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JUNE, 1952 35c



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STEVE ALLEN WANTS TV JAZZ**

JAZZ 1953

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METRONOME'S coveted annual is still with us,
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this year's yearbook

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will come out this fall;
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this time the jazz of 1951 and most of this year, 1952;
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a history of the year,
a section of distinguished photographs
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articles on present problems,
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METRONOME

114 EAST 32ND STREET

NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

JUNE, 1952

VOLUME 68, NUMBER 6

GEORGE T. SIMON, BARRY ULANOV *Editors*
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Cover: Popsie. Page 5, Popsie. Page 10, Hale Haberman. Page 12, Popsie. Page 13, CBS. Page 15, (Courtesy of Tommy Dorsey). Page 16, Warren Rothschild. Page 17, Popsie. Page 24, Ray Whitten. Page 26, Irwin Glaser.



Busy Eddie Sauter (right) arranged and conducted Swedish Metronome record date for Delta Rhythm Boys. Met's Claes Dahlgren and Delta's Rene DeKnight watch.

point & counterpoint

HOT INSTRUMENTS

According to a recent release by the Selmer Instrument Company, in Spring a young man's fancy turns to importing, a scheme that leads to much grief. To be more clear, it is not a good idea to try to bring an instrument into this country from a foreign nation without permission of the trademark owner in this country, and few owners will grant permission.

The alternatives of: 1) grinding the trademark off the instrument, making its resale value practically zero; 2) returning the instrument to Europe, which cannot be done, because most companies refuse to refund money; 3) or allowing customs to impound and destroy the instrument, are hopeless. Even if you could get by customs, your instrument is considered illegal and is subject to seizure by federal agents, which happens more frequently than is imagined. If you could avoid all these troubles, you would still have difficulty having it repaired—the company's guarantee does not cover instruments with illegal serial numbers.

If you are mad to buy your instrument at its home foundry, Selmer advises that you contact the U.S. representative of the particular make that you are interested in and find out what policy he is following. If the company is not permitting entry of individual imports, arrange with him or your dealer to have him import, through regular channels, the instrument that you will pick out. As an added warning, musicians are informed that they will have some difficulty getting their own instruments back into this country unless they are registered with customs before leaving.

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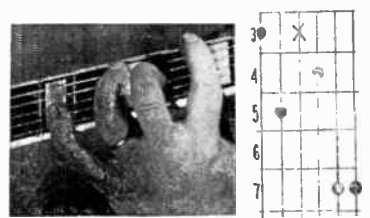
Sammy Kaye's promotional gimmick for his recent record of *Winnepesaukee*, *The Indian River Song*, was a basket of Indian River oranges and grapefruit, delivered to lucky reviewers and

JUNE, 1952

Spotlight on JIMMIE WEBSTER



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—FRANK BROOKHOUSER,
Philadelphia Inquirer

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"He discusses the nature of jazz, its origins, and the many cultures responsible for it. Much careful and valuable research has gone into his account of the early New Orleans bandmen and the development of the Negro blues."

—JOHN HAMMOND

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—FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR., *Saturday Review*

"Of value on two counts. It provides the unoriented with an able summary of the evolution of jazz, and it serves as a vigorous memory stimulant for readers who have already absorbed the jazz story, but may not have thought of it in perspective for some time."

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

—NAT HENTOFF, *Down Beat*

"An all-present-and-accounted-for roundup . . . Old jazz hands will find it a useful reference."

—*New Yorker*

"A clear, cogent, complete survey . . . For a jazz enthusiast, this gives him the works in brilliant fashion."

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

"Probably the best serious book on jazz as a developing art yet written by an American."

—*Saturday Review Syndicate*

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such. Henry Jerome's newest release, *Homing Pigeon*, was cooingly announced by a brace of pigeons delivered to disc jockeys. Each pigeon carried information about the song in a message tube attached to its leg. (Our report is that one d.j. drew a ticklish pigeon, and he's still trying to get the message to find out what it's all about.) Then to top it all off, Marvin Frank of the Edward B. Marks Music publishing house, got more than frank in his approach to disc jockeys on a new plug tune. He sent an extremely realistic certificate for one hundred shares of stock to every d.j. in the country. The shares are "spinning shares" in the *You're Not Worth My Tears* corporation, the song that the company was then giving top attention.

HEAVISIDE HAS LIGHT SIDE

Vido Musso's singer, Jerri Lynn, suffered some kind of back injury while in Sacramento recently. She happened to mention it to disc jockeys Jim Howard and Jay Elson of Radio Station KXOA when she called them one evening. In Sacramento, so the saying goes, a man's chivalry is a wondrous thing to behold. No sooner had Jerri hung up than Jim contacted a friend, chiropractor Bob Heaviside and asked him to come to the radio studios, while Jay hopped into his car and transported Jerri from her hotel to KXOA. Bob alternately pounded and pulled, as chiropractors will, and, within thirty minutes, a much happier Jerri Lynn went to work, and the three supporting actors, as an aside, beside Heaviside, rested astride their well-earned laurels.

THE GREATEST ACT OF ALL TIME

In a certain part of India, the story goes, one day each year is set aside and all the people gather in a huge field to make offerings of sacrifice to a huge stone Buddha, carved in the side of a tremendous mountain. The farmers save their finest vegetables, the butchers their choice cuts of meats, the bakers make super-cakes with big globs of whipped cream.

Among these people lived a juggler and he was very perturbed because he did not know what he could offer as his sacrifice. So he decided to perfect the greatest juggling act of all time to entertain the big, stone Buddha.

Came the day of sacrifice and, after the trades people had made their offerings, the juggler stepped into the middle of the field and performed his act. It was truly magnificent. He juggled two medicine balls, eight regular balls, six Indian clubs and ten big sabres—all at one time, blindfolded and with his hands tied behind his back! Suddenly, though, in the midst of his act an ominous silence settled over the field. Realizing that something was amiss, the little juggler stopped his act and took off his blindfold.

All eyes were on the Buddha, who had unfolded his huge stone arms and was motioning to the little juggler to come closer. Awestricken the young performer obeyed, drawing closer and closer to the base of the great Buddha. And as he was almost touching the great image, the Buddha bent over and very carefully pronounced these words: "Don't call us; we'll call you!"

SOUNDS

Two musicians stood in front of the Brill Building one morning, talking about last night's gig. Suddenly, the Empire State Building toppled over into Fifth Avenue. "Man," said one, "did you ever hear such a crazy sound?"

JIMMY JONES VERY SICK

Jimmy Jones, the accompanist of Sarah Vaughan, sometime Stuff Smith Trio pianist, and brilliant recording soloist, has had to cancel all engagements for at least a year. X-rays, taken after coming in from 72 one-night stands with Sarah, showed a lung cavity which will confine Jimmy to a bed for all of the rest of 1952 and much of 1953. He is at Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y., and would dearly appreciate any and all mail.

METRONOME

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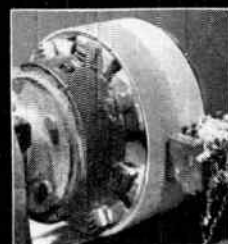
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PERSONALITIES

Earl Hines is organizing a full band for the YMCA Circus in St. Louis. Besides playing for this charity circus, Earl plans to do some recording for Victor with the sixteen piece group. . . Sunny Gayle, the *Wheel of Fortune* gal, is on tour with Nat Cole. . . After an almost ten year association with Capitol, Peggy Lee has quit and is now recording for Decca Records. . . After some twenty years as a band leader, Sammy Kaye has finally gotten around to recording with strings. His latest release, *You*, features a concert section, twelve strings, which Mitch Miller, Percy Faith and he sweated over to make blend with the Kaye band. . . Cab Calloway is heading for the West Coast via a Canadian tour. . . Eddie Sauter is writing prolifically for Mercury Records. Recent Sauter work can be heard in the backgrounds for Richard Hayes, a Mercury vocal group and on the next Dinah Washington release. . . Phil Moore is casting now for a night club revue which he has just finished writing. . . Tex Beneke's recent showing on the *Songs for Sale* television show was the first time that that show had featured a band. Reports are that audience reaction was so great that Tex will return soon. . . Billy Eckstine, Milton Berle and Lena Horne were the top winners in the Pittsburgh Courier's annual Popularity Poll. Lionel Hampton won first prize in the big band division and Dinah Washington walked away with blues singer honors. . . Jack Feddersen, executive vice president of Selmer, is in Europe

with his wife, visiting Selmer plants in Paris and hearing the European symphonic, band and operatic music offerings. . . Child's Paramount is offering Sunday jam sessions, featuring Max Kaminsky, Joe Thomas, Buster Bailey, Ray Diehl and etc., at three o'clock. . . Leon Merian was featured with Lucky Millinder at the Savoy while his band underwent some changes in book and personnel. . . The Krupa Trio has just completed a successful tour of Japan. This marks the first time that an American name music group has worked in Japan. The Rumor Department has it that Krupa is due to record two large band albums for Mercury. . . The Woody Herman Carnegie Hall Concert of 1946 will be released on two ten-inch MGM LP records. MGM is also completing arrangements to release several concert sessions of Lionel Hampton's. . . Freddy Slack has been signed by Capitol, which brings him into the same stable as his ex-vocalist, Ella Mae Morse, who is currently making a big comeback. . . Thought of the Month Department: The current Lombardo tour may gross five hundred thousand dollars. . . Willie Smith has left Duke Ellington for the Billy May band. He is being featured on novelty vocals and blowing lead alto. . . Terry Gibbs was working as a single in Philadelphia. . . The new Goodman album, *Let's Hear the Melody*, a collection of old standards played by Benny with strings was arranged for strings by Paul Weston with appropriate holes left for Goodman. Benny listened to the strings rehearse, and joined forces once they reached the desired perfection.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOLDEN BROWN

I just read your article on Les Brown. Last year, Les was here, playing a week-end of dances. His band was great, but Les was the greatest. The band business could not have a more sincere and hard-working guy . . . As you may know, Les' college band, or what was his group originally, is still going strong at the University . . . the Duke Ambassadors are one of the finest styled and musically wise groups on the young scene . . .

. . . I've often wondered why some article or investigation isn't made on the part of the magazine to discover what's happening musically in the nation's colleges . . .

Francis C. Farley

Duke University

BILLIE'S DOUX

Since I have been in Los Angeles, my greatest joy . . . was seeing Billie Holiday . . . this Billie, whom many refer to as a "new" Billie is not new at all . . . is the great lady who made classics out of any and everything she sang. . .

. . . Follow Billie's career from her days with Teddy and Lester to the present day. In between all this time, you can get the history of jazz. From barrelhouse and blues to ballads and swing, she remains the greatest jazz vocalist of all time . . . ask the disc jockeys to play some of her great records. . .

Gene Chronopoulos

Los Angeles, Cal.

DISC JOCKEY THUMP

Reading George Simon's and Barry Ulanov's editorials in the April issue lifted me quite a bit. Knowing some of the disc jockeys, I am certain they are sick of some of the trash and gimmicks. At times they feel almost forced to play the corn if they want to keep their sponsors.

. . . Give me Haymes . . . instead of Ray, and the songs of Rodgers and Hart instead of those by Bob Merrill.

Paula Beigel

New York City

SILENCE IS KENTON

The varied and riotous impressions which swarm through my head while enjoying Stan Kenton and his modern musicians play on and on, were overwhelmed by this one thought. This is strictly in praise, believe me!

"The Rest Is Silence

The sounds of the earth are varied and vast. A soft heartbeat, a sigh, a wink of an eye; A screaming trumpet, a lie, death passing by. But the voice that cries loudest in my world of sound

Is the silence only Kenton can create."

Ann Murphy

New Orleans, La.

A PLAN

Those of us who have outgrown our teens but not our appreciation of Armstrong, Ellington and Parker, were moved by Reader Siva's plea in your April issue. However, jazz will never penetrate the Iron Curtain until the artistic "Iron Curtain" in the United States begins to crumble. Some of us are effectively

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sealed off from contact with live jazz and new records by geography. Therefore, we depend on radio for musical enjoyment and suffer from the gimmicks of the day. In fact, we've been suffering for years. And so, we complain to each other and to publications such as yours.

We forget, however, that the impetus for change lies within our own hands. The record selection on most disc jockey shows is an accurate reflection of written requests (tempered by the artistic sensibilities of the jockey and the whims of his sponsor or station). . . . A bit of diligent application by us can bring us more listening pleasure and a wider audience for jazz.

May I humbly suggest my program? Purchase a stack of two-penny post cards. Write one card per night to any request program within reception range, giving time and selection desired. If 5000 readers of your magazine would religiously follow this program, we would gain about 250 hours of additional listening pleasure each day. Jazz fans have tried cults, cliques and clubs. Let's try public opinion for a change.

Tom Lockerbie

Anniston, Ala.

METRONOME



THE FORTUNATE SUNNY GALE

ONCE UPON A TIME (just last Spring, as a matter of fact), Johnny Hartman recorded a tune called *Wheel of Fortune*. Apparently the battery-controlled magnet failed, because the *Wheel* stopped after no more than a dozen or so turns.

Also, once upon a time (just last Spring, as a matter of fact), Sunny Gale left Hal McIntyre's band with her husband in search of fame and loot. They were convinced that three elements were necessary for a record hit: a definite vocal style, material that fitted that style perfectly and a record contract.

So, for a certain amount of time (just six months, so the story goes), they searched for the song, already having found the style and confident of the record contact. They found the material late last year, a recorded tune that had never sold and hurried to the song's publishers, only to find that the original manuscript of the tune had been thrown away. The Hartman record was used to transfer the tune to paper and Derby Records was approached.

