

SHOW PAGE

My missivings turned to a healthy respect

I DISLIKE copycats! That I suppose, is why, in my extreme youth, I went in a big way for whispering Jack Smith, who treated—before the days of microphones and amplifiers—the intimate style of singing now known as crooning.

Next came the Mount City Blue Blowers, Louis Armstrong, Paul Whiteman, and in later years the incomparable Jimmie Lunceford and Duke Ellington. All of these had something new and original to offer.

Another thing—I do like melody. Emulate it if you will, extemporize if you wish, but please leave me with a melody, I will—remember Louis once saying, "Boy—you gotta have a melody!" So far as I am concerned, that still goes.

All of which should tell you why, when I went along to the Albert Hall, Bolton, on Wednesday of last week (1st), to see and hear the first of Vic Lewis' "Music for Moderns" concert (presented by Bert and Stan Wilcox, with his new Kenton-styled 18-piece orchestra, it was with some misgiving and not a little trepidation.

PRECISION

Yet I came away from the concert without any feeling of having been cheated, and with a healthy feeling of respect for a bunch of musicians who have quite obviously put everything they possess into something in which they believe.

I heard Vic's former band on many occasions—and, frankly, always looked upon it as a group which was attempting to do something which Kenton was already doing so much better.

The band always lacked the accurate intonation and precision with which the label progressive merely served as a cloak for out-of-tune playing and wrong notes and illegitimate harmonics.

This certainly does not apply now.

Lead trumpet Harold Lut played some "screamers" which—so to use the words of my comrade—"made top G's sound like a low register"—and he played them in tune and with a lobe.

INTONATION

Bonnie Chamberlain in one of his several attractive solos—which reminded me of the great Johnny Hodges at his most modern best—played some breath-taking harmonics, again in tune, in addition to exhibiting his complete control and mastery of the saxophone. His tone, too, was exactly the right "note."

Alan McDonald's supreme jazz playing, both groovy and pizz, Arthur Greenblatt's tasteful keyboard work, and—of all things—some beautiful sweet trombone from Stan Smith, were other highlights.

Now for the band's new vocal "discovery," Jacqueline Jennings.

This girl "has the message"—all right, but can she deliver it? I don't wish to be too critical in her case, for the simple reason that the amplification was very poor indeed, but I did feel that Jackie has more than a touch of the Laitcher—and where the Gene Oal fits into progressive music I wouldn't know.

Between "God Save the King," which, in true concert style, was played before the show, and Ken Thorpe's superb arrangement of "The Man I Love," which was a fitting climax to a unique occasion, were a matter of twenty numbers—or should I say numbers?—which ran the whole gamut of modern writing and scoring.

Mostly Kenton/Rugolo scores, with the Afro-Cuban styled "Cuban Mood," by Bonnie Ball, and an odd one or two by Ken Thorpe thrown in, the highlights for me were Vic's new signature tune, "Music for Moderns," the beautifully played "Concerto to End All Concertos," "Sartre-ai," and a Ken Thorpe progressive treatment of "Where Are You?" (Ah! a little melody here.)

On the debit side were several spots of roughness in the front-house section and, to a lesser degree, in the trumpet, the fact that the saxes as a section were rarely featured, which Vic assures me is a characteristic of progressive music, and the occasional lack of balance. In several solo solos Bonnie Chamberlain was completely drowned by the drums and/or the brass. But we actually saw and heard a clarinet!

I hope that this encouraging start will prove to be an augur for the future, but one thing I must say—whatever your situation, go and see one of these shows and you will not previously have heard anything like it in this country.—Jerry Dawson.

Squads were on top form despite Miller illness

THREE thousand people who packed the Regent Cinema at Bolton on Sunday evening for a concert featuring the Squads were disappointed when Jimmy Miller, leader of the Squads, could not appear owing to sudden illness.

On January 1st, and a fortnight from finishing the show at Bolton, could not go with the Squads to a dance at Leicester on Saturday, or attend the weekly broadcast on Sunday, was the last of a series of six carried out by the Squads.

In Jimmy's absence, the Squads were conducted by his second-in-command, trombonist George Chelwood, who worked exceedingly hard. Quite apart from his direction of the orchestra, George did a good deal of clowning and handled all the announcements.

