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NOVEMBER, 1944 25c

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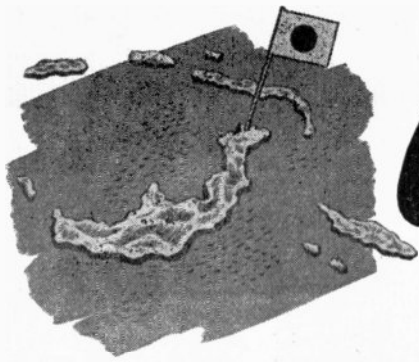
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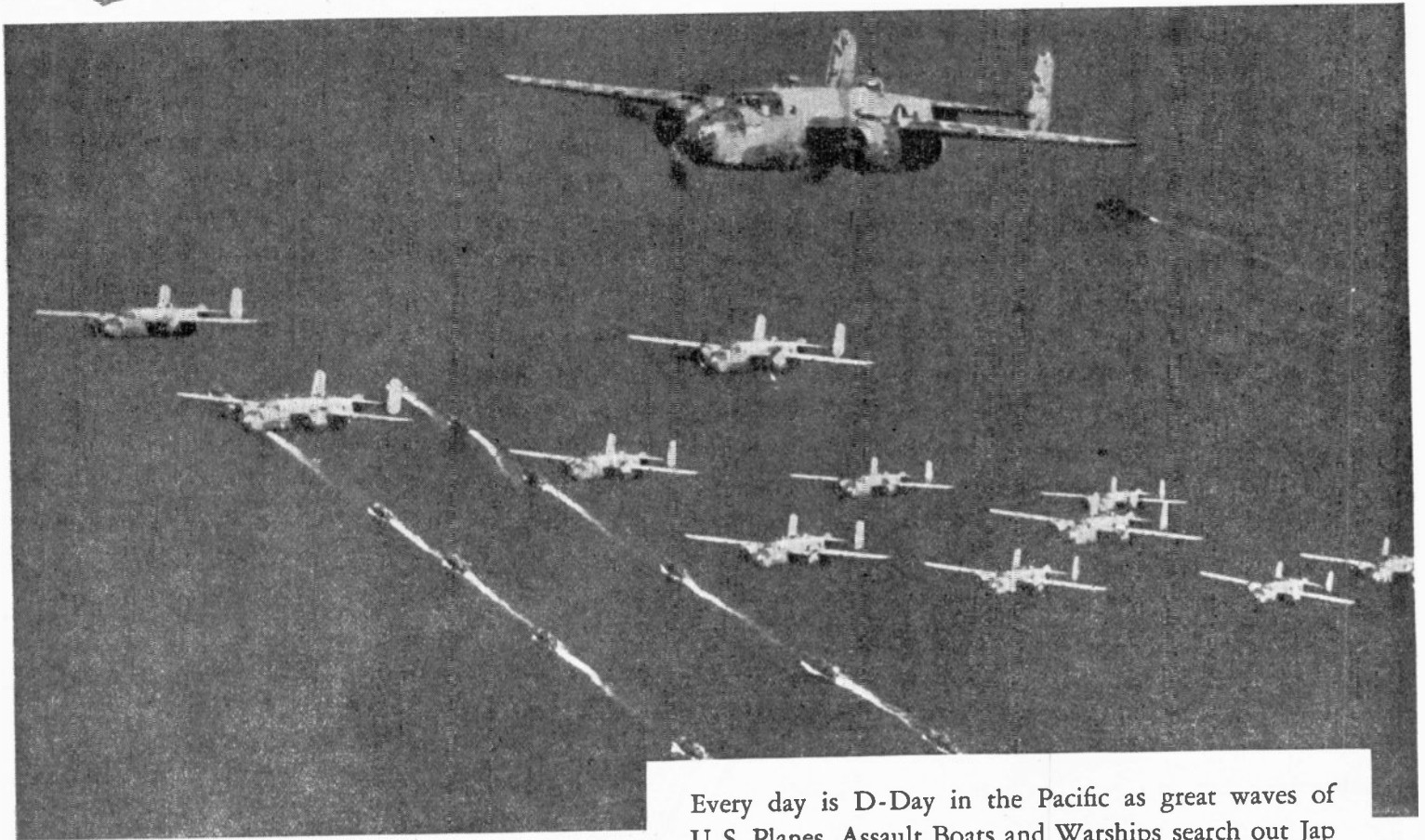
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Letters to the Editor

Frank Thanks

Reading METRONOME has been a long standing monthly habit for me. I look forward to each issue because it has always been my way of keeping up with things musical.

This time I can't resist the desire to drop you a note and let you know how much I enjoyed the October issue which has Bing Crosby on the cover. I believe it is one of the best of many fine editions.

Keep it up Barry.

FRANK SINATRA.

New York City.

Jazz in the Carribean

As this is my first letter to you, I am quite a stranger. But you may remember me and my group as the Palmer Bros. (vocal quartet). Prior to joining the service, we were the original Cabaliers with Cab Callo-way. We get the METRONOME here regularly, and my group has been mentioned several times, of which I am mighty proud. One of my brothers is at present in France and a still younger one in the South Pacific (New Guinea). My other brother (the crippled one), has a trio. . . . He plays bass fiddle, as you may already know. Well, enough about me. . . . We [the band in the Netherlands West Indies] have been here for nearly 10 months and have been told we are the best in the Carribean area. . . . We have been congratulated by all, from the enlisted men in the Navy, Army and Air Corps, up to and including the Admiral of the 9th Naval District. Our conduct has been above reproach.

R. E. PALMER, Mus. 2/c,
U. S. N. R.

Carribean Area.

Deuces Wild

Messrs. Ulanov and Feather have often leveled criticism at Art Hodes, and the school of jazz which he represents, for being something of an antediluvian in his musical tastes. Whether or not they realize it, these two self-appointed Voices of Truth—these two self-righteous iconoclasts have with their snide, carping, cynical comments, generated more heat than light on the subject of jazz.

They have pictured Hodes as something of a musical Miniver Cheevy, mourning for the days of Jelly Roll Morton, Joe Oliver et al—a dogmatic guy who believes jazz suffered its demise right after New Orleans.

Now, I'm not particularly enamored of Hodes' own piano style, but if a guy has sincere convictions about jazz, I don't see any justification for a verbal lynching. I don't religiously adhere to Hodes' extremist views on jazz, but it seems to me that he has come closer to an understanding and appreciation of authentic jazz than the editors of METRONOME.

I spent an evening recently on Fifty-Second Street, and heard Coleman Hawkins at the Downbeat. I've never listened to anything as inane and uninspired in my life. Here was Hawkins, whom you once so generously characterized as the "Picasso" of the tenor sax, surrounded by a number of completely uncreative musicians. The result was a lot of banal riff stuff. Of course, categorizing doesn't prove anything, but call it what you will—jazz, jump, swing, Harlem style—as music it was totally unsatisfying.

This is the "modern" music you espouse. Honestly, you boys must feel like a bunch of martyrs leading the great Romantic rebellion against stodgy, old Classical formulas.

There are few Tatum's around. For the most part, the 52nd Street combos' approach to jazz is about as original and refreshing as a Pegler philippic on Labor.

Why don't you begin appraising music with a little more intelligence and good taste, leaving out all the blatant value judgments of personalities, and criticizing the music for what it is. Not all Dixieland-styled music savors of corn and not all modern music smells of 52nd Street (we have Ellington, Tatum and a few others with some taste and imagination). You boys are supposed to be critics, not the doctrinaire exponents of some particular crackpot school.

HEN GOLDSTEIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are so many reviews of records in the October issue with which I disagree so thoroughly that I am impelled to write to you. . . .

Why the Richard M. Jones Jazzmen Session records should rate "C—" is probably understood only by the Two Deuces. Even my non-Dixieland friends feel these sides, particularly *New Orleans Hop Scop Blues* and *Canal Street Blues*, offer much in good musicianship. Baby Dodds, other than those "rim shots," maintains a good beat, Schoffner's trumpet is clear and impressive, Richard Jones is fine, and Preston Jackson another Brunies or Vic Dickenson with his driving trombone. And, by the way, adjust the volume of your machine and bring those men up to the mike.

Haven't you slipped in rating the Hodes' Jazzmen records almost a "B" average?

METRONOME is still fascinating reading, though, marred occasionally with ratings as those mentioned above and the "B—" in July for the Andrew Sisters' *Straighten Up and Fly Right*.

Please do not feel that the popularity of METRONOME is license for careless ratings which will motivate many letters of this sort.

PAUL COOKE.

Washington, D. C.

METRONOME



Bombs away!

After "Bombs Away!", success of the mission is dependent on the functioning of the fuse mechanism of the bomb which is set in motion by an impeller turned by the force of rushing air on the downward plunge. There are few "duds" in Allied bombs and, therefore, few unsuccessful missions, thanks to precision parts furnished by such factories as Holton which makes fuse bodies and plungers.

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Sixty-Second Year

November, 1944

The President Appeals

IN SEPTEMBER, in this space, we suggested that a Presidential order, declaring the AFM recording ban invalid and sending the musicians back to work, might be a successful solution to the impasse between Petrillo and Columbia, Victor and NBC. President Roosevelt did act. But he didn't order; he appealed. And the result of that appeal we all know. Caesar said no. Not so quietly, but ever so firmly, he said no. At present, the President is more concerned with his election campaign than with unruly labor leaders. And so White House dispatches speak of his "studying Mr. Petrillo's telegram" and "considering" a response to it. Study and response are really in abeyance, of course, till after November 7. Even after that vital date, however, there is a good chance that the President will not be harsh to JCP and the AFM. And for this, we are genuinely sorry. In coddling Petrillo, President Roosevelt seriously weakens the power and authority of the War Labor Board; he lays himself open to the accusation of the Patterson-McCormick-Hearst press that the Administration paddles the pants of the Sewell Lee Averys of big business and pats the backs of the James Caesar Petrillos of Labor; he makes it possible for the dangerous precedent of paying money to a union directly, almost like "protection" money to a gang, to become business principle. We hope the President will be made fully aware of these vital considerations, implicit in the case of the AFM versus the record companies.

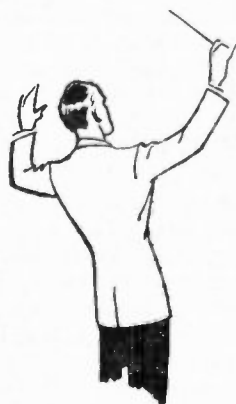
Photographers

MOST of the photographers we know are friendly, decent folk, fanatic in their devotion to lens and film, but otherwise quite normal. Comes a jazz concert, however, and every ounce of their frenzied zeal rises to the surface. They climb on the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House, or Carnegie, or Town Hall, and poke their cameras in the faces of pianists, drummers, saxophonists, get almost as close to trumpet mouthpieces as the lips of the trumpeters. They interfere with the natural grouping of musicians, they obscure the sight and some of the sound of them, they create an ugly nervous atmosphere on stage, an extraordinarily undignified mien for the face of a concert. It would be unthinkable for a photographer to poke his camera in the face of a Heifetz or a Toscanini, a Melchior or a Pons, while one of those redoubtables was playing or conducting or singing. It should be equally out of place in the face of a Tatum or a Hawkins or an Ellington or a Condon.

The Cover is all Stan Kenton's this month. The happy Mr. K has every right to his infectious, toothsome grin. He did splendid business in Boston, in a precedent-breaking three-week run with *Wilson*. His records, even those METRONOME does not praise(!), are selling very well for Capitol. He is solidly and effectively booked for months ahead. Add to all of this an excellent band, one which plays more and better jazz than all but a handful of the top outfits, and you see why Stan Kenton is METRONOME's cover subject this month.

METRONOME

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MARTIN



BAND INSTRUMENT COMPANY

ELKHART, INDIANA

NOVEMBER, 1944

Flash!