The remaining facts complete the fairy story. "Two and a half years ago I couldn't even get arrested," Sunny says. Yet in that time, the previously unknown artist has done the seemingly impossible; revived a dead song on a small label to the extent that there are now twenty-three cover records out on it plus many transcriptions. Naturally the production and promotion of a major company like Capitol gave the top record of the tune to Kay Starr, which is a story in itself, for Sunny sings quite a bit like Kay, is obviously influenced by her, yet the Kay Starr recording of *Wheel of Fortune* sounds like an imitation of Sunny Gale, vocally, key-wise and in arrangement. Which goes to prove that there are circular things about the *Wheel* regardless of its obvious squareness.

Incidentally, the girl whom they used to call "Sophie Tucker, Jr.," and her husband Jerry Field still have one more joker in their pack. At the time that the recording contract was being signed, they asked for an additional cut in the profits if the sale got over 150,000 records. To a company that had never approached that mark, this was the funniest request of the year. Everyone laughed, including the girl who typed the contract. The laugh has become a bit forced these days. The records sell very well, Cinderella bought a new pair of slippers and the Prince happily mounted his charger account and they lived happily, ever after searching for another custom-fitted song. —B. C.

JUNE, 1952



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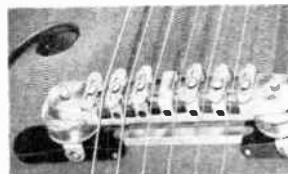
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THE THIRD HERD: Front row: saxists Bill Perkins, Dick Hafer, Arno Marsh, Sam Staff.
Middle row: drummer Sonny Igoe, trombonists Carl Fontana, Urbie Green, Jack Green.
Back row: trumpeters Jack Scarda, Johnny Howell, Ray Caton, Don Fagerquist.

THE THIRD HERD!

**woody herman's newest band
is absolutely stupendous
and may very easily
put others back in business**

by george t. simon

WOW! This is it! This is the band that's likely to make life miserable for the no-talent kids, singers and bandleaders both. This is the band that stands a tremendous chance of putting the band business back on the map, simply by showing the country what a great band should and does sound like. This is the band that can bring both dancers and music lovers back into ballrooms and hotel rooms in droves. Everybody's talking about it. Everybody's raving about it, even the usually super-modest Herman as his statement on the next page attests.

This is a great band that Woody Herman has, a great band to listen to and a great band to dance to. It's modern in its conception and yet it's easily understood by all. Woody has gone just far enough. He hasn't stepped beyond the limits of musical credibility and still there's never anything obvious about his band. Ralph Burns has penned most of the arrangements, though the guys have elaborated on some and have contributed others on the spurs of some moments.

Those head arrangements, such as the Herd's *Perdido*, typify the great spirit of Herman Herd #3. They're jumping, swinging things, reminiscent of some of the wild stuff the 1945 outfit used to play. Where this band even outshines that great group is in its contrast, its dynamics, its compact cohesiveness, and also in its great, moodful ballad performances.

The four saxes (Dick Hafer, Bill Perkins Arno Marsh and Sam Staff) comprise a wonderful section. They get a great blend. Dick Hafer's lead is loose and sure, Sam Staff's baritone wonderfully modulated and anchor-strong. As a unit they blow some soft, rolling stuff that's greater than anything that Messrs. Marowitz, Phillips et al used to blow. Sometimes Woody joins this three tenor and baritone unit to add his fine alto sound to their Four Brothers voicing.

The most exciting section of all, though, is the trombones. I've never before heard a trio like this, never heard three guys blow so well together, never heard a blend like theirs. Urbie and Jack Green (brothers) and Carl Fontana, a music major on his way to an M.A. degree at Louisiana State University, have pooled their talents to comprise what I think is the greatest trombone section of all time, as a section, that is. Here is a big, legitimate sound, made up of three tones that fairly leap out of their horns. Their execution is impeccable; their intonation as true as any that ever came from a trombone trio.

Backing them is a strong trumpet quartet of Johnny Howell, Don Fagerquist, Ray Caton and Jack Scarda. Actually, the bones make these guys suffer by comparison. Their blend is also good, but if the entire band is lacking one thing, it's a real take-charge

trumpeter, a guy who can really cut through on those biting ensembles. These are all good trumpeters and they'd probably be described as a brilliant section in any other band, but the standards are so high here that they suffer a little bit by comparison.

Backing the entire band is a fine rhythm section. Nat Pierce, former Boston bandleader, not only plays very good piano, but he also writes some smart, modern arrangements. Unfortunately on opening night, he didn't have too many opportunities, but what he did do he did great. Sonny Igoe's a loose, yet driving drummer with fine taste, an adaptable touch (almost a rarity among modern drummers) who keeps great time for the band. (His slight tendency to rush his breaks, of which there are quite a few, doesn't interfere seriously.) And then, of course, there's Chubby Jackson, as inspirational a bassist as jazz has ever known. With Nat and Sonny he puts down the best beat that the band has had since its Davey Tough days, and that, my friends, is a great compliment.

The new Herd has some fine soloists. Here, again, the trombones take top honors. Urbie Green, besides being a fine lead man, also blows some great jazz. His is a loose, yet thoroughly controlled style; often he sounds like a Bill Harris without the shakes, with perhaps less drive but certainly with a great deal more polish. More brittle is Carl Fontana's choppy, yet exciting swinging style which makes fine use of his amazing technique. This is a guy to watch!

Chief trumpet soloist is Don Fagerquist, who used to play with Gene Krupa, and who seems to have found himself with Woody. He's a much surer, more polished jazz man who's no longer blowing behind the beat and whose open and muted solos both make interesting listening. Bill Perkins and Arno Marsh split the tenor solos. Both are young but both know where they're blowing, Perkins more like some of the earlier brothers, Marsh in a somewhat looser manner.

Woody, of course, blows clarinet. But it's still his soulful alto, blown with more frequency than ever before, that is his best instrumental contribution. He also sings more ballads than usual, keeping away from his hot-cha stuff. What a right move that is! In my book there are few singers who emote with as much feeling as Woody does, and if it weren't for the fact that Dolly Houston, herself, is such a good singer, I'd resent her cutting in on Woody's territory.

This, then, is the great new Woody Herman Herd, an astounding, jumping, versatile, thrilling band, great for listening, great for dancing and the ultimate answer to those who insist you've got to play corn or Glenn Miller music to bring dancers and dance bands back. This ladies and gentlemen, is IT!

→
What do Woody and Chubby think about the Third Herd? Turn the page and read their signed statements about this great crew.



THE HERMAN STATEMENT

It took me about two hundred musicians to find the band I was looking for, but now I'm happy at last. This is a great group of guys. They are fine musicians. They realize that there is more to music than just one stupid little thought. They are all young, open-minded and willing to do more than make weird noises.

I sometimes wonder if I'm not getting too old for this pace. This band is so enthusiastic that the fellows have been coming to me between jumps and asking for rehearsals. They always want to try things. Many of those head arrangements we blow are there because these guys don't believe in any of those stupid limitations that some other musicians live by. They are all young and modern, but they don't go around putting down Dixieland. We even have a good little Dixieland group in our band!

Ralph is writing greater than ever. And Nat Pierce has been a big help. He is typical of this band: very open-minded. He can play anything from Teddy Wilson to tomorrow.

This band has revived my faith in young musicians and in the band business. It has been better in the last five or six months than it has been in a long, long time. I figure that we are giving the public a chance to catch up. Once it does and once it realizes that there is more to popular music than just singers, the band business will be where it once was. And then we can all thank guys like those in our band, who are open-minded and who will listen to and respect other viewpoints. The days of the closed musical minds are over. This is a brand new era and I'm thrilled to be a part of it!

Woody Herman



THE JACKSON STATEMENT

These past four years in music have been so unstable and filled with such confusion, that I finally began to pray that once more before I died I could swing again. The good Lord has answered my request. He returned me to the darndest, swingiest bunch of guys in the whole universe. The old body chills that most of us got in The Old Herd have been, once again, happening nightly.

A young, enthusiastic band that's healthy and strong. Wow! What a gang of soloists in this band. It seems like all of 'em can make it. They also are aware that the music business is and always has been a definite by-product of show business. They put on a great show, but I mean great! That's why Woody's band is going to make it--people never stopped wanting to be entertained--we just stopped ourselves. We represented a very arrogant platform--no wonder bands started to drop off one by one. No matter what the nature of the job is night after night, Woody explains what has to be done and the band actually does it without any display of temperament.

It took him a little time to find all these wonderful young musicians, but as Davey Tough used to say--"Patience, Chub! The upstairs executive will find us the right man for the right chair"--How true!

Woody, the most gentleman in music I've ever known, really deserves this band. He and we have suffered through a terrible era in music. I'm so happy for him. I predict this Herd will bring back a once great industry, the band business.

*"Chubby"
Jackson
CH*

STEVE ALLEN'S quotation on this page about the future of music in television entails some strong wishful thinking. Reading between the lines, it becomes pretty clear that this popular CBS star is by no means satisfied with the shake that music, and jazz in particular, are getting and that if he had his way, instead of the Hooper and Nielsen ratings having theirs, he would see to it that the standard of music in TV would be raised.

Even a short talk with this very easy-going Chicagoan, by way of Los Angeles, convinces you that he has great sympathy for good jazz. Actually, the man does more than merely sympathize, he plays some very acceptable piano, as his recent Columbia album will attest.

He's very modest about his playing. He likes Garner, Shearing and Peterson, "but I don't play that way because I can't. I enjoy modern piano, but I can't play it well—my mind just doesn't run that way. Maybe if I'd kept it up after studying for three years as a kid I'd be able to play everything the way I want to today. Now it's too late. Actually, trying to play modern piano, after having played other styles, is like trying to learn a new language, or trying to get rid of an accent. With a lot of time and practice, maybe you can do it. But I do feel complimented when people point out influences of modernists in my playing."

Big Steve, busy as he is with his highly successful *Songs for Sale* show, just doesn't have the time to keep up with his piano. He



steve allen: tv's jazz lover

used to play more often, when he had his daily day-time stint, and then he used to get off some good stuff, often reminiscent aurally of Earl Hines, visually of Stan Kenton, another pianist, by the way, who can't make his fingers do what his mind wants them to.

Admitting to the influences of Garner and Shearing, Steve actually selects a third pianist as his all-time favorite. He is Mel Powell, who's not being heard much these days. Admitting that Mel was not always as original as some others, Steve still insists that he "never heard him play a note I didn't like. No matter how he played, he always played better than the guy he played like."

In addition to the aforementioned pianists, Steve also likes Barbara Carroll and Joe Bushkin. Other favorite musicians include Hackett, Louis, Berigan, Benny, Red Norvo and Lionel Hampton, the last-named mostly for "his great attack." And as for bands, Steve has always been an avid Duke Ellington fan (see photo above) and a more recent Woody Herman devotee.

Among singers he likes Peggy Lee, whom he has been plugging consistently on his shows, Ella, Anita O'Day, Sinatra, Billy Eckstine, and the two he calls the accepted standards, Bing and Dinah.

Perhaps no greater proof of Steve's interest in proper presentation of music in TV is the sound of Ray Bloch's band on his *Songs for Sale* show. With five brass, five saxes, four rhythm and six strings, it consistently features great arrangements by Bill Fisher, Paul Swan and Joe Glover, magnificently played by a band that includes such stars as Specs Powell, Chris Griffin, Warren Covington, Lyman Vunk, Shorty Solomson and Wolffe Tanenbaum. Actually, it makes some of the not-too-good songs sound so great that the public, and even the publishers and recording executives are fooled into believing the material, itself, is top-flight. That, of course, doesn't make Steve Allen sad, one bit. For the more he can do to make music sound good, the happier he is. Here is one of the few true lovers and knowers of jazz in television today. With more men like him, the medium may still find itself, musically.

JUNE, 1952

I don't foresee any significant changes in the television music picture. Television, I believe, will continue to present largely "middle-of-the-road" music, with less time devoted to hill-billy, classic, and jazz than these fields enjoyed in radio.

Television, if anything, has de-emphasized music-for-music's sake. Radio, both with live entertainment and records, depend heavily upon music, but television's first appeal is to the eye. The ear runs a close, but definite second. Programs that are purely musical simply do not enjoy the popularity on TV that they did in radio despite their frequent excellence.

This is not to say that music is unimportant to television. The industry could not exist without it. But music in television will more often than not be an added attraction. I do not say that I approve of this set-up; I simply report it.

Another point; I believe television will take some of the glamour away from the big bands and restore it to the small combos. Viewers like close-ups rather than long-shots and with a small group there is a certain feeling of intimacy that can be established. Important, too, to the producers is the fact that small groups cost less. This will be good news to jazz fans, although, as yet TV is still not bringing the great names of jazz to listeners as did radio. I have always made it a policy to feature important musicians as guests on my various shows, but I regret to observe that the industry as a whole has not adopted that policy.

Steve Allen

Bix

three new lp's show bix still a captivating legend, and more, a brilliant musician

by Barry Ulanov

WHAT is it that makes Bix Beiderbecke so appealing a figure in jazz? Why, after 21 years (he died August 7, 1931), do his roly-poly face and round little cornet tone haunt us so? Is it because so entrancing a legend has grown up around him? Are we so wedded to the primitive that the picture of a self-taught musician catches us as the portrait of a conservatory-trained jazzman never could? Do we delight so in the thought of uncontrolled appetites that we can't put Bix down as he couldn't set aside that next drink and the next and the next?

These are not rhetorical questions, although I think the answer to some of them is at least "Probably." They are occasioned by the latest in George Avakian's series of reissues for Columbia, the three-volume "Bix Beiderbecke Story."* In some ways, I think, this is the most important of the series to date, and probably the most important George can issue, partly because of the problems suggested by the questions above, partly because of the solutions contained in the answers to those questions, partly because—in spite of appealing figure, legend, primitivism, uncontrolled appetites—no jazz records have so consistently gone out of print as those of Bix, the originals, the Victor reissues, the Vocalion reissues, the Columbia reissues, all of them, until now.

