a Dodger double-header this p.m. with Mr. and Mrs. Harry James (Louise Tobin), the former the most rabid of fans. Rode back with Mr. and Mrs. Dixie Walker, the former a surprisingly good singer. Then out to Bob Chester's opening at the Chatterbox in Jersey, only I got the date all wrong and there wasn't any opening after all. Chapter One of Frustration Dept. So over to Meadowbrook to catch Sonny Dunham's new band. Bobby Burns there in a huddle with owner Frank Dailey, which leads you to believe that there may be something cooking between the Cork O'Keefe office, for whom Bobby now works, and which is going to handle Peewee Erwin's band, and Meadowbrook.

WEDNESDAY—Caught the Bradley show at the Paramount and then had another confab backstage with Will. Plenty of excitement, what with the Astor opening due for the evening. Things went smoothly, though, at night, with plenty of celebrities helping to make things successful. Band shared the spotlight with Ina Ray Hutton's, a vastly improved group, which spots fine George Paxton arrangements, and a really excellent trumpeter. Spent a good part of the evening chatting with Irving Kolodin, the New York Sun's music critic, whose fascination lies in the fact that he's one of the few writers who has a thorough understanding of both classical music and jazz. Additional delight added by the personality of Alec Wilder, who beams all the more now that his *It's So Peaceful in the Country* is catching on so nicely. (Continued on page 32)



TOP ROW: Bandleader Russ Morgan visits with comely film stars. Anne Gwynne and Binnie Barnes on the Universal lot. Ted Lewis postures a familiar smile-through-your-tears story. Charlie Spivak reads a warmly-worded greeting on his first anniversary as a bandleader, with his bandsmen looking on.

MIDDLE ROW: Barry Wood, Leonard Joy and Irving Berlin discuss the latter's patriotic songs, written at the instance of the U. S. government. Ina Ray Hutton smiles a pretty appreciation at the reception accorded her band at its dual New

York opening with Will Bradley at the Astor. Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons run over a few hundred bars of two-piano boogie woogie at Cafe Society Uptown (NYC).

BOTTOM ROW: Some of the rhythm and some of the brass section of the Fats Waller band at the Moore Theatre in Seattle. Eddie Duchin at his last recording session before leaving for Brazil. Gene Krupa tosses some hefty compliments at Specks Powell for his drumming with Eddie South's little band as Eddie looks on.



Tenorman **BOBBY DUKOFF**, raved about in Daly review.

Duke Daly

(Continued from page 15)

responsible for the solo efforts of one of his cohorts, young Bobby Dukoff, whose gargantuan-toned tenor that rocks with such a mighty beat, produces the outstanding individual efforts from within the band. Here's a lad whose very native ability, especially when it commences to combine with a bit more originality, should make him one of the stars of his instrument.

Brass Not Up to Saxes

The brass isn't as good—it isn't as clean and it isn't as consistent, in blend or intonation, as the saxes. Once in a while the boys sound inspired, but too often they appear listless, in true strictly 802 fashion, thus spoiling an otherwise good impression. The band's second-ranking hot man appears among the trombones, one Chuck Maxton, who received due commendation, which still goes, about a year ago when he was playing for Ina Ray Hutton.

The boys play loud, to be sure—perhaps, to be sure that they hit the notes. For the Henderson manuscript with which they're presented isn't easy—all the more reason for much more rehearsing being necessary. As a matter of fact, this reviewer is playing a slight hunch that Horace is dumping into Mr. Daly's lap a lot of stuff that's too out-dated to dump into anybody else's. For the jazz the band plays is strictly of the early-thirties stomp school—you know, a lot of complicated ensembles, few chances for solos, and when there are spaces for any one lad to shine, nothing even remotely resembling a modern rhythm figure with which to back him up. As a result, except in a few instances, the band's swing attempts, despite anything the boys can do on the stand, sound stiff and don't swing. And since Daly, whose tempos don't help, seems to be trying to build a swing band, all the above can be listed under major failings.

Ballad Advantages

The band is lots more impressive on ballads. Here it plays some good Roger Moore arrangements. Here, also, the emphasis is more upon the good saxes. Here, too, drummer Sid Kay doesn't play such a heavy bass drum

that there's no chance of your hearing any other phase of the rhythm. And, finally, here Vera Barton, a girl who sings with much feeling and in tune, and who appears to have complete control of her voice, is given opportunities. The total result is far more pleasing, both musically and commercially, than on jazz numbers.

That commercial appeal phase is something Duke would be wise to look into. Right now it's much too close to the completely nil stage. For the band just plays away with little regard to the folks out front. The tempos aren't intelligent, either per se, or in contrast with numbers immediately preceding or following. Dynamics are tossed into Long Island Sound, conveniently located right out the window. Duke makes no attempt to get across his pleasing personality, but contents himself with ineffectual wavings at the boys as though they were a bunch of boy scouts on a hill a few miles away.

Rehearsing Needed

What Duke should do, besides considering the dancers a bit more, is either rehearse his band intelligently himself, or, if unable to do that, get somebody else to do it. Moreover, he should make sure that the jazz arrangements he is buying are really modern and not cold-storage stuff. For there's too much potentially good material here going to waste, simply because of a careless hit-or-miss system. Once Daly captures control, he stands a good chance of making the major league grade.

Goodman Double

(Continued from page 9)

That the Dell knew on which side its deficit could be bettered was shown by a near-record throng of 9,000 paid-admissions to the Goodman concert. Another estimated 5,000 persons crashed the concert.

In the first half of the program Benny played the difficult Mozart *Clarinet Concerto*, displaying his flexible tone, facile technique, and lovely taste. He appeared completely at ease, in spite of blinding photo-flash bulbs, and a tricky wind which at one point blew his music to the floor. Until the music was returned to his stand, Benny played the intricate passages from memory. The orchestra's sensitive background was ably directed by the young American conductor, Edwin McArthur. McArthur volunteered his services without charge as a testimonial to Goodman, whom he considers "one of the towering personalities of modern music."

Maestro Goodman

Later Goodman conducted the slight Stravinsky *Tango*. Using a pencil for a baton, Benny appeared uncomfortable as a symphony conductor. The work was both too short and too unfamiliar to afford a basis for judging Benny's ability in this direction. Most startling feature of the performance, which employed a guitar and three saxes in the full symphony, was the sight of hot-tenor man Vido Musso playing in the depths of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Originally scheduled to present his sextet, Benny instead brought along his entire band. The first number by the swing band was a stiff-starting *Don't Be*

ER 10, 1938

Goodman Band At Town Hall

Benny Goodman and his orchestra will play another concert of swing music at Town Hall next Wednesday. Aiding and abetting the jam session will be Professor John Erskine, of Columbia, as commentator, who will detail the birth and growth of jazz music as the Goodman crew plays it.



Benny Goodman

This time Benny Goodman did not get the same interesting reception from the N. Y. Daily News—which before his first concert thought that Benny was actress Billie Burke, or vice versa.

That Way, stiff because Goodman's men were evidently frightened at taking over the huge shell vacated by the symphony orchestra. But the number found relaxation when newly-added drummer Sidney Catlett made Benny laugh by nonchalantly tossing his sticks and catching them in his familiar showy stage business.

Then the work-horse *Sing, Sing, Sing* brought the applause to a roar by its clever drum-clarinet duet. Catlett's uncanny anticipation of Benny's ad libbing underscored Goodman's clarinet brilliantly.

Cootie Reception

A lovely *Intermezzo* was followed by Cootie Williams' playing of the Sauter original *Superman*. Cootie's natural showmanship brought forth a demand for the encore tune, *Dear Old Southland*. Then Helen Forrest, starting a little nervously, soon had the immense natural amphitheatre hushed with her *Man I Love* and *The Sun Comes Out*. In the latter tune Catlett's sudden outburst of "Mercy, mercy, mercy!" set the usually sedate Dell audience rocking with laughter.

The last tune was the old standby *Roll 'Em*, featuring added choruses by a happy-sounding Benny and most of the other soloists. Probably the concert would not have ended there if a few exhibitionistic jitterbugs hadn't climbed upon the stage. At that Benny racked up for the night.

Papers Give It O.K.

Philadelphia newspaper critics were unanimous in praising Goodman's solo ability in the Mozart *Concerto*. The *Evening Ledger* also carried a highly imaginative story about an audience of 10,000 jazz-mad jitterbugs who howled and danced in the aisles. No one but the *Ledger's* reporter seemed to have seen any of this.

A few nights later, Mr. Iturbi was scheduled to present himself in a no-doubt scholarly and certainly not at all spectacular job of conducting and playing the piano in the Liszt *Concerto No. 1 in E Flat Major*. Conducting and soloing at one and the same time!—Sayre Hillerson, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Goodman Also Scores With Philharmonic

By Henry W. Simon,
Music Editor of PM

For the first time in its 21 years of summer concerts, the Lewisohn Stadium in New York housed a swing band Monday, July 14. And did the high-brows and jitterbugs go for it! Benny Goodman and his full band at 25c to \$1 (no cover charge) drew 15,000 to the up-town stadium.

The first half of the program was conventional enough fare for the long-hairs—Beethoven's *Fifth* and the Mozart *Clarinet Concerto* played by the Philharmonic-Symphony under Reginald Stewart making his local debut. The only unconventional part of that was having Benny as soloist in the *Concerto*. His playing here, however, couldn't be distinguished from any other long-hair's excepting that the tone was better than most and he didn't seem entirely at home in the classical stuff.

Came the Jam

Then the Philharmonic men cleared out. Stewart took a seat down front, and Benny's men started their half of the program with a not-quite-up-to-standard *One O'Clock Jump*. It was only a couple of numbers later, when Cootie Williams soloed Duke Ellington's *Concerto for Cootie*, that the boys got really in the groove. The high spot of the evening, though, was *Body and Soul* with Benny's sinuous obbligato around the tune.

Plenty of jitterbugs in the stands started jittering up the aisles and on the field while groups of watchers gathered around them to clap. Ushers first stopped them and then let them go on without interference. To these boys and girls it made no difference how well or not-so-well the band played so long as it was loud enough, which with the help of the Stadium's improved speaker system it usually was.

Before the crowd would let Benny go, he had played a round dozen numbers. He'd be playing still if he hadn't finally persuaded them to go home by complying with Petrillo's latest ukase and giving them the *Star-Spangled Banner* as a *Good-night Ladies* closer.

THAT FAMOUS GOODMAN CARNEGIE CONCERT (1938)

- (1) Rehearsing the jam session: Harry James, Benny, and Lester Young.
- (2) Ellingtonism at the concert: Cootie Williams, Vernon Brown, Johnny Hodges, and Harry Carney out front.
- (3) Benny in the lead.
- (4) Martha Tilton and Benjamin Goodman play things over.
- (5) Gene Krupa and Harry James giving all; Ziggy Elman taking in all at rehearsal.
- (6) Martha Tilton and Harry Goodman talk things over.
- (7) Benevolent Benny.
- (8) Babe Russin busting at the concert.
- (9) More jam in rehearsal: pianist Jess Stacy, guitarist Fred Green, Benny, saxist Lester Young, Gene, Harry James, and Vernon Brown.
- (10) Harry James in the lead.
- (11) Jess Stacy and trombonist Red Ballard ready to start the second half.
- (12) The quartet, featuring Gene's angehe look.
- (13) It's all over as Benny and friends walk to the dressing room.

SCENES FROM BENNY GOODMAN'S FIRST CONCERT (1938)



METRONOME'S HALL OF FAME

COZY COLE

From the depth of his voice, you'd think Cozy Cole would like nothing better than to hold conversation with his bass drum. That's not so, though. He prefers his snare. As a matter of fact, unlike almost all modern drummers, who'd rather slash a cymbal than anything else, William Randolph Cole would like nothing better than to beat an arrangement from beginning to end with sticks on his snare drum.

"I really feel the beat there!" he exclaims via a wide mouth that's the climax of a long, lean face. "I like to play on one thing as long as possible. When you do that, you're not breaking the rhythm and you're keeping the band in one solid groove!"

Cozy, himself, has summed up perfectly the reason he's the ideal man for any band, and why so many leaders and other drummers in the business feel just that way. Because for Cozy, the most important thing in drumming is to keep the beat going, without any show-off interruptions — just steady rhythm that builds and builds by its incessant repetition.

Recorded Evidence

If you want to get an idea of what Cozy is driving at, listen to the press-roll he played from beginning to end on Lionel Hampton's *Sweethearts on Parade*, waxed for Victor in 1938. There's drumming that really builds.

Cozy did that date shortly before joining Cab Calloway's band, with whom he's still playing by the way. Strangely enough, even though his work is tremendously in demand (for example, he has recorded by request, with outfits headed by Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Artie Shaw, Bunny Berigan, Red Allen, Dick McDonough, and has supported the Andrews Sisters and Billie Holiday often), Cozy has played with surprisingly few bands. He didn't start playing professionally till he was 21, joining Wilbur Sweatman's outfit. That was in 1929, three years after his family had moved to New York from his native East Orange, N. J. But, as William Randolph puts it, "Sweatman fired the devil out of me because I couldn't play nothin'—I had a beat but I just couldn't read!"

Joining His Idol

The following year, after learning more about what makes drums and drummers work, he joined Blanche Calloway, remaining for two years. Then, in 1933, came a real thrill. Benny Carter, who, to this day, is Cozy's favorite of all musicians ("I worked for him, so I should know," he adds), gave Cozy a job in an outfit that included Teddy Wilson, Ben Webster, Edgar Battle, Keg Johnson, Big Green, Johnny Russell and Glynn Pacque. Benny went to Europe after that, so Willie Bryant took over the outfit. It remained at the Savoy several years, reaching some fine musical heights. Catch, if you can, the record of *Viper's Moan* which the bunch made for Victor.



COZY COLE really settling on that pet snare drum of his—which you can't see in this Eddie Koch photo.

Three years later Cozy moved to Stuff Smith and then two years after that to Cab. Ask the boys in the Calloway band about him, and you'll get nothing but raves. He gives them a beat the band never approached before. He'll play on that snare, which he likes to keep tight but not too snary, for a few choruses, and then he may shift to those two Zildjians he has pressed tightly together for thirty-two more bars. He doesn't shift emphasis much. And no matter what he does, the beat's always there, never varying, always being given to the rest of the boys.