Flash! Benny Goodman auditioned last week for a Chesterfield air series, using three different combinations! One was a regular full-sized swing band; another featured woodwinds and twelve strings, with arrangements by Eddie Sauter; the third was the new Quintet, featuring Teddy Wilson and Red Norvo, who dropped his band last month to join BG. . . . The Quintet will hit Broadway in Billy Rose's *Seven Lively Arts* early in December, after four preliminary weeks out of town. . . .

Flash! Roy Eldridge left New York last Monday (Oct. 23) to join the new Artie Shaw band on the Coast! . . . Charlie Spivak, following a three-week layoff with pay for his men, switches booking offices and is now handled by William Morris. . . . Lee Castle replaces Johnny Long at the New Yorker November 6. . . . Razz Mitchell, former Savoy Sultans drummer, has replaced Slick Jones with Louis Jordan. . . .

Flash! Teddy Grace, one-time Mal Hallet vocalist, also featured on many Decca records, including her own blues album, recently returned from the South Pacific—she has been a Marine for the past year! . . . Bassist Billy Taylor, Sr., and pianist Cyril Haynes are with Barney Bigard, who opened Thursday (26) at the Onyx in NYC. . . . Jean Parks, tallest and loveliest of Earl Hines' now disbanded Bluebonnets, will be the new leader of the reorganized Eddie Durham all-girl band. . . . Hank d'Amico recorded with a sextet for National. . . .

Flash! Duke Ellington, whose victory in the 1945 *Esquire* All-American voting will be officially announced shortly, will do a string of concert dates in December in celebration of the award. . . . Dates set include Richmond, Va., Dec. 4; Symphony Hall, Boston, Dec. 13, and Carnegie Hall, NYC, Dec. 19. . . . Wilbur Schwandt, bassist-arranger, recently with Cugat, organized a local band under the name of Don Swan; no brass, three rhythm, five reeds, including Don Lodice and Bob Poland. . . .

Flash! The Paramount booking for the Ink Spots may be postponed; they are still looking for a replacement for Orville (Hoppy) Jones, bass-voiced Ink Spot who died in NY Oct. 17 of a heart attack. Hoppy, who has been with the act ten years, was 42, left a widow and four children. . . . Frank Sinatra and Tommy Dorsey are among the defendants in a \$250,000 damage suit brought by an amateur songwriter who claims that *Come Out Wherever You Are* was an infringement. . . .

Condon's Carnegie Concert Deeply Disappointing

By Barry Ulanov

THE CONDON CONCERT at Carnegie (October 16, 8:40 P.M.) sounded all right on paper and I went expecting to hear some tolerable jazz. Along with other people, I was seriously disappointed. It was the same old stuff at a new stand, rather more raggedly produced than usual and with the most distinguished of the performers almost consistently at their least distinguished.

There were several good moments. Lee Wiley sang three songs, *Someone to Watch Over Me*, *You're Lucky to Me* and *Somebody Loves Me*, with typical good taste and feeling and understanding, all successfully communicated. And if the band back of her (Marsala, Butterfield, Caceres, Mole, Stacy, Weiss, Wettling) sometimes scrambled for the unfamiliar chord sequences of the first and second tunes, there were some fine muted trumpet moments in *Someone* and a spirited ensemble in *Somebody*.

Miff Mole contributed his familiarly facile, cleanly lined *Peg O' My Heart* (wherein Peewee played some pretty clarinet) and Benny Morton, hurried unceremoniously on stage, after a nervous verse, played a delicate *Stardust*. Billy Butterfield matched this conceptual loveliness of the trombones with his *Yesterdays* and *Nice Work If You Can Get It* and bettered their tone production. Muggsy Spanier kicked off *Big Butter and Egg Man* with his well known solo which was spottily backed and followed.

The structure of James P. Johnson's *Crazy About My Baby* and *I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling* (in memory of Fats) was neat, his touch heavy, his ideas pleasant. There were other fair solos. Joe Marsala did as much as possible with a poorly chosen *Wolverine Blues* (not chosen by him), distinguished himself more with some subtone clarinet in the "impromptu ensemble" blues at the end of the concert. Ed Hall, Joe Thomas, Maxie Kaminsky, Lips Page, Jess Stacy, Ernie Caceres, Gene Schroeder played consistently on a professional level.

The ensembles, in four Nicksieland numbers at the concert's start, back of the soloists, in *Honeysuckle Rose*, and twice in the blues, were, with one exception, poorly constructed, weak in attack, of little harmonic or rhythmic interest. The exception was the Lips Page-led blues which ended the first half of the evening. Working with Joe Thomas, Ed Hall,

Benny Morton, Sammy Price, Muggsy Spanier, Peewee Russell, Jack Lesberg and Kansas Fields, Lips offered a fine blues shout, a moving trumpet growl, and kicked off a good beat which the boys picked up. But even here the sprawling, nearly formless character of the jazz ensemble as conceived by Condon was evident, and the poor organization of solos almost vitiated the good effect of some of the soloists.

Personal taste, perhaps, governs my lack of enthusiasm for the work of Peewee, of Art Hodes and Willie The Lion Smith and Red McKenzie, Joe Grauso and Bob Casey and Bob Haggart, at this concert, but the shallow, shapeless nature of the jazz orchestra which Eddie Condon "leads" or "conducts" or "directs" is, I think, undeniable. One New York resonance and wholly lacking in the cacophonous found great pleasure in Eddie's "consistent employment of harmonic accompaniments, chordal riffs." To his ears, "the music was . . . commanding in its resonance and wholly lacking in the cacophonous confusion that has hitherto marked the spontaneous playing together of large numbers of musicians." But the fact is that "the employment of harmonic accompaniments" and "chordal riffs" was far from consistent, except in helter-skelter disorganization, and that the cumulative sound of the ensembles was little more than "cacophonous confusion" and not at all "commanding in its resonance."

I don't ask you to take my word for this. A large number of the musicians who participated in the concert, in conversations with METRONOME representatives, reported their strong dissatisfaction with the arrangement of the ensembles and the harmonic crudities roughed together by the musicians, including themselves, out of a helpless, hapless fate. That fate, firmly designed by Eddie Condon and ingeniously publicized by Ernie Anderson, is to play, with nagging regularity, a set number of well-worn "jazz classics," mixed with some pretty tunes; to play them without musical discipline or rhythmic inspiration; with almost no attention to the advances in instrumental technique and jazz scoring since the days of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings and the Mound City Blue Blowers; and with complete repudiation, for reasons unknown to me, of the alto saxophone, tenor saxophone and solo guitar. Such strictures almost inevitably doom concerts such as this one.

Oran (Hot Lips) Page, center, has been one of the brightest features of the in-person and radio concerts led by Eddie Condon (right). With them is James P. ("The Brute") Johnson, of whom more on pp. 17, 18.



News of the Month

Hoods Attack Cole, Carter

ST. LOUIS—The lawless, gangster-dominated days of the 1930's were revived here last month with the King Cole Trio and Benny Carter's orchestra unfortunately involved. Because of the threats of hoodlums at the Plantation Club, and an assault on a musician in Carter's band, Cole and Carter quit their engagement at the Plantation and refused to finish out their contract.

Carter pulled his band off the Plantation stand one week after his aggregation, and Cole's, opened for a scheduled two-week run. Claiming that several hoodlums threatened to shoot him, Carter appealed to the Plantation manager, Tony Scarpelli, who said he was powerless to rid the spot of the mob element.

The climax came when J. J. Johnson, youthful trombonist in the Carter band, was slugged with a revolver butt by a thug inside the ballroom. Johnson suffered a concussion and hospital treatment was necessary.

Fats Clark, Carter's road manager, also was threatened by several habitués of the ballroom and one night was robbed of \$800 in his hotel.

Carter and Cole refused to continue at the Plantation following the brutal bludgeoning of young Johnson, and after remaining idle a week in St. Louis proceeded on to Wichita for a one-nighter. The band and the trio are slated for a week at the Apollo Theater in New York City starting Nov. 17.

Both Benny and Nat Cole told the Press that they had done nothing to create a disturbance with the hoodlum element. Attaches of the ballroom inferred that the mobster boys started trouble by referring to the musicians' color. Two men, identified as Charlie Ryan and Mike Mercurio, were named as having threatened Carter and his musicians.

Carlos Gastel, manager of the band and trio, was informed of the trouble in Los Angeles and agreed with Carter and Cole that neither should return to the Plantation to finish the engagement. It was expected that James C. Petrillo and the AFM would be called in to assure the musicians of their salaries.

Shaw Roars Again

HOLLYWOOD—The new Artie Shaw band is a reality. After many months of planning, and several in-the-flesh rehearsals, Artie has welded together a crack combination which features arrangements by Eddie Sauter and Buster Harding, as well as by members of the band. It now appears definite that the Shaw troupe will leave the West Coast this month to play one-nighters prior to a Nov. 18 opening at a Minneapolis theatre.

New York will see the band in December, according to Artie's new manager, the trumpet-playing brother of BG, Freddy Goodman. The William Morris office here was set to sign contracts this week and refused to disclose which theatre would offer Shaw, pending return of signed binders.

As METRONOME rolled on the presses, Shaw still was searching for an alto saxist, a trumpeter and two trombonists.

Members of the band who are definite and already on the payroll include Ray Linn, Jimmy Pupa, Tony Fazzo, trumpets; Harry Rodgers, Ray Conniff, trombones; Les Clark, alto; Chuck Gentry, baritone; Herb Steward, Jon Walton, tenors; Lou Fromm, drums; Dodo Marmorosa, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar, and Morris Rayman, bass.

Fazzo just was released from the Navy, Gentry just got an Army discharge, Marmorosa quit Tommy Dorsey and Kessel, rated as the best of any plucker on the coast, quit jobbing to go under the Shaw banner.

With Sauter and Harding as staff arrangers, and with additional scores forthcoming from Rodgers, Conniff and Artie himself, the paper situation looks especially promising. Shaw said he would use "not too much" of the music featured by his previous bands.

Caesar Says No To President

JAMES CAESAR Petrillo and the International Executive Board of the AFM rejected President Roosevelt's request for an end to their recording ban, last month. On October 9, in a nine-page telegram, Petrillo and his board members conveyed their emphatic denial to FDR.

Petrillo claimed that to accede to this request would be to penalize Decca and 104 other record companies which have signed with the union, on its terms. He claims that Victor and Columbia will have to accept the union terms.

Nowhere in his telegram does Petrillo answer Columbia and Victor's principal objection to the contracts signed by the 105 companies. They are willing to go back to work on the War Labor Board terms, accepting the principle of paying the union a royalty, but refusing to make that payment directly to the union. They want to follow the WLB suggestion of setting up a board to administer these monies.

Sometime ago, Petrillo indicated his willingness to send all the musicians back to work in the record studios if the President asked for it. In his telegram, he says that conditions have changed, and a return to work for Columbia and Victor and NBC Transcriptions is out of the question unless they adhere to the Decca contract terms.

The whole controversy between the musicians' union and the record companies has become a vital political issue. The conversational tenor of the President's message to Petrillo and his lack of action on the union head's refusal have been hotly condemned by anti-New Deal newspapers, cartooned; his treatment of the AFM president has been caustically contrasted with the ejection of Sewell Avery from Montgomery, Ward offices by U. S. soldiers.

Three Chicks for Duke

Shortly after Wini Johnson dropped out, owing to illness, Duke Ellington last month revived temporarily a policy he used briefly in 1942 of having three girl singers. They are Rosita Davis, Joya Sherrill and Marie (no relation) Ellington. Al Hibbler remains.

Grins in the shot at left are the property of Teddy Walters, featured vocalist and guitarist with the Jimmy Dorsey band, and Jimmy Dorsey, featured alto saxophonist and clarinetist with the same organization. Teddy Walters worked previously for the other Dorsey, brother Thomas.

Mr. & Mrs. combinations are relatively rare in jazz, but there's one to be found currently in the Jimmy Dorsey outfit, which features the outstanding tenor sax work of Bobby Dukoff, shown at left, as well as the singing of Mrs. Dukoff, alias Anita Boyer (right).