The first service performed by these three 12-inch long-playing records, then, is simply to make Bix available again, not all of Bix, but just the OKeh and Columbia Bix, and not all of that, but certainly the best. Missing, of course, are the Gennett sides, the records made with the Wolverines in 1924, the two sides under the name of the Sioux City Six (with Frankie Trumbauer) of December, 1924, the Rhythm Jugglers' coupling of *Davenport Blues* and *Toddlin' Blues*, made in 1925. The Chicago Loopers' coupling, *Three Blind Mice* and *Clorinda*, on Period, is not here, nor is the Willard Robison *I'm More Than Satisfied*, on the same label; the sides made with Sam Lanin's studio band under the name of the Broadway Bell Hops, three of them, are not here; the three sets of Victor records, made with Jean Goldkette, Paul Whiteman,

and Hoagy Carmichael, are, of course, not represented. That's the roll-call of the absent and the present; the nod must be given to the latter group, however good the missing sides are. The conclusion permissible, therefore, is that this is a fair sampling of Bix. Judgments are possible on the basis of these sides; if you know them well, you know Bix as well as you're ever likely to.

The first conviction one has after listening to this collection is that the legend and the appetites, the self-taught and the alcoholic aspects of Beiderbecke may make good copy, may stimulate alcoholic excesses on the part of enthusiasts, may encourage the untutored, but the lasting impression of Bix's stature is not due to any of these things. He was a first-rate musician: that's all. He had several skills in abundance: lovely tone, a sustained melodic line, rhythmic facility. In addition, he had innate good taste, that rarest of qualities in the jazz of his associates.

One's second certainty, after listening to these records again, is that Bix is one of the least dated of legendary jazz figures. He isn't weakened by the decrepit styles which surround him on most of these sides; the inadequacies of tone and technique and idea of his colleagues do not in the least dim the brilliance of sound and style of Bix. What remains, after all the limitations of those around him, is the impression of an individual voice of extraordinary beauty.

My own taste inclines toward Bix's slow or middle-tempo solos, toward *I'm Comin' Virginia*, *Crying All Day*, and *Singin' the Blues*. This is not to say that he isn't a delightful Dixielander for me, but simply that his softer, more subdued formulations offer, by definition, more delicacy, more subtlety; I enjoy coming back to them as I do playing last week's best record, or yesterday's, or today's. I am fascinated by the suggestion implicit in his piano solo, *In the Mist*, not that he might have been a Debussyan pianist, but that he might have turned to the harmonies, at least, of bebop twenty years before Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie did, if he had lived. And I am moved, for the several-hundredth time, by the uncloying sweetness of his ballad phrases in all the aforementioned sides, but especially in *Crying All Day*, which is for me one of his—and jazz's—great records.

Bix was never a sentimentalist, that is another one of the triumphs of these sides. You can be sentimental in middle and up-tempo jazz pieces, as well as in the slow; you can nag the pathos and poignancy of little blues phrases in endless repetition. Bix is always on the opposite side of the emotions, without any of the ordinary appurtenances of jazz satire—without growls, buzzes, half-valvings or great blasts. This is not to disparage the devices of a Cootie Williams or a Rex Stewart or a Jabbo Smith, but just to indicate what skills were Bix's. Listen to *Royal Garden Blues*, to *Sorry* or *Jazz Me Blues*, *Ostrich Walk*, *Riverboat Shuffle* or *Borneo*—you're bound to hear what I mean. Listen to the contrast in

*THE BIX BEIDERBECKE STORY. Volume 1. *Bix and his Gang*: The Jazz Me Blues, Louisiana, Sorry, Thou Swell, Ol' Man River, Somebody Stole My Gal, Royal Garden Blues, At the Jazz Band Ball, Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down, Wa-da-da, Goose Pimples, Rhythm King.

Volume 2. *Bix and Tram*: Singin' the Blues, Clarinet Marmalade, Way Down Yonder in New Orleans, Mississippi Mud, For No Reason at All in C, There'll Come a Time, I'm Comin' Virginia, Ostrich Walk, A Good Man Is Hard to Find, Wringin' and Twistin', Crying All Day, Riverboat Shuffle.

Volume 3. *Whiteman Days*: Margie, In a Mist, Take Your Tomorrow, Borneo, Bless You! Sister, Baby, Won't You Please Come Home; Tain't So, Honey, Tain't So; That's My Weakness Now, Sweet Sue, China Boy, Because My Baby Don't Mean Maybe Now, Oh, Miss Hannah.



That's Bix with his arms around Don Murray and Tommy Dorsey.
 The banjo player is Howdie Quicksell, the drummer is Tommy Gargano the pianist is Paul Mertz.
 The date is a Gennett recording session.

sounds and tastes and styles in *Sweet Sue*, so many inches of nothing until Bix blows through. Or hear how first Bing Crosby, then Bix, perks the drab accents of *Oh, Miss Hannah*.

You may get the feeling from all of this that you have to wade through a great deal to get to Bix. If that's your feeling, you're quite right. That's the way it is, except for some of the sides in volumes two and three. It would be silly to pretend that Bix's brilliance was contagious and that Don Murray (clarinet) or Izzy Friedman (clarinet) or Bill Rank (trombone), Frank Signorelli (piano) or Adrian Rollini (bass sax) become great soloists because of their contact with Bix. They and their rhythm sections manage fair ensembles for the great man, no more. In the second set, there are some fine moments to set beside Bix's, created by Eddie Lang on guitar and Joe Venuti on fiddle, and Miff Mole on trombone is a help. In the last group, there are some measures of Lang again and Bing, otherwise nothing better than competence, and that not too often.

JUNE, 1952

The indicated limitations are, it seems to me, unmistakable. It is equally clear, however, that Bix is compensation enough for the sometimes gloomy atmosphere. I don't see how anyone with an ear and a foot for jazz can miss the significance of this man's contribution to this music, can elude being moved by his music.

It is curious that with all the interest in the twenties these last few years, Bix has not had more of a revival. It's true that he will not satisfy the *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* audiences or cater to the eccentricities of fashion as 1925 hairdo's and hats and short skirts do. But his music is just as authentic and artful an echo of the sensitivity of some Americans in the Boom and Depression days as Scott Fitzgerald's novels and stories, and it seems to me that he was less taken in by the pretense and the sentimentality than Fitzgerald. Whatever his personal habits, however much of an alcoholic he may have been, his music was as sober, as subtle, as controlled, as carefully structured as first-rate art must always be, and all of this is attested to by these records.



ARMSTRONG'S ALTER EGO

Gordon Jenkins,
who accompanies Louis
on his new record hits,
writes an emotional eulogy
of his idol
of twenty-seven years standing

I FIRST heard Louis Armstrong in 1925, and the very first record fostered a dream that someday I would be fortunate enough to be able to work with him in some capacity, either playing the piano, making arrangements, or accompanying. This feeling built itself up to fantastic proportions through the years, and when Dave Kapp (then at Decca) suggested that I make records with Louis I went all to pieces. In fact, I got so excited at the thought of it, that I brought in an arrangement to the date with more junk in it than a 3rd Ave. antique shop. In trying so hard to please Louis, I had put enough things in the background for six arrangements. The result was that I had to do it over on the spot. This consisted mostly of saying "Don't play" to the band, and "Play" to Louis.

The Record was *Blueberry Hill* and it finally turned out real well. After waiting so many years to work with Pops, when I finally got there it was just too much for me. Every time I looked at him, I broke up, and when his manager told me that it was the best date Louis had ever had, I about sobbed myself to pieces. My wife had a nice hot dinner waiting for me after the session, but I couldn't eat a bite; I just sat there thinking about Armstrong, and fighting back the tears.

A few months ago I was given two more sides to make with him, *Sleepytime* and *It's All In The Game*. In order not to waste any of the three hours allotted us, I went ahead on my own and made arrangements on *Indian Love Call* and *Jeannine*. I could hear Louis doing these tunes so clearly in my mind that I didn't realize till the morning of the date that I hadn't even told him about them. I rushed copies out to him, altho

I doubt if he ever looked them over. At any rate, he did them like he had been playing them all his life, and we finished the four sides in about two hours. Musicians don't rush home after an Armstrong date, and we all sat around playing them over and over. Sonny Burke, West Coast Decca boss, flipped over the records and was pulling total strangers off the street the next day to hear them. One wonderful thing about an Armstrong record, you never have to be afraid of any one else copying it; it just isn't possible. Louis is the one artist in the world who can come out weeks later with a side and have a hit.

Sometimes I wonder if musicians realize how much they are in debt to Pops . . . there hasn't been a trumpet player in the last twenty-five years that hasn't borrowed some of those beautiful thoughts, consciously or unconsciously, and he has saved more arrangers than you can count. I have never heard any jazz, by any name, in any form, that wasn't directly out of Louis Armstrong. I have never heard any musician worthy of the name ever knock him, with the possible exception of some boppers who were too busy trying on funny hats to listen.

The boys used to say it in 1924 and they still say it . . . "There ain't but the one." . . . and there never will be, in our time. I guess no one can live forever . . . but in Louis' case, I think an exception should be made . . . we just can't afford to lose him.

Gordon Jenkins



BILLY MAY'S BAND scored a huge hit in mid-April when Martin Block presented it in New York's Manhattan Center at a dance that proved conclusively that dance bands aren't dead. Appearing along with Frankie Laine at an affair called *The Gandy Dancers' Ball*, Billy's new band held the four thousand spectators (fire laws limited them to that number, though estimates indicated that more sneaked in) enthralled with its heavily-stylized music. It was like the good old band days, with kids crowded around the bandstand, thirty and forty deep, all night long.

The band was not the same that has recorded for Capitol, though it did play the same arrangements, some of them well, some not too well. Billy organized it a week or so before its New York debut, using relatively unknown, young musicians. Only thoroughly familiar faces were those of Willie Smith on lead alto and Conrad Gozzo blowing his usual, brilliant first trumpet.

Gozzo, though, was just filling in for a week, with a possible return to May scheduled for June.

In the above photos (by Popsie) are the Maytimers, May's Lunceford-like trio (upper left) and ponderous Billy pondering as thousands watch (upper right). May blows with bassist Ted Hammond and drummer Remo Belli (lower left), while the horn men (lower right) are, left to right, saxists Charles Doremo, Eddie Freeman, Willie Smith, Joe Spang, Bob Dawes; trumpeters Stuart Williamson, Conrad Gozzo, Al Stuart, Tony Faccinto, Bob McKenzie; trombonists Bob Robinson and Bob Resinger.

Promoting disc jockey Block, delighted with the turnout, predicted again, as he has been doing regularly on his radio shows, that dance bands are definitely on the way back. From the looks and sounds of things that Friday (Good Friday, at that) eve, Block seems to be definitely correct.

the champ

butler is the name
and his is a bright voice
that is most welcome
in a world of post-nasal drips



Champ's hot—even thermometer in photo agrees.

by george t. simon

YOU DON'T have to listen to all the new singers. I do. That's part of my business, and too often these days it becomes one of the most unpleasant parts. But then every once in a while along comes a *really* good singer among the new ones and listening to records is a drudgery no longer—at least for three minutes it isn't.

The brightest light to come along in years among the boy ballad singers is a bright-eyed, bright-topped, bright-voiced lad named Champ Butler. Here is a guy who can *really* sing! Don't hold novelties like *Down Yonder* (his most successful record) against him. He didn't want to make it and he's not proud of it either. Instead, listen to his Columbia version of *These Foolish Things Are Mine* and to his almost as good recording of the new *Be Anything*.

Champ does what none of the others do. First of all, he sings in tune. Besides that, though, he has a natural voice, a big voice, a real voice—not one of those smoke-filled things that sounds like a post-nasal drip sufferer. And he really uses that voice. He phrases from the heart and not from somebody else's record. Actually, the only singer I've ever heard who sounds like him is Dick Webster, who used to sing with Jimmie Grier and who's now a Hollywood agent. So striking is the resemblance that I thought Champ had studied with him, but Champ has never even heard of Dick Webster!

As a matter of fact, Champ hasn't been in the business very long. He's only twenty-five now and he didn't start singing professionally until a few years ago. Before that he had played fullback on the Beverly Hills High football team, had driven hot rods around Hollywood and had quit high school to go to work in parking lots. When he was sixteen he ran away from home and did a little singing in a drive-in so that the owner would give him and his buddy a hamburger and a malted. By the time he was eighteen, he was in the army, first as a paratrooper, then as an M.P. at the Manhattan atom bomb project.

After the army, he and Travis Kleefeld ("my buddy all my life. I owe him everything") went back to high school to get

their diplomas. Travis came from a wealthy family, and he took Champ everywhere he went, to all sorts of parties, so that people could hear him sing. Meanwhile, Champ returned to parking cars, did a few club dates, played bongoes for ballet dancers and did some vocal work with the Holidays. Then one day Travis introduced him to Barbara Belle, who today manages Champ in addition to Fran Warren. Barbara got him to Columbia Records, and that's where the rest of the world is getting him.

How come Champ sings so fine? First of all, his mother used to sing leading roles with the Kansas City Opera Company, and so naturally he was exposed to good singing right along. Champ's only formal training, however, was a year of phrasing with coach Jack Stern. The rest has been pretty much instinctive. He's one of those rare phenomena: a young pop singer with good taste and the equipment that permits him to do something about it.

What are his ambitions? He wants to sing in a legitimate musical. He likes big voices. He thinks that Jan Peerce is the greatest singer in the world today. Most thrilling of all the popular male balladeers he thinks is Tony Martin. As for the girls, it's all Ella: "that's a foregone conclusion!"

Of course he wants to continue to make records and to play night clubs. "Personal contact is so terribly important." But he wishes that some club owners would wiser up and would stop skimping on things like good p.a.'s. and lighting and bands, while going overboard for acts that really don't rate two and three thousand dollars. He realizes that he has been spoiled by the Macambo in Hollywood, where singers are presented so well, but if that club can do it and remain successful, why can't the others?