Flash in His Pan

Don't think that Cozy isn't flashy, when flash is necessary. Catch the Okeh records of *Paradiddle*, *Ratamacue*, and *Crescendo in Drums* he made for Cab, and you'll get an idea of what a good beat and good technique, combined, sound like.

Finally, take this for what it's worth: Paul Whiteman's come out openly and declared that there's only one drummer for him, and that one of his big ambitions is to have Cozy Cole play drums in his band. Pops, just between you and a hundred other name band leaders, that's truly a notable ambition!

CARL FISCHER ADDS TWO ARMY TUNES

to its list of new publications titled *The Army Air Corps* and *Waltzing Matilda*. The first is the official song of the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Although *Waltzing Matilda* has just recently come to the American side, the tune is by no means a new one to the Australians, for it is their unofficial national song. It has been recorded by Lansing Hatfield to be used to aid the Anzac forces. General Wavell's Australian troops have adopted the tune as their favorite marching song.



BOBBY BYRNE and his boys welcome back one of their original members, pianist Gabe Julian, now a private in the army. Directly behind Gabe are singers Dorothy Claire and Stuart Wade.

Bobby Byrne

(Continued from page 14)

enough to warrant an *absolutely* top-flight rating. And, unlike many other bands, it's not for lack of trying. You probably never did see a leader who tried to bring out the mechanics of music more earnestly than Bobby Byrne does. It's gotten to be almost a phobia with him by now.

That, as a matter of fact, may quite possibly be why the band isn't as consistent as Bobby is exhorting it to be. It may be that the pressure Bobby's putting behind all his shots results in too much reverse English, so that he's unwittingly achieving an effect quite the opposite of that for which he's striving. For jazz cannot be played well under pressure.

A Great Musician

Take Bobby's playing, as the perfect example. Fundamentally, here's one of the greatest trombonists dancebandom has ever known. Not only can he blow gorgeous sweet, but he can also get off an unusually potent brand of hot. Many times during an evening, you'll hear samples of both, and they'll thrill you. But every once in a while Bobby does the very thing he's fighting so hard against—stuffling notes. Not only has it become a dread mania where he, himself, is concerned, but Byrne makes it plenty obvious, via his glowerings, that he won't tolerate bad notes from the musicians beneath him.

Well, people, especially musicians, who are apt to be more emotional than the average person, aren't built that way. They can't do their best work, especially best creative work, when they've got somebody above them, just daring them to make even a small mistake. Instead, they tighten up and they worry their fool heads off, and then, suddenly, out will come the very mistake they've been trying so hard not to make.

That tension is the only apparent reason for the Bobby Byrne band not being one of the country's leading crews. True, it does have other failings, such as a drummer who plays too loudly and too consistently on high-hats, a brass section that isn't always in tune (per-

haps tension again?), a sax section whose spinal column could stand some slight bolstering, and a leader who is over-careless in his personal appearance.

Other Good Points

But look at all its other good points: Bobby, himself, for one. The fine piercing first trumpet of Johnny Martel's. The rich jazz tone of Johnny Fasso's trumpet. The trombones' exceptionally fine blend. The imaginative ideas of Jerry Yelverton, hampered only by a Ghandi-proportioned tone. The way the saxes play together, especially the more difficult parts of Don Redman's often complicated scorings. The gorgeous and definite beat of Abe Siegel, a truly magnificent bassist. The arrangements, themselves, mentioned before as definite assets, but excellent enough to bear repeating. And finally, the two splendid vocalists: Stuart Wade, as personable a chap as ever graced any bandstand, who sings with much feeling and an abundance of technical facilities that should be the envy of almost all band vocalists, and, of course, pert Dorothy Claire, Bobby's mainstay, who adds a touch of informality and genuine merriment to the proceedings that you wish other parts of the organization could capture.

Safety Valve Needed

Yes, there's a huge amount of fine stuff in this Bobby Byrne band. It's being subjugated under pressure, though. The Redman arrangements, which require much concentration, increase, rather than decrease, the humidity. The only way it can be relieved is directly from the top. Freedom is a tremendously important element in almost any undertaking that requires both individual and collective endeavor. Once Bobby opens up the vacuum-tight can that holds in both himself and his organization, he's going to have a band perhaps even far greater than he ever imagined he would!

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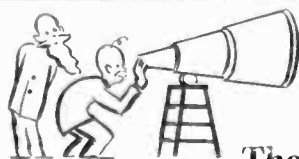
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Sonny Dunham Vocalists
Ray Kellogg, Diana Mitchell

Sonny Dunham

(Continued from page 14)

hand" piano—by the drive of Sonny's trumpet and the facility of his trombone, by Tony Bastien's alto, and to a lesser degree, by Corky Corcoran's tenor.

The latter is more effective on ballads, which the youngster plays with soulful sincerity. He's a commercial feature of the group—you know, they want people to explain "look at that cute little boy play!"—who is likely to turn into a great musical asset one of these days. Like most up and coming musicians, his work is still too imitative, which may be why he doesn't get a natural beat on his rhythmic attempts.

Helping also on the ballads is the sax quartet as a team, which, thanks in a measure to Guy McReynolds on first, achieves some fine shadings and a really excellent blend. Guy, by the way, also plays some interesting solo passages. The reed men help achieve moods which are enhanced no little by solo passages, played openly and yet not too potently by Dunham on both his instruments, and by vocal passages from Ray Kellogg, an impressive-looking lad who sings extremely well, and Diana Mitchell, an extremely pretty looking lass who sings impressively. Especially effective are their duets, on which, unlike all other band singer duos, they know what to do with their eyes and hands. Little things like that help.

On pretty stuff, the brass has the facility of playing softly and still maintaining good tones. That isn't common, especially among young bands. What is more common in groups of that sort is poor intonation, and in that respect Dunham's brass section doesn't show as much individuality. Montgomery and Smith have an unfortunate habit of playing noticeably flat. The result, either when they're playing solos, or when the section is playing as a whole, often becomes quite annoying.

Whether the cause of that out-of-tuneness is just a natural inability to play in tune or down-right carelessness is difficult to determine. The chances of its being the latter are good, because after a full evening among the Dunhamians, you commence to notice a peculiar attitude of nonchalance. It's sort of an adolescent point of view,

much like that of the young collegian, smoking his pipe for the first time, who feels that it might be a bit below his dignity to become too enthusiastic, and therefore concentrates upon putting on an outward reserve. It's self-conscious stuff, to be sure, and thereby doesn't reflect the basic spirit of the Dunham band.

And yet, it's there. It's there, most noticeably, in Sonny's attitude towards the dancers. He stands stiffly, almost posingly, before his band. He's constantly keeping them and himself under wraps, while seeming to take everything in stride, never becoming perturbed or disturbed—the perfect example of pseudo-sophistication. That's not the natural Sonny Dunham, either, for those who have known him over a period of years know about his inherent enthusiasm, which reflects itself not only in his personal approach, but also in his interpretation of jazz.

Jazz, to be good jazz, must be played without affectations. You can't be self-conscious about it, with the hopes of getting by upon an impression of sophistication. You can't go along, overlooking important musical items, such as poor intonation or a pianist who can't be bothered using his left hand, just on the chance that somebody's going to be impressed by the general nonchalance attendant to the proceedings.

Along the same lines, you can't keep your boys under wraps for a full evening—nor yourself, for that matter—whispering stuff that's meant to be blasted. It not only kills that stuff, itself, but it also minimizes the effect of any pretty, soft music that may follow.

Sonny Dunham's band's chief failing, then, is a psychological rather than a musical one. Of course, it isn't perfect in the latter department, either, but its faults are going to be lots easier to overcome if the boys go at them with a "hell-bent-for-leather" attitude instead of that of a posing, young, pipe-smoking adolescent. There's much too much good stuff here to be wasted upon a Pyre of Puberty.

Simon says B-2.

Les Brown

(Continued from page 15)

you've ever heard. He's like Coleman Hawkins in the way he ties together solos of outlandish intricacy and seemingly unrelated progressions. He's utterly like himself alone in the way he pours forth short and long phrases, heavy and light tones, to make always cohesive patterns in a jazz framework of great distinction. As the grace notes for his measure, Wolffe really kicks, too, and is the fine section man that few similarly distinguished soloists are.

Abe Most is a really talented clarinetist. His tone and ideas range from sweet to hot, with a consistent rhythmic feeling and lots of good taste. Abe is also the band's clown-in-chief, and a Most Ab(1)e novelty-singer. But his clowning before and/or after his own pretty solos severely breaks the mood of those efforts, and his never-ending jittering occasionally climbs way out of the intimate impression being made by the rest of the band. Abe needs to cut down on the cutting-up if only to keep his madcap stuff unexpected and novel, and therefore twice as effective.

As a team, the saxes play with expert drive and finish, and their rich manuscripts gain the most sympathetic performances. The scorings are effectively heavy sometimes, with a baritone anchor; lovely, with a soprano sky-hook, and brilliantly different for some ballads, in Les's own arrangements, with a sustained organ harmony as backing for a clarinet obbligato in the flute range.

The trumpets play with impressive verve, and in their sweet bits (with special distinction accruing to Bob Thorne) with excellent taste. Unfortunately, none of the trio plays much hot, in quality or quantity. It's the weakest jazz soloistic section in the band.

There needs to be more jazz work forthcoming from the trombones, too, but here it's obvious who can supply it. Newly-added Bob Fishel has a fine barrelhouse edge to his work that would make a rich addition to the Brown jazz. Sweet solos are handled with unusual effect by Si Zentner, whose big tone and pretty conceptions build his contributions to topnotch importance in the band's work. The trio plays with expert sectional cleanness, gets a drive, just like the rest of the band, that moves its audiences.

Rhythmic impetus is excellently supplied by Nat Polens, whose consistency is a vital drumming consideration and whose relaxation fits right in with the fluency of the band ensemble. Bass and guitar slip right alongside Polens in the rhythm ensemble, and pianist Billy Rowland adds an exciting fourth corner to the square. Rowland possesses an incisive touch at the keyboard that makes his solos (of which there should be more) extraordinarily bright and clearly constructed.

Bonney Personality

The Brown Betty is a girl singer of great vivaciousness and growing singing ability. This Bonney lass is not yet the polished vocalist she promises to be, but her personality, pertness and her evident understanding of the music at hand contribute to an able vocal equipment that should develop into something fine, with careful guidance. Ralph Young has a baritone organ of impressive depth, but his phrasing is still too unrelaxed. He needs to get the flowing ease of the boys in the band, the same relaxation he displays on the stand in his wholeheartedly co-operative gagging and tricking with the wholeheartedly gagging and tricking Brown boys.

Beyond all of the individual talents in the band, there is a strident personality at work. Les Brown fronts a band with uncommon good taste, with a sharply attractive handling of audiences (shown in his well-set tempi, his cleverly-directed medlies, his smartly-arranged sets—which have mood and merriment, kicks, tricks and dancing ease), and a fellowship with his men that, in all, makes for a great band-leader.

When this band was last reviewed in METRONOME, it was called "99 per cent pure." That missing 1 per cent has been found. It's almost indefinable, but the marks of greatness are upon this band. Only a few kinks remain to be straightened out. The achievements to date are clear and unmistakable, and quite definitely go together to make a band that's really different, that's found its own level above and far beyond the average.



Les Brown Vocalists
Betty Bonney, Abe Most

Tommy Dorsey

(Continued from page 14)

still the most attractive vocal quartet close-harmonizing around. And then there was and is the musical vehicle that fills in behind all of this, sets the smart pace and provides the rich all-around entertainment that satisfies the very varied T. Dorsey fans, the T. Dorsey Orchestra itself.

Strong Brass

The brass almost automatically comes first in any appraisal of this band, for it's that team's excellent work that sets the strongest variety of moods. Chuck Peterson makes a commanding lead for the trumpets, though the first book is divided among all the boys in the section, at one time or another. When Chuck is playing his potent lead horn, his broad tone and piercing expression punctuate the brass excellently. When he takes over Ziggy Elman's duties, as the latter assumes Tommy Dorsey's book to lead the band (with T. D. off the stand), he proves equally adept and an imaginative hot soloist. Jimmy Blake handles sweet stuff with particular verve, and Ziggy Elman handles every chance with a batting average of 1.000. Ziggy's personalized style, with its graceful powerhouse and its potent prettiness, is something you find yourself continually looking forward to in all of the Dorsey arrangements. His subsequent choruses fully live up to expectations. And the teamwork of this brass quartet (recently added Al Stearns, an able fourth) lives up to the stellar abilities of its component parts, too.

The trombones are similarly effective. The solo work is less evident here, but the Jacobs and Martin horns fold away occasional sweet bits with professional neatness and the George Arus hot is really good, with its bouncy, rough, jazz tone. Of course, it's the leader of the band whose trombones takes over most consistently, and in the multiple pretty passages Tommy plays, you couldn't ask, as everybody knows, for a more lovely, more effective trombonist. In the occasional hot played by Dorsey, his short phrases and subdued attack diverge too much from the rest of his vigorous soloists, in an almost antiquated sliphorn style.

Less Strong Saxes

The saxes are sometimes somewhat weaker than they should be. Not individually nor collectively do they err as

musicians. Possibly it's because of their assignments, but this fine quintet doesn't quite get the big ensemble tone necessary in a big-sounding band like this one. Freddie Stulce leads his men with a good, fresh tone and the voicings scripted for the Dorsey saxes take advantage of the precision musicianship of these reeds, with much allotted the capable baritone of Bruce Snyder to give heaviness to the section. Dom Lodice is a hot man of some originality on his tenor sax, who gets an excellent beat. Other solo honors in the section are rather restricted. Manny Gershman plays the clarinet choruses in the books ably, but he doesn't get either the opportunity or the brilliant product of the former holder of this slot. Private Johnny Mince. Heinie Beau is almost wasted in the section, since his excellent clarinet is hardly ever called upon. He might well add a distinguished note to the Dorsey band as a soloist, especially since a smart clarinetist is now missing.