Hollywood Periscope

By Milton Benny

Red Nichols is taking trumpet lessons, and practicing two hours every day. His new edition of the Pennies at the Hotel Hayward is a refreshing click, and a worthy descendent of his earlier combos. . . . Dick Haymes settled with Bullets Durgom out of court, cancelling Bullets' demands for \$500,000 in alleged commissions. Local columnists have been razzing Haymes for his unique habit of wearing dark glasses around town at midnight! . . . You can bet that Imogene Lynn will be the Artie Shaw canary. She's a blonde Missourian, and grew up in the same town (Trenton) with Yank Lawson. The new Shaw band, incidentally, is dynamic. Watch it make musical history.

Corky Corcoran celebrated his third year as H. James' tenor saxist Oct. 14. But he won't be there to observe a fourth anniversary. . . . Neal Reid of the old Herman band—now a trombonist in a Marine band at San Diego—flew back to the Coast with the Herman Herd after a furlough in the Middlewest, and played a couple of one-nighters on the way! . . . Illinois Jacquet, leading his own band at the Swing Club, brushed off Count Basie's offer to succeed Lester Young. All the tenor men around town are aping his upper-octave "stratosphere" screechings. . . . Erskine Hawkins into the Plantation Club here Nov. 2, with Lucky Millinder following. . . . Joe Sullivan cut records for Ed Laguna with Zutty, Art Shapiro, Ulysses Livingston, Archie Rosate and Eleanor Roycroft assisting. . . . Willie (No Lion) Smith may organize a California band. He and the Navy are parting company. . . . Bob (Guitar) Dunham back from Europe and recovering from those buzzbomb injuries.

Henry Busse's trumpet was stolen while he munched hamburger in a Drive-In. He advertised for its return strictly on the basis, he said, of "sentimental value." . . . Barney Bigard tired of resting; on Oct. 12 he trained to N. Y. to organize a new band for an Onyx Club engagement. . . . Looks as if the Johnny Mercer Chesterfield show will become a half-hour weekly stanza in December. Program now airs five times weekly over NBC from here. . . . "Peaches" Simon, the wonderful Texas tenor saxist recently discovered by Lionel Hampton, disclaims any relationship to George T. "But we often are mistaken for each other," he declares.

Freddy Martin bagged a six-month deferment and will return to the Hotel Ambassador Coconut Grove Dec. 5. . . . Art Tatum returned east, to a Buffalo night club, without undergoing an eye operation. While here Art, in his own words, "just loafed all I wanted." . . . Songpluggers are making Freddy Goodman's life miserable. Now manager of Artie Shaw, Freddy is constantly asked "who plays better clarinet, Artie or Benny?" . . . Huddie (Leadbelly) Ledbetter is recording an album of blues for Capitol.

Sid Catlett fired Marlowe Morris, his pianist, in the middle of a set on the Streets of Paris bandstand. Morris went back to N. Y. . . . Al Casey's Trio has been at Randini's over a month now, and has had not a single line of publicity or paid advertising. The man deserves better treatment from his boss. . . . A noted nitery sells cigarettes at 40 cents a pack. Charlie Mumblow threatens to tell the OPA. But plenty other bistros are doing the same. So bad is the shortage that most musicians are now puffing pipes.

Leonard Feather, head organizer and musical director for *Esquire's* jazz concert here, will arrive in LA early in January to line it up. . . . Spike Jones starting October 27 on the first of two three-night weekend dates at the Casino Gardens Ballroom here before starting on a tour of one-nighters around the coast. . . . Mrs. Louise Tobin James, Harry's first wife, is reported to have drawn almost \$14,000 in the support of herself and her two children in an out-of-court settlement of her action against the bandleader. . . . James is due back here around November 20 after his trip east.



Record Breakers both, and hitting new popularity peaks, are Billy Eckstine and Lena Horne, seen together here during the Eckstine band's precedent-setting week at the Regal Theatre in Chicago, when Lena dropped in on Billy between her own shows at the Chez Paree. Elsewhere in this issue, Eckstine's young band gets a rave review. Billy may make a trip out to the West Coast toward the end of the year, for a movie assignment.

Esquire Concert for L. A.

LOS ANGELES—The Philharmonic Auditorium will be the scene of the 1945 *Esquire* jazz concert here next January 17. Representatives of the magazine arranged for the auditorium and also revealed that Duke Ellington's band would be one of the attractions. The entire box-office take will be given to charity.

The magazine's editor, Arnold Gingrich, is throwing the weight of the publication behind the concert and this year, as last, the magazine will publish results of a poll of internationally prominent jazz critics. Musicians winning places in the all-star band will be invited to appear at the L. A. concert in January.

Ed Dukoff of *Esquire* is in town making arrangements for the concert, with Dave Dexter assisting.

Robbins Recording on Own Label

In order to pave the way for the establishment of his post-war record business, music publisher Jack Robbins has started having limited number of recordings pressed with his Lion label, for distribution among radio record jockeys and others in the music business.

The bulk of the pressings will go out on the Hit label, through a temporary arrangement made by Robbins with Eli Oberstein. First discs to come out under this dual label arrangement were two sides by Chucho Martinez and two by Kay Vernon.

Further Fresh Fields

Herbie Fields, an in-and-outer in the bandleading field this year, came back to New York from Norfolk, Va. in mid-October to put his band through a virtual reorganization. Many of Herbie's men went with the Freddy Slack band, also undergoing another reshuffle.

Ina Ray Back After Convalescence

Ina Ray Hutton, forced to disband two months ago owing to nervous exhaustion, has recovered and started reorganizing her band for dates booked by Frederick Brothers.

By Phil Featheringill



Duke Ellington and Orchestra will head the tremendous show offered at the Chicago Coliseum on November 10-11-12 by the Children's Health and Aid Society, Inc. Four other bands will participate plus stage and screen stars galore making up twenty acts and topped off with a National Championship Jitterbug Contest. All the proceeds will go for the care of children. With the above lineup, it looks as though the children haven't a thing to worry about this year. . . . Saunders King Orchestra continues at the Cafe de Society, though not to as heavy crowds as were expected. We'll bet that if the group would throw some of those specials at the audience, such as *Morning Glory*, etc., the crowds would soon hustle in. . . . Ben Webster's version of *Concerto for Bull Fiddle* was given its premier performance to standing room only in a five-by-five room crowded by sixteen musicians. . . . the bowed movement created much comment.

Gene Krupa's Orchestra at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman will continue through November 30. He has a trumpet man by name of Tommy Allison who is reputed to be great. Go and judge for yourself. Chances are you will not be disappointed. . . . The Tommy Dorsey Orchestra will follow Krupa in the same location December 1. . . . The first attempt at a jazz concert in Detroit was received enthusiastically by an audience of 750. Presented by Merle Schneider, record dealer, and Bill Randle of WJLB, the program included such artists as Ted Buckner, Joe Turner, Pete Viera's Quintet and many others. Next concert is slated for November 24 at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Jack Gardner and his Trio will be found at the Silver Palms on the North Side of town. This should be gratifying to all those Gardner fans that have missed his piano so much. . . . Frankie Masters' Orchestra will open at the Latin Quarter on November 24. Rest of show not set as yet. . . . The Four Tons of Rhythm continue at the Silver Frolics on the West Side. Seems to be their home, they have played the spot so much. . . . "Jim Daddy" Walker, elec-guitarist of the group, turned down an offer to join Lionel Hampton's Orch. . . . Capitol Cocktail Lounge continues the George De Carle group. . . . Eddie Wiggins's group going into their sixteenth week at the Brass Rail and still going strong, though Tut Soper hasn't been in good health.

George Auld Orchestra makes its first appearance on the stage of the Downtown Theater on November 3. . . . Among other scheduled bands to show at this new theatre for the month of November are Earl Hines and Bob Chester. Exact dates not set. . . . The Rhumboogie, on the South Side continues its show. Charlie Glenn, its manager, enters the record field recording T-Bone Walker doing some blues. . . . Preview Lounge on Randolph offers luscious blonde Jackie Daley (tenor sax—and the experts say she plays fine) featured with the Irving Jesilow Trio. Alternate is the Alice Hall Quartet. . . . Stevens Hotel books in Tommy Tucker in the Boulevard Room starting November 16. . . . Donny Dobbs Orch. continues at the Band Box on Randolph street.

"Baby" Dodds and "Punch" Miller were slated for a spot at the Downbeat Room of the Garrick Lounge but on orders from his doctor "Baby" cannot play a steady job for some time to come. . . . Red Allen and his Band are still making history in the Downbeat room aided by Ben Webster, Higginbotham et al. . . . Stanley Williams Quintet alternates strongly with "Big Bill" Moore on tenor. . . . Jessie Miller has added that fine tenor Eddie Johnson to this band, with P. C. Williams taking over drums while regular Hillard Brown helps Ellington while Sonny Greer is ill. . . . Darnell Howard will probably leave the Airliner soon, so hear him while you may. . . . Regal Theater offers J. Lunceford Orch. Nov. 24. . . . Savoy Ballroom booked Fletcher Henderson Orch. for Nov. 12.

Grand Juries don't seem to faze Mr. & Mrs. Tommy Dorsey as much as you might expect. This Lew Nichols shot shows TD and Pat Dane having a good laugh while dancing at the Casino Gardens to the music of brother James Dorsey and his orchestra. As detailed below, the Dorsey case comes up in court November 14. Tommy was recently listed as being one of the nation's top salary earners for the year 1942.

Sinatra Egged On

Frank Sinatra's return to Gotham for a fling at the Paramount Theatre has already resulted in various other sorts of flings. On the second day of his engagement, Columbus Day, Bobby-socked youngsters flung themselves into a faint in an attempt to get access to the theatre. On his first Saturday afternoon, an 18-year-old flung an egg at Frankie. It hit him squarely in the middle of his third song.

With the help of policemen, photographers, press agents and wartime hysteria, Sinatra has brought heavy business to the theatre, but grosses have been kept down a little by the kids who insist on staying through several shows.

The swoon king has been set, through Century Artists' Bureau, for several concerts following the Paramount, with a \$100,000 guarantee for five days. This is more than Frankie usually earns in a whole week.

Dorsey Trial Set

Tommy Dorsey, his wife Pat Dane, and Allan Smiley, charged with felonious assault on screen actor Jon Hall, will appear before the judge Nov. 14 in Los Angeles.

The charge of assault on Eddie Norris, another figure in the party at which the Dorsey fracas occurred, was dismissed for lack of sufficient evidence.

Bailey Back to Cafe Society

Mildred Bailey, after a summer spent in retirement except for her weekly radio show, reopened October 23 at Cafe Society Uptown, replacing Burl Ives. She will stay there only until her Roxy Theatre opening later this month.

Cafe Society is dickering to get Mary Osborne, sensational jazz guitarist, to come to New York and put in a trio at one or other of the Cafes.

Mary Lox Tours for FDR

Mary Lou Williams has spent the past few weeks touring with a political-musical package entitled FDR Victory Bandwagon. With her have been Bill Coleman, trumpet; Jack (The Bear) Parker, drums, and Al Hall, Bass.

Lionel Hampton broke all records at Horace Heidt's Trianon Ballroom last month and moved from the Trianon into the Los Angeles Orpheum Theater, where he is getting \$9,000 and a split. Frankie Masters succeeded the Hamp at the Trianon.

Bardu Ali, who fronted the late, great Chick Webb's fly combo, popped up again in Los Angeles as leader of a rough and ready jump crew which plays nightly at Shepp's Playhouse, a sepiia nightery.

Sammy Price is the author of *Boogie Woogie Land*, a new book published by Edward Marks, which combines instructions on h-w piano techniques, original solos, eight-to-the-bar adaptations of standards, and some picture spreads showing some of Sammy's own jam sessions in Philadelphia. Sammy is currently at his old stomping ground, Cafe Society Downtown.

Oscar Pettiford, who had been leading his own band at the Onyx, gave it up last month and joined Boyd Raeburn in Chicago. The Raeburn band, contrary to rumors around town, did not break up, but underwent a number of personnel changes.

Sammy Kaye has given orchestrations and recordings of some of his specialties to the Library of Congress for preservation. Other bandleaders, not wishing to see Kaye's music alone preserved for posterity, may follow suit.