Some of today's most popular singers might not worry so much about those niceties, about always sounding their best, about always projecting clear tones and having them reach the ears of their audiences that way. To too many of them, the important thing is the almighty buck. To Champ Butler it's the almighty sound. And that's why he sounds so much better than any of the others!

in person

MAX KAMINSKY
Child's Paramount

That exceptionally versatile Kaminsky man has the bandstand well-in-hand these nights at Child's Restaurant under the Paramount Theater. I say versatile, for Maxie and his charges run the gamut from Dixie to swing, though never as far as bop. Trombonist Ray Diehl, however, comes closest to the modern lines and should delight the ears of any music fan, especially in his solo work on *Night in Tunisia*. For the rest, Gale Curtis blows the mean clarinet that the critics crow about, with enough prettiness and thoughtfulness thrown in to show that he can do more than be the permutation among the nightingales. Drummer Don MacLean has a steady beat that punches the group into submission. Pianist Charlie Queener was too little heard to consider. Through it all, Max blows hard or soft, swinging more than swaying, which separates him from the Hackett school; alternating from the primeval to the middle ages, which separates him from the Condon mob. It is a group that spells some pleasant listening if your fixation for one school or another is not too chronic. —B. C.

BILLY TAYLOR
Downbeat, New York

The new Billy Taylor trio is a perfect combination of top notch musicians. One of the most consistent of modern pianists, Billy was at his best the night of this review. He sang the melody, inter-

polating wry bits of humor and beautiful patterns of harmonic experimentation.

Charlie Mingus was superb in his rhythmic support, astounding in his solo work. Especially on the original, *Strolling Down the Champs Elysees*, a tailored French version of *Stompin' at the Savoy*, Charlie was all gasp and no gap as the three instruments carried on a delightful conversation. Undoubtedly the greatest of the new bassists, his work more closely approximates a blowing horn than that of any of his contemporaries.

Drummer Charlie Smith did a more than capable job. I can't understand why a drummer should be used in a trio, although Mingus occasionally leaves the rhythm section, but Charlie was as subtle as could be desired, and amusing in his light bombing.

The trio's *Cuban Capers*, another original, its recorded *Willow Weep For Me* and the standard *If I Had You*, were the highpoints of the evening. Good taste is personified in the group, especially in these tunes. Musical invention is to be found at its peak in the last two of these, tremendous humor in the first. —B. C.

ROBERT CLARY
La Vie en Rose, New York.

Noted as an entertainer who amuses folks with his cute ways, this knowing little Frenchman also proved on this date that he has a great flair for music. His opener, a jumping version of *Get Happy*, immediately proved that here was more than just a visual showman. He sang this and all his other numbers with a musical know-how and with assurance that many other more famous singers would do well to match. And his imitations of Johnny Ray and Edith Piaf were masterpieces. Why some recording company doesn't do something with this dynamic little fellow is far beyond me! —G.T.S.

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PITY THE POOR TELEVISION SINGER!

By GEORGE T. SIMON

Note: This article appeared originally in the television section of the New York Times on Sunday, March 30th.

Popular singers don't like television as much as they like radio. The reason is simple. Whereas all of radio's facilities are directed toward making a singer *sound* as good as possible, TV is interested primarily in making him *look* as good as possible. And because the means to these separate ends are seldom compatible, and because those behind the television scenes seem to be much more interested in the "vision" than in the "tele" aspect of their new toy, popular singers are seldom presented to top advantage on TV.

The average listener probably isn't aware of the fact that popular singers are often working under great disadvantages, though sometimes an intruding mike in the upper portion of the screen gives a hint that some sort of problem does exist. What the singer is expected to do, of course, is to give out with enough voice so that the mike, which is over his head and much further away than it is in radio or on recording dates, will always be able to pick him up. With good, intelligent planning, as well as with a little imagination that would include the use of hidden mikes, the

singer should not have too much difficulty. But, unfortunately, such good, intelligent planning is, with the exception of a few shows such as *Your Hit Parade* and the *Dinah Shore Show*, seldom included in the presentation of a TV program.

The fault, to repeat, lies in the comparative lack of interest in both audio planning and production. If you have ever attended a TV show or rehearsal, you have probably been surprised by the size of the technical crew. But with the exception of one sound engineer, who usually sits pretty well ignored in one corner of the control room, and a couple of men who follow the performers on stage with a suspended mike that is rolled in and out, the dozens of technicians are completely emersed in the visual problems at hand.

Even so far as the time element at rehearsals is concerned, the sound problems are not given necessary attention. The orchestra usually attends only one of the many rehearsals that precede the actual show, the artists having run through their music beforehand with just a pianist. And too often, when the musicians are trying their best to routine their music in the short time allotted them, they are forced to sit around idly while one director argues with another for fifteen minutes whether this light is better than that one, or whether a camera should come in two or three feet for a certain shot. As a result, the singer seldom gets enough rehearsal time with the band, neither becomes familiar with the other's phrasing, tempo and dynamics, and the result is too often musical uncertainty and sloppiness that does credit neither to the soloist nor to the orchestra.

So intrigued are most of TV's producers and directors with their new toy that even in the initial planning stages of their shows they do not pay proper attention to sound problems. Too often an artist is forced to sing songs with which he is either totally unfamiliar, or, worse yet, which don't fit his particular style (and a style is

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a popular singer's stock in trade), simply because the producers have certain pictures that they insist upon creating. And, so far as the selections of camera shots, such as close-ups as opposed to long shots, for example, are concerned, few directors pay proper attention to what part of a song a singer sings softly and what part he belts out. Naturally, on the softer parts, as well as on the lower-pitched portions of a song, the mike must be brought in closer to be able to pick up the notes that don't carry so well. This means that you can't shoot a long shot without the mike appearing in the picture also. Producers and directors seldom worry about that, though, shoving the responsibility instead on to the singer. "Shout it! Give me all you've got!" they'll yell at a vocalist who at that particular point is trying his best to create a warm, intimate, mellow word picture.

Sloppy mike placement is not peculiar to singers alone. Few orchestras are properly balanced because the disinterested directors give the musicians only one mike, whereas in radio and recording

they work with a minimum of four. The result in TV is too often a blatant but not rich noise that sounds more like a burlesque house band than like the svelte organizations of which the program boasts and for which the sponsor pays.

What is the solution for all this? First of all, more attention must be paid to audio planning and production. Secondly, the number of sound engineers employed on TV shows should be increased, so that one man can work the controls for the performers on stage and another can make the orchestra sound like an orchestra instead of like a trio. And lastly, and perhaps most important of all, each production staff should include at least one person who knows his music, who has some idea of what the singer is trying to do, and who will have the power to insist upon proper audio representation for all musical performers. For it is only when this sort of proper attention is paid to the "tele" portion of TV that television will be able to call itself a truly well-balanced medium.



Fredda Gibson WAS her name,
Georgia Gibbs IS her name, *Kiss of Fire* is her fame.

'FIRE,' 'USE' TOP FUTURE HITS

Georgia Gibbs' *Kiss of Fire* and Johnnie Ray's *What's the Use* are the hits of the future. So is Eddy Howard's *Be Anything*. That's how America's top disc jockeys voted in METRONOME's fifth monthly prediction poll. Miss Gibbs (photoed above when she sang for the Hudson-DeLange band) and Ray (who scored a smash hit last month at New York's Copacabana) tied for first, just one point ahead of Howard. Tony Bennett with *Sleepless* and Vaughn Monroe with *Lady Love* tied for fourth, to complete the month's top five.

COLUMBIA AGAIN TOPS LIST

For the second month in a row, Columbia topped the other record companies in the monthly tabulation of future hits. Mercury, with two strong contenders, finished second, one point ahead of Victor, with Decca and Capitol winding up in fourth and fifth respectively.

Tabulations are based on five points for first, four for second, etc. Totals for all companies, with abbreviations and number of selections for each follow:

Columbia (Col) . (17) 117	Dot (Dot) . (1) 5
Mercury (M) . (7) 66	Abbey (A) . (1) 3
Victor (V) . (11) 65	Craft (Craft) . (1) 3
Decca (D) . (12) 49	Rainbow (R) . (1) 3
Capitol (Cap) . (10) 35	London (L) . (1) 2
Coral (Cor) . (5) 19	Okeh (O) . (1) 2
MGM (MGM) . (6) 17	Beacon (B) . (1) 1
King (K) . (1) 1	

future record hits

The following listings are compiled from selections submitted to METRONOME by the country's leading disc jockeys. Each jockey lists the five sides which, in his opinion, are most likely to become popular hits.

1. Georgia Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire* (M) 23
- Johnnie Ray: *What's the Use* (Col) 23
3. Eddy Howard: *Be Anything* (M) 22
4. Tony Bennett: *Sleepless* (Col) 18
- Vaughn Monroe: *Lady Love* (V) 18
6. Champ Butler: *Be Anything* (Col) 15
7. Four Aces: *My Hero* (D) 13
8. Perry Como: *One Little Candle* (V) 12
- Eddie Fisher: *Forgive Me* (V) 12
10. Patti Page: *Whispering Winds* (M) 11
11. Jerry Shard: *Washington and Lee Swing* (Cap) 10
- Doris Day: *A Guy Is a Guy* (Col) 10
13. Percy Faith: *Delicado* (Col) 8
14. Louis Armstrong: *Indian Love Call* (D) 7
- Tony Bennett: *Somewhere Along the Way* (Col) 7
- Percy Faith: *Festival* (Col) 7
- Trudy Richards: *I Don't Mind* (D) 7

Five each: Four Aces' *Spring Is a Wonderful Thing* (D); Ralph Flanagan's *Singin' in the Rain* (V); Jane Grant's *Goody Goody* (D); Buddy Greco's *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie* (Cor); Frankie Laine's *To Be Worthy of You* (Col); Johnnie Ray's *Mountains in the Moonlight* (Col).

Four each: Four Aces' *Perfidia* (D); Ames Brothers' *Sheik of Araby* (Cor); Don Cherry's *I Will Never Change* (D); Buddy DeFranco's *Penny Whistle Blues* (MGM); Jane Froman's *With a Song in My Heart* (Cap); Jeanne Gayle's *Goody Goody* (Cap); Louis Jordan's *Louisville Lodge Meeting* (D); Four-Lads' *Turn Back* (O); Dean Martin's *My Heart Has Found a Home Now* (Cap); Patti Page's *Love Where Are You Now* (M); Johnnie Ray's *Walkin' My Baby Back Home* and *All of Me* (Col).

Three each: Leroy Anderson's *Blue Tango* (D); Californian's *Alone* (Craft); Perry Como's *It's Eastertime* (V); Alan Dean's *All My Life* and *Be Anything* (MGM); Jimmy Dorsey's *Serenade in Blue* (Cor); Rusty Draper's *Just Because* (M); Eddie Fisher's *That's the Chance You Take* (V); Stuart Foster's *Take Me* (A); Gene Kelly's *Singin' in the Rain* (MGM); Stan Kenton's *Yes* (Cap); Frankie Laine's *When You're in Love* (Col); Peggy Lee's *Goin' on a Hayride* (Cap); Walter Schumann's *Last Night* (Cap); Four Sensations' *Heaven Knows Why* (R); Lawrence Welk's *Swingin' Down the Lane* (Cor); Hugo Winterhalter's *Blue Tango* and *What Does It Take* (V).

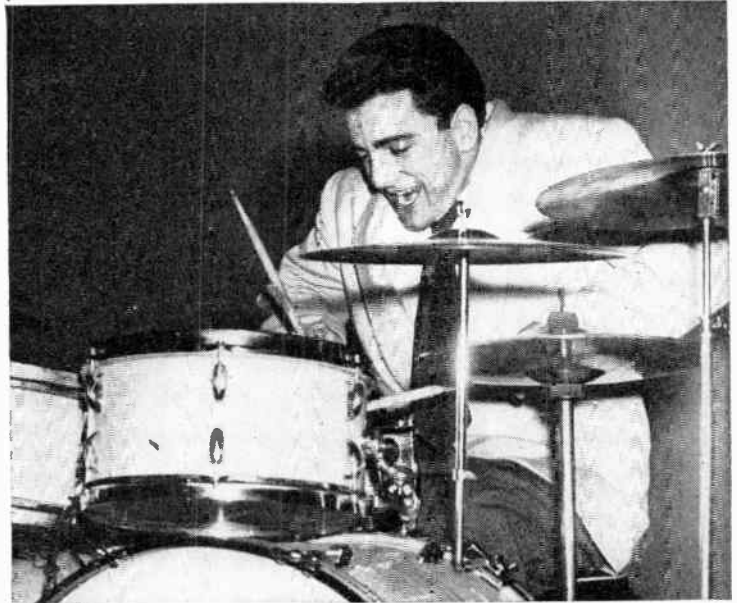
Two each: Joe Bushkin's *Ol' Man River* (Col); Don Cherry's *Sentimental Tears* (D); Vic Damone's *A Rivederci* (M); Ziggy Elman's *With a Song in My Heart* (MGM); Jane Froman's *I'll Walk Alone* (Cap); Dick Haymes' *I Am a Heart* (D); Peter King Singers' *I'll Walk Alone* and *Love Where Are You Now* (V); Frankie Laine's *Hambone* (Col); Jimmy McPhail's *You Can't Imagine* (V); Frank Petty's *Hindustan* (MGM); Louis Prima's *Ooh Daddilla Dab* (Col); Sidney Torch's *Nola* (L).