Topnotch Rhythm

The rhythm section cannot be caviled with. Buddy Rich justifies his last name with his drumming, marking varied tempi with a fine pair of hands and feet and good drum sense. He provides the base for the great drive of the band. From Sid Weiss in particular, and Clark Yocum in part. Buddy gets able assistance. From Joe Bushkin, he and the band get superb support. rhythmically, melodically, tastefully. Joe is a pianist who has grown immeasurably in the last few years. His skillful interpolations in the Oliver hot match Sy's spirit perfectly, his wielding of subdued piano and celeste introductions and bridges in the sweet stuff is completely successful. You couldn't ask for much more from this section or its two most vital members.

Commercial Vocalists

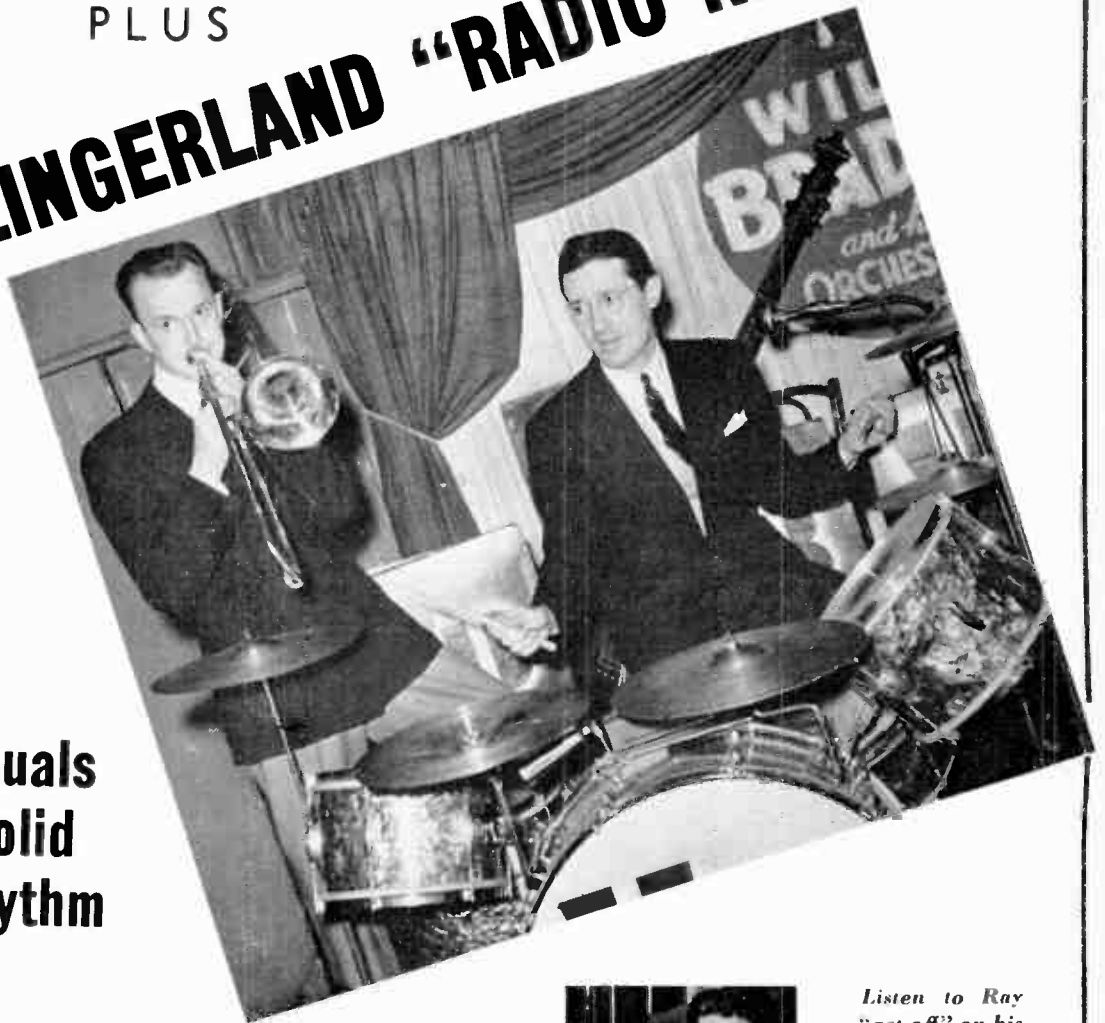
In the vocalists, of course, Tommy Dorsey has his most original commercial assets. The Pied Pipers, as has been much repeated, set a style. They don't seem as excited about it all as they did when they first joined up with Tommy. But their musical sense is still there, and the results, from novelties to ballads to trick hot, sing for themselves. Of this group, Jo Stafford stands out for her very lovely voice and the infectious hot manner in which she uses it, both in her solo passages with the quartet and in her too-few solos with the band as a whole. Frank Sinatra's excellent voice and phrasing sustain him through a pleasing succession of numbers in any Dorsey set, and Connie Haines adds a brash personality, though her voice (getting better all the time, as it is) is not yet in the distinguished class of her T. D. tonsil-waving colleagues.

But one thing is disappointing in the Tommy Dorsey arrangement of his sets. You always know what's coming. Up and down, down and up, go the Dorsey moods. The contrast is sure to come, from sweet to hot, consistently, without variation. And the result cuts down on the proper excitement over what's to come and makes sustained moods impossible. For a brilliant musical band like this one, with its leader's and all its members' canny appreciation of dancers' and listeners' tastes, that lapse should be, must be, removed.

Ray McKinley

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DISCUSSIONS

(Continued from page 17)

ARTIE SHAW

Unnecessary Fiddles

Les Robinson's solo on *Georgia on My Mind* and his leading of the saxes on *Why Shouldn't I* are noteworthy items on the coupling of those tunes. Artie and Billy Butterfield play brilliantly on the former, which spots a superfluous fiddle section, which sounds self-conscious as it attempts, unsuccessfully, to fit into the scheme of things. It's better off on the other side, which also has good Butterfield and pleasing enough Shaw (V).

RAYMOND SCOTT

Fun and Mood

Really, bawdy humor from this group *In a Subway Far From Ireland*—a lot of fun. The band pays more attention to mood and less to tricks on *Where You Are*, a pleasant shift of emphasis, which shows off a lovely trombone, a sympathetic tightly muted trumpet, and Clyde Burke, who sings really fine when he sings softly (C).

SIDNEY BECHET

Tricky, Not Thrilling

You've probably heard about this record by now—how Sidney plays six instruments, five of them while wearing ear-phones and listening to what's happened before. It's a neat trick, even if it isn't thrilling music. Better of two attempts is *Shiek of Araby* (V).

SWING STUFF

Various Types

Somebody's lead sax phrasing of *Julia* helps an EARL HINES side that doesn't compare with an earlier Brunswick waxing of the same song (B). . . . COLEMAN HAWKINS gets a fine beat, as leader of a section and as soloist, on *Passin' It Around*, but on *Rocky Comfort* he strains and sounds more like his numerous imitators (O). . . . An easy beat and Wilbur Bascomb's muted trumpet highlight ERSKINE HAWKINS' *Blackout* (B). . . . Slick Jones plays slick brushes for FATS WALLER on *Headlines in the News* (B). . . . Stanley Facey's piano and Doles Dickens' bass help fiddler EDDIE SOUTH on *Oh, Lady Be Good; Stompin' at the Savoy* is a good example of schmaltzy swing (C). . . . A fine example of vocal swing is the GOLDEN GATE QUARTET's *Jezebel* and *Daniel Saw the Stone* coupling (O). . . . A good example of attempted swing "sans un beat" is *Sans Culottes* by TEDDY POWELL (B). . . . Swing the way marionettes might play it, pleasantly but not exactly authentically, is FREDDY MARTIN's *Why Don't We Do This More Often*—moreover, it's good novelty, made so by Eddie Stone's impish singing—somebody plays a rich first trumpet (B). . . . Another fine first trumpeter pops up on TED LEWIS' *Just Around the Corner*, which, otherwise, is just what you'd expect it to be (D). . . . Same for JOHNNY LONG and his singing henchmen on *Blue Skies* (D). . . . Bobby Nichols gets a simple, direct, effective beat on trumpet for VAUGHN MONROE on *Daddy* (B). . . . Skeets Herfurt's lead sax inflections and Buddy Cole's piano behind Yvonne King's over-cute vocal of *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* highlight another ALVINO REY side (B). . . . Poor balance and a beat that's lost in the shuffle hamper JAN SAVITT's *Topper* (V). . . . A struggling rhythm section and out-of-tune brass don't help LES HITE on *That's the Lick and T-Bone Blues*, despite the good tempo of the latter (B). . . . Worthwhile reissues are RED NORVO's *Blues in E Flat and Bughouse*, starring Shaw, Berry, Berigan, Jenney, Wilson, Bernstein, Krupa, Van Epps, and, of course, Red, himself (C). . . . Also worth hearing, and not just because it's old, is *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*, on which EARL HINES' band gets a fine beat (O).

SWEET STUFF

Mostly Voices

Lovely DINAH SHORING of *Do You Care* (B). . . . Ditto GINNY SIMSING of *You're the Moment of a Lifetime* (O). . . . And Patricia Gilmore sings *Moon in the Sea* daintily for hubby ENRIC MADRIGUERA (V). . . . While Phyllis Miles' work on *Blue Champagne* and *Harbor of Dreams* should impress more people than just leader FRANKIE MASTERS (O). . . . THE KING SISTERS have turned out sides better than *Sand in My Shoes* (B). . . . BING's his usual fine self on the pretty *You and I* opus (D). . . . Stuart Wade shows splendid vocal control as he does *These Things You Left Me* for BOBBY BYRNE, who plays a lovely muted trombone passage, but whose brass isn't completely in tune (D). . . . Rich scorings feature the SHEP FIELDS reed version of *You're Blase* (B). . . . Nasality hampers ART JARRETT on *Loveliness and Love* (V). . . . Out-of-tuneness harms BILLIE HOLIDAY on *Solitude* and *God Bless the Child* (O).

ALBUMS

Louis and Alec

If you want to get a pretty good idea of what made LOUIS ARMSTRONG tick in the old days, and why connoisseurs like to turn back the clock, listen to some of the sides in the ARMSTRONG HOT FIVE album, just issued in re-issue form by Columbia. Louis is stupendous on all eight sides, with Johnny Dodds' clarinet inspiring, not only for its own self, but also for the influence it has had on modern reedists. Catch it, especially, on the first coupling of *Gut Bucket Blues* and *Yes, I'm in the Groove*.

The Alec Wilder Octet is admirably presented in an album named after the instrumental group, featuring, of course, the compositions of ALEC WILDER. Wilder is attaining wide popularity at the moment with his lovely tune, *It's So Peaceful In The Country*. He's had a smaller, but none the less devoted musician following for several years before the success of this tune. This album shows why.



Horace Heidt, left, and Orrin Tucker, right, whose themes are included in the new Columbia album of band signatures. Former's identification gets a fine singing by the voice of Larry Cotton.

All of his recorded originals to date have been scored for eight pieces, clarinet, flute, oboe, bassoon, bass clarinet, harpsichord, bass and drums. Alec produces rich melodies, employs a wide range of harmonic effects, reaching back to the formalized conventions of Bach, forward to the impressionism of Debussy and Ravel and tossing in a jazz beat to make it all go. It's this latter element that makes him appeal so to popular musicians. All the previous things, plus his brash titles (*His First Long Pants*, *Her Old Man Was Suspicious*, *Dance Man Buys A Farm*, etc.) gives the man an enormous appeal. This is really an exciting album event (C).

XAVIER CUGAT's best Conga sides for Victor have been assembled in a four-pocket album entitled, descriptively, *One—Two—Three Kick*. And the same company goes further after the Latin audience in an assemblage of some of the best known Latin tunes (*La Paloma*, *La Golondrina*, *Ay, Ay, Ay*, *Adios Mariquita Linda*, etc., etc.) sung by the deservedly popular (in Mexico) Mexican tenor, Pedro Vargas.

Columbia has gathered together the theme songs of its feature eight bands in an album called, appropriately, *Theme Songs*. These range from Benny Goodman's *Let's Dance*, through the coming-on-the-air music of Eddie Duchin, Kay Kyser, Will Bradley, Harry James, Raymond Scott, Horace Heidt and Orrin Tucker, with post-BMI themes represented in the one or two cases where themes have been affected by the ASCAP differences with the big networks. If you hanker after the themes of these eight maestri, one or two or all of them, here they are. As distinctive music, Benny's, based on the Weber-Berlioz *Invitation To The Dance*, Duchin's based on Chopin's *E Flat Nocturne*, and the attractive tunes of Will Bradley's, Raymond Scott's and Harry James's signatures, stand out.

LATIN STUFF

Run of the Mill

Not much of great worth in the records of Latin-American music, this month. Best of the lot are a pair of records by Cuban orchestras, OSCAR DE LA ROSA's and FELICIANO BRUNELLI's, both on Victor. De la Rosa offers *Dame De Tus Rosas* and *Sensemaya*; Brunelli does *Let's Dance The Conga* and *Tommy's Mustache*. Oscar performs straight Bolero and Conga arrangements, Feliciano adds a choral flourish. . . . HENRY KING offers routine society band scorings of two Rhumbas, *Volveras* and *Mis Cinco Hijos*, which are better than routine numbers (O). . . . Though XAVIER CUGAT has nothing much in the way of an arrangement for the lovely tune, *Nostalgias*, Mrs. Cugat (Carmen Castillo) sings the vocal with great charm, vocal ease (C). . . . ALBERTO VILA finishes off the record date he began last month with two ordinary tunes, *Caminito*, and *Lolita*. The latter is really disappointing because more is usually forthcoming from the pens of Rodgers and Hart, whose song *Lolita* is (C). . . . TITO GUIZAR has better material in *Querida*, from his movie, *Blondie Goes Latin*, and *Time Was*. Though one could wish for less pedestrian accompaniments, the light Guizar tenor is ably projected on these two sides, the second of which is a good potential popularity bet. . . . Finally, ENRIC MADRIGUERA presents a straight Rumba arrangement of the Ernesto Lecuona *Danza Lucumi*, which Artie Shaw first introduced with his West Coast Philharmonic.

Jimmy Bracken

(Continued from page 24)

THURSDAY—Out to Bob Chester's opening this evening. He did open this time, too. Trying out boy singers also. Dick Lawrence was on the spot this time. Lots of ASCAP publishers out there, despite the NBC wire. Then back to town to catch Bobby Byrne at the New Yorker. Long table talk with Glenn Hardman and wife Alice O'Connell. She's Helen's sister and sings really wonderfully. Finale of the evening with Eddie Masters, Bobby's astute lawyer and with Dorothy Claire's family. Watch out for that youngest sister of all!