Ziggy Elman will probably have his own band after the war, with Jack Robbins as backer and General Amusement as booker. The Robbins stable of bands now includes Billie Rogers, Eddie Heywood, Georgie Auld and George Paxton. Robbins may also sign Del Casino and Lt. Bobby Byrne.

Coleman Hawkins, making his first Coast appearance, opens Nov. 23 at Slapsy Maxie's, which has been bought out by Billy (Swing Club) Berg. The spot will have a new name. Pearl Bailey is also set for the show there.

Dorothy Donegan, after leaving the N. Y. Zanzibar December 15, will start on a theatre tour with Ernie Fields' band and other acts.

Stan Kenton, who opens at the Hollywood Palladium Nov. 28 following Woody Herman, has added Boots Muzzilli on alto and Emmett Karls on tenor; it is likely that the band also will make a picture while on the coast. Gene Howard, Stan's vocalist, drew a 4-F last month after a New York medical exam.

Artie Shaw was divorced last month in Los Angeles by Elizabeth Kern Shaw, daughter of Jerome Kern. She will receive \$2,000 a month for support of herself and their son Steven, and will have full custody of him until he is six, then she and Artie will share custody. The pair was married March 3, 1942, in Yuma and separated July 10, 1944. Mrs. Shaw told Judge Stanley Mosk that Artie told her, "we make no sense together."

Dave Tough married Casey Majors in Chicago last month while en route to California with Woody Herman's band.

Vaughn Monroe and his Band will follow Gene Krupa into the Palladium, Hollywood, on Feb. 8 following Gene Krupa's engagement. The Wm. Morris office set the deal, Vaughn's first at the ornate terp palace.

Van Alexander, who has been bandleading only intermittently in the past year, has started work as conductor of several shows on WMCA, New York. He will continue to work mainly as an arranger.

Shadow Wilson, former Hines and Hampton drummer, and Howard McGhee, ex-Kirk and Barnett trumpet, are both featured with Georgie Auld.

Raymond Scott will leave CBS shortly before Christmas to start on some regular band work including theatres, one-nighters and locations. He will keep as many of his original men with him as are willing to go on the road.

The Andrews Sisters have split with Universal after making 16 films in three years. Lou Levy is trying to set them with a studio where they may be given more of an acting break instead of just singing.

Bing Crosby, recently back from his trip to France, plans to make a similar journey through the South Pacific to entertain GI's next spring.

Dinah Shore led the Roosevelt campaigners in Hollywood last month while other stars threw their weight into the Dewey camp. Other last-minute partisans included Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Frank Sinatra, Johnny Mercer, Artie Shaw and Paul Robeson for FDR, with Ginger Rogers, Janet Blair and most of the big-salaried picture studio executives pitching for the N. Y. governor.

Vic Dickenson is preparing a trombone book for publication by Robbins. Book will feature the Eddie Heywood hornster's best known solos.

Once again METRONOME offers its readers the chance to assemble a dream band. The instrumentation is on modern lines; this year we have added a fourth trumpet division, and are including five saxes and a clarinet.

Vote for your favorite instrumentalists in terms of their ability to work together as a unit. Try to imagine them in the same band.

In addition to assembling this all-star dream band, you are asked this year to select, in the same ballot, your favorite already-organized large and small bands. Thus METRONOME's two ballots, held separately in previous years, have been combined, for convenience, in one ballot.

In previous years the band voting was divided into Favorite Swing and Favorite Sweet Band. Because we feel our readers have little interest in Mickey Mouse music and that they realize the best sweet music today is played by orchestras that are fundamentally swing groups, we have dropped the separate sweet category. However, a new department has been added for small bands. In this section you must be careful to vote only for small bands which you are sure are *permanently formed*—for instance, in voting for Coleman Hawkins you could not base your selection on the Hawkins records you have heard this year, since none of them is by Hawk's regular band. Your small band must get your vote for its work as a unit, and as one that has been together for some time with a steady personnel.

Vote only for civilian musicians now active in this country.

Vote only for musicians you have heard playing this year.

Do not vote for the same man on two different instruments.

Only votes on official METRONOME ballots will be accepted; facsimiles will NOT be accepted. Nor will groups of votes from fan clubs or any other blocks of votes that are artificially promoted.

The contest closes Friday, Dec. 15.

All Star Band Ballot

LEAD ALTO

HOT ALTO

CLARINET

TENOR

TENOR

BARITONE

LEAD TRUMPET

HOT TRUMPET

HOT TRUMPET

HOT TRUMPET

LEAD TROMBONE

HOT TROMBONE

HOT TROMBONE

PIANO

GUITAR (SOLO)

BASS

DRUMS

MISCELLANEOUS INSTR.

ARRANGER

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

LARGE BAND

SMALL BAND

NAME

ADDRESS

new york roundup

BLUE DEPARTMENT

MOST CONSISTENT purveyors of jazz on New York's East Side, outside Cafe Society Uptown, have been the two blue spots, Le Ruban Bleu and The Blue Angel. At both it would definitely be called le jazz hot. At both, the American product is well represented, in spite of the French accent.

At the Ruban, Una Mae Carlisle takes over the piano chair in the Cedric Wallace Trio for its most effective moments. Una Mae is still a persuasive, husky-voiced, jazz singer, with a good repertory of standards, her own fine tunes (*Walking by the River, I See a Million People*), and occasionally, when prevailed upon, an out-of-the-way old-timer like *Gimme a Pigfoot*, the Bessie Smith classic. The Trio, when its nominal pianist isn't indulging too happily in octave runs and Duchin arabesques, performs capable, with Eddie Gibbs' guitar outstanding.

It's worth gritting your teeth, too, through the incredible antiquities of the Day, Dawn and Dusk group to catch Irwin Corey and Imogene Coca. Both are funny comedians by any standards, but Corey's History of Hot Jazz and Coca's Impression of a Phil Spitalny Trombonist, deserve special mention here for their comic realism, their hip hilarity.

At the Blue Angel there is also an imposing line-up. The Herman Chittison Trio was dealt with last month in our Act Reviews. The present line-up also includes two girl singers, whose talents are as important as they are varied.

Pearl Bailey, reviewed here some months ago as an act review, seems to improve with each hearing—and with each seeing; we caught one show from behind the plate glass partition, and she made the most fascinating Technicolor silent movie we had ever seen.

Maxine Sullivan, by way of contrast, makes no gestures, is content to stand at the mike and sing in her quiet, placid voice some of the songs most closely identified with her. She's in good form these days—as who wouldn't be with Chit's Trio providing the framework?—SKELTON.

CAFES SOCIETY

THE TWO Cafés Society now boast bands both led by Teddy Wilson alumni, and both featuring the Wilson instrumentation—trumpet, trombone, clarinet, three rhythm. Clarinetist Edmond Hall is the leader uptown and Benny Morton's trombone fronts the downtown group.

Hall's clarinet work makes a good focal point for a small band. Showcased in well-constructed head arrangements similar to those which Teddy's group featured, it registers well with the sophisticated east side crowds, though it takes a little too much drum-specialty business to get there.

Henderson Chambers, former Armstrong trombonist, seems to model himself on Higgy. Mouse Randolph is a competent trumpet man, Ellis Larkins an exceptional pianist who, with Johnny Williams and Arthur Trappier, contributes toward an effective rhythm section.

The Benny Morton group still seems to be searching for a style. Bobby Stark's trumpet and Prince Robinson's clarinet take a good chorus

once in a while, but aside from Benny himself the best soloist is young Sammy Benskin at the piano. The rhythm section is not inspired. Benny is a little too cautious about standing up for solos and featuring himself properly. With his ability to play sweet and hot horn equally effectively, he might be better off leading a big band, to give his own work a fuller and more varied setting.—FEATHER.

FRANKIE CARLE

DANCE MUSIC standards have progressed in the past decade to the point where you can safely say that nobody is likely to start a big commercial band venture with a Sammy Kaye or Guy Lombardo style. That stuff is obsolescent. But Frankie Carle's band represents the nearest thing to a Mickey Mouse group that is likely to be formed in this day and age.

Frankie believes in ensembles rather than hot solos, and has his arrangements written that way, with the jazz getoffs at a minimum. In his own piano work, of course, he sticks religiously to the melody, played in his own peculiar style. He also plays *Sweet Lorraine* at up-tempo, which is something hardly to be abided.

However, there are times when the Carle band plays good music. Al Avola, one of his regular arrangers, who wrote so much good stuff for the Artie Shaw band of 1937, has some originals such as the blues *Wigwam Stomp* in Carle's books, and such standards as *Alamo*. Other arrangements are mostly by Hugh Backenstoe, Carle's second pianist and future son-in-law, and Shed McWilliams, the solo tenor man.

Phyllis Lynne handles her vocals in a Marion Huttonish kittenish manner which is much to the liking of Pennsylvania Cafe Rouge audiences. There are also two male vocalists, one of whom doubles on guitar.

Frankie Carle had a big build-up with Horace Heidt, blazed himself a trail of glory with his song hits, and will certainly pick up lots of loose loot with this band. What you and I happen to think of all this is entirely immaterial.—FEATHER.

ENOCH LIGHT

ENOCH LIGHT has always led listenable, musically orchestras. His latest outfit, at the Biltmore, is no exception, though in several ways it differs from his previous bands. For this one, a four sax, two trumpet, one trombone and rhythm combination, is also a combination of a society (though not a tenor-rumba crew) and a jazz band. It plays a lot of stuff in business man's bounce tempo, the sort of thing they like at the Biltmore, then turns around and knocks off a couple of good arrangements of standards, then, in the late hours, trots out its jazzmen in the small unit known as The Light Brigade.

Enoch has met the exigencies of the ice show at the Biltmore in his three strings, two doubling out of the saxes and himself. The other two saxes handle flute, bass clarinet and other reeds effectively, and in combination with the fiddles, they play the many rhythm changes, the cushy salon music, of the ice show very well. With

the polish the band shows here, and its ease in playing at bounce tempo, it's a natural for hotel rooms on New York's East Side or the equivalent in other cities.

What Enoch could do, should do, and probably will do, is to extend the amount of jazz played by his band. Most natural way to do that would be to spot various soloists, lead alto Charlie DiMaggio, say, or tenor man Babe Fresk, or trumpeter Hal Kailin, against a bright, wide ensemble voicing, and with a good beat proceeding from the rhythm. This could be mezzo forte, or even piano, not disturb the sensitive business man, and still make the kids and me quite happy.—ULANOV.

JOHNNY LONG

MUSICALLY this is the best band Johnny Long's ever had and just about the best band in town, too. For, thanks to arrangements by Julian Work and Junie Mays, this spread-out outfit is beginning to make good use of its sax and brass septets and is producing very listenable dance music.

Emphasis is upon the seven reeds, two altos, two tenors, two clarinets, baritone, which, despite recent changes, shape up impressively with their very varied tone colorings. There is much solidity from the trombone quartet, while the trumpets, thanks mainly to Charlie Frankhauser, prove themselves a punchy, if not always consistent and well-balanced, trio. Charlie, a brilliant lead trumpeter with a full, fat, heart-warming tone, also plays some fine jazz. Ditto for Tex Mulcahy among the trombones and tenor saxist Bill Kribs, an importation from Dean Hudson's reeds.

Jazz, however, is not the band's forte, despite a drummer with a good beat and a bassist with a fine, full tone. Johnny doesn't have many arrangements that swing easily and since his saxes still incline toward stiffness, nothing ever jumps too much. Credit the band more as a fine, full-sounding sweet crew.

Showmanship revolves around some effective ensemble singing; a very beautiful girl named Mary Lou Wilson who gives promise of becoming a good singer; Tommy Morgan, who sounds better when not convinced that you have to seem like a skeleton to click; and Long, himself, one of the friendliest fellows ever to front a band. The front line of seven saxes is imposing to look at, too.

Long, always knocking on the top door, is knocking harder these days. A couple of hit tunes and records and he should get in.—SIMON.