FINE VOCALS

The Squads were at the top of their form in a programme lasting a couple of hours. The very varied fare included plenty of instrumental items and some excellent singing from baritone Roy Edwards and soprano Susan Jeans, not to mention the rhythmic Quads.

The Five Smith Brothers achieved their usual warm ovation for their robust harmonies.

BACK TO VARIETY AT HULME HIP.

AFTER a lapse of many years, a tailor-nightly Variety revue, named on Monday last (4th), at Hulme Hippodrome, Manchester, and of the seven acts on the opening week's bill, four were composed of one-time members of the dance music profession.

First to appear was Roger Smith with his "Talking Outlaw," which created a sensation when he appeared with Felix Mendelssohn and his Hawaiian Serenaders. He was closely followed on the bill by one-time Brian Martin vocalist Gene Crowley.

Gene's humour, though a little forced and at times rather blue was nevertheless given a big reception. His singing is a real ahead of anything that one normally expects from a comic I feel that he would be well advised to do more singing and less patter.

In the second half of the programme we heard Heckford and Boyle—the latter, of course, being the ex-Billy Cotton trumpet-star who, with his xylophone partner, has been appearing in Variety.

This is a grand act, with versatility its keynote. Clothed the bill were Billy Reid and Dorothy Squires, whose fans are numerous enough to fill almost any theatre. Their welcome was nothing short of rapturous.

There is little in their act for modernists, with the exception of the introduction of the Bobson, but if you like your sentiment in large heaps, this is it! It was a promising start to the new venture, and pleasing an important part in the programme was the heavy programme of orchestras, conducted by Jimmy Fraser, which was installed by Billy Butler and Tommy Whitefoot, of Billy Butler Orchestra.—Jerry Dawson.

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Ad libbing... by RIF

I do hope you've no objection to a series on "The Ad Libbing" (We don't mind, do we?)

Right ahead, I'll be glad to spread a word (Kershall)

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Portland Place (grossly appropriate)

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The Tribes

Exponents of the tuba, Eskimo, slapping a sense of hubb! But then, would you spring about cheerfully humming, if you had to carry on your shoulders all that mass of plank-

Why must it always be a lucky dip?

TV... by "Scanner"

WHETHER or not the majority prefer it that way, it is nevertheless a fact that, by not announcing in advance who they are presenting in appropriate settings and given suitable material. Opening shows for the show suggested that the setting was going to be the ideal one of a Mississippi showboat.

But it soon turned out to be Paris—possibly because all the script-writers knew about Negro entertainment was what they had picked up from coloured folk who have been away so long from their own country that they have almost forgotten they are coloured. At any rate, that is the impression I got.

Among others in the show were Adelaide Hall and Hilda Simms, Adelaide still can, and on this occasion did, sound something like a good coloured singer by choice of material or the rather amateurish presentation.

Miss Simms showed herself once again to be the great screen star proved in "Anna Lucasta," production of which she gave her was no compliment to her talents. It was so forced you could almost smell the thubarb!

Buddy Bradley was also on tap. But anyone who hoped that this would mean dabbling—on the part of the arts in which coloured people excel—had a sad disappointment. There was none.

Eric Robinson's orchestra was, as usual, musically enough. But, partly due to stupidity, mostly rhythmless arrangements, it sounded just too, too white, and not even American white at that. Nor is this the end of this rather sad story.

The whole show was so bitter and disappointed that it was often difficult to decide where realism ended and impressionism commenced, and, with all the quarter Latin artist business, as a coloured show this was just about as phoney as it could have been.

And all this from the producer who did such a grand job on Phyllis Robinson's "Starlight" only a couple of weeks previously!

Really, Walton Anderson, you make me blush for you. Next time you try your hand at "Black Magic," please make it black and magic, and not just coffee-coloured dappoodee.

A PROGRAMME for which I however, the TV sets did announce the artists in advance was "Black Magic" on Monday last week (January 30).

But for all the indication it gave of what we actually got, they might almost as well have kept not only this information, but also the title they so misdirect from Trinidad.