One each: Champ Butler's *When I Look Into Your Eyes* (Col); Deep River Boys' *Doesn't Make Sense to Me* (Beacon); Tommy Dorsey's *Hambone* (D); Dolores Gray's *Beware* (D); Nellie Lutcher's *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now* (Cap); Gordon MacRae's *Nine Hundred Miles* (Cap); Chico O'Farrell's *Flamingo* (M); Mary Small's *Didja Ever* (K); Jo Stafford's *Ay-Round the Corner* (Col).

disc jockey predictions

- Doug Arthur, WIBG, Philadelphia
 Richards: *I Don't Mind*
 Faith: *Delicado*
 Dean: *All My Life*
 Bushkin: *Ol' Man River*
 O'Farrell: *Flamingo*
- Ed Bartell, KQV, Pittsburgh
 Butler: *Be Anything*
 DeFranco: *Pennywhistle*
 Winterhalter: *Blue Tango*
 Froman: *I'll Walk Alone*
 Butler: *When I Look*
- Paul Brenner, WAAT, Newark
 Armstrong-Jenkins: *Love Call*
 Flanagan: *Singin' in the Rain*
 Bennett: *Sleepless*
 Haymes: *I Am a Heart*
 Richards: *I Don't Mind*
- Clint Buehlman, WBEN, Buffalo
 Butler: *Be Anything*
 Page: *Love Where Are You*
 Ray: *What's the Use*
 Fisher: *That's the Chance*
 Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire*
- Bob Clayton, WHDH, Boston
 Greco: *It's a Sin To Tell*
 Cherry: *I Will Never*
 Dean: *Be Anything*
 Petty Trio: *Hindustan*
 Draper: *Just Because*
- Dick Coleman, WCBM, Maryland
 Ray: *What's the Use*
 Lads: *Turn Back*
 Como: *It's Eastertime*
 King Singers: *Walk Alone*
 Deep River: *Doesn't Make*
- Ira Cook, KECA, Hollywood
 Howard: *Be Anything*
 Faith: *Festival*
 Kelly: *Singin' in the Rain*
 Fisher: *Forgive Me*
 Bennett: *Sleepless*
- Rex Dale, WCKY, Cincinnati
 Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire*
 Howard: *Be Anything*
 Bennett: *Sleepless*
 Monroe: *Lady Love*
 Aces: *My Hero*
- Paul Dixon, WCPO, Cincinnati
 Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire*
 Page: *Whispering Winds*
 Anderson: *Blue Tango*
 Lee: *Hayride*
 Fisher: *Forgive Me*
- Merle Edwards, WMIN, Minn'p'l's.
 Howard: *Be Anything*
 Day: *A Guy Is a Guy*
 Aces: *Perfidia*
 Laine: *Hambone*
 Ray: *What's the Use*
- Paul Flanagan, WTRY, Troy, N.Y.
 Ray: *Mountains in Moonlight*
 Bennett: *Sleepless*
 Winterhalter: *What Does It*
 Faith: *Festival*
 Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire*
- Eddie Gallaher, WTOP, Wash.
 Bennett: *Somewhere*
 Shard: *Washington and Lee*
 Monroe: *Lady Love*
 Damone: *A Rivederci*
 Stafford: *Ay-round the Corner*
- Dick Gilbert, KTYL, Phoenix
 Laine: *To Be Worthy*
 Froman: *With a Song*
 Kenton: *Yes*
 Draper: *Just Because*
 Gray: *Beware*
- Joe Girand, WTHT, Hartford
 Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire*
 Ray: *Walkin' My Baby*
 Californians: *Alone*
 Como: *One Little Candle*
 Flanagan: *Singing in Rain*
- Bill Gordon, WHK, Cleveland
 Grant: *Goody, Goody*
 Ames: *Sheik of Araby*
 Laine: *When in Love*
 Day: *A Guy Is a Guy*
 Dorsey, T.: *Hambone*
- Don Lavery, WJJD, Chicago
 Monroe: *Lady Love*
 Aces: *My Hero*
 Howard: *Be Anything*
 Bennett: *Somewhere*
 MacRae: *900 Miles*
- Jackson Lowe, WWIN, Maryland
 Fisher: *Forgive Me*
 Day: *A Guy Is a Guy*
 Monroe: *Lady Love*
 McPhail: *You Can't Imagine*
 Faith: *Festival*
- Jerry Marshall, WNEW, New York
 Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire*
 Monroe: *Lady Love*
 Howard: *Be Anything*
 Page: *Whispering Winds*
 Fisher: *Love Where Are You*
- Ed McKenzie, WXYZ, Detroit
 Aces: *My Hero*
 Ray: *All of Me*
 Sensations: *Heaven Knows*
 Shard: *Washington and Lee*
 Richards: *I Don't Mind*
- Bob Nelson, WSMB, New Orleans
 Como: *One Little Candle*
 Gayle: *Goody, Goody*
 Eberly: *Serenade in Blue*
 Cherry: *Sentimental Tears*
 Lutchter: *Keepin' Out*
- Mort Nusbaum, WHAM, Rochester
 Aces: *Spring Is Wonderful*
 Shard: *Washington and Lee*
 Welk: *Swinging Down*
 Torch: *Nola*
 Lee: *Hay Ride*
- Art Pallan, WWSW, Pittsburgh
 Como: *One Little Candle*
 Ray: *What's the Use*
 Faith: *Delicado*
 King: *Love Where Are You*
 Small: *Didja Ever*
- Ray Perkins, KFEL, Denver
 Page: *Whispering Winds*
 Fisher: *Forgive Me*
 Aces: *My Hero*
 Howard: *Be Anything*
 Monroe: *Lady Love*
- Bill Ruff, KOLO, Reno
 Butler: *Be Anything*
 Bennett: *Sleepless*
 Schuman: *Last Night*
 Elman: *With a Song*
 Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire*
- Bill Stewart, WHEE, Boston
 Ray: *What's the Use*
 Martin: *My Heart Has Found*
 Foster: *Take Me*
 Prima: *Ooh Dadilly Dah*
 Aces: *Perfidia*
- Bud Wendell, WJMO, Cleveland
 Ray: *What's the Use*
 Jordan: *Louisville Lodge*
 Bennett: *Sleepless*
 Armstrong: *Indian Love Call*
 Faith: *Delicado*

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BEST JAZZ SIDES

Mildred Bailey album
 Bix Beiderbecke albums (see pages 14 and 15)
 Buddy DeFranco: *Pennywhistle Blues*
 Dorothy Dunn: *There Will Never Be Another You*
 Roy Eldridge: *Easter Parade*
 Andre Previn album (reissues)
 Andre Previn *Plays Duke Ellington* album (reissues)
 Al Sears: *Berry Well*
 Charlie Ventura's Big Four: *Love Is Just Around the Corner*



RATINGS

All records, except jazz sides, are given double ratings; alphabetically for musical worth, numerically for commercial worth. Barry Ulanov reviews the jazz this month; George Simon reviews the pop.

A (10) extraordinary	B (7) good	C (4) mediocre
A— (9) excellent	B— (6) fairly good	C— (3) poor
B+ (8) very good	C+ (5) fair	D— (2) horrible

Andre Previn



BY BARRY ULANOV

BASIN STREET SIX

Basin Street Stomp B

Margie C+

There's some swinging New Orleans jazz through most of the *Stomp*, especially the trumpet and trombone, with some fair clarinet contributions. *Margie* is less attractive, partly because of a dull vocal (unidentified), partly because of a weak ensemble; the round tones of the clarinetist are the nicest sounds here. (Mercury)

CALVIN BOZE

Hey Lawdy, Miss Claudie C+

My Friend Told Me C+

Lawdy is the eternal "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" theme: "Pretty soon your chances will be gone." Calvin is a fair singer; his All Stars do not star at all behind him in *Lawdy's* philosophical warning or *My Friend's* similar concern. (Aladdin)

LITTLE MISS CORNSHUCKS

Time after Time C

Waitin' in Vain C

Little Miss C. doesn't actually shuck corn; she's got a nice vocal quality, but suffers from inept phrasing and sometimes very, very wobbly intonation. A little training could make her as good as some crowds think her. (Aladdin)

BUDDY DE FRANCO QUARTET

Pennywhistle Blues B+

Buddy's Blues B—

Buddy's assistants here are Kenny Drew, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Teddy Koteck, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums. They are variously effective on the two blues, more on the first than the second, but it's Buddy's ball; he carries it handsomely in the first, somewhat sluggishly in the second. *Pennywhistle* is a set of South African variations on a boogie-woogie theme, the central melody in a charming South African film called *The Magic Garden*; its lilting, if familiar, humors are delightfully shifted from pennywhistle to clarinet by Buddy, all except for one long, meaningless sustained note. The blues Buddy claims for his own is too many other people's; nothing fresh emerges in it except Buddy's sound. (MGM)

FLOYD DIXON

Bad Neighborhood B

Blues for Cuba C+

Neighborhood is sung (by Dixon) and played (by Johnny Moore's Three Blazers) groovily, creating an engaging after hours atmosphere

without resorting to noise. *Cuba* is a desultory investigation of the possible relationship of the blues and the rhumba. (Aladdin)

DOROTHY DUNN-

DEL DOT FOUR

There Will Never Be Another You

B+

You Turned the Tables on Me B—

Dorothy can be coy, out-of-tune, sloppy; she is all of those unattractive things here. Dorothy can also be extraordinarily musicianly in her singing, her phrasing, her sounding; at times, in both these sides, her voice takes on the character of a cool tenor such as Stan Getz blows. *Another You* has some sumptuous moments, with excellent collaboration from Del Brown's piano, and fine bass (Bill Christ) and drum (Art Mardigan) assistance, in which Dorothy suggests but does not mimic Sarah Vaughan; it also has an embarrassing telephone intro. *Tables* is distinguished more for moments of sound, vocal and instrumental, than quantities of phrasing or interpretation; it also has an embarrassing ending, in which Dorothy squeals, "Oh! you mouse, you!" Whatever the limitations of these sides, they introduce a considerable voice to jazz. (Dee gee)

ROY ELDRIDGE

Easter Parade B+

I See Everybody's Baby B

Roy is mated with strings and winds here and very well coupled, too, except for some loud sweeps of string sound at the beginnings and ends of the sides. He kicks his way through *Easter*, but gently, muted, restrained, brilliant, with a cadenced line coming to a cadenza-coda climax. *Baby* is not as effective a vehicle either for Roy or the sparsely-voiced strings, but there are fine trumpet moments again, this time open, and the backing occasionally matches the backed. (Mercury)

CHICO O'FARRELL

Flamingo B—

Carioca B

Chico, the Stan Kenton alumnus, leads a leaping imitation of his old prof in arrangements that do not match the quality of the musicians in his big band. The brass section makes all the high notes—together. The saxes sweep smoothly through their paces. There are few solos, but at least one on *Flamingo*, on trombone, is satisfactory. *Carioca* is

carried along to some distinction by fine bongo-drumming and some skillful mambo routines, given spice and quality by a variety of dynamics. (Mercury)

COLEMAN HAWKINS

Lost in a Fog B—
Amber C+
Wishin' C+
Trust in Me C

Hawk is tied up in strings too on the first two, and almost loses them in the fog of his colossal vibrato. There are suggestions of the old master in the first three, especially in a jumping few measures in *Wishin'*, but the last falls into empty treacle and full tremolo. (Decca)

NEAL HEFTI-

FRANCES WAYNE

Don't Be That Way B
Always B—

Mr. and Mrs. H. are not on full display here; what we have of their several excellencies is impressive, some simple swinging figures of the kind Neal writes so well, and some soft vocal feeling of the kind Frances feels and sings so well. Too much of a vocal group, The Cavaliers, however, for full display of either talents on either side. (Coral)

LYNN HOPE

Hope, Skip, and Jump C
Please Mr. Sun C

Lynn would be a more hopeful tenor saxophonist if he were not so full of tenor clichés, huffing, puffing, chugging and mugging his way through a sizable distortion of his tone and apparent technical skill. (Aladdin)

BUDDY JOHNSON

Root Man Blues B
At Last C

Buddy's is a blowing band and a big one, as it shows on *Root Man*, in which some heavy brass and a striking male blues singer, Geezil Minerve, make good and loud listening. Arthur Prysock's tremolo takes some of the sock from *At Last* and Buddy's saxes toneless tunelessness take away the rest. (Decca)

STAN KENTON

Yes B—
Mambo Rhapsody B—

Stan's latest husky-voiced girl singer, Jerri Winters, is firmly entrenched in the Anita O'Day-June Christie tradition, a pleasant Kenton addition. She does as well as might be expected by a lyric which takes most of its effect from the repetition of the title word. The band comes to life here and there on the *Mambo*, which is better known now as *Mambo on My Mind*, and makes better listening with its words sung, as they are not here. Conte Candoli, instead, takes a few swipes at the top register patented by Perez

Prado's brass and doesn't quite make their league. (Capitol)

NELLIE LUTCHER

That's How It Goes C
Kcepin' Out of Mischief Now B—

Nellie and strings—not always a working combination, but on *Mischief*, at least, effective both in singing and piano-playing spots. The Lutcher style on *How* sometimes approaches a caricature of the Johnnie Ray style, if that's possible. (Capitol)

AMOS MILBURN

Trouble in Mind B—
Thinking and Drinking C

Aided by Richard M. Jones' classic *Trouble*, Amos makes some pleasant singing sounds around a poor ensemble. Overleaf: "The more I think, the more I drink . . . The more I walk, the more I talk." This goes on for many verses, and Amos's Aladdin Chickenshackers are still a poor ensemble. (Aladdin)

ANITA O'DAY

Lover Come Back to Me B—
Rock 'n Roll Blues B—

Anita's is not a poor ensemble: led by Ralph Burns, with Roy Eldridge, Bill Harris, Budd Johnson (tenor), Cecil Payne (baritone), Al McKibbin (bass), Don Lamond, and Ralph on piano, it's all a jazz background should be. Anita herself, however, is often lost in a husky nasality which mangles words and splays phrases, but she's always swinging, and so are her illustrious assistants. (Mercury)

AL SEARS

Berry Well B+
Marshall Plan C+

The man who does *Berry Well* is Emmett Berry, in and out of trumpet buzz-mute, blowing brilliantly, with, curiously enough, some restrained phrases suggestive of Bix. Al's bumptious group backs its soloist with the enthusiasm of one of the first small Ellington bands. The pretentious title of the second is not approached in the noisy commonplaces of the writing or the playing. (King)

GEORGE SHEARING

To a Wild Rose C+
Swedish Pastry B—

The first is strictly for lovers of the Edward MacDowell sentimental trifle itself; George doesn't depart from its mood, and leaves the notes pretty much as he found them, too. Barney Kessel's inviting confection, baked originally for the late Stan Hasselgard, is fairly well performed here, with a pleasant Al McKibbin bass solo adding sugaring. (MGM)

CHARLIE VENTURA'S BIG FOUR

Love Is Just Around the Corner B+

O. H. Blues B

Charlie's personnel lives up to



Buddy DeFranco

its "Big" billing: Marty Napoleon on piano, Chubby Jackson on bass, Buddy Rich on drums. What's more they give Charlie the kind of help his tenor needs. *Love*, for example, sends Buddy to the mike to sing in his relaxed, attractive jazz

manner. The *Blues*, for further example, breaks up Charlie's solos with some crisp boppish piano and effective time changes cued by Buddy's drums. It all comes off, even Charlie's wheezy intro to the *Blues*. (Mercury)

REISSUES

MILDRED BAILEY: *Rockin' Chair, Sometimes I'm Happy, Georgia on My Mind, More than You Know, All Too Soon, Ev'rything Depends on You, Lover Come Back to Me, It's So Peaceful in the Country*. (Decca) These are the wonderful sides, all made in March or June 1941, except *More Than You Know*, which was made in February, 1942, in which Mildred teamed up with the Delta Rhythm Boys or the Herman Chittison Trio, or in the case of *Know*, with Harry Sosnik's studio band.