VAUGHN MONROE

VAUGHN MONROE is now doubling on trombone! He says the fourth trombone part is a more useful asset to the arrangers than his trumpet work.

The arrangers in question include Frank Ryon, who does the jump numbers. Jimmy Fitzpatrick sings novelty tunes (I guess that's what you'd call *Straghten Up and Fly Right*) and plays some trumpet jazz a la Dizzy.

Andy Bagni, the lead alto man, gives the reed section a pretty nice sound. Bobby Rickey, the

boy wonder of the drums on whom we reported when he was with Van Alexander at the age of sixteen, helps the rhythm section along. Carl Rand and Babe Feldman both have some solo work on tenor.

If you catch this band on a late evening session at the Commodore, or on one of its broadcasts, you are apt to hear a modicum of jazz material, well enough scored and played. However, you will hear even more material which highlights either vocalist Vaughn or vocalist Marilyn Duke, who used to be a very tall, stately brunette and is now a very tall, stately blonde. I find Marilyn's singing acceptable and Vaughn's unchanged. Vaughn has himself a good band.—FEATHER.

BILLIE ROGERS

BILLIE ROGERS has been pleasing the customers out at the Pelham Heath Inn, and it can be safely assumed that she will please customers in theatres on her forthcoming tour.

The ex-Herman vocalist and trumpeteuse has herself a promising unit of four trumpets (including herself), three trombones, five reeds, three rhythm (a guitar is needed) and an average male vocalist, Bob Alden.

Billie has built up a library of interesting arrangements. Edgar Sampson, of Goodman fame, is one of her staff scriptmen, penning such scores as *Sweet Lorraine* and *Sweet and Lovely*. Billie's drummer, Harry Stonum, has written some satisfying stuff, examples of which are *Fly Right*, *Tain't Me* and a swell blues, *I'm Just About To Lose My Mind*. And there's a new youngster named Johnny Mandel who's turned in a couple of arrangements that mark him as a future star. His voicings, and the backgrounds to vocals and solos, on *Very Thought Of You* and *I'll Walk Alone*, deserve your undivided attention.

Billie herself makes a good front for the band and sings as well as ever, especially on such numbers as *Lose My Mind*. Her trumpet work shows she has the right ideas, but it's marred by a hard, rasping tone which she should try hard to improve upon. Principal individuals in the band are Bobby Guyer (trumpet), Paul O'Connor (trombone), Johnny Stonebraker (alto, clarinet), Gene Prizer (tenor), Tony d'Amore (piano). The general standard of solos and ensemble work is above average for so new a band.—FEATHER.

Hit Songs are a specialty with Una Mae Carlisle, who has returned to the Ruban Bleu. Her latest is *Tain't Yours (Leave It Alone)*. Una first came to prominence with Fats Waller over WLW, Cincinnati; she modeled her piano style along Waller lines. She returned here, after a long European jaunt, several months after the outbreak of war.



JOHNNY RICHARDS

PUSHED into the Lincoln during a period when Manhattan's hotel rooms are the squarest in years, Johnny Richards' potentially fine band could have been a smash hit. For it's the only outfit around now that plays consistently hip music, featuring brilliant, ear-opening arrangements, a full league above the timid stuff that seeps out of other rooms.

Richards himself, a fine musician with a top West Coast rep, penned 408 of the band's 500 manuscripts. They're practically all top stuff, too, written to be played with a beat, with much emphasis upon modern tone coloring and voicing.

Unfortunately, though, the band isn't ready, so that the beat and other effects were there only in anticipation. What's more, the night I caught the band, Johnny tried out a flock of first trumpeters (not a brilliant idea, considering the circumstances), so that I never got to hear the brass with lead-man Paul Coyne. The trumpets sounded alike in all their combinations—terrible. That's why it's hardly fair for me to attempt to rate the band.

The trombones, with leader Sesma loud and impressive, sounded much better. Ditto the saxes, with first man Al Ciccario mighty impressive both on lead and on alto solos. Richards plays good tenor, too. As for the ack-ack trumpets, George Schwartz's jazz knocked out all, including me (but the guy was just subbing for the night), while Chubby Kuston's upper register helped a lot. The rhythm section wasn't quite as useful. A more assertive and definitely steadier beat would assist Johnny's fine manuscript greatly.

Showmanship of the band was negligible, understandable under existing circumstances. Dottie Reid looks well, even with a cold, while Chet Leroy does some nice singing. But ballads, like swing, never achieved a mood. After all, how can you get romantic with clams dropping all around you? Once Richards replaces some of those fisherman with musicians, he's really going to have himself a helluva fine outfit!—SIMON.

THE STREET

Things have been comparatively changeless along 52nd Street these past few weeks. Don Byas shifts around from one club to another and a couple of fights may break out in the White

Rose between sets, but the music stays largely as it was.

Eddie Heywood's Sextet remains one of the bigger kicks in town. Eddie has developed a highly personalized style, and a little dose of success seems to have brought out certain mannerisms, but on the whole he and his boys retain a refreshing originality. Dick Vance's trumpet work seems to fit every type of arrangement; Vic Dickenson, when he's feeling right, is a trombonist with few equals; and Lem Davis, whose *Tain't Me* threatens to become a hit, plays an insinuating alto, like Pete Brown with a tone. Ted Sturgis, who replaced Al Lucas on bass, and Keg Purnell, an honorable dischargee, blend their rhythm nearly with that of their leader.

Alternating with the sextet at the Three Deuces is Robert Crum, a classico-jazz pianist who works himself into a frantic lather, treats the piano as if it were about to murder him, and instead murders it himself. Crum is greatly admired by Stuff Smith, who remains in a very exclusive minority.

At the Downbeat, Coleman Hawkins is on the last lap of his long run. The stuff Hawk has been playing is not "mere" riff music, as the superficial listener might infer. It might better be called double-augmented music, and it bears close study.

Tiny Grimes has been leading a quartet at the Downbeat. Strange to relate, his solos now include far fewer interpolations than when he was a member of the Tatum Trio. He just plays good, relatively quoteless ad lib guitar choruses, and sounds very impressive. His erstwhile partner, Slam Stewart, has been signed by Dave Wolper for a featured spot in the forthcoming Broadway musical, *Glad to See You*.

The Onyx Club retains the Stuff Smith Trio, reviewed here at length under Acts recently. Toy Wilson, the Onyx's perennial intermission pianist, is still there doing *Brother Bill*, and Dolores Brown gives the place a touch of beauty. Barney Bigard's new group will have to await a full review here next month.

Kelly's Stable continues to display Linda Keene and a small band led by Nat Jaffe.

Tondelayo's, which last month had so much good music for a while, has been vacillating in its policy, and at this writing has nothing of any importance to offer, though Kenny Watts plays some nice piano.—FEATHER.

Frankie Carle is the first Horace Heidt alumnus to branch out with his own band, and with lucrative results. Aided considerably by the big sales of his Columbia record albums, and by his coast-to-coast broadcasts on the Old Gold program, Frankie has been luring the customers in to the Cafe Rouge of New York's Pennsylvania in large number.



Miller a Killer!

So says one soldier
in answer to another



By a G.I. Guy

Nothing has ever burned me more than that article you printed on page 26 of your September issue, the one titled "Miller Over There," the one that minimized the efforts of what to me is the greatest bunch of musicians and men ever assembled.

I know. I heard the band. I heard it many times, in all its various and varied groups. No, it doesn't sound like Nick's or the Onyx or even the Apollo midnight show. It doesn't satisfy Pfc. David B. Bittan, author of that article. But it does satisfy me and it does satisfy I don't know how many other millions of G.I.'s who feel the way I do, who want to hear music that is musical and who want to hear things that remind them of home, that bring back something of those days when we were all happy and free and when we used to be able to put on a Miller record or listen to a Miller broadcast or even hear the band play *In the Mood* in person whenever it happened to be in the vicinity.

I'm by no means a great musician. I played in civilian days and I'm lucky enough to have been playing in an Army band. So far as I'm concerned, the Miller band is terrific. The guys play as a team, play wonderfully, play cleanly, in tune, and play some thrilling arrangements, I think. I, too, prefer Peanuts Hucko to Carbone, but the guy's terrific on clarinet too. And I've heard Bobby Nichols plays some wonderful jazz. Every guy misses now and then,

especially when he plays as much as Miller's men have been since they got overseas. They're either some place or on the air twenty-five hours a day, it seems, in any one of many groups. And, believe me, those strings are NOT just used to play a chorus here and there; Miller and Gray and Ralph Wilkinson do some stupendous things with them. We've got a long-hair with us who used to play in a fine symphony and he still can't get over how Miller's strings sound and play together.

But apart from the musical appraisal, I'm afraid that Bittan is overlooking something much bigger—and that goes for METRONOME too, which, I think, erred greatly in permitting such a story to run. Miller and all his Men (and I capitalize "Men" advisedly) are doing something that can't be measured in "B plusses" or any other hard and fast measure you have for rating bands. For what they are doing transcends all that; they are bringing, as I said before, cheer and joy and light moments to all of us men who need cheer and joy and light moments. Perhaps they're not bringing us things that are far ahead musically. If they

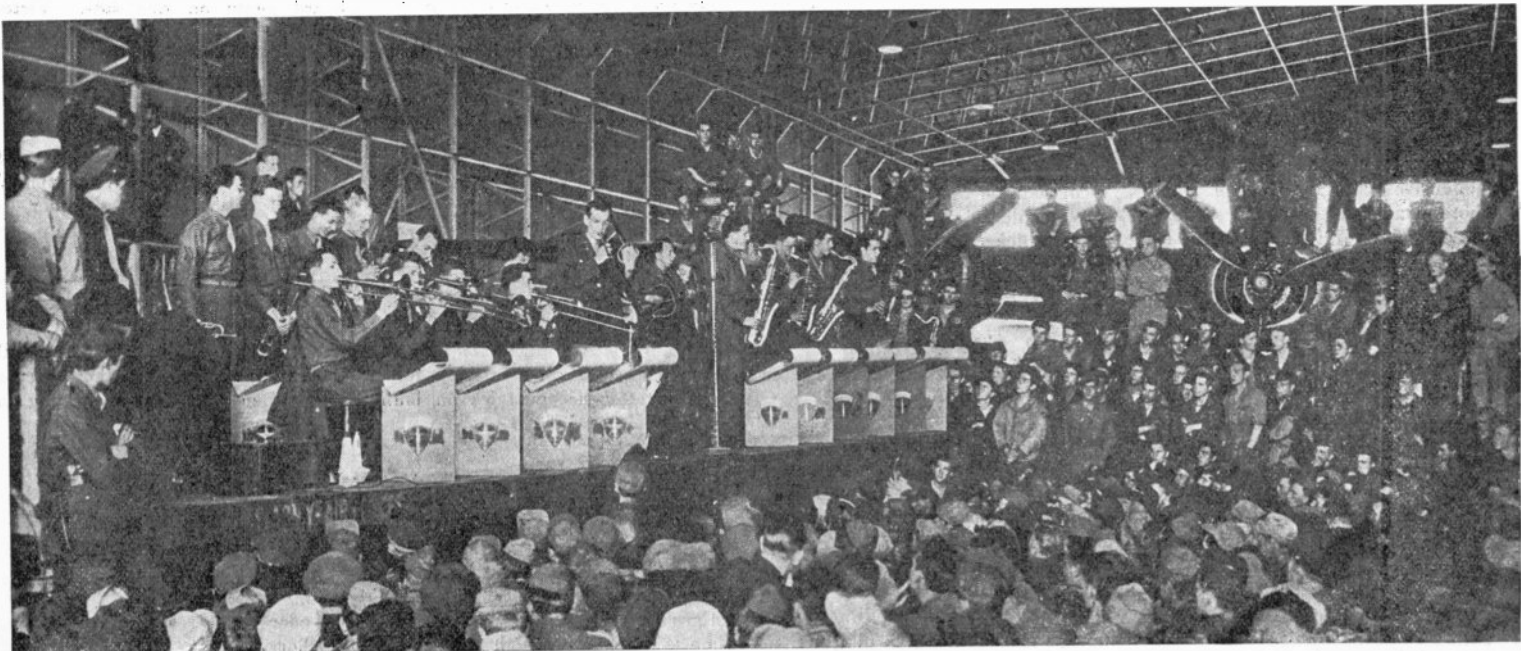
tried, I doubt if they would be fulfilling their task half as well as they are, for the average G.I. doesn't want weird harmonies; he isn't even too keen on hearing the very latest Lucky Strike Hit Parade songs. He wants the songs he used to know played as he used to hear them played. He wants music not for its intellectual impact but strictly for its emotional content, and, let me tell you, when you're in the position most of us are in, your pent-up emotions run for just one avenue of escape, an avenue leading to the thing you want most of all, your home and all your loved ones and all that they stood, stand, and will stand for.