Alkire Lists Ideas, Practice Routine For H. Guitarists

By EDDIE ALKIRE

This is the kind of weather that makes practicing work, or at least takes the fun out of it.

A good idea for keeping your technique up to par at this time of year is to spend more time reviewing and improving your old repertoire selections.

If you do not already have a list of all the selections you play by memory and a list of your favorite selections for which you have music, then I advise you to make a neat typewritten list of each of these groups.

You can arrange your lists alphabetically or according to key and rhythm. With such lists for daily reference you will find it a lot easier to get started on your practice period. Nearly everyone finds it impossible to recall at any one time all of the numerous pieces that they actually know by memory and enjoy playing. Now if you have a typewritten list of such selections for reference you will find it easy on any day of the week to look it over and find one or more numbers which you haven't played for a long time and would like to run through.

The important point is that once you get out your instrument and go over a couple of selections you get your mind

off the heat and find it easy to spend a lot of time on various other selections. On days when you feel real ambitious that is the time to work on selections that you must play from music.

When you have completed your lists, if they are large, you will find they are good for your morale. If they are small they will be a silent reminder to increase your repertoire.

Practice Suggestions

Here are some other suggestions which might give you some extra fun during your practice periods. Cut out a strip of paper long enough to cover all of the frets on your guitar and wide enough to extend over the fingerboard on each side. Slide this strip of paper under your strings. (If you use a wood guitar make the paper wide enough at the 12th fret to hide the point at which the neck joins the body.)

With your frets thus covered you will be more or less "flying blind." As you play through a selection touch an open string occasionally to see that you aren't going sharp or flat. Don't be surprised if you start out in the key of B flat and end up in A or B. If you can play a selection through without ending the least bit sharp or flat, be thankful for a fine ear and excellent memory for tonality.

After trying this idea for a week or two, try practicing near a desk or table and with your music extending out over the edge far enough to hide the fingerboard. In other words, when you look at the music it will be in line of vision with the fingerboard. With your guitar

and music in this position you will then be completely "on instruments" to quote another aviation term.

If you have had experience in playing in public possibly you have already discovered to your disappointment how confusing it is to play under conditions slightly different from those in your practice room. For instance you get accustomed to a chair of a certain height and with the light shining on your instrument from a certain angle. A chair of a different height and a light that casts a shadow may prove so confusing

(Continued on page 36)

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Jimmy Dale Explains Correct Voicings For Various Sections

By JIMMY DALE

This month we will pick up two letters of interest out of the mail and try to solve the arranging problems that are bothering two of our puzzled readers.

Below are explanatory notes and examples in answer to questions from D. S. of Chicago and F. G. of Boston.

In scoring for five brass (three trumpets and two trombones); four

saxes (two altos and two tenors) D. S. often runs across certain tones which he can't figure out; for instance, the note D in a F7th or Eb chord. Example one shows both forms and two ways of voicing. These same notes can be voiced for the four saxes in the same harmony and in open and closed harmony by following example two. The third example shows how to voice the saxes with the brass in open harmony.

F. G. is plenty troubled by a type of note that he frequently runs across in his arranging and which he believes are passing tones. He is correct, but to be more precise, they are called auxiliary tones. They are generally more a half tone above or below, resolving into the next chord as example four illustrates.

The image contains four examples of musical notation, labeled EX I, EX II, EX III, and EX IV. Each example shows staves for saxophones and brass instruments. EX I shows a chord voicing with notes for saxophones and brass. EX II shows a similar voicing with dynamic markings like 'closed' and 'open'. EX III shows a more complex voicing with notes and rests. EX IV shows a voicing with notes and rests, including a note marked 'Piano for some samples'. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

NOTE - ALL ABOVE EX'S IN CONCERT PITCH.

Pianists Must Train Technique to Play Music Mind Conceives

By TEDDY WILSON and TED CASSOLA

How many times has it been said, "If only I could play the music I can think."

The ones expressing that thought, no doubt had in mind not only the intricate melodic patterns that run through their mind but also the smoothness with which the notes flow from one to another. But as soon as these musical thoughts are expressed through a musical instrument they only approach more or less that which was thought.

There seems no doubt that we can think musical thoughts greater than we can produce. Whether mentally we are as great a musician as the next person but can produce less than he and he less than someone else I cannot say. Perhaps it is that we think different amounts to begin with, but I am certain that we produce less in proportion to what we each think. No one can play all that he can conceive.

The reason for this is rather evident. There is absolutely nothing to interfere with our musical thoughts. The moment they are conceived they exist. But when one tries to express them on some musical instrument he has to deal with the problem of technique. The trumpeter has to deal with fingering the valves, breath control and many other technical problems. The saxophone has its own technical problems and so on with each instrument. In each case the player is only trying to produce a tone simultaneous with a tone conceived by his mind and trying to accomplish this results in what is known as technique. The overcoming of the impediment each instrument offers, prevents you from accomplishing this coordination.

From an effort to help the student accomplish this, many methods have resulted. These have dealt with various types of touch; high wrist, low wrist, wrist action, finger action and countless other contortions with the result that

the student is more confused than he is helped.

When it is understood just what it is these methods are trying to accomplish (that of producing a tone the instant it is conceived) the student can have a better understanding of what it is about and see in a true light their meaning. He can then accept those which seem to help him and fit in with his own thoughts and reject those that seem contrary to his nature. And perhaps this selection will be automatic if he tries himself to accomplish the production of a tone simultaneous with its thought.

Piano Technique

Regardless of how you accomplish this, provided it leaves you free to still play the piano, your job technically is finished and you will no doubt find your method coinciding with others you have come across. And if you were to try to explain your method to someone else you would thereby create a new method only to make more confusing the technique of the piano. It is in this fashion that the existing confusion about technique began.

Every pedagogue tries to say the same thing but says it a little different, it in turn being misunderstood and mistaken for something other than for what it was intended and the fallacies that accrue are multiplied no end.

To produce a tone simultaneously with its conception is easier on some instruments than others. With regard to the piano many actions take place from the time a note is thought of to the instant of reproduction. The finger must strike the key, the key must descend and in turn drive the hammer to strike the strings. All these actions increase the possibility of our producing the tone too late, which is the fault most pianists have.

There are many methods that can be used to help you to "Play to tone" as this is called but to describe even one, would take more than the allotted space, however, perhaps in a future column I will endeavor to explain the method employed by myself.

In the meantime strive for immediate tone production and have your tone sound as soon as possible after the key is struck.

Johnny Long

(Continued from page 15)

in gauging dancers' and listeners' tastes. When it goes overboard, as it sometimes does, after hot honors, it is out of place, and the mood impression it should leave you with takes a momentary powder.

The ill-fitting hot doesn't imply that the Johnny Long band should keep things down to an always soft, always slow level. Variety is necessary. But the up-tempos introduced should be arranged with restraint and show a consistent ear for mood impressions.

Trumpets Stand Out

Of the sections, only the trumpets stand out as regularly standout. The team tone of Messrs. Nielson, Shockey and Farr, their individual and assorted leadership of the section, and the solo moments of all three never fail to please. Swede's piercing lead is fine for the sweet he takes over, and Shockey adds an expert touch to the stuff he leads, too. In Jimmy Farr, the band has

its top hot man, and an all-around trumpeter of important dimensions. Jimmy has the tone and free-phrasing ability of a first-rate improviser, and the conceptions and taste of a fine section man, too. More from Jimmy, as his time with the band lengthens, will be welcome.

Saxes and trombones fill their duties capably, although the former are too often penned poor, dull, imitatively empty voicings, in the sax quartet style of a million other bands. Long's capable arrangers must seek fresher scorings for the saxes, to keep them from bogging down (and the band with them) in the monotony that too often attacks a band devoted to sweet music. Of the trombones, honors go to Walter Benson, who spreads a pretty tune behind his infrequent choruses.

Rhythm is chiefly the business of drummer Sullivan, and drummer Sullivan is really fitted for rhythm. His unflinching good taste helps to relieve the monotony of some of the manu-

script and to point the sometimes out-of-place hot with a beat that brings it into the realm of acceptability. The rest of his section plays quietly, but keeps the rhythm going, and Gregory Pierce's (now of the army) piano touches of considerable intelligence and effectiveness should be enlarged upon when successor Junie Mays takes over his stool.

Vocal Dept.

Vocalists Helen Young and Bob Houston are assets for this band. Helen needs to use her pretty voice more often than she does. She's got an ability to sing sweet or harsh, with too much of a tendency to sing latterly in order not to miss the beat, and that's wrong for a pretty girl with the really pleasing personality this one's got. Bob Houston handles a good, manly baritone with growing assurance—and a still-too-imitative throatiness in the Bing Crosby manner that interferes with his own capable song ideas. Then, too, there are the excellent glee club arrange-

ments, with amusing prattle-tale choruses back of straight singing soloists. Only fault with them is their overuse, which tends to make them less of an exciting novelty than they should be.

The faults are not fatal in this band. They all seem to hinge around the boys' conception of their duties, which should, in this reviewer's opinion, be more strictly of the musically legitimate and imaginative sweet school. The material for such a band is plentifully present here, with the best part of the band's work already set in that direction. Firmly grounded as a sweet band, the fresh young faces of the bandsmen, their amusing horseplay on the stand (generalized by Swede N.) and their musical brightness would perfectly complement their leader's personality brightness (with authority added to Johnny's status by his pretty fiddle solos, from time to time). With that clearer view of its future, there should be no stopping this Johnny Long band.

(See picture on next page)

Antone Starts Series Of Six String Chord Formations, Changes

By ANTHONY ANTONE

The chords shown below are the six-string formations that I promised for this issue. Play these chords in the same manner as the four-string formations. Strike the first major seventh, then first dominant seventh, minor sixth

and major sixth.

Many progressions involve eight different chord changes. In my next article I shall include an additional four chord changes, that when combined with these chords, will complete the first two measure progressions.

In the first major seventh below, it is also possible to omit the two open E notes on the first and sixth strings and include instead two F notes. This is done by barring the first finger across the six strings, however, when this is done, the F note on the fourth string must be lowered one half tone to E to form the major seventh chord.

Copyright by Anthony Antone 1595 Broadway, New York City

FOUR NAME BANDS FOR CALIF. FAIR

to be held from August 29 to September 7 at Sacramento, California State Capitol. Ray Noble, Ozzie Nelson, Freddy Martin and Charlie Barnet will play in Governor's Hall, where continuous dancing will be featured nightly, to the music of name bands.—SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



HELEN YOUNG and JOHNNY LONG

Cab Calloway

(Continued from page 10)

The delighted Calloway, delightful a personality as ever, seems younger than he did many years ago. Musical worries are gone. He's happy and contented, because, as he puts it, "for the first time in my life I've got a band I can really be proud of. I'm really lucky, too, for Harding and all the rest of them have built themselves a real band for me to stand in front of."

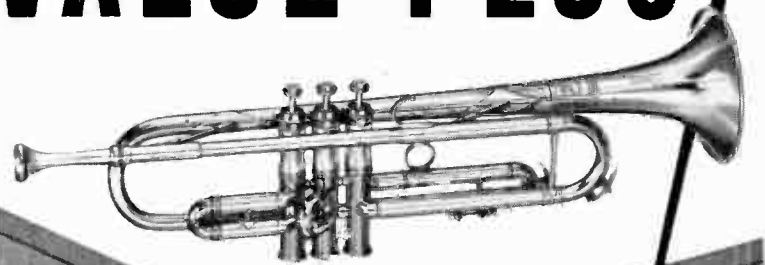
The Calloway crew, at press-time in the New York Strand for a third week in a period during which it had hauled in tremendous grosses, is due to be heard from lots over the air from now on. Cab leads his band through a weekly program over the Mutual Broadcasting System, Sunday nights at nine. And in the offing are return engagements at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook and Chicago's Hotel Sherman. And it'll still be billed as "Cab Calloway and HIS Orchestra," despite anything its leader may say to the contrary!

Fort Dix

(Continued from page 7)

Another effective band out here is that of Herby Fields, former Raymond Scott saxist. Herby's band, which plays at the 1229th Reception Center here, is heard weekly over the "This Is Fort Dix" program, WOR-Mutual, Sundays at 1:00 P.M.—Private Herby Gaines, FORT DIX, N. J.

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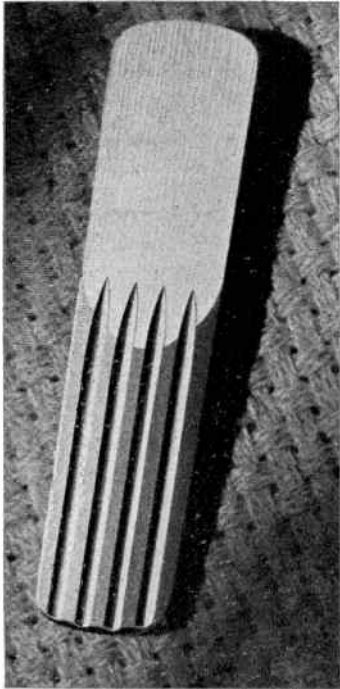
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An Effective Trill
Is a Valuable Asset
To Clarinetists

By PETER LUISETTI

We are continuing our treatment of the clarinet cadenza. To refresh our minds, last month we established the fact that it is possible to greatly improve our cadenza technique by considering such devices as overcoming nervousness, understanding the meaning, manifold purpose and the composition of a cadenza. The grupetto and how to execute in the most artistic style was the last point discussed.

Another musical device to be found in a cadenza is the trill, which is the rapid, alternating effect produced by the sound of two tones at intervals of either a tone or semi-tone. An effective trill is a valuable asset, but mastery of this device requires muscular coordination and finger agility.

Students often fail to execute an even trill because, in trying for speed, they neglect to raise the trilling finger high enough. Each time, raise the finger up to the same height and down with an even movement. When a note with a pause mark is to be trilled, it is good style to begin it slowly and softly, gradually increasing the speed and volume. Do not rush the usual two grace notes at the close of the trill.

Since many cadenzas are made up of arpeggios and chromatic scales, it is of utmost importance that you have full command of these technicalities.