Like most native folk music, calypso is uncompromisingly naive, but it has a definite charm and certain intonations charm of its own. Whether it will catch on over here remains to be seen.

But in associating itself with this first real attempt to popularise it as something new for us (which it isn't), Brunswick put out quite a few records of it, as long ago as before—the war, the TV, people, was complaining themselves on at least having given us the genuine article.

As their sponsor, St. Denis Preston, put it to me, the two "Lords," are the Real Thing direct from Trinidad.

Sincerity, drive—and a growing following

WE don't often play numbers from the weekly Hit Parade, Humphrey Lytelson told a thousand fans in Manchester's Houldsworth Hall last Saturday night. The New Sunders revivalists temporarily suspended the rule to give "Jealous Heart."

"Jealous Heart" is into a lot of exuberantly counterpointed pieces and gave one of them to New Raphael to sing. She took it just a little straight, but maybe the pace was too hot for all those stirring oratorical and persuasive undertones your jazz singer very properly likes to have. But I figure Mrs Raphael's righteously some of these days.

PIANO INTERLUDERS

This was the enterprising Manchester Jazz Club's fifth concert and the Lytelson band's first Northern appearance with its present drummer, George Hopkinson was looking in on the Hopkinson City for the first time. The group sounded better than ever, and before a particularly

You mustn't miss this 'Great Feeling'

IT'S colonial, dynamic, stupendous and titanic—the super special picture of the year. If, perchance, you should see such superlatives in any hand-outs on "It's a Great Feeling" (Warner Theatre, London), don't demand them as mere bluffs. It could scarcely do justice to this truly brilliant picture.

"It's a Great Feeling" is as full of cracks as a bombed china shop. They run like a scintillating thread through the whole Technicolor eddy-dye minutes. This musical is a sparkling satire on the Hollywood scene, and Warner Bros. themselves suffer a fair share of the script-writers' brackishness.

The stars of the film are Doris Day, Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson. The songs, which were written by the "It's Magic" team of Julie Styne and Sammy Cahn, comprise "Give Me a Song with a Beautiful Melody," "Fiddle Dee Dee," "At the Café Rendezvous," "That Was a Big Pal La," "There's Nothing Rougher Than Love," "Shame My Absent-minded Heart," and the title tune.

Doris has already recorded "At the Café Rendezvous" and "It's a Great Feeling" on Columbia (March supplement).

The film is generally released next month. Make sure you see it—even if you have to sneak in by the exit doors.—Lawrie Fern-

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The Great Controversy (contd.)

Progressive? Who's kidding who?

THIS article is for the attention of all young musicians.

Last week, in Nottingham, two young musicians came to me after our concert and said: "Ted, I wish you had played 'Move' on the concert this evening, we think it's great. It's much more advanced than those things like 'Intermission Riff,' etc."

Don't worry, youngsters, you're right! You know the old saying, "Out of the mouths of babes, etc."

Let us analyse all the hooey about progressive jazz.

"Progress" has always been something associated with brains, not brawn; and jazz is something created in the minds of individual players. Kenton's music doesn't fall into either category; in fact, it's as corny as "In The Mood" and "Skyliner."

It's just riff music, i.e., repetition of phrase. Whistle "Artistry In Boogie"—it has no more jazz value than the "Harry Lime Theme." If you heard us do "Artistry In Zither" on the air recently you will gather what I mean.

Square

Now, what is "Intermission Riff"? It's just a 1950 "Woodchoppers' Ball" with practically the same idea for a theme. And, to put it bluntly, that is square music by modern standards.

Let's dig deeper. We do admit that Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Lee Konitz, Erroll Garner, Tadd Dameron, etc., are the greatest, and that they are pioneers in jazz. What are they playing? Bop. And, whether you like it or not, bop is the only progressive jazz today. Anything else is phoney.

Whoever heard of progress stopping? Well, that's what Stan Kenton did after going all through "Ye Olde Riff Music" and then finally turning to longhair music.

In an interview with the American musical paper, "Down Beat," of January 27, 1950, Stan says:

"Everything that's been done in jazz is finished. Musicians have been playing the same things over and over again, sometimes dressing them up a little to try to make them sound a little different. I guess we went further out on that limb than anyone, but basically it was still the same old thing."