To me and, I bet, to 99.44 per cent of all G.I.'s, that's what Miller and his Men and their Music stand for too. And that's why, to me, they're the greatest bunch of Musical Men ever assembled.

By his own request, we are withholding the name of the soldier who sent us the piece printed above. We still think the Bittan article was an inoffensive statement of personal opinion, but we are glad to offer here this cogent presentation of the opposite view.—Ed.

Above is a photograph taken since the arrival of Major Glenn Miller overseas, as the oak-leaf insignia on his shoulder indicates, together with the Flaming Sword, symbol of the Fighting Allied Invasion Forces.

A B-17 Base is the scene shown below, with Major Glenn Miller and his orchestra providing the entertainment. Dinah Shore and Spike Jones, who heard the band overseas, both describe it as the greatest thing ever.



Record Reviews

By The Two Deuces

Charlie Barnet

Come Out Wherever You Are B—
What a Difference a Day Made B—

Kay Starr sings very well on both sides; the arrangements are adequate, but neither side has the excitement that Barnet can usually offer. Whatever happened to *Pow-Wow* and some of the other fine instrumentals Barnet recorded up there a year ago or more? (Decca 18620.)

Emmett Berry Five

Sweet and Lovely C+
White Rose Kick B
Deep Blue Dream B—
Byas'd Opinions B

Emmett Berry sounds disappointingly toneless and idealess on *Sweet and Lovely*. The record fails to make the best of this tune; it might have been much better as a tenor solo by Don Byas. Emmett and Don are in better form on the jump tune overleaf, which also serves to introduce Dave Rivera, Calloway's excellent pianist, whose work you should dig assiduously.

Dream is Rivera's minor melody, in which it's again his work that stands out, though Byas does nicely. Don's tune on the reverse, starting out with the hoary lick known as *Whoa Babe*, jumps nicely with the aid of drummer J. C. Heard and bassist Milton Hinton. Byas plays some very Hawkins-like stuff here which would have been more effective with better balance and surface. (National 9001, 9002.)

Joan Brooks

Someday Somewhere B—
What a Difference a Day Made B—
If You Were the Only Boy In the World B—
Seven Days a Week B—

Everything about these records reflects the radio studio: the even, intensely unemotional sound of the Brooks voice; the moderate volume of the CBS Orchestra under Jerry Bittick; the unadventurous but inoffensive scorings. In the Dinah Shore tradition, rather less mannered. (Musicraft 15019/20.)

Pete Brown

Pete Brown's Boogie B+
Bellevue for You A—

The first side, despite its title, is not all boogie-woogie. Pete's mad alto gets throatier as the years go by, and he still jumps as much as any musician on earth.

Bellevue is a simple, almost antiquated riff theme which Pete manages to make charming by his wonderful sense of phrasing. Guitarist Al Casey and pianist Kenny Watts contribute some excellent work on both sides. (Savoy 522)

Cab Calloway

The Moment I Laid Eyes on You B—
Lordy B—

A tolerable ballad is made tolerably melodramatic by Cab's singing of the first. The label, curiously, credits Buck Ram for the arrangement of this side, though its only real distinction is some scoring for unison clarinets, nothing exactly to shout about. *Lordy* is a Sigmund Romberg song, helped considerably by the lovely tenor-dominated voicings of the Palmer Brothers (The Cabaliers) back of Cab. (Columbia 36751.)

King Cole Album

Sweet Lorraine A
Embraceable You A
Body and Soul A
The Man I Love A
What Is This Thing Called Love A
Prelude in C Sharp Minor A
It's Only a Paper Moon A
Easy Listenin's Blues A

As you might gather, we are not averse to this album. Such a large dose of the Cole trio at one gulp has us gloriously giddy. If you have not yet been convinced that Cole's piano, Oscar Moore's guitar and Johnny Miller's bass can make the subtlest, finest jazz ever created by three men, this album should convert you. Cole sings in his sincere, naturally rhythmic manner on *Lorraine*, *Embraceable* and *Paper Moon*; the other sides are instrumental.

There are too many great moments here for us to list them all. Samples: Oscar Moore's best chorus ever, on *Body and Soul*; the second eight bars of Nat's piano on the same side, which for sheer beauty of harmonic conception and phrasing has never been excelled. The tasteful transition into swing on the Rachmaninoff side, which for the first half is remarkably faithful to the spirit of the composition. The colossal impact of those last eight bars on *Paper Moon*. The two-bar vocal coda on *Sweet Lorraine*.

We could go on raving for hours—hours which both you and we could better spend listening to the music. (Capitol Album A-8.)

Jerry Colonna

Can't Yo' Heah Me Callin' Caroline B+
I Hate Music B

One of Colonna's more successful records, both sides present the comedian's voice at its unlovely best. There's a funny series of couplets on the rhyme scheme of -ine, carried a little too far, in *Caroline*: a couple of superb, tooth-shaking enunciations; and *Minerva Pious*, the world's most hip Jewish dialectician.

Flipover benefits from Paul Weston's pretty scoring of the tune Colonna ostensibly hates, and some more larynx-defying vocalizing. (Capitol 173.)

Crosby Classics

How Deep Is the Ocean B+
I've Got the World on a String B+
Home on the Range B—
The Last Roundup B—
Down the Old Ox-Road B—
Thanks B
Please B
My Honey's Lovin' Arms B+
Some of These Days B+
Shine B+

These records serve the purpose of other things than nostalgia. They present the voice of Bing Crosby probably in its most gratifying moments, all more than ten years ago. This was the period when Bing shaped his style, when he sang up-tempo with a jazz background, and intoned the beerier ballads with more than a hint of jazz feeling and phrasing. For confirmation of the first, listen to the last three sides, *Arms*, *Days*, *Shine*. To check the second, *Ocean*, *String* and *Thanks* will serve.

There's a nice jazz group on *Arms*, with Joe Venuti's fiddle recognizable. Eddie Lang's guitar is audible on *Thanks*. On *Days*, there's more of it, as well as the hardly mistakable sound of the Frankie Trumbauer saxophone. The Mills Brothers aid and abet Bing on *Arms* and *Shine*, with particular infectiousness on the second-named. In combination with Crosby, they bring back memories of the Chipso radio show they used to do together with Don Redman's orchestra in the early thirties, a program which presented good music and, for the first time on a radio commercial, a colored band.

There are some dated sounds in this album: the sometimes decrepit ballad scoring, Bing's corny scattling, for example. But the overall effect is a pleasurable one, musically, sentimentally. (Columbia Set M-555.)

Bing Crosby

Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral B—
I'll Remember April B—

For those who heard him do it in *Going My Way*, Bing's *Too-Ra* will bring back pleasant memories. John Scott Trotter accompanies on both sides. (Decca 18621.)

Navier Cugat

Eco B+
Prisionero del Mar C+

Eco is one of Miguelito Valdes's good records with Cugat. The effusive singer shouts, wheedles, indulges himself in typical double-time talking here, which make good

sense in a "Cuban Street Vendor Song." There's some good Spanish trumpet on this side and a nice diminuendo on Valdes's fast spiel at the record's end. Coupling is too cloying in its choral and orchestral sound for comfort, with a pleasant Carmen Castillo vocal not helped at all by the clanky marimba behind her. (Columbia 36752.)

Tommy Dorsey

Whispering B
Two in Love B

Good tunes, one old and now revived (in the movie *Greenwich Village*), the other at least as recent as the last year Tommy recorded, 1942. Sinatra sings both, with *Whispering* support from the Pied Pipers. Typical T. Dorsey stuff, easy on the ear, with a few distinguished trumpet and clarinet moments on the A side. (Victor 20-1597.)

Duke Ellington

I Don't Mind A—
What Am I Here For? A

A last-minute release rescues the month's singles. *Mind* is a Strayhorn-Ellington collaboration, on which Billy plays a little piano, Ivie Anderson sings a lot of vocal and a first-rate tune is handsomely implemented by one chorus of ensemble (four bars), Harry Carney (four bars), Lawrence Brown (sixteen measures). *What Am I Here For?*, which is a very natural verbalization of the first measure of the four-measure figure which carries the tune's melody, is, curiously, without lyric, curiously but not unhappily. The scoring is Ellington at his most soaring, with some effective alternation of piano and trumpet and a half-chorus of Ben Webster at his most persuasive. If our ears don't deceive us, Strayhorn is at the keyboard again on this side. Victor 20-1598.)

Dick Haymes

Janie C+
Our Waltz C+

The first is a dog tune; the second is a pretty Dave Rose instrumental outfitted with lyrics. Neither is sung more than passably here, by
(Continued on page 18)

Ratings

The Two Deuces, Barry Ulanov and Leonard Feather, listen to all the month's records together, discuss them, then rate them according to the following system:

- A artistically extraordinary
- A—excellent
- B+very good
- B good
- B—fairly good
- C+fair
- C mediocre
- C—poor
- D horrible

REMINISCING IN TEMPO

**Toby Hardwicke thinks back
through the years with Ellington:
The Lion, Lippy, Bubber . . .**

By Inez M. Cavanaugh

"Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas. . ."

Just as surely as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so there is but one nuance, one well-turned phrase necessary, in the music we like to listen to today, to turn our thoughts to performers of yesterday. Personal and enduring are trade marks they've left on this lusty, living art.

Otto Hardwicke, perfectionist and sturdy perennial of the all-time, all-star Ellington sax section was head reminiscer. We listened. Open-mouthed.

Dancing on limpid air, the dulcet tones of Johnny Hodges' saxophone tugged at the strings of Otto's memory as he half-thought, half-said: "Sidney Bechet . . . you can hear Bechet in there . . . Hodges always thought a lot of him. . ."

This was perfect! So you WILL talk! "Tell us something about the old days, Otto, about Bubber Miley, for instance. Bubber's been just a legend . . . deep, blue-black feeling flung into your being from a spinning, well-worn blue-black disc . . . but, what kind of a guy was he . . . you know . . . what was *his* story?"

"Bubber was unpredictable. Do you know we had to shanghai him into the band. Whetsel went back to Howard University and we needed a good man. We wanted Miley. Even then, we had a reputation of sticking together and Bubber knew this. He was playing at a little place uptown and was happy there, so he stalled us off, thinking that if and when Whetsel came back, we'd let him go.

"One night after we finished work, we went up to Harlem, got Bubber stiff, and when he came to he was in a tuxedo growling at the Hollywood, on Broadway!

"The Hollywood was quite a spot. Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Bing, Whiteman, Joan Crawford, well, today's headliners crowded the place. We wanted to add a few more pieces, but the bandstand was so small, we had no room for a bass fiddle, that's how Bass Edwards came to play with us. We had to find a man with an instrument to fit the stand, and Bass played an upright recording tuba, the smallest bass instrument made . . . so he got the job. We also added a trombone . . . Charlie Irvis. He was strictly a gutbucket trombonist and when we got him he was playing with

Willie The Lion Smith at the Capitol Palace. I think *Good Housekeeping* got the "seal of approval" idea from The Lion. In those days, before you could CARRY an instrument around Harlem, much less play one, you had to get the Lion's okay.

"The word gutbucket must have stemmed directly from Irvis's style and his use of a real bucket for a mute. He was a growler, too, but not like Miley. However, he and Bubber got together on duets after growling at each other for a few days, and thus set the style of the band.