THE DAVE BRUBECK TRIO: *Perfidia, Avalon, I Didn't Know What Time It Was, Always, How High the Moon, Squeeze Me, Too Marvelous for Words, Heart and Soul*. (Fantasy) A well-chosen brace of performances by the now disunited Brubeck Trio, Dave (who now has his own quartet), Cal Tjader (who now has his own trio), Ron Crotty (who now has Uncle Sam).

ANDRE PREVIN: *Body and Soul* (Parts 1 & 2), *Variations on a Theme, How High the Moon, Minor Blues* (Parts 1 & 2). (Monarch) This is a formidable set of 12-inch sides that Eddie Laguna made and never issued, presenting the Previn that seemed on his way to major jazz distinction. The *Variations* are really not jazz, Debussyish in atmosphere, canonic or theme-and-variations in form, but a remarkable improvisation. The others are derivative of Tatum and Cole, brilliantly played.

ANDRE PREVIN: *Main Stem, Warm Valley, Something to Live For, Take the 'A' Train, Subtle Slough, I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good*. (Monarch) This is the 1946 Ellington album that Laguna made, with Irving Ashby on guitar and Red Callender on bass, with Andre at his sensitive best, giving the Ellington tunes their due, structuring them into piano solos of abiding jazz merit.

BY GEORGE T. SIMON

FOUR ACES

My Hero C 6
Spring Is a Wonderful Thing C 5
 The Aces have decided to feature Al Alberts as a soloist. It's a mistake. He sounds like just another of today's not good singers: nasal, untutored, strained. Neither side contains any of the spark that has typified the group; in fact, the quartet's poor blend of voices on the first side makes it sound amateurish. Also, since when is "divine" pronounced "dee-vine." (Answer: since the Four Aces pronounced it.) (Decca)

AMES BROTHERS

And So I Waited Around B 8
The Sheik of Araby B— 8
 Two commercial sides. The first is a ballad and features the guys' good vocal qualities, especially the bottom man's and their almost consistently good blend. The reverse is a racing version, a la *Ride, Red, Ride*, of a song that many have tried to revive successfully. Maybe the brothers will prove to be more successful. (Coral)

LEROY ANDERSON

The Penny Whistle Song B 8
Horse and Buggy B 6
 Two very typical Anderson pieces, both expertly played. The former is a catchier tune and has a good, though not intruding whistle gimmick. It's really amazing how good this Pops orchestra can make music sound; it's so much more relaxed than the other outfits of this size and instrumentation! (Decca)

ANDREWS SISTERS

Why Worry C— 7
Ever-Lovin' Rag C 7
 The first is fast, rag-timey junk, shouted affectedly (not effectively) by the threesome. The reverse is slightly more relaxed, but neither has any musical merit. (Decca)

EILEEN BARTON

Wrong C 6
To Be Loved By You C 7
 Cute-looking Eileen has developed a strong cry in her voice that's not at all pretty sounding. The result is a personality singer with the emphasis on her nasal passage. The ballad is no more convincing than the strained, out-of-tune rendition of the commercial *Loved* opus. (Coral)

TONY BAVAR

I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes B— 7
I'll Sing to You B 6
 The first is the more commercial side; the second the prettier one,



Marie Greene makes a welcome wax return with Walter Schumann's voices (see page 32).

thanks both to the writers of the song and to Tony's relaxed singing. But when, oh when, is that man going to stop singing things like "O'i'm Dancing" and "O'i'll Sing?" (Victor)

DICK BEAVERS

It Must Be Spring C 5
I'd Be Lying C 6
 Hey, the out-of-tune kids are really taking over this month! Dick sounded like a good singer on a couple of his earlier dates, but these are pretty mediocre. It's too bad that this big, likable lad hasn't better intonation, because his voice, especially on the first side, has a nice, live quality, but then, anything that's full of life is usually pretty hard to control at that! *Spring* is a nice song, though the vocal group seems to disagree, the way it murders it. The voices are better on the reverse, where they're helped nicely by a very pretty trombone. (Capitol)

TONY BENNETT

Sleepless B— 7
Somewhere Along the Way C+ 6
 And still another one! Tony, though, does sing well and more in tune when he's soft, and he produces some pleasant sounds on the first song, a pretty melody with a meaningless lyric. Percy Faith's backing is excellent. The reverse is a very nice song, but Bennett's heart doesn't seem to be in it quite as much. (Columbia)

JIMMIE BOYD

The Owl Song C 6
God's Little Candles C 6
 Jimmie's a cute-looking kid. He certainly doesn't look like a combination of Nellie Lutcher and Bonnie Baker. Maybe when he's a little older he'll sound better. Right now his best bet is personal appearances. (Columbia)

TERESA BREWER

Gonna Get Along Without You

Now C+ 6
Roll Them Roly Boly Eyes C— 5
 The first is a hill billy thing propelled nicely by the Ray Bloch band's fine beat. Teresa has what can be described as a "button nose voice" with all the nasal implications. *Roll* is an offensive tune these days, what with all its minstrel show implications. And what a awful sound Miss B. gets when she lets out! (Coral)

KAY BROWN

Homing Pigeon B— 8
And Sox I Waited Around C 4
 The *Pigeon* opus is much better musically than the original Henry Jerome version, thanks to the fine writing by Pete Rugolo and the ditto playing by Maynard Ferguson's band. Actually, it's a more commercial version, too, though timing may be in favor of Jerome's. Kay is another pee-wee voiced singer and she manages to get away

with it on the novelty. But on the *Waited* ballad, her flat, nasal singing sounds very mediocre. The parallel brass writing is mighty annoying too. (Mercury)

CHAMP BUTLER

Be Anything B+ 7
When I Look Into Your Eyes B 7

Champ continues to impress as one of the very best, if not THE very best of the new men singers. His is a strong, virile, ringing voice, well controlled so that it makes very effective use of dynamics and shading. The first is a very pretty song, which has many good, competing versions; the reverse is the well-known tango, *A Media Lya*, a catchy number that might turn out to be a hit. Too bad there aren't more singers around like Champ Butler—what a pleasure reviewing pop records would then be! (Columbia)

LILY ANN CAROL

Lonesome and Blue B— 7
Rain Drops C+ 7

The ex-Prima songstress sounds like a refined Kay Starr, complete with *Wheel of Fortune* background, on the first side, which is not nearly as good a song as the famed oldie of the same name. The reverse, which sounds like *All of Me*, comes complete with shuffle rhythm. (Victor)

ROSEMARY CLOONEY

Half As Much C+ 5
Poor Whippoorwill B— 6

Rosey sings the first fairly well, but it's a clumsy song, what with all its huddled syllables, and the backing is pretty unimaginative stuff. The second is a fairly gimmicked up rendition (voice dubbing, et al) of a song that might be getting its second wind. Personally, I hope not. (Columbia)

PERRY COMO

One Little Candle B— 7
It's Easter Time B— 7
You'll Never Walk Alone
Black Moonlight
If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You
Summertime
While We're Young
My Heart Stood Still
I Concentrate on You
Over the Rainbow
album rating B+

The first two sides are Perry in

his obvious commercial role. *Candle* has a sort of philosophical lyric while *Easter* has sentimental words about that holiday. Both have a chorus and fairly gooey Como.

The eight remaining sides comprise an album called *Perry Como's TV Favorites*, and they show him off for the good singer that he can be but isn't always. He reaches some real high spots of his career on *Black Moonlight*, a great Crosby oldie; *Summertime*, on which he shares honors with some unbilled gal singing a gorgeous obligato; *My Heart Stood Still* and *I Concentrate on You*, both of which he sings with great warmth. The recording is livelier and more convincing than usual. This album certainly is a welcome relief after so many dog tunes and lifeless renditions by this great guy. (Victor)

DON CORNELL

I'm Yours C 6
My Mother's Pearls C+ 6

The first is NOT the great Johnny Green song of the same name. Instead, it's just an average tune, sung with attempted dramatics but woefully poor presence, backed by a small band that does a poor job of trying to sound big. The reverse, though a drippy, sentimental song, has somewhat less affected singing by Cornell, who ought to realize that he can't walk alone indefinitely. (Coral)

XAVIER CUGAT

Jungle Flute B+ 7
Blue Tango B— 6

There's some great flute playing on the first side, backed by a really exciting rhythm section, and with, of all things, sound effects actually enhancing the mood of the piece. Here's a very good example of good musicianship and smart novelty that comes off. The reverse is a late version of the well-known Anderson opus. It suffers both time and size-wise. (Mercury)

BILLY DANIELS

Diane B+ 7
September Song B— 6
My Thrill Is Loving You C+6
That's How It Goes B— 7

Easily the best of these four is the first. The song is a standard with Billy, one that he sings most emotionally and here gets fine assistance from Russ Case's orchestra and Mercury's engineers. *September* has some lovely soft notes, but Billy overdoes the dramatics and the

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highs sound metallic. *Thrill* is a novelty that has none of the Daniels warmth, while *Goes* displays a certain amount of real feeling, most of it reminiscent of 1937 song stylings. (Mercury)

DORIS DAY GUY MITCHELL

Gentle Johnny C+ 8
A Little Kiss Goodnight B- 7

The first is a folk-songy novelty, cutish and all that, which isn't much musically but should become a hit. The reverse, a more sincere performance, portrays another one of those "outside-her-door-scenes." Does the persistent debate of *Kiss* Vs. *No Kiss* really deserve all this wax? (Columbia)

DEMARCO SISTERS

Festival B- 7
Goin' On a Hayride B- 6

These gals certainly are better than most sister groups, as both sides attest. The first, though not as spirited as the Faith version, is nice singing, but the tempo change hampers the total effect. The reverse is also good, though the gals should watch their hard "t's." MGM, by the way, deserves plaudits for the excellent recording job. (MGM)

TOMMY DORSEY

Hambone B- 7
Come What May C+ 6
There Are Such Things B- 7
What Is Time B- 6

Hambone is a screaming jazz sort of thing, well played, and features Charlie Shavers' back-of-the-throat singing. He's better off with his trumpet. *May* has some easy TD horn and a singer named Buddy Stark who sounds as though he might have worked with Tommy during his Scranton Sirens days. The last two sides are with Gordon Jenkins, who actually deserves top billing. On *Things*, Tommy merely leads the trombones for two eight bars spots, while on *Time* he blows only eight bars as Jenkins plays the second harmony part with his one piano finger. There are also choral passages, most of them not too pleasant because of the over-accentuation of the highs. (Decca)

RUSTY DRAPER

Just Because B+ 8
Blue Eyes C+ 7

The first is an exciting side. Rusty's a Laine-type singer, less affected perhaps, but with the big boy's big gusto approach. He gets tremendous support here from Nelson

Riddle's band, a bunch of swinging fools who never stop. The reverse is less convincing. It's pseudo-dramatic stuff and only Riddle's musicians come off well. Draper and Riddle comprise a formidable, new combination. (Mercury)

BOB EBERLY

Tattle Tale C+ 7
Anything That's Part of You C+ 8

Bob sings the *Tattle* novelty pretty well, but there's no presence on his voice and the mickey mouse backing is just another detracting gimmick. The reverse has somewhat better singing and presence, but it's another of those drippy, souvenir lyrics that are becoming pretty nauseating by now. (Capitol)

ZIGGY ELMAN

With a Song in My Heart B 5
All I Do Is Dream of You B 6

Heart is a good dance band arrangement, very well played and recorded, with some smeary Elman trumpet and a very lovely trombone. Ziggy blows more relaxed horn on the pretty *Dream* oldie, while the gal singing lead in Jud Conlon's *Rhythmaires* also deserves plaudits. (MGM)

PERCY FAITH

Festival B 8
Delicado B 7

Festival is a happy, spirited record, very well played and sung, and definitely suggesting the mood of its title. The hand-clapping gimmick and the contagious syncopation are both commercial assets. The beautifully recorded reverse starts off with some good Stan Freeman harpsichord and then starts building into some really exciting passages. Faith, for all his commercial leanings, does turn out sides that still retain a good amount of musical integrity. *Flight 33 1/3*
One Night of Love
My Sharol
Ba-Tu-Ca-Da
What Is This Thing Called Love
Beautiful Love
Nightingale
Brazilian Sleigh Bells
album rating B-