Wrong alley

How right he is! What he doesn't admit is that he went up the wrong alley and came to a full stop. Whatever bandleaders and the public may say or think, bop will go on in some form or other.



by TED HEATH

Woody Herman is on a far more modern kick than Stan Kenton will ever dream about. Just take a peep at the last "Down Beat" poll. Best band: Woody Herman, 1,042 votes. Stan Kenton: 5th, 157 votes. Seems as though American fans also have their own views.

You may think from all this that I don't like Stan's music. Well, we play it and I think it's

excellent commercial music; by that I mean that you can be sure that all the audience (bless 'em) will stand up and cheer at the end of his numbers. Just as they do for the "Harry Lime Theme."

Whoever heard of anyone cheering anything progressive? Why, if Parker, Miles Davis, Konitz, etc., played on an English concert platform they would probably finish their items in deadly silence—just because they didn't finish ten times as loud as they started.

What's the answer? For my part, as I have the greatest bunch of soloists that was ever gathered together in one English band, I'm keeping on making records like "Move," "Euphoria," "Father Knickerhopper" (described recently as the best modern record that ever came from an English band), "Lady Byrd," "Lyonia," etc.

But, until the fans catch up with us, we'll go on trotting out the old "Artistry," "Riffs," "Boogies," "Concertos," etc.—the "Music of Yesterday."

Bop for 7,000

I think Stan Kenton's band is great, and they play all their music well. But don't let's call it progressive, or jazz, or even modern.

So, for the boys in Nottingham and elsewhere.

If you want to be among the moderns, keep your musical appreciation for numbers like "Move" and "Euphoria" and "Lemon Drop," and you'll be on the right track.

P.S.—Bop in the ballroom? Just come up to Blackpool and watch 7,000 people dancing to "Euphoria"—48 bars to the minute.

Let's stop yelling 'Yah! Reactionary!'

by Ralph Sharon

MAY I, as a modernist, state that I consider that both Tito Burns and Johnny Dankworth were putting it very strongly last week when they accused George Evans of being a reactionary, an anti-bopper and a threat to modern and progressive music?

I personally know that George is none of these things. I remember when, a few years ago, the Gerald Gaucho Tango Orchestra became the Gerald Dance Orchestra, it was a "must" for musicians to listen to on account of George's arrangements alone. He changed the whole style of the band and was recognised at that time as the modern

British arranger. Can such a man be termed a reactionary?

I also happen to know that George listens, studies and enjoys all the best of the modern bop and progressive records—which a reactionary would have no time for at all.

Both Tito and Johnny seem to have misunderstood the main point in George's article, which was to keep bop and progressive music in its rightful place, and not ram it down the throats of the ballroom public.

In other words, there is a time and a place for everything, and the real home of bop development in this country is in clubs like the Club Eleven, the Feldman Club, etc.

On the other hand, I think that George Evans is taking rather an extreme view by quoting the old Hyltonian days, because—let's face it—those days will never come back!

Surely there is a middle path: a way of pleasing the ballroom public and also, in small doses, suiting the bop fans who stand around the bandstand to listen.

Tito claims that his Sextet does just that, and I am inclined to agree with him. He plays modern, boppy music at correct dance tempos, so who but the diehards could be offended at that?

Camaraderie

But I've also heard the new George Evans Orchestra, and, contrary to what some may believe after reading his article, George has a fine, "beaty" modern band which I think will get even more modern as it finds the level of the keen young musicians in it.

I'm sure that George also bears no grudge against Vic Lewis. Why should he? Vic is deserting the ballroom for the concert platform, and leaving the way clear for bands who would rather play for the dancers—which include the Evans outfit.

So why have I elected to act as peacemaker in this controversy? Simply for this reason:

I think that far too many of us in the music business take ourselves much too seriously. Agreed that it is our bread and butter, and therefore deserves serious thought; but surely there is enough room for all kinds of dance music without any of us flying off the handle and yelling: "Yah! Reactionary!" at each other.

In America, bandleaders admire each other's work, boost each other whenever possible, and generally possess a tolerant outlook. But over here, in Britain, camaraderie seems to be sadly lacking. Indeed, one gets the impression that the slogan of bandleaders here is: "Anything you can play, I can play louder, faster and better!"