Except where definitely indicated, do not rush the opening notes of the cadenza, but play them deliberately slower than the rest. This does not mean that you are justified in racing carelessly through the middle of the cadenza in order to reach the last important notes, as is a common unfortunate occurrence. Each part must be

given due consideration and clarity.

Always start a cadenza with a confident, clean and solid attack. This is very essential in indicating to the audience that you are confident of your ability. Remember that the quality of your tone will be severely criticized if you are foolish enough to sacrifice tone quality to speed.

In cadenzas which call for a display of technical skill, it is advisable not to take the passage at your greatest possible speed, because this usually makes the passage sound blurred and uneven. Don't grope for your notes as though you are playing "blind-man's bluff."

Publications on Cadenzas

The following books are recommended for study in perfecting the cadenza: *Louis De Santis's New Studies For Clarinet*, contains paraphrastic-melodic studies on the cadenzas from the works of Thomas, Liszt, Tchaikowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and is published by Albert Rocky Co. of N. Y. C. The introduction contains useful advice on how to coax the clarinet player. *Famous Clarinet Cadenzas*, by Walter C. Shad, published by Belwin, Inc., of N. Y. C. is a collection selected from the most famous masterpieces. The subject of this compilation is to acquaint the clarinetist with important clarinet cadenzas which he may be called upon to perform publicly. *Clarinet Cadenzas And How to Phrase Them*, published by Carl Fischer Inc. of N. Y. C., is made up of cadenzas taken from symphony, chamber music, and solo repertoires. Each cadenza is marked with notations and explanations by Gustave Langenus. This valuable book should be in every clarinetist's library.

As a further hint in playing cadenzas successfully, practise every cadenza until you have found its climax. Although there are no hard or fast rules to be followed, because much depends upon the interpretative ability of the performer, I have explained certain principles which may help to guide you in your cadenza difficulties.

Eddie Alkire

(Continued from page 33)

that it's impossible for you to play even acceptably.

A little fore-thought can usually solve the chair problem, but you may not be able to control the lighting. Therefore use a bridge lamp in your practice room and play with it shining on your instrument from various angles. Finally, if you want an idea of how you appear to your audience practice in front of a full length mirror.

Memorable Convention

I have just returned from a most memorable convention of the American Guild in Niagara Falls. It was a great pleasure to meet so many scores of ambitious Hawaiian guitarists and particularly to find that nearly everyone of them has been following this Hawaiian guitar column. Thanks a million for your interest and a special thanks to all of you who voted for me during the poll for the Nation's favorite Hawaiian guitarist. The Fred Gretsch-American Guild Trophy will always be a reminder to me of your friendship.

NEW CUBAN BAND
DRAWS TOP MEN

under the leadership of Jose Balcells Planas, noted pianist and composer in Barcelona, Spain, before his arrival in Havana. Planas' new band, which goes into the elaborate new restaurant, the Tropicana, will feature Pedro Calonge, famed xylophonist-drummer, trumpeter Medina, saxist Zulueta, and other well known Havana musicians. Calonge continues on his very successful cigarette-sponsored radio program over RHC.—Ernesto Carricaburu, HAVANA, CUBA.

House Bands

(Continued from page 19)

programs to make clearer sense as straight dance or straight jazz, or more fluent combinations of the two, should do much to raise the quality of house bands on the air out of New York City. It just doesn't make sense that organizations of the size and importance of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company should continue to present such shoddy executions of the important functions of house bands.

Belief That One Sax Easier Than Another A False Impression

By HYMIE SHERTZER

We have quite a few questions to answer this month so I'll leave out all the fancy frills and get right down to "brass" or should I say "sax" tacks.

F. B. of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada has decided to play a sax but can't decide whether to study alto or tenor. He's perfectly willing to take the easier one to master.

Now wait a moment. One is not easier than the other. They're both equally difficult to master. You either like alto or tenor. If your ambition is to lead a section, alto is the instrument, or you might lean towards the tenor as a soloist. For that matter either instrument can solo very effectively. Many students think tenor sax is easier to learn. This is not true.

J. S. of Georgetown, Conn., has trouble sight-reading stock arrangements, especially the swing variety. I imagine the syncopated beats throw our Connecticut friend a curve. Under the guidance of a competent teacher, the study of one of the many excellent rhythm and syncopation methods should be of great help. You'll find it easier to wade through off-beats if you'll eliminate all slur markings mentally and go through each exercise very slowly at first. Try to feel the beat at all times.

In going through my correspondence I came across a letter from a very ambitious young man from Antwerp, N. Y. Sorry I missed you in the last column, R. J. A. but here goes to some of your questions.

Bob Chester

(Continued from page 9)

really thorough musical precision, while still getting a fine beat. That's Les Brown's. I've got to go hear that band one of these days and see how they do it."

Chester's band, according to those who attended his late July opening, is a vastly improved outfit, too. Especially noticeable is the change in the saxes, with Chester, himself, aiding instead of hindering the quintet. It'll be at the Chatterbox for an indefinite run with four NBC air-shots per week, and an opportunity for Bob to whip his band into the real kind of shape he wants it to be in.

Shape-whipping

In for the shape-whipping are saxists Mack Pierce, Harry Shuckman, Eddie Scalzi, Skippy Bracken; trumpeters Louis Mucci, Garner Clark, Sammy Stern; trombonists Al Mastren, Johnny Reynolds; pianist Lionel Prouting, bassist Ray Leatherwood, and drummer Bob Bass. Guitarist Red McCarvey may come in from Toronto. Attractive Betty Bradley remains as singer with Chester looking for a new lad. Bob Haynes was in at press-time.

Clarinet Vibrato

Q. What place has vibrato in clarinet playing?

A. In dance music vibrato can always be used, in good taste of course. Just remember that the natural clarinet tone quality must not be injured by a vibrato too slow, too wide or too fast. Listen to some of the top-notch name bands and you'll get a good idea of vibrato in clarinet playing.

Q. How long should you practice long tones daily?

A. A good half hour at the beginning of each practice session.

Dance Set Routine

In running your own little band at a dance how should you mix up your sets? The average routine is to play about twenty minutes and rest ten, that's the union rule. Start with a lively tempo on some old standard tune, then a medley of popular tunes including a nice slow ballad. Top all this off with a killer diller and you have a pretty good change of pace.

Where should you have your instrument over-hauled? If there is no reliable repair man in your neighborhood you can always send your horn to the factory of its origination.

What sax books do I know of that will give you a good workout? Go to your nearest music store and browse around. There are quite a few excellent modern methods on the market today any or all of which should really fill the bill.

What make reed do I prefer? Try a few of each. You're bound to get fairly consistent results that way.

Answers are on the way to B. H. of Lynden, Wash.; V. K. of Transcona, Manitoba; G. V. A. of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and R. P. of Astoria, Oregon.

DICK STABLE EXTENDS OFFER TO SAXISTS

who would like a copy of his saxophone solo *Patchwork*. It is a lively solo for alto or tenor and is used on the air as his theme. It is contained in his 16-page catalog of Dick Stable saxophones and clarinets which issue also carries the life story of the saxophone ace. A story on how he scores for his five man reed section is included also.

Saxists who would like a solo of *Patchwork* may secure it by writing to Sorkin Music Co., 251 Fourth Ave., New York City, and mentioning METRONOME and instrument you play.

DOLLY DAWN ON OWN GETS NEW PACTS

arranged by her ex-boss, George Hall, who ceded band and men to his vocalist last month. Dolly gets a Bluebird recording contract and a new booking deal with GAC, instead of MCA, which managed Ilall.

George, who is retiring to the band management business, officially handed over his baton to Dolly in a big July 4 opening that broke all N. Y. Roseland Ballroom records for that holiday date. Band remains there six weeks.

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Auditory Perspective Use of Amplification Has Its Advantages

By ROBERT G. HERZOG

Recently, in a large ballroom in New York City, an audience listened to a rather pleasing trumpet solo. They enjoyed the performance so much that they called for encore after encore.

After each curtain call the strains of the trumpet followed the player off the stage into the wings. On the fifth and final call, however, he walked off the stage to the right but, to the amazement of the audience, the music seemed to wander off the stage to the left.

The explanation, when given, was simple indeed. The trumpet in the hands of the player whom the audience saw on the stage, was a beautiful but silent dummy; he was only making believe. The actual solo heard by the audience was being played by another performer in a remote studio upstairs. It was reproduced for the benefit of the audience through the medium of an extraordinary amplification system.

The additional lifelike quality given to the reproduction; that is its ability to follow the performer (or move in the opposite direction); was obtained through a simple but novel connection of the system. This method of connection is variously called auditory perspective; bi-aural; or stereophonic amplification.

It is applicable to any type of amplification and for any purpose. It gives the reproduction a three dimensional effect that makes it sound surprisingly more realistic. In fact, in the case mentioned above, many of the people present still think they heard the performance of the soloist whom they saw on the stage.

Two or More Amplifiers Used

To accomplish this binaural effect is a simple and comparatively inexpensive matter. All that is necessary is two or more amplifying systems of somewhat similar characteristics, each with its own loudspeaker and microphone.

If two amplifiers are used, one microphone is placed at the right end of the bandstand and the other at the left end, with the respective loudspeaker, which each microphone governs, similarly placed at the right and left end of the stage or rostrum. The volume of each amplifier is adjusted so that the loudspeakers become inconspicuous throughout the entire audience.

To make the music move from the left to the right, the volume control for the loudspeaker on the right is increased gradually as that for the loud-

speaker on the left is decreased. The left control is increased and the right decreased to make the music move in the opposite direction.

If a third amplifier is added, its microphone is placed in the middle to the front of the bandstand, with the loudspeaker which it feeds mounted over the middle of the stage or rostrum. Here again the volume level is normally adjusted to make the loudspeakers inconspicuous.

If more than three separate amplifying systems are used, the microphones should be distributed uniformly throughout the bandstand with the respective loudspeakers similarly distributed across the top of the stage. In every case the music should seem to come directly from the bandstand and not from the loudspeakers.

Less Power Required

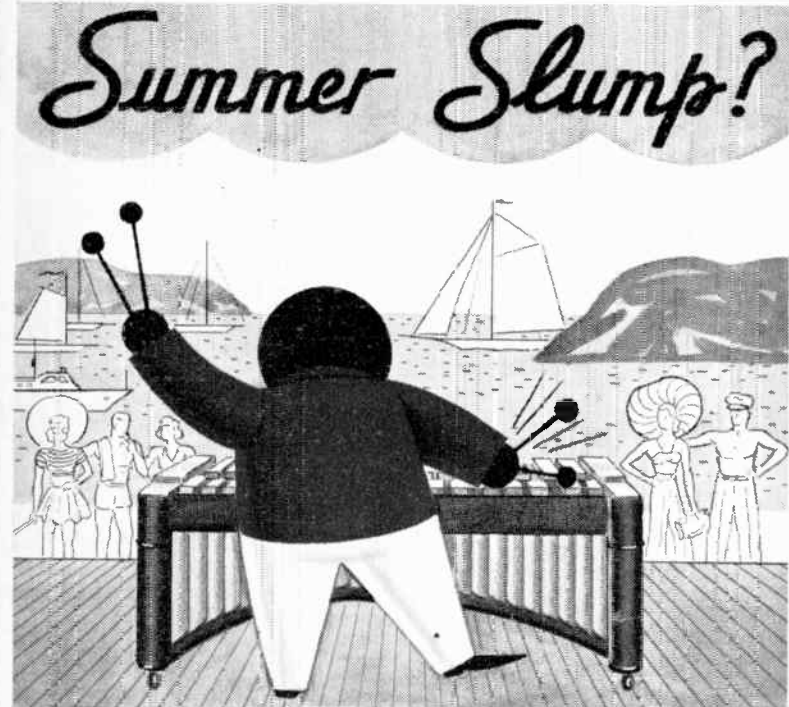
It might seem, at first glance, that the use of two amplification systems in the place of one would double the cost. As mentioned above, however, this is actually not the case, since each of the amplifiers in the binaural system need have but half of the power handling requirements of that of a typical system for the same coverage.

The earliest public demonstration of auditory perspective amplification was given some years ago by the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in Washington, D. C. On this occasion Dr. Leopold Stokowski, director of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, manipulated the controls of a standard three channel Western Electric amplification system in Constitution Hall in Washington, while his associate Mr. Smallens, led the Philadelphia orchestra in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, Pa.

Another application of the same principles used in auditory perspective is used on a much wider scale in Walt Disney's motion picture extravaganza *Fantasia*. The sound accompaniment to this picture is called *Fantasound* and projects an entirely new trend in sound recording and reproduction.

Fantasound causes the reproduced sound to move with the action. This realism in sound is accomplished through the use of a number of different loudspeakers at different points, in much the same manner as discussed above. For every group of loudspeakers there is a separate source of sound, microphone or pickup and amplifier.

We repeat once again that the auditory perspective method is applicable to any amplification or reinforcement requirement. It is simple to install and adjust and is relatively inexpensive. In use, sounds come forth with complete flexibility. In the more exciting or dramatic parts the music can be made to go down and around. The results can best be described as surprisingly delightful.



NOT FOR *Spotlight Sam!*

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

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SPANIER TAKES ON NICHOLS WRITER

Murray Gerson, Pittsburgh arranger, who used to write stuff for Red's band. He also used to be with Max Adkins at the Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh.

Gerson, who writes in a dixieland vein, has been sending stuff to Muggsy regularly.

GOLDEN GATES WITH GALE

in first personal management contract signed by the rhythm-conscious jubilee quartet. Moe will exploit the foursome within a framework of theatre, cafe and radio appearances, adding to their already assured record success. The quartet recently made its first Okeh batch of records, and is now on an extended tour of the country.

POPULAR EVERYWHERE



Loose Lip Formation Requires More Work, Excessive Pressure

By WILLIAM COSTELLO

A. H. of Barrie, Ontario, has been endeavoring to apply the principles of embouchure expounded in these columns and is rather discouraged with the results.

From his letter I feel sure the only thing he has interpreted correctly is the mouthpiece position. He has a very loose formation, flabby lips and uses very little pressure. Apparently attempts to overcome the loose formation have been fruitless because of thick lips and rather prominent teeth. Although he claims to use very little pressure his endurance is not what it should be and the lips become sore very quickly.