Not best Faith by any means. *What* has some good modern scoring and clean playing; *Nightingale* has some very pretty moments; *Brazilian* is an exciting, well-played samba, but as a group these pieces don't stack up with what Percy is doing nowadays. (Columbia)

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Sorry

A Little Bit Independent
If You Should Leave Me
I Remember When
Am I Wasting My Time
I Love You Because
Thinking of You
album rating C+

Too bad this LP had to be released at the same time as Como's, because it surely does suffer by comparison. Easily the best of the sides is the sixth; it's the only one on which Eddie relaxes and shows that he can produce warm, convincing sounds instead of the chest-beating noises like those on the first and fifth sides. There are also some good moments on *Independent*, which Eddie pushes less, and, of course, *Thinking of You* is such a good tune that only a miserable singer can hurt it. Eddie's by no means miserable, but he could be so much better if he were a little more subtle about pouring his heart out, note after note. (Victor)

RALPH FLANAGAN

Singin' in the Rain B-7
Baltimore Rag B-6
Honest and Truly C+7
Singing Winds C5

The band is stiff but enthusiastic, both in its playing and singing of the first side. *Rag* swings a bit, but the ponderous drumming bogs it down every time it's about to take off. The vocal group is much better than before on *Honest*, done to a Miller turn, complete with strained Harry (Ray Eberle) Prime, though Glenn's reeds were never that out of tune. *Winds*, played sloppily, is, I suddenly realized, awfully close to *Moonlight Serenade*, one bit of semi-plagiarism of which Ralph should be thoroughly ashamed. (Victor)

STAN FREBERG

Try
Pass the Udder Udder

Try is one of the funniest sides to come along in years. As you might suspect, it's a take-off on Johnnie Ray's *Cry*. No sense describing it, but it certainly does point up the ridiculousness of Johnnie's style. The reverse has a clever idea that isn't carried off too well. Stan wrote both numbers in conjunction with Rubin Raksin. (Capitol)

GEORGIA GIBBS

Kiss of Fire C+8
A Lasting Thing C+6

Kiss is the well-known tango, *El Choclo*, with new lyrics. As such, it's a catchy tune which Georgia delivers with a professional, mature, full-bodied, assured voice. The reverse is less familiar, less exciting, though the former Fredda Gibson (do you remember her earlier sides too?) does give you the impression that she knows just what she's doing, whether you like it or not. (Mercury)

DOLORES GRAY

If Someone Had Told Me B5
To Be Loved by You B-6

Dolores does some nice, easy singing on the reverse, unlike the musical comedy shouting that you'd expect from a singer of her reputation. The tune, written by Peter DeRose and Charlie Tobias for the movie, *About Face*, is one of the nicest to appear in a long time. On the reverse, Miss G. sounds more like a night club personality jazz singer, selling the song for the peasants but not for the musicians. (Decca)

HELEN GRAYCO

Don't Send Me Home B6
Ev'ry Baby Needs a Da-Da-Daddy B-6

Despite her long association with Spike Jones's band (she sings with it and is married to Spike), Helen is definitely a non-corny singer. She sings the first side with guts and with a good beat, helped very much by Pete Rugolo's fine, modern backing. The reverse is an old-fashioned bluesy sort of thing, but Helen still sings with conviction and Pete again comes through handsomely. (Mercury)

MERV GRIFFIN

If I Had the Heart of a Clown C+7
With No One to Love Tonight B7

The first, a corny song done in an obvious manner, hasn't much musical merit but is enough of a stylized novelty to become a hit. The reverse, however, is a pretty tune, and Merv sings it with a great deal of warmth. (Victor)

CONNIE HAINES

It's Good-bye and So-long to You B-7
Anything That's Part of You C+6

Connie does the first with an old-fashioned beat, but it's pretty good for that sort of thing. (The label lists the title in reverse.) On the other side, little Miss H. sings in a small, immature voice with a bit of charm added. Owen Bradley's saxes deserve special recognition and herewith get it. (Coral)

ACE HARRIS

That's How It Goes B7
One for My Baby B-6

Ace sounds like a low Nat Cole on the first, as he semi-sings intimately and convincingly. He gets unbilled support from a good string section. The reverse gets a shuffle beat and the total rushing effect makes you feel that Ace is trying awfully hard to run out of the joint instead of finishing his closing drink. (Coral)

JACK HASKELL

Be Anything B+7
Come Back to Me B6

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on records the way he has sounded on TV. He is a good, musical, thoroughly convincing singer, and his performance of the *Anything* tune proves that point conclusively. Note also how much sense he makes out of lyrics. In that regard, note too how much good he gets out of a song like *Come*, which reduced to its basic elements, is really nothing much at all. Dick Maltby's backing is very fine; that noodling alto against the sustained strings on the first side is an especially nice effect. (Coral)

BILL HAYES
The Golden Haired Boy in the Valley B— 6
April Sings B— 5
The first is a rather pretty song, pretty well sung by Bill's schooled voice. The reverse is very pretty, though quite uncommercial. Bill's singing is nice enough, though he'd be lots better off if he could rid himself of some of the stiffness. (MGM)

RICHARD HAYES
I'll Walk Alone C+ 6
Tattle Tale C 6
Loud, rough, overdramatic shouting by the other Hayes on the first side, which is out too late to compete with the Don Cornell version. Joe Reisman's backing is nice, though someone allowed the baritone sax to creep in too close. *Tattle Tale* is like the Eberly version in that there's no presence on the singer and gets a corny accompaniment. (Mercury)

DICK HAYMES
And So I Waited Around B 7
I Am a Heart B— 7
Dick's relaxed on both sides, singing especially softly and with much feeling on the first. Al Lerner's simple, tasty backing is the best Dick has had in quite some time, though the Four Hits and a Miss are an unnecessary addition. The *Heart* side is hampered by the silly gimmick of repeating single words—what a stupid way to ruin what could have been a very good song! (Decca)

LEROY HOLMES
I'll Walk Alone B 5
You're My Thrill C+ 4
Leroy's band is more precise than usual and the writing is tighter and better. On the *Walk* side it gets a good beat and the Beep of Three Beaus and a Beep sings fine lead. On *Thrill* the band sounds stiffer, the sectional blends aren't as good and all in all it could easily have been the group in the next rehearsal studio running over a mediocre arrangement for the first time. (MGM)

EDDY HOWARD
Be Anything B— 8
She Took C+ 7

Eddy's added a big choir, and though it fits into today's commercial picture it detracts from the relaxed coziness that's Eddy's stock-in-trade. He sings typically, what you can hear of him. The reverse is a cowboy novelty which doesn't mean too much. (Mercury)

HARRY JAMES
KITTY KALLEN
When I Dream B 7
To Be Loved By You B 7
The reunion of band and band singer comes off nicely. Kitty still sounds like the high school girl you used to have a crush on. Harry's band is still great and he blows some exciting stuff in the last chorus of *Dream*. (Columbia)

SAMMY KAYE
I Ain't Lazy—I'm Just Dreaming B— 7
Winnepesaukee C+ 7
For fifteen and a half bars the first side is a shocking surprise. There's a fine tenor blowing real, moodful stuff, backed by in-tune muted brass. But then all of a sudden comes one of those ludicrous announcements, the whole mood is destroyed and the vocal group comes along to make this just another Sammy Kaye "Music for the Mices" side. Note, though, that the saxes blow well in back of the singing. The reverse is mostly exuberant band singing with lots of Indian names and since the guys shout better than they play, this isn't too bad an effort. (Columbia)

PETER KING SINGERS
I'll Walk Alone B— 7
Love Where Are You Now B— 7
This new group doesn't do anything particularly outstanding, musically speaking, though it sounds well-rehearsed (perhaps because King has been associated with Waring) and does make the most of not very scintillating arrangements. (Victor)

LISA KIRK
I Couldn't Sleep Last Night B 6
Look Up C 5
Sleep, a pretty song, gets a warm, feelingful treatment from a gal who should sing like this more often on wax and less often the way she does on the tremolo-filled version of the dull *Look Up* waltz. (Victor)

GUY LOMBARDO
Blue Tango C 7
At Last, At Last C+ 6
Tango is typical: commercial, though a bit too late to beat out some of the other versions. *At Last* offers the usual Lombardo conservatism as the two pianos (in tune) sound almost like one. (Decca)

GORDON MACRAE
Gentle Hands C 5
These Things Shall Pass C+ 5

Gordy's singing semi-religious songs with a fox-trot backing. It's not very congruous, nor very effective either. He's a little less stiff on the second side, but neither is worthy or typical of his fine potential. (Capitol)

BERNIE MANN

Ecstasy B-5
Waitin' C+6

Ecstasy has a pretty melody but a contrived lyric, what with all those multi-syllable words tossed in for no effect. Tommy Hughes sings it nicely if not too consistently and the band plays well. The reverse is a ponderous novelty. The brass is great, but the overemphasis of the second and fourth beats is annoying and Tommy and the band don't sing too well. (King)

FREDDY MARTIN

Am I In Love B-7
Wing Ding Tonight C+5

Love gets a fairly good musical treatment, complete with Merv Griffin and some bits of clean piano from Murray Arnold. The reverse is an old fashioned, one-steppy sort of production spotting a fair Dixieland group. (Victor)

ROBERT MERRILL

ROBERTA PETERS
Indian Love Call B 7
So in Love B-6

Opera stars seldom come off well doing pop songs, though Miss Peters' high notes fit the *Call* well and Merrill's semi-operatic style isn't so out of place as it is on the reverse. I, for one, just can't make that sort of stiff singing, even on musical comedy tunes like *So in Love*. And how come that artists of such stature get such measly musical backgrounds? (Victor)

VAUGHN MONROE

Lady Love C+7
Idaho State Fair C+6

Lady, which sounds like *O' Dem Golden Slippers*, gets the big, robust, martial treatment. *Idaho*, another of those cowboy tunes, gets a fair booting from Vaughn and Co. (Victor)

ART MOONEY

Honky Tonk Blues C+5
Move It On Over B-6

The *Blues*, mostly sung by Shorty Long, is an attempt to follow up the band's *Blacksmith Blues*. It's just fair stuff. The reverse at least has enthusiastic blowing by the brass and ditto singing by Long,

though the poor sax intonation doesn't help this boogie woogie attempt. (MGM)

HELEN O'CONNELL

Be Anything B-6
Right or Wrong C+5

There are good and bad parts to Helen's *Anything* version: the good are a degree of warmth that she doesn't always attain; the bad are wobbly intonation, choppy phrases and unconvincing (and unnecessary) dramatics. The reverse is a very pretty song also, but again Helen is inconsistent and she should never have tried for those high notes that she doesn't reach at the end. (Capitol)

PATTI PAGE

Love Where Are You Now B-7
Whispering Winds C 7

Patti emotes with pathos on the first, though musically she's much better when she sings softly. She gets good instrumental support quantity-wise, but not quality-wise, as the big band makes the least of its many numbers via a routine, cliché-ridden arrangement. The reverse is another of those folksy waltz things that Patti does, again complete with two-part harmony. (Mercury)

PAULETTE SISTERS

Oh, Johnny, Oh C 6
Put That Foot Down C+7

The most that can be said for the first side is that the girls get a good blend. But they're so overly cute and coy. And why in the world do a take-off on Bonnie Baker when her original version was also done on Columbia? *Foot* is a fair novelty, complete with Calypso accent and feeling and done well enough by the Sisters who could produce some worthwhile music if given a chance. (Columbia)

WOOLF PHILLIPS

Palladium Prelude B 6
Dancing Bells B-7

The prelude has a pretty strain and somebody blows a very fine alto, but not enough happens to make this the outstanding record that it might have been. Further development could have given it a higher musical rating. The reverse is a well-played novelty, not terribly interesting, but with a bell sound gimmick that will probably draw attention. (Coral)

LOUIS PRIMA

Basta C 6
Ooh-Dahdily-Dah C 4

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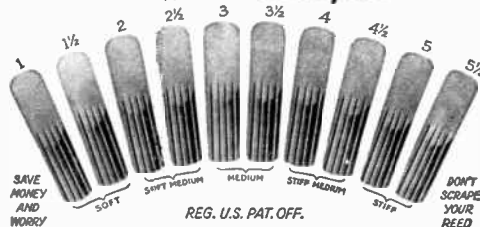
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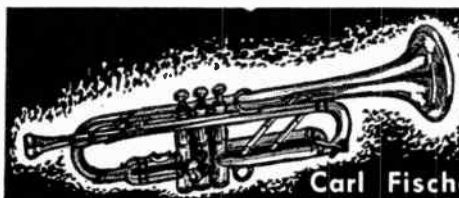
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Basta is another of those Prima, six-eight novelties, complete with mediocre band intonation and a girl who tries to sing with an Italian accent but forgets here and there. The reverse is a rough blues, blatant and unmusical, and the kind of thing that turns people against jazz because "it's just a lot of noise." They're right, here. (Columbia)

JOHNNIE RAY

What's the Use C 7
Mountains in the Moonlight C+ 8
Don't Blame Me C
Walkin' My Baby Back Home B
Don't Take Your Love from Me C+

All of Me C+
Give Me Time B—
The Lady Drinks Champagne C+
Out in the Cold Again C
Coffee and Cigarettes C+

The first two sides comprise Johnnie's latest single. *Use* is a novelty tango, replete with retarded first syllables as Johnnie stumbles into words in typical Ray fashion. Actually it's so mannered that it sounds almost like Stan Freberg. Johnnie's less affected on the reverse and actually sings well during the release of the first chorus of a rather pretty ballad.