"Willie The Lion has never been recognized for his tremendous influence on the music of today. This I cannot understand, unless it's because indifferent persons have been doing the recognizing. Duke, Fats, James P., every pianist of that glorious era has borrowed copiously from the Lion. That is, his influence is strong in all of them.

"There was a mad procession of pianists . . . the peak of the parlor social era . . . the days when the great left hands were developed. Know why? Well . . . everybody wanted to treat the piano player. Drinks were lined up ten deep all night long . . . and to keep the ball rolling, the box-beater had to reach for a drink with his right hand and keep the melody going with his left. That's how left-hands were born! Did you ever hear of 'One Leg' Willie? James P. Johnson can tell you about him. Willie would park his crutch on the piano and take charge of any session. Anyone seeking to dethrone him would wind up wearing a crutch for a collar! Then there was Kid Griffin, who wore wide-leg pants, a number four shoe and weighed 250 pounds; the King of the harmony players, Willie Bryant, from Brooklyn; Sam Gordon, from Jersey, had the fastest right hand in the business; Alberta Simmons, from down in the Jungles, could beat the average man 'striding'; Harold 'Bon Bon' Gardner; Freddie Tunstall; 'Egg Head' Willie Sewell of Baltimore; The Beetle; Ralph 'Zwieback' Ross; Bob Hawkins. . . .

"Willie 'The Lion' Smith. Jack 'The Bear' (no one ever knew his right name), Raymond 'Lippy' Boyd, Willie 'Leopard' Gant. James P. 'The Brute' Johnson, the late Thomas 'Fats' Waller, Cliff Jackson, Russell Brooks and Corky Williams were the greats of those rip-snorting days.

(Continued on page 26)

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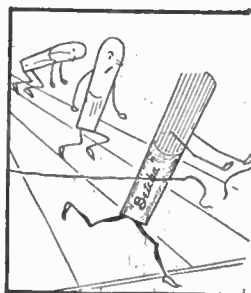
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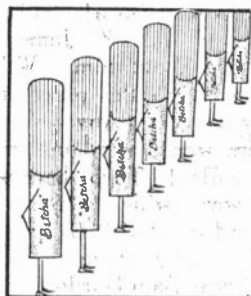
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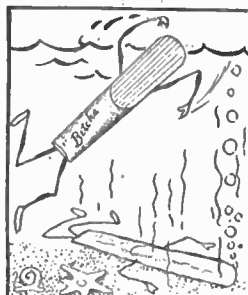
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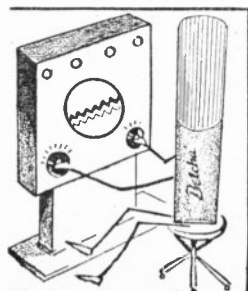
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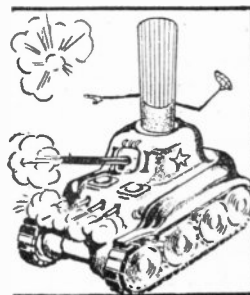
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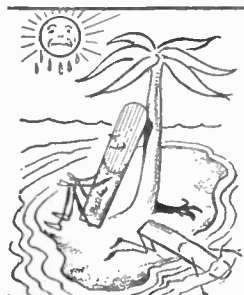
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IN FITCH



DURABLE



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RECORD REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

a singer with a fine natural voice who struggles inordinately to squeeze legitimate tones into crooner vices. Backings by Victor Young in the movie studio manner are acceptable. (Decca 18623.)

Woody Herman

Let Me Love You Tonight B—
Who Dat Up There? B+

First side presents the Herman band of two and a half years ago, not to be compared with Woody's great present-day outfit. Billie Rogers sings the English version of *No Te Importe Saber* quite well and there are some stray measures

of listenable Herman clarinet. Reverse, made some months ago, spots good Woody Herman alto and Neal Hefti growl trumpet and Ben Webster tenor, and don't miss the fine bass playing of Chubby Jackson under the solos, the ensemble, and the Herman vocal. Bringdown here is the Uncle Tom Negro diction in which the key phrase of the song is couched. Writer Bob Russell, whose social conscience is one of the most energetic facets of a vigorous personality, should be ashamed—and so should Woody. We'd like to know, too, why Woody asks "Who Dat Up Dere?" but suddenly acquires sufficient sophistication to inquire, "Who Dat Down There?" (Decca 18619.)

James P. Johnson

After You've Gone B+
Joy-Mentin' A—

These two sides by Johnson's Blue Note Jazz Men strike us as even better than the other two (*Victory Stride, Blue Mizz*) by the same group. *Joy-Mentin'* is simply 12 inches of ad lib slow blues choruses, tied together with a 12-bar theme used to open and close. The soloists are all at their best—Sidney de Paris, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Ben Webster, tenor; Jimmy Shirley, guitar—though Shirley would have been even more effective had he not been forced, against his own desire and better judgment, to play without his amplifier. The only weak spot on this side is the John Simmons bass solo, under-recorded and under-inspired.

Everybody gets off effectively in *After You've Gone*. James P. swings in his solo, though some of the licks he uses are identical with what Zez Confrey played around 1924. Ben Webster's tone is much better than on most of his recent records, and there's more fine work by Sidney and Vic. An excellent coupling. (Blue Nose 33.)

Pat Kay

I Lost My Sugar In Salt Lake City B

Tisco Cisco B
Pat Kay sings, with Herbie Jeffries' Orchestra, two songs by Leon René, who runs this Coast record company. Pat sounds a lot like Ella Mae Morse, with a tendency to exaggerate the dip effect on certain notes. The band, nominally fronted by Jeffries, who sings an intro and coda on *Tisco*, is a pick-up bunch of good studio men, playing full-bodied orchestrations. Unimportant but easy listening. (Exclusive 104.)

Merry Maes

Let's Sing a Song About Susie C
Up, Up, Up C

Very drab. And the inept, swinging vibes don't help either. (Decca 18622.)

Hal McIntyre

It Might Have Been C+
Daisy May B+

First side, which accounts for the record's being issued, is a slight Cole (Continued on page 20)



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RECORD REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

Porter tune, undistinguished in this performance except for the introduction and the coda. The rest is uneventful baritone (Jerry Stuart) and questionable sister-team singing (Four Lyttles). *Daisy May*, reissued

because there are no other McIntyre sides in Victor's vaults, is the 1941-42 band, which had so effective an Ellington sound, solos by Johnny Hayes on tenor, Billy Robbins on trumpet and Hal on alto implementing that impression here. (Victor 20-1599.)

Vaughn Monroe

The Last Time I Saw Paris C+
After It's Over B-

This is what is known as a timely revival, meaning that Paris fell two months ago. Vaughn sings the first side, leaving the backing to the Four Lee Sisters. (Victor 20-1596.)

The Pied Pipers

The Trolley Song C+
Cuddle Up a Little Closer B-

First is strictly juke box material, which bandleader Paul Weston might have improved with a jazz background, which would have been entirely logical here. Second, at very slow tempo, has the sound of the old Tommy Dorsey band, in its simple arrangement, its trombone and clarinet solos. The singing on both sides is what you might expect of this polished group, no more. (Capitol 245.)

Louis Prima

The White Cliffs of Dover B
The Very Thought of You B

Prima's now famous jive version of *White Cliffs*, always a big hit of his stage shows, makes a good record too. His trumpet playing includes kidding around and playing good jazz horn; his vocal has his customary beat, helped by a choral vocal background that jumps too. We like the tenor man, whose name Louis mumbles—sounds like Charlie Kane. Louis sings again in his pleasantly ingenuous manner on *Thought*, a neat, swinging arrangement in which his trumpet and the same tenor man again help. (Hit 7109.)

Boyd Raeburn

This Must Be Love C
Starlight Avenue C+

Raeburn's band is one we've been watching with exceptional interest. It plays a progressive brand of jazz—but not on this, its first record release. Alas, both sides are much too consciously commercial to give any idea of what Raeburn can do. Both sides have ordinary Don d'Arcy vocals. There are pitifully brief glimpses of Johnny Bothwell's superlative alto work. (Grand, unnumbered.)

Adrian Rollini Trio

First Class Private Mary Brown C
Lili Marlene C
Is You Is Or Is You Ain't C
Hesitation Blue C+

The Rollini Trio (vibes, guitar and bass, with vocals) seems to have become more cautious in the years since it made some tolerable records on Vocalion. The present trio, with the leader doubling on chimes, has an icky off-beat, sticks strictly to the melody except for slight and corny variations. Roy Williams does the anemic vocal work on the first pair, and Sylvia Barry makes with some grotesquely musical-comedy style singing. The modulations in and out of vocals are clumsy. The only halfway enterprising thing is the occasional guitar solo work; his blues solo on that last side gives it its higher rating. (Feature 1005, 1006.)

Andy Russell

What a Difference a Day Made B
Don't You Notice Anything New B

An apparently enlarged orchestra lends pleasant sound to Paul Weston's pleasant arranging here, with tasteful counter melodies in the strings complementing Russell's better-than-average ballad singing. This boy's future is right at the top, commercially. (Capitol 167.)

Ginny Simms

Chinese Lullaby B
I'm Glad There Is You B

Both good sides: the first because of the successful courting in terms of the diatonic scale of Chinese musical sounds, and a good set of tunes; the second, because of an affecting song and lyric. Ginny sings both well and the orchestra is at the highest level of studio competency. (Columbia 36731.)

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Freddy Slack

Cuban Sugar Mill B
Small Batch O' Nod B+

First side is entirely a piano solo, with snatches of celeste, the band only coming on for the final twelve bars. It's incisive and well formed boogie-woogie, dull to us who have heard too much of this stuff, but good of its kind. *Nod* is also mostly feature piano work by Freddy, but with assistance from the band throughout. His little sarcastic phrase at the end of each phrase of the first band chorus is charming. The next chorus has Bob Crosby tinges, but with a fine rhythm section. Carl Leaf, one of Slack's arrangers, did a good job here, making this one of the best big-band jazz instrumentals of the month. (Capitol 172.)

Jo Stafford

I Didn't Know About You B-
Tumbling Tumbleweeds B-

I Didn't Know About You is Duke's *Sentimental Lady*, with some minor melodic changes, a new release and a lyric. Jo sings it with feeling, but not necessarily the feeling directed by the lyric or the turn of Ellington's phrase, and her enunciation is often blurred. The Pied Pipers introduce a harsh note, which doesn't help either. *Tumbleweeds*, though hardly a comparable tune, is better carried off, with the Weston strings in notably good taste. (Capitol 266.)

Cootie Williams

Is You Is Or Is You Ain't B+
Blue Garden Blues B+

Two things mystify us about this record. (1) Eddie Vinson, whose singing takes up almost all the wax on *Is You Is*, will certainly sell the record, yet there's no mention of Vinson on the label. (2) The other side, which is quite clearly Clarence Williams' *Royal Garden Blues*, is labeled *Blue Garden Blues* and no composer is credited. What's your story, Eli?

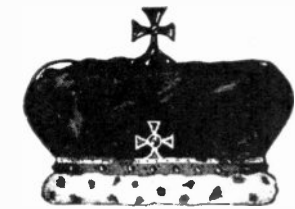
Vinson's anguished vocal is as fine as the obligato work by Cootie and pianist Earl Powell. The other side, at a fast clip, includes a lot of the solo and riff ideas used in the Goodman Sextet version of *Royal Garden* made by Cootie. Tenor and growl trombone solos are up to the general high standard of the side. (Hit 7108.)



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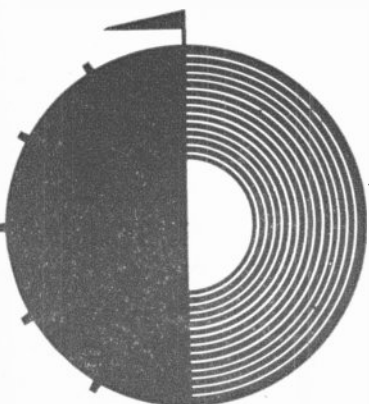
● Look beyond the anxious days of the war. See, in your mind's eye, the drama that lies in the eyes of G. I. Joe as he comes marching home. Behind him, the searing memory of battle . . . before him the prospect of home and fireside, the pursuit of normal pleasures, the promise of ecstatic reunion . . . and, giving voice to his feelings, the spirited strains of triumphant music. Look to music to play an increasingly important part in American life after the war—and count on The H. N. White Co. for finer, more expressive and more responsive instruments than you've ever dreamed of before.