In my opinion, the chief reason for the correspondent's failure to successfully adapt the fundamentals of embouchure technique is the loose lip formation. This inferior position absolutely contradicts the entire principle and substance of the technique. If his lips get tired, I find it difficult to believe he's not using any pressure. With a loose formation it is impossible to play the middle and upper register without resorting to excessive pressure.

I am not advising him to do this, but merely wish to point out the inconsistency of his analysis. The thick lips and irregular teeth are negative factors in this case and the student must work twice as hard to overcome these handicaps. He should try to form a grip by protruding the jaw and rolling the lips in, to some degree at least. This grip must be firm and against the teeth. Experimenting along this course of action will help him arrive at a comfortable lip position which can be determined as soon as he feels his range increasing and endurance improving.

L. R., Newberry College, S. C., writes that for the past two years he has been reading this column and has become an interested follower.

He has been playing trombone for four years and until last summer was employing an embouchure which called for the placing of the mouthpiece two-thirds on the upper lip, and one-third on the lower.

He tells us further that all the pressure was felt on the upper lip, that he had no upper register to speak of, and comparatively little endurance. The work in which he is now engaged demands plenty of both.

After studying the column carefully he thought my ideas were good enough to try, and decided to make a change. There is no need to explain what has appeared in this column so many times in regard to lip formation, position of the mouthpiece and the means of applying same.

L. R. says that immediately he had a better upper register, and that his endurance was helped. However, in making this rapid change he has experienced some difficulties with flexibility and his lower register seems small and muddy. His letter goes into great detail about his experiences in changing which would be too lengthy to incorporate on this page.

Solid-toned Register

In brief, the lower register of the trombone should be solid-toned, and if the proper grip is established, this can be accomplished without a great deal of difficulty.

If L. R. finds the lower tones not what they should be, he should not become discouraged because in a change such as he made, it is expected that the lower register will suffer in the beginning. In order to counteract this trouble, I would advise the tilting of the instrument slightly downward so that the air is directed into the larger space of the mouthpiece. However, be careful to keep a firm foundation against the lower jaw.

By a firm foundation, I mean that the pressure should be still felt against the lower jaw and not the upper lip. A slight relaxation of the muscles in the lip will also enlarge the tone of the notes in the bottom register. It is a natural movement to drop the jaw when playing in the lower register. Exactly how much to drop the instrument depends largely on the results that are obtained. This is not necessary with all students, however.

L. R. should not become discouraged if he cannot correct this fault all at once. It is a scientific thing to accomplish and may be a little difficult. If it was easy to accomplish, all brass players would have fine embouchures. After you succeed in your goal it will become a pleasure to play the instru-

CHARLIE SPIVAK Charlie, long a favorite over the airways with many famous programs, now fronts his own record breaking combination at the well known Glen Island Casino. The Debs and Garry Stevens do some swell vocalizing.

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To develop a good embouchure, it takes plenty of work plus a mental adaptability which is most essential. No one can produce a solid tone or a good attack without the proper lip control. Do not labor under the illusion that you can have a solid tone and attack without a firm grip even in the LOWER register.

If your original embouchure was

suitable you would not have looked for other means to get results. However, this was not the case and you are to be complimented for realizing your embouchure was at fault. I am not saying that it is impossible to have a good embouchure and play in a manner other than the one I advocate, but I do contend that to have a supreme embouchure that will not lack anything much hard labor is necessary.

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Grupp Analyzes Roots Of Wind-Instrument Playing Difficulties

By M. GRUPP

Now that we have learned from last month's column what is natural and what is unnatural wind-instrument playing, also what mouthpiece and lip phobia is, the answers to the following questions will be answered.

Q: What are the roots of wind-instrument playing difficulties?

A: The roots of almost all playing difficulties are, as I have mentioned previously "unnaturally" controlled breathing, tonguing, lip muscles, and playing complexes resulting from these unnatural controls.

Natural System Eliminates Roots

Q: How does the system of natural wind-instrument teaching eliminate these destructive-to-playing roots?

A: By substituting the natural for the unnatural physical controls and by erasing psychologically the playing complexes. This, besides eliminating playing difficulties rapidly, improves, to an astounding degree, the general playing of the instrumentalist, regardless of whether he is an outstanding professional or an average player, and as I have already stated, it is accomplished without the necessity of changing the embouchure or obstructing one's playing ability.

First Eliminating Procedure

Q: What should the first procedure in assisting a troubled player be with the system of natural teaching?

A: Whether the instrumentalist be a brass or reed player, the following routines should be the first procedure:

1. The exact cause of an instrumen-

talist's playing trouble should be diagnosed.

2. It should be explained to him what natural playing is.

3. What are the unnatural things that he is doing with his physical apparatuses that cause those difficulties.

4. How the unnatural functions of these apparatuses cause those difficulties.

5. It should be explained to him what has to be done to replace the unnatural functions with the natural, and how exactly it has to be done in order for him to derive the desired benefits.

6. Immediately after that, the procedure to replace the unnatural physical functions with the "natural" ones together with the psychological eradication of the playing complexes should begin.

If the instructor is a talented teacher and besides applies the above routine with common sense, the student, whether he is an outstanding or just an average player, should notice and feel within the first lesson a reasonable improvement in his general playing, and keep on improving with the continuation of the adoption of the system of natural wind-instrument playing.

Employ Same Physical Factors

Q: Does your theory state that the playing on all wind-instruments, whether brass or reed, is accomplished with the same physical apparatuses?

A: Definitely yes! Wind-instrumentalists, from the tuba to the oboe player in the same manner as singers, from the bass to the coloratura soprano, all employ the same physical factors, when playing and singing; namely, the breathing, tonguing, mouth and lip apparatuses. There is only one exception; while the breath vibrates the vocal chords to produce the voice, it vibrates the lips on the brass, and the reeds on wood-wind-instruments, in order to produce the sounds on the wind-instruments.

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(To be continued)



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Andy Arcari Method Is Used by Schools

of accordion in many parts of the U. S. although it has been on the market a short time. During this period, it has already created a greater demand than expected.

The method is composed by Arcari, the accordion virtuoso, and published by the Nicomede Music Co. The course consists of four volumes, one for each year of study. First Year Accordion Method is already on the market and many schools have adopted the method as their official system. The second, third and fourth year volumes are now in preparation to be released at an early date.

PAUL QUILTS WARING FOR RADIO JOB

at Chicago stations WJJD and WIND. Les, who was featured guitarist with Fred Waring for several years, left that large organization to take over duties as Musical Director at the two important Windy City stations. He is already there at this writing.

Rudy Muck Offers Brass Literature

including three interesting booklets compiled by the manufacturer of Rudy Muck trumpets, cornets and trombones.

One booklet is a 12-page brochure telling the story and background of Jan Savitt's brass men including trumpeters George Hofsted, Jack Hansen, and Jack Palmer; trombonists Al Lepol, Al George and Ben Pickering.

Second folder titled Four Man Trumpet Section is by Lyman Vunk, first trumpeter with Charlie Barnet. It is an interesting article telling the use of four trumpets in modern brass scoring.

The third booklet is a note-for-note transcription of Al Lepol's solo *Rose of the Rio Grande* which Lepol made famous with the Savitt band on a Decca recording.

Players of brass instruments desiring one or more of the above mentioned booklets may secure them by writing to Sorkin Music Co., 251 Fourth Ave., New York City, and mentioning METRONOME. State instrument you play.

'Stop Teasing Your Left Hand,' Advises Krupa

By GENE KRUPA
Collaborating with Bill West

I have had numerous requests to write out some good exercises for the left hand, as so many drummers have difficulty in strengthening and developing the left hand.

I find that the almost sure way to do this is never to tease your left hand when practicing. By this, I mean don't do anything with your right hand that you can't do with your left. Now, the old stand-by of opening doors, combing the hair, and eating, with the left hand, is wonderful practice because you are now using and exercising muscles that otherwise become lazy.

I think, with constant practice, the following exercises should improve one's left hand a great deal.

```

    | J J J J J J J J |
    | L L L L L L L L |
    | L L L L R R R R |
    | L L L L R R R R |
    | L L L L R R R R |
    | L L L L R R R R |
    
```

These exercises should be started slowly, and then gradually built up to a greater speed, but at the same time, keep yourself relaxed.

The following exercises should be practiced daily, and after a good speed is obtained, one should throw the accents off to a tom-tom, cymbal, or any other traps.

```

    | J J J J J J J J |
    | L L L L R L L R |
    | L L L R R L L L |
    | L L L L L L L R |
    | J J J J J J J J |
    | L L R L L R L L |
    | L L L L L R L L |
    | L L R R L L R R |
    | J J J J J J J J |
    | L L L L L L L L L L |
    | L L L L L L L L L L |
    | L L L L L L L L L L |
    
```

If any of you readers have a left hand exercise that you've cooked up yourself, and think it might help some fellow-drummer, send it in, and I will endeavor to devote another column to this, in a future issue, using the exercises that I think would be helpful to others.



FORD LEARY, Charles Barnet trombonist-singer, is mad at the California sun—and he shows it!

BANDSMAN BROWER TRIES SUICIDE

for third time in his San Francisco apartment. Jay Brower is a well known theatre leader on the West Coast, of nervous temperament, whose recent attempt on his life was ascribed as due to financial worries. Different slant was given the situation when he was committed to the Mendocino State Hospital of California because of alcoholism.—SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

MARTIN SUCCEEDS GUY LOMBARDO

on the Lady Esther radio show on August 4, after Guy has played for that sponsor for three years. The Lombardo band starts its Colgate commercial a few days earlier. Freddy Martin will hold down the Lady Esther spot until sometime in September or October, when a permanent choice for the program will be made.

Gene and I thought it would be interesting to our readers, if each month we selected a drummer whom we think really deserves mentioning.

This month we have picked Hack O'Brien, at present drumming with the Dick Rogers band, formerly the Will Osborne orchestra.

Hack is a Connecticut boy who landed his first large band job about three years ago, with the Eddie DeLange outfit, later joining Jan Savitt.

Hack's fine work throughout these years have made him one of the most popular drummers in the business. His playing is superb, his technique is excellent and his taste and ideas both behind the band and on solo work are outstanding. What I particularly like about his work is the way he handles his left hand. He has perfect control of it at all times. On solo work his left hand is remarkable. For example, Hack will have his left hand doing a triplet rhythm, while his right hand is doing an entirely different rhythm.

Last, but surely not least, is the way Hack tunes his drums. They have a solid, rich tone, and this is an important factor in dance bands of today.

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The American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists convention held at Hotel Niagara, Niagara Falls, New York, July 7-10, brought together teachers, pupils, manufacturers, publishers and followers of stringed instruments from every section of the country to make the 40th annual convention the most successful ever held.

From beginning to end the heavy daily schedule sparkled with eventful meetings, contests and programs. Bands and soloists displayed their ability to their fellow instrumentalists while manufacturers and publishers displayed the latest and newest in music and instruments.

John T. Morrell was convention manager and his year of preparation was realized as the vast number of events took place as planned and so smoothly.

On July sixth, the Guild members trekked to Canada where they joined the Canadian members who were unable to enter the states because of the war. Contests and concerts were held, giving the Canadian division a chance to take part in the conclave.

The convention opened officially July seventh with Mayor Ernest W. Mirrington making the welcoming speech. Later contests among various music groups were held and visitors haunted the exhibitor's rooms. In the evening, the artists' concert took place with William D. Bowen, Rey de la Torre, Carlo De Filippis, Harry Volpe, Eddie Alkire, Anthony Militello, Peter Vournas, and Nick Lucas, featured on the program.

The second day events were a continuation of July seventh ending with the Guild Grand hall with John T. Morell's orchestra furnishing the music. The third day consisted of business meetings, the Grand Guild parade and Guild Festival concert with artists and student orchestras taking part. Percy Waddington emceed.

On July tenth and last day of the convention, the Guild elected their new officers for the coming year. C. W. Gould of Minneapolis, Minn. was re-elected president; Percy L. Waddington, Hamilton, Ontario, vice-president; Joseph Pizzitola, secretary-treasurer; Lee Moller of Norwood, Ohio, elected associate division director; and Mrs. Laura Grassie, Welland, Ontario, a director.

Other officers included Hank Karch, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. H. Johnstone, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Dale L. Cady, Geneseo, Ill.; Everett Deming, Galesburg, Ill.; and J. A. Guzzardo, Rockford, Ill.

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Charles Amato, seven-year-old protege of Scholl, journeyed with his family to the companies' studios at the film concern's request.

Charles has been studying accordion with Cliff since he was four years of age, plays a 111 bass instrument and has appeared at many concerts and on several radio programs.



Guild officers. Standing: H. Karch, J. H. Johnston, D. L. Cady, J. F. Pizzitola, E. Deming, and J. A. Guzzardo. Seated: C. W. Gould, Lee Moller, Laura Grassie and P. L. Waddington.

The highlight of the meet took place in the afternoon which brought to a close the 40th annual event. It was the coast-to-coast broadcast of Guild artists and massed band over the Mutual Broadcasting System. The program originated in the Hotel Niagara ballroom through the facilities of WHLD.

The success of the broadcast should be attributed to WHLD's program director Ben Bezoff whose grand cooperation with the Guild played a major part in making the airing possible and successful.

The program was produced by Ben Bezoff, announced by Al Fox and emceed by METRONOME's Edward H. Dunkum. Other stations who cooperated in the remote facilities were WGR and WKBW in Buffalo.

Artists featured on the program included Anthony Militello, Eddie Alkire, Harry Volpe, William D. Bowen, Carlo DeFilippis, and Rey de la Torre. The massed band consisting of all the orchestras attending with more than 600 musicians performing, highlighted the
(Continued on page 43)

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Alkire and Volpe Wins Gretsch Contest

held at the American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists convention July 7-10.

The contest was conducted by the Fred Gretsch company and consisted of the voter's favorite in the following divisions: swing band, sweet band, classic guitarist, swing guitarist and Hawaiian guitarist. Ballots were cast by members and visitors attending the conclave.

Harry Volpe won the favorite swing guitarist division; Eddie Alkire, Hawaiian guitar; Vicente Gomez, classic guitar. Benny Goodman was voted favorite swing band and Kay Kyser took the honors as the favorite sweet orchestra.

Winners of the contest will receive beautiful Gretsch trophies. Alkire and Volpe received theirs during the Mutual network broadcast on which program they took part at the convention.