So let's forget the bitterness and try to help each other solve these problems that mean so much to us all.

Unity is strength, but an intolerant, shortsighted outlook can only lead to the same old story of bop and progressive bandleaders and musicians shouting "Nuts!" to the strict tempo boys, and vice versa.

ON THE BEAT

FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF 'MM' REPORTERS

THE story of how a song saved a man's life came to me this week.

The song was "Eine Kleine Liebeslied" (A Little Love Affair); the man, composer Harry Ralton, who also wrote (in collaboration with Martyn Mayne) the new ballad, "I Remember the Cornfields," which was broadcast by Donald Peers when he returned to the air last Wednesday night (8th).

Here's the story: Silesian-born Harry Ralton was imprisoned in Buchenwald concentration camp in 1938, and months of horror had caused him to abandon hope of seeing the outside world again.

Then, one morning, he was called before the prison doctor—a high-ranking S.S. officer. Harry feared the end.

But, to his great surprise, he was given a bed in the hospital barracks. There, the doctor made a point of looking after him personally. Above all, this doctor was finally instrumental in getting Harry released.

The reason for the Nazi's unusual behaviour puzzled Harry for quite a time afterwards. Ultimately he discovered that the doctor's most treasured memory was closely linked to "Eine Kleine Liebeslied." Some innate decency had prompted him to save the life of the prisoner whose melody was connected with a romantic experience.

Harry Ralton tells the "MM" that the idea of "I Remember the Cornfields" was born in the same concentration camp. Understandably, he gets a tremendous thrill when he hears British artists sing this song.

"I feel that, for once, good came from evil," he adds.

Birthday cake

THE baker thought the customer was mad. But when Don Kingwell explained: "It's for some friends of mine who are dance musicians," he shrugged his shoulders philosophically and agreed to make the cake pictured herewith.

And on the last night of the Stork Club's career as a bottle party, the cake was carried in by two waiters and presented to Ralph Sharon on the bandstand.

"Happy First Broadcast, Ralph," was the message across the centre, and, below, the names of "The Sharon," Martin Aston, Jack Fallon, Jimmy Skidmore, Pete Chiver(s), Tommy Pollard and Jimmy Young.

As a means of celebrating Ralph's first broadcast (on January 23) with his new band, it was an extremely happy gesture on the part of Don, the President of the Kingston Rhythm Club.

And it very nearly qualified Don for inclusion in the Piddington Class. For on the top half of the design, Don had included the words "Burman's Bauble."

When the "MM" appeared on February 3, readers saw that

Maurice had awarded Ralph's band a Bauble and a Bar.

Butlin Band Parade

FOUR bands, "Keep Fit" demonstrations, Chinese contortionists and plate spinners, acrobatic dancers and trick cyclists—all these attractions provided topflight entertainment for the thousands of holidaymakers who crammed the Royal Albert Hall last Monday (6th) for the opening night of Butlin's Fifth Annual Festival of Reunion.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the celebrations moved to the Empress Hall, Earl's Court, To-morrow (Saturday) they wind up with a Grand Celebrity Band concert at the Central Hall, Westminster.

At the Albert Hall, where the revelry was spread over Monday and Tuesday evenings, modern-style dance music was supplied by the Squadrinaires, Eric Winston's Orchestra and Ivy Benson's All Ladies' Band.

Jimmy Miller, who had just recovered from a bout of flu (see review on page 2), fronted the Squads with his usual aplomb; but the Winston band—whose leader was unfortunately unable to appear owing to illness—was conducted by deputy-leader Roy Marsh.

Best comedy number came from the Squads, who gave a riotous rendering of "Twelfth Street Rag."

A surprise, but welcome, attraction with the Winston band was the guest appearance of vocalist Benny Lee, who opened in fine style with a swiny version of "Is It True What They Say About Dixie."

Old-time dance music was efficiently played by Al Freid and the Butlin Concert Orchestra, while Ivy Benson gave an attrac-



tive musical presentation under the billing of "Ladies' Night"—title of the BBC feature in which Ivy appeared.