The other eight sides comprise a Ray I.P. On the first four he gets nice backing from Buddy Cole's Quartet; the last four have the Four Lads, as usual. *Blame* is highly stylized and overdone. On *Walkin'*, though, Johnnie gets a fine beat and shows signs of jazz understanding as well as good taste. *Love* is still a great song. *Me* swings now and then, though some of Johnnie's phrasing is too jazzy for comfort. *Time* is a great Alec Wilder tune which Johnnie sings with feeling, much of it Billie Holiday's however. *Lady* is a dramatic opus, a good vehicle overdone to a turn. *Cold* can't stand all the super-pathos with which Johnny tries to warm it. *Coffee* shows off some good feeling, though it's hard to understand the words. (Columbia)

TRUDY RICHARDS

I Don't Mind C+ 8
I Never Loved Anyone But You B— 7

Mind is given the big echo routine, with Trudy singing with herself and all that there novelty sort of thing. It's a commercial opus, enhanced musically by George Barnes' guitar. The reverse is earthy, old-fashioned emoting of a good ballad, done very slowly, with simple but effective Sy Oliver support. Note especially the pretty intro. (Decca)

WALTER SCHUMANN

Last Night B+ 8
The Far Lands B 6

Here's truly beautiful singing! Not only is the Schumann group

BEST POPULAR SIDES

Champ Butler: *Be Anything*
 Perry Como: *TV Favorites* album
 Xavier Cugat: *Jungle Flute*
 Billy Daniels: *Diane*
 Rusty Draper: *Just Because*
 Jack Haskell: *Be Anything*
 Walter Schumann: *Last Night*

great, but it also features Marie Greene, a gal who has been off wax for too long and who gives out with some great, warm singing here. Hers is a most welcome return to wax. (Note pretty picture on page 26.) Extra added attraction is Eddie Miller's tenor with its very pretty fill-ins. Here's one of the few sides today that's really fine, both musically and commercially. The reverse is a less dynamic, though still good performance of a song with an Hawaiian flavor. (Capitol)

DINAH SHORE

I Am a Heart B— 8
To Be Loved By You B— 6

Could be that Dinah swallowed some radishes before she did these dates, because both sets of lyrics are full of repeated wordage. The first is soft and very pleasant at those times when tears don't clog Dinah's throat, and Henri Rene supplies a very commercial background. The second has some modern scoring by the band and singing by Dinah that shows she's not lost when it comes to singing with a beat. As a matter of fact, too many people sell Mrs. M. far too short in the beat department! (Victor)

FRANK SINATRA

Don't Ever Be Afraid to Go Home B 7
Feet of Clay B— 5

Frank also shows how well he can do a rhythm tune as he jumps through the *Home* piece, a good tune with ditto lyrics. Axel Stordahl's band gets the idea, though it's not as clean as usual. The reverse has some mournful, feelingful singing, but the moaning voices, reminiscent of a Jewish funeral, are overdone. (Columbia)

LILTIN' TILTONS

Am I in Love B— 8
There's a Cloud in My Valley of Sunshine C+ 7

Martha and Liz Tilton sound here like just what they are: cheery, nice, happy, clean-cut gals. The first is a good commercial bet, what with its repeated strains and bright sounds. It's not great musically, but the gals are still better than most of today's more stylized performers. George Cates supplies the good Dixieland backing. The reverse is sort of a Latin hill billy affair (Music of the Azores, perhaps?) which is fair enough and which could catch on. (Coral)

MARTHA TILTON

CURT MASSEY

What Can I Do C+ 7
The Nightingale Remembers C+ 6
 The first side is a Gay Nineties sort of soft-shoe thing which is at

its best when Martha and Curt sing individually instead of together. The reverse is real sob stuff in waltz time, also done fairly well. (Coral)

RICKEY VALLO

Don't Laugh at Me C+ 7
Beware

Vallo shows that he is influenced by various singers on the first side, working with a group and sounding like the Four Aces and the Billy Williams Quartet. The reverse is so off center that it is completely unreviewable. (MGM)

CY WALTER

Nice Work If You Can Get It
Music for Twilight
Sometimes I'm Happy
While We're Young
They Can't Take That Away from Me
Alone Together
Mrs. Malaprop
Isn't It Romantic
 album rating B—

Parts of this LP are ponderous and old-fashioned; parts of it, especially the two originals, *Music* and *Mrs.* have some very pretty moments. The first is impressionistic, movie music; the second is a cute piece with a gossipy part and a pretty part. There's also some nice, standard Walter on *Alone* and *Romantic*. Musicians must admire Cy for his technique, especially his mammoth left hand, though they too may find fault with some of his out-dated mannerisms. (Columbia)

THE WEAVERS

Ay-Round the Corner B— 7
The Gandy Dancers Ball C+ 6

The first captures the spirit better than the second one does, the latter having too much of a folk-song approach. Gordon Jenkins helps with especially fine backgrounds. (Decca)

PAUL WESTON

You Were Meant for Me
Over the Rainbow
'Sposin
How High the Moon
This Can't Be Love
Pennies from Heaven
Why Shouldn't I
Embraceable You
 album rating B—

This is a disappointing LP for a man of Weston's talents and previous offerings. Too many of the sides sound as if he were out to make a fast buck instead of the good music that he has made in the past. Exceptions are *Pennies*, which has some pretty string writing and playing; *This*, with its good bounce and ditto tenor by what sounds like Babe Russin, and *Embraceable*, spottily arranged but featuring an effective, schmaltzy trumpet in the Elman manner. (Columbia)

BEST COMMERCIAL BETS

Ames Brothers: *And So I Waited Around*
 Ames Brothers: *The Sheik of Araby*
 Leroy Anderson: *The Pennywhistle Song*
 Kay Brown: *Homing Pigeon*
 Doris Day-Guy Mitchell: *Gentle Johnny*
 Rusty Draper: *Just Because*
 Bob Eberly: *Anything That's Part of You*
 Percy Faith: *Festival*
 Georgia Gibbs: *Kiss of Fire*
 Eddy Howard: *Be Anything*
 Johnnie Ray: *Mountains in the Moonlight*
 Trudy Richards: *I Don't Mind*
 Walter Schumann: *Last Night*
 Dinah Shore: *I Am a Heart*
 Liltin' Tiltons: *Am I in Love*

THE CLASSICS

BACH is handsomely represented this month on records in his cantatas and one of his suites for unaccompanied cello. Hermann Scherchen, whose phonographic record is almost impeccable, leads the Vienna Akademiechor and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra in the 32nd Cantata, *Liebster Jesu*, and the better known *Wachet auf*, the 140th Cantata (Westminster 12-inch). The singing is as good as the conductor's reading, giving lovely much richer representation on record. There is similar beauty in the Gottingen Bach Festival Chorus's singing of *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, Cantata No. 4 (Decca 10-inch). In the third of the six suites for cello unaccompanied, in C major, Enrico Mainardi shows an attractive vigor which transcends most of his limitations of tone. The recording matches the sturdiness of the interpretation.

A fine pair of Berlioz overtures, those to *Benvenuto Cellini* and *Le Corsaire* are coupled with the familiar noises of Ravel's *Bolero*, which almost destroys the usefulness of Charles Munch's sprightly performances with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (London 12-inch).

Two records of the Brahms Double Concerto, the A minor, Op. 102 for violin and cello, provide sizable contrasts in execution. Nathan Milstein and Gregor Piatigorsky offer virtuoso performances of sumptuous tone and abiding technical skill, with the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra under Fritz Reiner (Victor 12-inch). Jean Fournier (violin) and Antonio Janigro (cello) display a fair musicianship but almost none of the necessary marksmanship with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Scherchen (Westminster 12-inch). The Heifetz-Feuermann collaboration (available on LP and 45 rpm) is still the best.

Kathleen Long does Enmanuel Chabrier a real service with her delightful performances of his *Idyll* and *Bouree Fantasque* for piano, and is as effective as can be expected in Ravel's *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, which, to say the least, has always provided me with a nod or two. The same composer's *Sonatine*, however, is less repetitious and more tuneful, and Miss Long plays it, like the others, very well (London 12-inch).

Handel's *Te Deum for the Peace of Utrecht* is a minor choral effort by the composer of *The Messiah* given something close to major intensity by the performance of the Danish State Radio Chorus and Orchestra under Mogens Woldike (Westminster 12-inch). Not much



George London

more can be said for the Coronation Anthem which concludes the set, although it too is highly listenable.

Mozart is at his most persuasive in the *E flat Sinfonia Concertante*, for violin, viola and chamber orchestra, which Joseph and Lillian Fuchs and the Zimmler Sinfonietta play so well (Decca 12-inch). The interplay of the closely related solo instruments is delicate, deft, delightful, and the balance of the solo parts with the ensemble, which keeps the work from becoming a concerto showpiece, is maintained with all the composer's and performer's skill.

Licia Albanese is also a disappointment in two works that are obviously not well-designed for her voice or style, Villa-Lobos' *Buchianas Brasileiras No. 2*, and *Tatiana's Letter Scene* from Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin*. Her intonation and her phrasing are much less than satisfactory. Leopold Stokowski and his studio orchestra give the singer all the possible support (10-inch Victor).

One of the very best records of the month is the collection of bass and baritone arias from Russian and French opera which George London sings. His is a rich voice remarkably directed in either range as he demonstrates in Prince Igor's aria from Act II of Borodin's *Prince Igor*, and *Do Not Weep, My Child* from Rubinstein's *The Demon*, in the *Death of Don Quichotte* from Massenet's *Don Quichotte* and in *Pauvre martyr obscur* from Paladilhe's *Patrie*. With the exception of the Borodin, this is hardly first-rate music, but the singing is superb, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra accompanies well, and the recording as such is excellent (12-inch Columbia). —BARRY ULANOV.

Spotlight on DON LAMOND



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the editors speak

GEORGE T. SIMON: BANDS, BOTTLES AND BALLS



THERE'S MORE and more evidence cropping up that dance bands are coming back. Advance bookings for summer spots are far ahead of last year's. Billy May drew a huge crowd at his New York debut. And Woody Herman at the Statler has been the talk of the town, so much so that Frank Conniff in his general column for the *Journal-American* was moved to remark: "I've been waiting these past few years for jazz to break out of the fog of exhibitionism . . . and I thought I saw the first patch of light when the Herman band took after *Stompin' at the Savoy* on

Friday night . . . This kind of music is bound to pave the way for a renaissance of interest in modern jazz . . ."

Yes, the picture looks brighter than it has in years, and personally I can't be happier than to see the acclaim that Woody is getting, because he deserves it not only for his musical integrity but also because as a person he is a truly great human being and a real credit to our profession.

However, I am a bit distressed about another leader in the field, who, for obvious reasons, shall not be named here. He is one of the men to whom the lost sheep of the band business have been

looking for guidance, for he leads a band whose music has been accepted by much of the public and who could do a great deal toward bringing back the band business. He's a hard-working man, a likeable man, but, unfortunately, also a very foolish man. For, here he is, faced with the great responsibility of being one of the key-figures in the possible renaissance of bands, and what does he do? He fluffs off his public.

If the band business is going to be brought back, it's going to entail winning back both the public and the promoters. And you can't win back a public which has paid its money to hear and see you play if you're going to spend several sets of each engagement off the bandstand, balling it up. And you certainly will never help the business regain the respect of promoters if you proceed to get loaded backstage on each job, letting some hired hand run your band, while you get your kicks backstage with a bottle.

This is serious business. Bands are now engaged in a tremendous struggle to regain the position they once held. Right musical moves can certainly shove them forward, but bad personal performances can push them right back again. And each time you go down, it's just that much harder to come back. This is still a buyers' market and bands' strongest salesmen are the leaders, themselves. It can take just one of them to sell all the rest down the river. If that happens, we may as well wrap up the whole business and give it to Johnnie Ray for keeps.

BARRY ULANOV: THE NEW JAZZ SOCIETY



IN ONE WAY the New Jazz Society has done better than any of us had a right to expect: it has stimulated in several cities and towns the close meeting together of people with serious interest in hearing and talking about and learning as much as possible about jazz. But in another way—strictly as a result of this very real accomplishment—the New Jazz Society has lost a great deal: membership in the national organization has declined in exact proportion to its growth in various places around the United States and Canada. The result has been that some of our ambitious

plans remain unrealized, probably forever.

In one way, too, I am enormously disappointed in the people who should make up the membership of NJS—and don't: these are the bitter and the despondent all over this country and in Europe and I dare say other continents too. I am talking about those who sit around complaining about the state of jazz, modern, middle-period, or Dixie, who moan the decay of jazz musicians, who grieve at the loss of night clubs and theatres and ballrooms that play jazz, who are sad at the diminishing number and quality of jazz records. What have they done about it? What have the fans done about it? What have the musicians themselves done about it? Very, very little. Except for a few extraordinary people,

such as John Brophy and Bob Machover, and my wife (who has spent many weary evenings maintaining NJS correspondence) and others at remote points around the country, NJS as a national organization has been a matter of "let's wait and see." Those who have waited will now see that NJS is strictly a matter of local organization from now on, that jazz fans and musicians either don't want to or are incapable of joining together nationally to sponsor concerts and support research projects in jazz scholarship and keep young jazz musicians going.

Don't misunderstand me—I'm not giving up all hope in the aims of NJS; I still think its kind of organization can succeed, maybe after some years of local success it can re-organize on a national scale. For the present, we are folding some of our tents. NJS will send out to all members a handsome discography of some size listing all the important jazz records, old and new, presently in print. Thereafter, it will be up to those of you who are still much interested to keep NJS alive locally. Here in New York a large city chapter is in the throes of organization and with the help of Turk Van Lake, Johnny Carisi, John La Porta and others a composer-arrangers' chapter is being arranged with concert plans of foremost importance. For the rest, if any of you have suggestions about future projects that are feasible, if any of you want advice in the planning of local outfits, if you want to say anything at all about NJS—write to me. I'll be interested to see how many have anything to say about a wonderful idea that is still wonderful but will have to take a different form.

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