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AMERICAN RAWHIDE EXPANDS PRODUCTION

as the "all out" program calls for more drums and extra drumheads.

The American Rawhide Manufacturing Co. is gearing up all of their facilities for greater volume in order to meet the increasing demand. Plant alterations, increased personnel, and more equipment have been added recently because of the heavy production schedule.

The Army and Navy as well as patriotic organizations are using more equipment as well as children who are facing new demands on the company for tom-tom kits.

Unknown Names But Brilliant Talent At Guild Meet

playing at various contests, concerts, and events that filled the four days list of activities during the 40th annual convention of the American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists, and Guitarists.

Previously at all conventions, like recitals and single concerts, there was talent that stood out above others. The performers have either become artists and lack the bigtime name and prestige or they are amateurs possessing all that is required to make them stars of tomorrow.

This year's convention was no exception. There were many pleasant surprises, and new names crept into the spotlight and received its share of applause.

Among the unknown artists featured at the Artist concert were Anthony Militello and Rey de la Torre. Both musicians have everything but a big time name and rating.

Anthony is a tenor banjo soloist. After his performance, the majority were of the opinion that he is the greatest they have ever heard including the famous Pingatore.

Rey de la Torre is a classic guitarist. Because the previous artist, Jorge Oller had been drafted recently, Rey was invited and through this invitation, a new artist was discovered. He is one of few classic guitarists who could be compared with Vicente Gomez.

Other major surprises included the ability of the 600 musicians who made up the massed band to play a march ready for broadcast after rehearsing it only three times. John T. Morell's dance orchestra of Niagara Falls was thought by many to be a well known professional band imported for the occasion. Although they are pupils at present studying with their leader, several of them are destined to enjoy big time.

Hank Karch's stringed symphony orchestra drew raves and comment when the orchestra played the symphonic composition *Poet and Peasant* with practically every effect achieved with a symphony orchestra.—NIAGARA, N. Y.

Paul Specht Authors Book on Orchestras

titled "How They Became Name Bands" issued by Fine Arts Publications.

The book includes a great deal of factual material and is written to interest the younger group of dance maestri. It is a text covering the business of music as a definite educational subject.

Paul Specht was one of radio's pioneer maestros. He was instrumental in sponsoring such names as Bob Chester, Charlie Spivak, Lou Breese, Russ Morgan, Artie Shaw, the late Hal Kemp, Ted Weems, and other name groups throughout this Nation, England, France, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium.

Pizzitola Plectro Orchestra Featured At Music Convention

performing at the noon-day luncheon of the trade members attending the Music Trades convention at Hotel New Yorker in New York City July 29. They also appeared in conjunction with Kastings Accordion Band and the Camden New Jersey Trumpet choir.

The plectro symphony orchestra, composed of stringed instruments playing symphonic music, came to the music trades convention fresh from the American Guild conclave where the well-known musical group won high honors in various contests.

The orchestra membership include students studying with Pizzitola, representing his studios in Springfield, Holyoke, and Northampton, Mass.

Pizzitola's group has become one of the most active ensembles in the field always maintaining a heavy schedule of concerts and radio appearances.

Drummers' Assn. Plans Convention

to be held in Hackensack, N. J., sometime in October (exact dates to be decided), an event that will bring drummers from all parts of the nation to the convention city.

This event will be the American Drummer's Association's third annual conclave and as previously, drummer contests will be held and they will feature again as part of the meet, a swing drummer's contest which the association started so successfully last year.

The swing contest will include not only solo drummers but swing bands, large and small, with attention focused on the drummer's ability in an orchestra.

Valuable prizes will be given the winners in the various divisions and plans are underway to give the winning swing band a theatre engagement.

Drummers and orchestras who would like to compete in the contests as well as attend the convention are requested to write to METRONOME for application blank and they will be forwarded.



Joseph Pizzitola and his Plectro Symphony Orchestra

FERMATA CELEBRATES FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

during which period the Argentine concern has established itself as one of the most important South American music publishing firms.

Under the management of Enrique Debendiger, Ediciones Internacionales Fermata has issued more than 500 tunes, many of them finding their way to popularity in practically every country.

The company also represent American firms and specialize in publishing and selling all types of South American songs as well as distributing a complete line of modern dance music.

American Guild

(Continued from page 42)
airing playing the *Voice of Niagara*, composed, arranged and conducted by John T. Morell.

After the broadcast, the convention was over and members of the Guild left with the assurance that a great deal had been accomplished towards their goal in promoting the instruments belonging to the fretted family. All felt a big job had been completed and before the buses and trains started taking them homeward, the directors were making plans for next year in Springfield, Mass.—NIAGARA, N. Y.

Robbins to Publish Ellington Music

featured in Duke's revuical, "Jump for Joy," which opened at the Mayan Theatre in Los Angeles under the auspices of the American Revue Theatre and is scheduled to arrive in New York this fall.

Most of the musical score for the musical was written by Duke Ellington with additional material contributed by Hal Borne, Paul Webster, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden.

Highlight songs to be published by Robbins Music Corp. include *I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good*, *Brown Skinned Gal In The Calico Gown*, *Hickory Stick, Nothin', If Life Were All Peaches And Cream*, *Chocolate Shake*, *Bli-Blip* and *Jump For Joy*.

OLD MACDONALD HAS A SON

but Old MacDonald isn't old at all but young Eddie MacD., band-leader recently of the Carroussel in Florida and now up at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., with his band, for the annual race meeting. The saxist-leader, who has written for METRONOME in the past, is the proud father of a big baby boy.

Here Comes The Bride

Special Metronome Orchestration by

Ralph P Yaw

1st Trumpet
(Take it easy)

A *Soli*

B

C

D *Soli*

E *Optional background & chos*
Hand close open

F *Soli*
pp play each time

G *Soli*
pp fff

1st opt. end.

2^d

fff f

lip

Ra da

ff

1st Trombone
(Take it easy)

A *Solo*

B

C

D *Solo*

E *Optional background & Chos*
Hand close open

F

G

1st opt end

pp fff

2^d

fff

lip

2^d Trumpet
(Take it easy)

A

B

C

E *Optional background & chos*
Hand close open

F *Tutti*
pp Play each time

G

fff f

2^d Tenor

lip

Ra da

ff

1st E^b Alto Sax.
(Take it easy)

A

B *Solo*

C *Solo*

D *no solo*

E *Optional background & Chos.*

F *Tutti* Play each time

G

1st opt end.

pp fff

2^d

fff

lip

Ra da

ff

Bass
(Take it easy)

A

B

C

D

E

F

1st opt end.

2^d

G

Piano
(Take it easy)

A B C D E F

1st opt end 2^d

(Drum break)

G

Autographed by Simeon A Sabre

Guitar
(Take it easy)

2 Cm7 B^bdim F7 A B^b E^b B^bdim. B^b E^bdim B^b

E^bm6 B^b C7 Cdim C7 F7 G^b7 F7 B^b B^b B^bdim Adim B^b F7 B^b C7 F7 B^b

E^b6 F7 B^b C^m Dm C^m C^m F7 B^b F7 F7 C^m Dm C^m C^m F7 B^b Fdim

F7 G^b7 F7 D^b E^b6 B^bdim. B^b Cdim B^b E^b6 F7 Cdim B^b

E B^b B^b F7 B^b Cdim B^b C7 F7 B^b B^b F7

B^b C^m7 F7 B^b C^m Dm C C^m7 F7 C^m7 F7

C^m7 Dm C^m C^m7 1st opt. end F7 B^bm. Fdim. F7 F7 12 F7 B^bm Fdim. F7 A^b7

D^b6 G^b6 D^b A^b7 D^b G^bm D^b G^bdim. E^b9 B^bdim A^b7

D^b E^bm B^bdim D^b B^bdim. Adim. A^b7 B^bdim D^b B^bdim7 G^bdim D^b

2^d B^b Tenor Sax
(Take it easy)

A B C D E F G

Tromb Tromb

Solo no lead

Optional background & Chos.

Tutti Play each time r-Soli

1st opt end.

2^d fff f lip r-Soli

1 2 3 4

If a 5 or 6 piece band (with no 2^d Trumpet), 3 or 4 part harmony may be obtained by the 2^d Tenor man reading letters A G from 2^d Trumpet part, raising it one octave

3rd E^b Alto Sax
(Take it easy)

A B C D E F G

Solo

Optional background & chos. (Clarinet)

Tutti Play each time (except on clar. change)

1st opt end. 2^d Trpt.

2^d 2^d Trpt. fff (opt. rest on clar change) f lip r-Soli

1 2 3 4



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Otto Cesana Outlines Four Important Steps In Writing Intros

By OTTO CESANA

The first step in writing an introduction is to get the proper mood of the arrangement. A good introduction is one which goes smoothly into the first chorus. It must not sound faster or slower than the chorus which follows.

For instance, for a chorus where the melody is made up of half and whole notes, the introduction should not consist of eighth notes for the simple reason that a chorus made up largely of half and whole notes is generally played at a rather bright tempo, which, while very suitable for the chorus would make the introduction sound too rushed.

We may generalize, therefore, and say that an introduction must have notes which are more or less of the same value as the notes contained in the arrangement of the chorus proper.

In the introduction given below we assume that it is to be used in an arrangement which is paced at a moderate four-four tempo. With this in mind, let us proceed to examine the four steps in the writing of an introduction. While there are other ways of going about this writing, the plan given below best illustrates to the student the entire workings.

Number one—*The Harmonic Basis*: A harmonic basis is a series of chords which as a foundation, is present in all music. Let us choose one, which can produce an agreeable effect.

Two chords which we know are generally always present, are the I in the first measure and the V in the fourth measure. To make these two chords more interesting we add the 6th to the I,

and we will sharpen the 5th in the V chord (see below). Between the I and the V, we will insert two attendant chords (see Attendant Chords, in "Course in Modern Harmony"). With this as the harmonic basis we will now proceed to step number two.

Number two—*The Melody*: The melodies that can be derived from the above harmonic basis are unlimited. In order, however, not to make our melody too complicated, we will confine it exclusively to chordic tones, that is, notes of the chord only.

Examine therefore, the melody given below, and see which tones of the chord are used. Observe carefully that the melody has also been phrased. Being intended for the brass, we create a melody and phrasing which is very suitable to that family of instruments.

Number three—*The Three-Line Piano Arrangement*: This consists in harmonizing the melody by placing the other three notes of the chord below each melody note, thus creating a four part harmonization.

We next write the bass part, which in this instance is the dominant organ-point. It is a very good practice to use an organ-point bass in introductions.

The last operation is to write the accompaniment chords which are played by the pianist and guitarist. More details concerning the three-line piano arrangement may be found in the *Course in Modern Dance Arranging*, under the heading, The Trio and Piano Accompaniment.

Number four—*The Orchestration*: This consists in allotting the proper parts to the proper instruments. As we did in the analysis of *Reminiscing*, we will discuss the various sections, that is, reeds, brass and rhythm section, independently.

Orchestra Sections

The Reeds: The reed work is allotted

1 - HARMONIC BASIS
 2 - MELODY
 3 - THREE LINE PIANO ARRANGEMENT
 4 - ORCHESTRATION (CONCERT SKETCH)



RALPH YAW figures prominently in this issue. He's the man who penned that fine orchestration of "Here Comes the Bride," which you'll find strewn about pages 44 and 45. He's also the man who is writing the arrangements for the Stan Kenton band, which is a sensation on the west coast, and about which you can read in more detail on page 23.

The "Here Comes the Bride" opus was done several years ago, even before Ralph was staff arranger for Cab Calloway's band. One of these days these pages will contain a Kentonized work, whose sax style, as Ralph puts it, "scares me!"

to the four saxophones playing in octaves, two altos on top, and two tenors below. Their task is to play the counter-melody which has the double purpose of giving a sustained effect to the whole, and of filling in the gaps left open by the brass.

Observe, that in contrast to the chordic tones used in the melody proper (as played by the brass), the saxophone counter-melody is made up almost entirely of figurations, chiefly, passing tones. These are very appropriate, and most suitable to the flowing nature of the saxes. Further hints on the writing of counter-melodies may be found in the *Course in Modern Counterpoint*.

The Brass: The brass which consists of three trumpets and three trombones, plays the melody in close harmony, that is, each instrument takes the next chordic tone in the harmony. Observe the effect of the phrasing now that it is executed by the entire section.

It is phrasing, and phrasing alone that gives life to music. It should be planned during the writing of the arrangement and not left up to the performers at rehearsal, as the latter practice not only wastes much valuable time but seldom produces any satisfactory results.

The Rhythm Section: The bass naturally plays the note in the left hand of the piano part. The guitarist plays the chords indicated in the right hand of the piano part, while the drum plays the rhythm of the guitarist on his snare, and the rhythm of the bass on his bass-drum. The pianist naturally plays his part "as is."

The student should examine very carefully the contents of the entire four steps given below, then, either on the same harmonic basis or on one of his own choosing, create other introductions in the same or in other tempi.

Galla-Rini Continues Study of Accordion Glissando Technique

By ANTHONY GALLA-RINI

Glissandos commencing on combination notes are frequently used and present a variety of situations in regard to execution. The author will endeavor to explain the principal details for execution, suggesting, however, that indulging in a good amount of experimental practice will produce more information for guidance than mere words or details.

In example one, fingers one, two and three perform the glissando and when second group of notes are reached, the third finger is lifted and fourth finger is placed on its note. In example two, upper combination is of same spacing between keys as lower and, with same fingers used for both, presents no problem. However, a change of one or two fingers at upper combination can be utilized, if desired. In example three, both combinations are the same and third finger, which is on Bb, is withdrawn into white keys section on the glissando and is extended to take upper Bb on reaching upper combination.

In example four, the principle of withdrawing a finger or fingers into white key section and extending to black key or keys is employed. In example five, on reaching upper combination, fourth finger is lifted and third placed on black key.

Example six presents the situation of all three fingers going to white key section on glissando and sliding, as it were, on to black keys at upper combination. In example seven, fifth finger replaces fourth on lower combination.

In example eight, second combination contains an additional note as from the first. However, the number of notes in

the first combination will always determine the number of fingers making the glissando when second combination contains more notes. On the other hand, the number of notes in second combination will determine the number of fingers on the glissando when containing less than first combination. In this example, not only does one finger replace another, but an additional finger is also brought in. Example nine is similar.