Only one thing tended to distract the male audience's attention from the quick-fire entertainment programme: the pronounced physical attributes of Doris—a young lady employed by publicist Alan Fletcher—who moved up and down the aisles selling copies of "The New Beat." Doris must have collected a large revenue.

VIC LEWIS, central figure in this controversy, addresses An open letter to George Evans

DEAR GEORGE,—Thanks for wishing me luck in my progressive venture.

Now—to deal with some of the points raised in your article.

Are you sure that progressive music has damaged the profession? My view is that the damage has been done by the trite arrangements played by 90 per cent of touring bands.

Yes, I'm keeping progressive music out of the ballroom; and I am sure that music lovers will be glad of the opportunity to listen to the music they like. Dance hall "rules and regulations" can only limit their enjoyment.

And here's a P.S. from Harry Leader

I was rather amused at the controversy between the various bandleaders as to the merits of progressive jazz, bop and strict tempo. I may surprise you when I say that I think they are all correct in their own particular way of thinking. And, deny it who will, each bandleader runs his orchestra as a commercial proposition. (Does that ring a bell?)

Personally, I like all kinds of modern music (if well played and well paid), and as our own style is packing 'em in at the Astoria every afternoon and evening after seven consecutive years, I could claim that our own sweet style is the most lasting.

I guess "MM" readers are the final judges.

I agree that the one-night stand business is in the doldrums, but I feel that it is the stolid strict tempo maestros who are to blame. You won't be able to blame me in future. Now you have a big job in front of you. I wish you luck.

Certainly ballroom-proprietor Sam Ramsden said that of today's name bands only a few draw good box-office returns. But surely you should have given me credit for being one of the few. I think Sam will be one of the first to agree on this point.

I am glad you acknowledge that we attracted crowds of fans to the ballroom. And what if they didn't go to dance? Isn't the ballroom first and foremost a place of entertainment? If the crowd was entertained, and the occasion a financial success, surely our policy was vindicated.

We have never found it necessary to sneer and say, "If you don't like our music you know what to do." The public did know all too well what to do in our case. They gave us impressive box-office receipts all over the country.

And why is it "time that we forgot this progressive and bop nonsense"? After twenty years of ordinary dance music, I feel that it is high time we offered the public something new. Or don't you believe in progress?

I concede your point that musicians must be equipped with all the necessary technique, and I think you have been unfortunate in meeting so many ill-equipped young musicians. My advice to you is to leave them alone—at least until they are capable of playing with a name band such as yours.

I appreciate that radio listeners still want to hear their favourite melodies, but I'm sure they won't be broken-hearted if I leave this function to the other 99 per cent of today's bands.

I earnestly hope you eventually get "out of the wood," George. As for myself, I think I have.—Sincerely yours,

Vic Lewis.

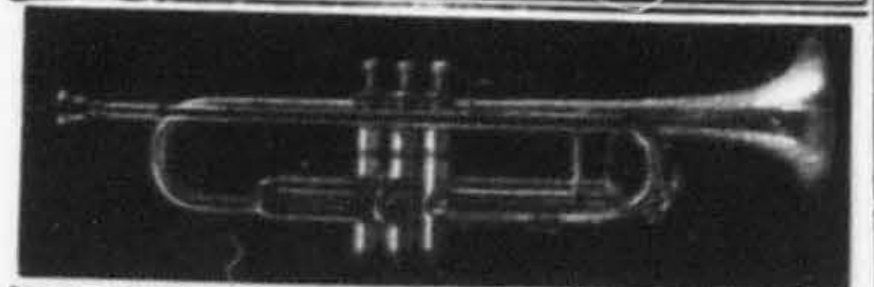
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How to get a *Technical Page* distinctive guitar style

I SHOULD say that a great number of experienced guitarists have found for themselves some of the strange-sounding, lesser-known chord shapes, labelled them as novelties and disregarded their possible value in intros, and modulations.

It is true, anyway, that the majority of fret-sets are constant to stick to the tried and true when it comes to chords, and thus neglect the many and varied inversions which are not to be found in any published tutor.