Example ten is an illustration second finger performing a glissando yet is replaced by another finger on upper combination. Example 11 illustrates the 8ve glissando perhaps the most difficult type to perform.

In examples 12 and 13, the second combination has less notes than the first. The second finger should perform the one-note glissando as it starts on the note farthest from the top of glissando which is desirable for more effectiveness. It is unhandy to perform glissando with thumb on a descending passage, therefore it is not suggested.

In example 14, four finger replaces another. In example 15, thumb or second finger is utilized for glissando as suitable.

Examples 16, 17 and 18 present a glissando starting from any point of the white key section as desired or length of rest and speed of tempo will permit. It can be performed by fingers used on combination reached.

Example 19 is indicated as played in fast tempo, therefore a one-note glissando is suggested with finger most convenient.

Example 20 is an illustration of a chromatic glissando which means that black keys are depressed as well as white on a descending passage. First, second and third fingers are utilized on glissando by all three fingertips held together, with index finger slightly withdrawn from other two. The first and third fingers perform on white keys and second finger performs on the black keys, immediately after starting note and until last note is reached.

HERMAN SETS RECORD

at the Los Angeles Palladium, huge ballroom-restaurant. Woody's boys broke all attendance marks except Glenn Miller's, including the highs set by Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw.

HERMAN SETS RECORD

at the Detroit Eastwood Gardens, huge ballroom-restaurant. Woody and the Herd drew 4,322 people at 75c per, a weighty toll and the top for the spot—ever. Day was a Saturday.

Calendar of Important Orchestra Dates for August, 1941

August 1: *The McFarland Twins* open at the Jones Beach Casino, Wantagh, Long Island. *Ted Weems* opens at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tennessee.

August 2: *Henry Busse* opens at the Claridge Hotel, Memphis, Tennessee. *Lani McIntire* opens at the Iriquois Gardens, Louisville, Kentucky.

August 3: *Ben Bernie* at Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, New York.

August 4: *Paul Pendarvis* opens at the Cavalier Hotel, Virginia Beach, Virginia.

August 5: *Jimmy Dorsey* begins two weeks at the Surf Beach Club, Virginia Beach, Virginia.

August 8: Biggest band-day of the month. No less than five important openings. To wit: *Harry James* at the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, New Jersey; *Lou Breeze* at the Chicago Theatre, Chicago, Illinois; *Gene Krupa* at the Cedar Point Ballroom, Cedar Point, Iowa; *Russ Morgan* at the Totem Pole Ballroom, Auburndale, Massachusetts and *Orrin Tucker* at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

August 9: *Isham Jones* at Coney Island Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, not to be confused with the resort of the same name in Brooklyn, N. Y.

August 14: *Ramon Ramos* goes into the St. Anthony Hotel, San Antonio, Texas.

August 15: *Jack Teagarden* goes into the Meadowbrook Country Club, St. Louis, Missouri.

August 16: *Joe Reichman* succeeds Henry Busse at the Claridge Hotel in Memphis, while *Jimmy Blade* comes into the Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

August 18: *Frankie Masters* at the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, N. J.

August 21: *Will Osborne's* new Slide Rhythm goes into the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California.

August 22: *Lani McIntire* moves on to the Centennial Terrace, Sylvania, Ohio.

August 26: *Joe Venuti* opens at the Surf Beach Club, Virginia Beach, Virginia, for a week.

August 29: *Larry Clinton* into Eastwood Park, Detroit, Michigan.

August 30: *Bill Bardo* goes into the Gingham Gardens, Springfield, Illinois.

July was an important month for *Ella Fitzgerald*, beginning her first motion picture, supporting Abbott and Costello, and *Jack Teagarden* finishing his first, in support of Bing Crosby. Results of both anxiously awaited!

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in booking office change that cost the British bandleader some \$15,000. MCA is reputed to have put up \$3,000 of the sum, with rest coming from Noble. Ray was disappointed in his bookings and looked forward to a possible radio commercial for the fall, which MCA is supposed to have readied for him.

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A

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Aston, "Buzz"—WWSW; Pittsburgh.
Astor, Bob—The Wigwag; Budd Lake, N. J.
Ayres, Mitchel—On tour—MCA.

B

Baer, Morgan—NBC; Washington, D. C.
Bardo, Bill—On tour—GAC.
Barnes, H. Shoreham; Washington, D. C.
Barnet, Charlie—Casa Manana; Culver City, Cal.
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Blaine, Jerry—On tour—SZ.
Bondshu, Neil—H. Sir Francis Drake; S. F., Cal.
Bradley, Will—H. Astor; N. Y. C.
Brandt, Eddy—On tour—WMA.
Brandywynne, Nat—On tour—MCA.
Breeze, Lou—On tour—GAC.
Bring, Lou—CBS; Hollywood, Cal.
Bush, Eddie—On tour—MCA.
Busse, Henry—On tour—WMA.
Byrne, Bobby—H. Penna., N. Y. C.

C

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Carter, Benny—On tour—MCA.
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Catan, Dick—Ted-Ra Club; Niagara Falls, N. Y.
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Clinton, Larry—On tour—GAC.
Coffey, Jack—Jenkinson's Pavilion; Pt. Pleasant, N. J.
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Coquettes—On tour—SZ.
Courtney, Del—On tour—WMA.
Courtney, Vince—Tantilla Gardens; Richmond, Va.
Crosby, Bob—Catalina Islands; Catalina, Cal.
Cugat, Xavier—H. Waldorf-Astoria; N.Y.C.
Cummins, Bernie—On tour—MCA.

D

Dahl, Ronny—Milburn Golf Club; Baldwin, L. I.
Dale, Marvin—On tour—MCA.
Daly, Duke—Playland Casino; Rye, N. Y.
Davis, Johnny—On tour—MCA.
Dawn, Dolly—Roseland b.; N. Y. C.
Day, Bobby—On tour—MCA.
Diamond, Lew—Palmer House; Chicago.
Diekler, Sid—H. Ritz and WWSW; Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dotin, Max—KIRO—CBS; Seattle, Wash.
Donahue, Al—On tour—GAC.

E

Eaton and Saj—Parkside Casino; Detroit, Mich.
Ellington, Duke—"Jump For Joy," Mayan; L. A., Cal.
Elliott, Baron—O'Henry Park; Chicago.
Ellis, Seger—On tour—F. Bros.
Emis, Skinnay—Palmer House; Chicago, Ill.
Everette, Jack—Baker Park; Rapid City, S. D.

F

Fields, Shep—Sea Girt Inn; Sea Girt, N. J.
Fio Rito, Ted—On tour—MCA.
Fischer, Darrell—Deerhead Inn; Lansing, Mich.
Fisher, Freddie—Old Vienna r.; Cincinnati, Ohio.
Fitzgerald, Ella—Theatres—MG.
Fitzpatrick, Ed—On tour—MCA.
Flores, George—On tour—SZ.
Foster, Chuck—Biltmore Bowl; L. A., Cal.
Funk, Larry—On tour—F. Bros.

G

Gagen, Frank—On tour—MCA.
Garber, Jan—On tour—MCA.
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Golly, Cecil—On tour—F. Bros.
Gordon, Gray—On tour—CRA.
Goodman, Benny—H. Sherman; Chicago, Ill.
Grant, Bob—H. Drake; Chicago, Ill.
Grayson, Hal—On tour—MCA.
Grier, Jimmy—On tour—MCA.
Grimes, Don—Waco Pavilion; Syracuse, Ind.

H

Hallett, Mal—On tour—CRA.
Hamp, Johnny—On tour—MCA.
Hampton, Lionel—On tour—MCA.
Harris, Ken—On tour—c/o Gus Edwards; Chicago.
Harris, Phil—Theatres—MCA.
Hart, Joey—Ramona Pavilion; Sister Lakes, Mich.
Hayes, Clancy—NBC; S. F., Cal.
Haytherton, Ray—H. Biltmore; N. Y. C.
Heckscher, Ernie—H. Mark Hopkins; S. F., Cal.
Heidt, Horace—On tour—MCA.
Herbeck, Ray—On tour—WMA.
Herman, Woody—Palladium b.; Hollywood, Cal.
Herth, Milt—H. Syracuse; Syracuse, N. Y.
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K

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L

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 Lake, Sol—606 Club; Chicago.
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 Laurence, Bert—Celebrity Club; Chicago.
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 Leonard, Harlan—On tour—MCA.
 Levant, Phil—On tour—MCA.
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M

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N

Nagel, Freddy—On tour—MCA.
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O

Oger, Bill—H. Stark; Alliance, Pa.
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 Olson, Sev—H. Radisson; Minneapolis.
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 Osborne, Will—On tour—WMA.
 Owens, Harry—H. Miramar; Santa Barbara, Cal.

P

Pablo, Don—Palm Beach Cafe; Detroit.
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Q

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R

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 Sullivan, John—On tour.
 Sylvester, Bob—On tour—SZ.

T

Tatum, John—On tour—GAC.
 Taylor, Bettye Lee—Station WKAT; Miami Beach, Fla.
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 Truxell, Cy—WCAE Staff; Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Tneker, Orrin—H. Edgewater Beach; Chicago.
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 Turner, Don—Mt. Royal h.; Montreal, Canada.

V

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 Vera, Joe—H. Congress; Chicago.
 Victor, Bob—Belden Tavern; Battle Creek, Mich.

W

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 Wald, Jerry—On tour.
 Waldman, Herman—On tour—MCA.
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Metronome

MODERN MUSIC AND ITS MAKERS

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Domestic and Foreign Correspondents are Listed on Page 4.

58th Year

AUGUST, 1941

New York

THAT FALSE AND VICIOUS PROPAGANDA IS HURTING MUSIC AND MUSICIANS!

We were recently talking with a number of well-known, veteran musicians. They were clear-thinking, clean-living fellows, and several remarks they dropped caused us to do a little more reading, listening and thinking than we had been doing. Then, suddenly, in the light of what these men had said, it struck us forcibly that musicians, in general, are being subjected to a terribly unfair licking these days.

This isn't the usual gripe about the booking offices, either. Or about some attitude of the union that we can't see. Or the lack of understanding on the parts of radio or phonograph executives. Or the hounding tactics of song-pluggers.

No, it's nothing like that.

Our gripe this time is at a much closer target, one, that for all we know, may include ourselves. We are talking about, and soon we'll be talking against, too, the men whose business it is, or who have made it their business, to tell the general public about musicians, about their personal characters, about their lives, and, in some instances, even about their loves.

It seems to us that the general public is getting a totally unfair impression of what musicians are really like. They get those impressions from magazines, from books, and even from radio. That's where they start, anyway. How far they go from there, via the mouth-to-mouth route, is another matter.

After our reading and listening, we thought it over. We decided to forget, momentarily, what we *knew*, through years of close relationship, musicians were really like. We decided to let a new impression be formed from what we saw printed and heard spoken.

What They Say Musicians Are Like

Our new impression of the average musician then went something like this:

He's never happy unless he's drunk.

He never plays well unless he's drunk.

If he isn't drunk, he's elated because he's been smoking marijuana—pardon, he's been "toting tea."

He's up all night.

He sleeps all day.

He talks only in jive language.

The only other word he knows is "stinks," which he uses about every other word.

He has no interest in anything except swing, or anything that will make him enjoy swing more.

He's either running after women, or running away from them, or getting them into trouble, or getting himself into trouble.

He has no sense of responsibility, whatsoever.

Honestly, that is the general impression we got about the average musician—that is, as soon as we let ourselves take seriously the things we read in various publications and heard on radio shows aimed at jitterbugs and so-called "swing fans."

Now that's brutally unfair to the average musician. The average musician isn't a drunkard; never touches marijuana; keeps reasonable hours; takes his music seriously enough to practice a long time several days a week at least; uses ordinary language, such as you're reading right now; has other interests, such as his family, athletics, reading books, and things like that; isn't continually getting mixed up with, or being bothered by girls, and, in general, has his two feet on the ground, with a definite idea in mind of what he wants to do, what he wants to get out of life, and how he is going to attain those ends.

But that isn't what certain publications would have you believe. For the sheer sake of sensationalism (which, no one will deny, makes exciting reading) they will harm the very men whom they are supposed to help. They make these men out a bunch of drunken, vagrant bums, just as a writer of fiction fashions characters to fit into his scheme of things.

They use all sorts of tricks. Emphasizing the plight of one unusual, erring musician is one. Printing a rumor that hasn't foundation is another. When the rumor is promptly denied, they blow up the denial—more sensationalism, more misinformation, and more harm done musicians in general. They quote musicians in jive talk, language which the quoted probably can't even understand. They print a lot of cheap pictures with filthy captions.

Radio, being censored, they can't go quite as far there. But any real musician, hearing a show like *Matinee at Meadowbrook*, revolts at the language used and the nit-wit impression that's given of musicians' mentalities.

New Generation Being Hurt, Too

The harm isn't being done only to musicians, themselves. It is also hurting the younger element whom it reaches. And herein lies an even greater danger. For, impressed with what they read and what they hear, and believing it all to be genuine, they try to act like their idols. They think it smart to drink too much; to stay up all night, and some of them even start thinking seriously about marijuana. A condition like that can grow and grow and spread and spread. In its own field, it is propaganda as false and as vicious as any that has ever been spread by any subservient or foreign agents.

Education is an all-important element in a situation like this. We don't mean just education of the younger element, either. We mean education of those whose influence the kids are feeling.

In some instances, pointing out to the false informers how false they actually are, and letting them know the true conditions, might have its effect. Unfortunately, though, and alarmingly, too, those who are doing the most harm, those who are painting the false picture, using as their model the one musician out of a hundred who fits a little bit their need for sensationalism—they are the ones who are educated in the field. They do know musicians. They do know the true kinds of lives musicians lead. In fact, most of them are, or have been, musicians, themselves!

It's too bad that we're directly in the field, ourselves. In such a position, there isn't much we can do about the falsifiers. All we can do is try to maintain a certain respect for musicians and their endeavors, to condone and sympathize with them for any failings, and to paint for the younger element a true picture of what musicians are really like. Dignity and respect are more necessary than ever these days, when musicians are being so horribly maligned by the sensational, but unauthentic dribblings of a few irresponsible persons.

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