A study of example 3 will show that it is a single string modulation of the preceding example with slight alteration at the end. This should be played at a fairly slow tempo and the shifting must be very smooth and relaxed. Once mastered, this can be used as an intro, to the "Oldie" "Mean To Me."

by **IKE ISAACS**

beats for single string technique. Here, in example 1, I have arranged some of these chords in a sequence that is being used a lot nowadays and I can assure guitarists who are handicapped by weakness of the little finger, that mastery of these chords can not fail to bring about an improvement. For alternative fingering, the second and third fingers can be used to stop the fourth and fifth strings.

Example 1

Example 2

Example 3



Hints on practice

I HAVE been asked by several readers to give hints on intelligent practice for the modern sax student. There is no doubt in my mind that a system makes for speed in progress. Willfully and aimless practice is not likely to lead anywhere.

I think that the first thing in the order of practice should be fifteen minutes on long notes, with special emphasis on octaves and various intervals. This should be followed by an hour on the complete cycle of major and minor scales. For example, the scale of C should be ascended and descended, starting first on the C, then on the D, then on E, and so on.

I think that the metronome is invaluable for practice, and with it and the correct tempo, and then at later tempo as progress is made.

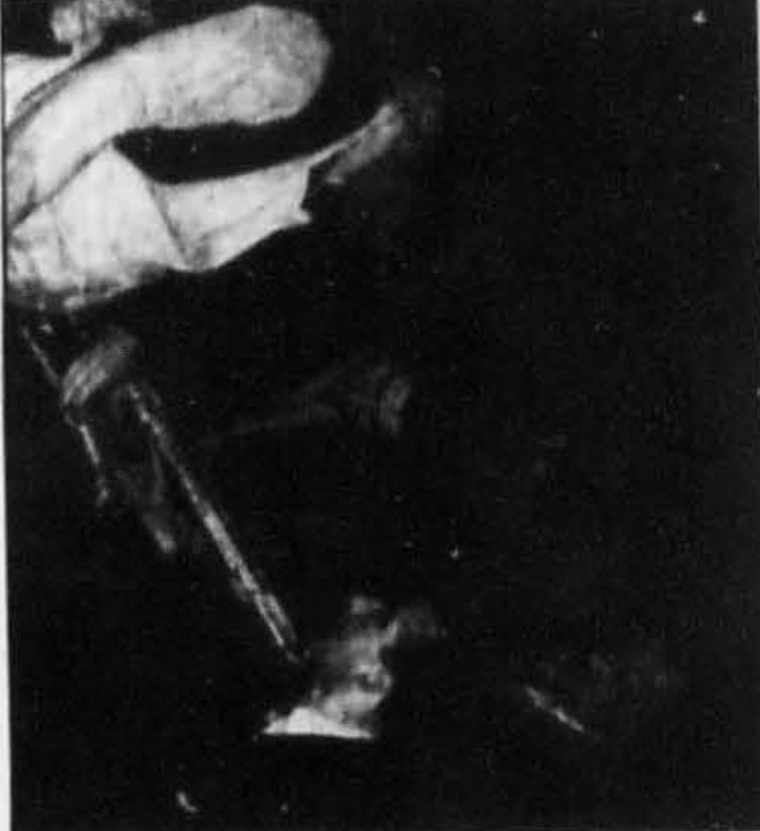
After experience has been gained, it is possible to produce the tone you want for solo, modifying it for section playing. The thing is most important, and the most efforts should not be allowed to spoil it.



by **RONNIE SCOTT**

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Technical queries should be addressed to Tony Brown (Technical Editor), Room 222, The MELBOURNE MAKER, 109, High Holborn, W.C.1. For answering by our panel of famous instrumentalists, no query can be dealt with unless this coupon is enclosed, together with a stamped addressed envelope.

FRANK AND EXPERT ADVICE



In Town after recovering from the accident which cost him his index finger and the top joint of the next, Sandy Anderson of Elgin meets the picture show journalist, Selmer Rogers' Foreman Sid Moler, Selmer Anderson, Eric End (now Sir Aubrey Frank) and (near) Technical Page Editor Tony Brown, and Ted Hooper of Selmer's making the initial arrangements in the Christmas issue of the "N.M." Selmer, Selmer carried out the subsequent modifications free of charge under the sponsorship of sax editor, Freddy Gardner, who volunteered his services.

Let's learn to breathe first!

THE control of breath is perhaps the most important individual factor in saxophone playing, as it largely affects tone, attack, dynamics and instrumental facility. It is virtually a subject in itself which few are qualified to teach, perhaps the most able being Mr. Phil Parker, the eminent brass teacher, who has given me considerable guidance on the subject.

invites **JOHNNY DANKWORTH**

What is required from the lungs of a saxophone player is a steady stream of compressed air which will cause the reed to vibrate at any rate instantaneously—and for the longest possible duration.

This requires the use of all available space in the lungs, and for this purpose the upper portion of the lungs, the part to which most of us confine our breathing, is insufficient. The lower portion, controlled by the diaphragm, and certain side muscles, must be brought into use.

When the lungs are full, the next important thing is the expansion of the air. This must be controlled and not merely an escape. The action can be likened to pushing toothpaste out of a tube, as opposed to letting water trickle out of a bottle.

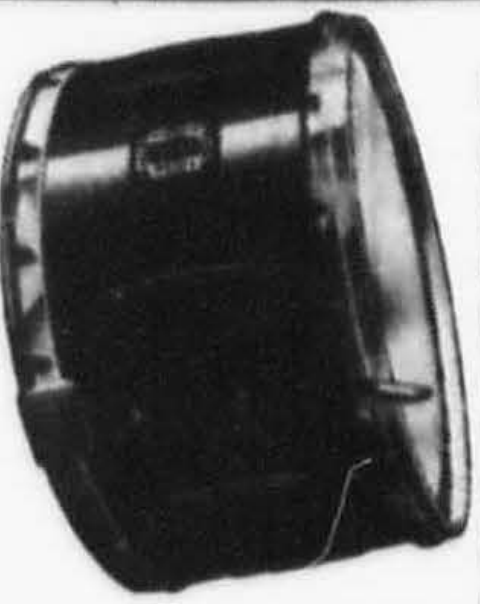
The pressure must be kept even and steady from the beginning to the end of the movement, and this requires considerable practice and muscle control. No jerky movement of the diaphragm must be allowed. Complete bodily relaxation must be attained and the shoulders or protrusion of the upper chest. The abdomen may bulge a little, but this is natural.

When a degree of mastery is attained in the inhalation or expansion of breath, the student may apply it to the instrument, practicing long notes at various volumes, but not before he has learned how to start and stop his notes in the correct manner.

The mouthpiece should be placed in the mouth after inhalation in the manner described, and the tongue placed on the tip of the reed to prevent the flow of air. Thus a pressure of air will be maintained.

Leading instrumentalists, technicians, will be invited to write their instructions and problems to these sections, each of which will be prepared over by a panel of stars who will lecture, demonstrate, and answer questions. Berke, brass, and rhythm instructors will be dealt with at separate meetings.

Administrative details will be announced on this page in the near future.



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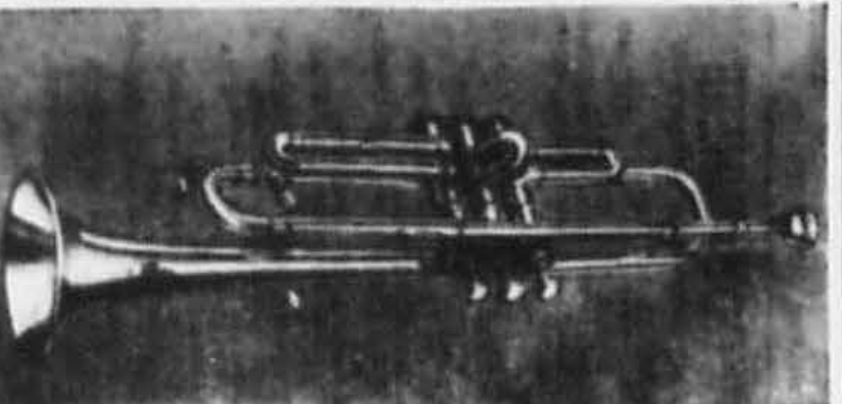
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