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Stage Show Reviews

BILLY ECKSTINE

Dizzy Heights

Apollo Theatre, New York

Billy Eckstine made an impression from the first moment when the curtains parted to reveal him, clothed in a brilliant white smile and suit, conducting a band of four trumpets, three trombones, five reeds and four rhythm.

Billy's personality and singing sold the show commercially; Dizzy Gillespie's musicianship and fine arrangements did most for it musically, though there were plenty of others to whom credit is due. For a young band, this bunch kicks wonderfully. In this short space all I can do is list the credits briefly:—

Shorty McConnell, with leader Billy towering over him as he blew some quiet but incisive trumpet on *Second Balcony Jump*. Gene Ammons, son of Albert the b-w man, blowing several choruses of terrific tenor and getting a heartwarming hand for it. Chippy Aulcott's trombone on the attractive Dizzy original *Night In Tunisia*. Johnny Jackson's alto work. Dizzy himself, announced by Eckstine as "the magic voice of the 52nd. Street sewers," stepping down front to take a "vocal" on *Salt Peanuts* which con-

sisted simply of repeating the title 12 times.

Dizzy's musicomic effects with the other three trumpets adding wit to good music in *Jelly Jelly*, and Eckstine adding his own horn to make it a five-trumpet climax. The fine drumming of Art Blakey; Johnny Malachi's intelligent piano; the Lester Youthful tenor of Dexter Gordon.

Eckstine, needless to add, got a hand as he began to sing each jukebox hit, and could have stayed on-stage all night. More surprising and very gratifying was the reception accorded to Sara Vaughn, Billy's superb *chanteuse*. What style, what phrasing, what control! Ah, *mon vieux*, this chick is groovy!—FEATHER.

FRANK SINATRA

Bobby Sock!

Paramount Theatre, New York.

On Frank's first number of the show, *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin*, the girl next to me squealed, so I couldn't hear too well. Then he went into *I'll Walk Alone* and *I Don't Know Why* and *Come Out Wherever You Are*, but the girl in back of me squealed so that I couldn't hear too well. There were a few more songs, but I'm not too

sure just what they were because the girl on either side of me and the one in back and the one in front of me squealed so much that I couldn't hear too well.

The place was quieter when Raymond Paige's thirty-five pieces played by themselves and I must say they sounded great. Paige used his head in selecting his material, playing superbly scored arrangements of a service-man's medley, *Dark Eyes* and a battle of swing vs. classics. Not only was it good musically, but the general humor made it top theatre entertainment.

Sinatra, though I couldn't hear him sing too well, proved himself smarter as a showman than I'd ever seen him before. He made a few cracks about the salaries of the working press which weren't in top taste, but he held and bled his primary audience beautifully.

P. S.—I finally heard Sinatra—on his two CBS shows. To me the guy's still tremendous!—SIMON.

HORACE HEIDT

Light Heidt

Capitol Theatre, New York.

The sound of each of the choirs was excellent, and such of the soloists as you heard, Shorty Sherock, for example, were very good, but it was the look that counted most in this show, not the sound. Horace trotted out every trick in his ample box of same, emphasizing crowds on the stage, and most of the noises

that go with crowds, especially when they are entertainers.

The Queen in the Parlor gave the boys a workout with large playing-cards. *The Trolley Song* spotted four girl singers. In *Dance with a Dolly*, four couples of singers broke into dance. A sequence of *Musical History* brought on imitations of Kay Kyser, Tommy Dorsey and Horace Heidt, and good tenor, trombone, bass sax, clarinet solos. *I Had a Talk with the Lord* introduced a questionable note for a stage show, even though His conversation was held with a figurative service-man. Horace trotted out a curiously sexless dancing turn, which he kept going with live chatter, then, in *Politics*, everybody trotted, cantered or just ran like hell across the stage, as banners waved for Roosevelt and Dewey, and even Mrs. Heidt made an appearance, in the Republican camp.

The high spot followed the campaign, Shorty Sherock playing *Sunny Side of the Street*, and excellently, too, except for some cute chicken noises, entirely out of place. Fred Lowery pursed his lips and whistled for quite a spell. *The Treasure Chest* introduced an audience participation game, with servicemen winning dollar bills for skill at musical chairs, questions and answers, singing, etc. Then everybody went off to the tune of *The Bells of St. Mary's* and a pleasant good night speech from Horace. In sum, a good variety bill, but unfortunately unrepresentative of the considerable musical resources of the Heidt band.—ULANOV.

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Blending harmony in their music as well as married life, S/Sgt. and Mrs. Lou Bush (Janet Blair) look over the score of a new Bush arrangement at a recent OWI recording session which featured the Santa Monica Air Forces Redistribution Station dance orchestra. Lou, a former pianist-arranger with Horace Heidt, Dave Rose, George Olsen and other well-known bands before joining the service, performs the same duties for the GI bands. Janet is usually featured as vocalist with the Santa Monica combo when they cut their bi-monthly *America Sends a Melody* show. T/Sgt. Tommy Jones is the head of the Redistribution Station band.

ROY ELDRIDGE
Fish Market
Comes On

Apollo Theatre, New York.

A strange thing happened in this show. Roy Eldridge's band started to play the blues, at medium tempo, and didn't stop until a quarter of an hour later, by which time Roy Eldridge (trumpet), Joe Eldridge (alto), Sandy Williams (trombone) and Sam Allen (guitar) had each taken at least umpteen fine choruses. What's even more amazing is that the audience didn't seem to find it too long. Roy called this number *Fish Market*. It came on.

The other numbers played by the band suffered by comparison, and some of them suffered by being played at all. Roy, who knew as well as I did that this band had some sad deficiencies in the ensemble work, disbanded after his Apollo week.

Maxine Johnson, Roy's vocalist, did a couple of numbers. Roy provided a kick by playing drums on the last number, *Flyin' Home*, and pretty good drums too. I still don't like drum solos, but I found it at least interesting that Roy was able to play a very long one which, technically, was up to the standards of many full-time drummers.—FEATHER.

JORDAN-
HUMPHRIES

Fine Looney,
Rest Kiflooney

Apollo Theatre, New York.

Louis Jordan has become a polished and delightful entertainer. His band, with the able rhythmic support of drummer Slick Jones and Al Morgan, swings all the time, as does Louis's own singing and his tenor and alto work.

Louis sang several of his record hits, devoting a little too much time to singing and not enough to playing. He has an infectious personality, and is one of the few rare and fortunate people (like King Cole) who has managed to find a formula that is completely commercial without ever compromising or bastardizing his music. And Eddie Roane, the trumpeter, does plenty for the group.

Louis shared the show with a new big band led by Frank Humphries, one of Lucky Millinder's favorite trumpet men and a former member of the Millinder band. If you can imagine Louis Armstrong with a strep throat, that will give you an idea of how Humphries' vocals sounded. He's a fine trumpet player, but the band sounded shoddy and thrown together.—FEATHER.

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Artie Shaw played clarinet in public, for the first time since his honorable discharge, during this visit to the Plantation Club in LA. Here he is with **Count Basie**, **Buddy Rich**, **T. Dorsey**. **Charlie Mihn** pic.

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Movie Lots Not Groovy

LOS ANGELES—With Harry James and Tommy Dorsey checking off the Metro lot, the boxscore of bands making films dropped to a measly three as October neared its end.

Xavier Cugat now is the only ork on the M-G-M lot. His assignment is *Weekend at the Waldorf*, which winds up in late November. The band is doubling at Ciro's. Woody Herman is working in a Republic quickie, *Earl Carroll's Vanities*, and also holding down the Palladium bandstand. The third band to face kleigs is Skinnay Ennis, whose film at Columbia is as yet untitled.

Universal, however, is making a series of musical shorts featuring such groups as Henry King, etc. But things are dull these days on the movie sets, compared to activity a year ago.

C.P.O. Thornhill Back to T. H.

LOS ANGELES—After six weeks on the mainland, Claude Thornhill was to return to Hawaii about Nov. 1 to organize and conduct a new all-Navy band on a tour of So. Pacific islands.

Thornhill, now a navy Chief Petty Officer, visited friends in New York, Boston and Chicago while on leave. Several outstanding musicians are expected to turn up in his band. Censorship restrictions prohibit details until the group is completely organized and in action.

Count Loses Les, Jo to Sam

LOS ANGELES—Count Basie trained east to play theaters, following a record-smashing month at the Plantation Club here, without the services of two of his most popular and talented sidemen. Lester Young and Jo Jones were inducted into the Army at Fort MacArthur in early October.

**STAGE SHOW
REVIEWS**

(Continued from page 24)

**JIMMIE
LUNCEFORD**

*Boulevard of
Broken Dreams*

Loew's State, New York.

After colleague Ulanov's enthusiastic report on Jimmie Lunceford as he heard him out on the Coast a couple of months back, I was prepared for something more exciting than I heard at Loew's State. According to boys in the band who discussed it with me, things were better out West.

The program as I caught it on Loew's stage included a pretentious arrangement of *Holiday For Strings* on which Jimmie himself plays flute briefly; a pedantic trumpet solo by Russell Green entitled *Boulevard of Broken Dreams*; vocals by Clifton Trenier, whose intonation was doubtful, and Tina Dixon, who's a competent blues singer and good entertainer.

In the old Lunceford groove there was very little. Jock Carruthers helped out on the vocal in *Wham*, which was the best arrangement played, and the best-played arrangement. But to rely on this and *For Dancers Only* as a reminder of the glory that once was Lunceford is not good policy. There's still enough talent in this band, and enough good leadership in Jimmie, to put up a better show than this, featuring more new arrangements, fewer academic non-jazz manifestations, and fewer vocals.—HOPE.

**ANDREWS-
AYRES**

*With Tears
In His Beer*

Paramount Theatre, New York.

There wasn't much to review about Mitchell Ayres' band. It was put together to accompany the Andrews Sisters during their stay at the Paramount; it had no vocalists of its own and did only two numbers on its own. The first was a loud flagwaving opener; the second a medley, with the strings featured, including Mitch himself briefly.

As for the Andrews gals, I have known them for years, I like them personally, and they seem to like me, despite what I always write about their work from the musical standpoint. So I'll go on record again as saying that I find them musically vulgar, tonally raw, and generally of no service to the community, save as a means of causing large sums of money to change hands among large numbers of people. Moreover, I think the lyrics of *Corns For Our Country* are in bad taste.

Patty, Maxene, LaVerne: do you still love me?—FEATHER.

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REMINISCING

(Continued from page 17)

"Eddie Heywood, Sr., played with my Lafayette Theatre pit band, during one of my 'vacations' from the Ellington crew. He was an excellent arranger and I know where his brilliant son got his inspiration. . . ." "But . . . Otto . . . you've gotten away from Bubber . . . and how about Coney Island. . . .?"

"I'll bet you didn't know that Fats Waller was supposed to play with us when we came to New York with Elmer Snowden! Yep . . . but Fats wouldn't stoop to play with greenhorns and didn't even show up.

"Then Duke was persuaded to join us and the first thing we wanted to do when he got here was to see Coney Island. With a couple of bucks between us, Sonny, Duke, Whetsel and I subwayed out there and spent our dough on hot dogs and just *watched* the fun. We came upon a fortune teller, and stood on the fringe of the crowd to listen. Suddenly, he called to us. We shook our heads in unison, moving back a step. He shouted: 'I know you haven't any money, but I want to tell you something, anyway. You're thinking of going back home . . . don't do it . . . something's going to break for you in three days and you fellows will work together the rest of your lives and never have to look for a job again. . . .' I could use his telephone number, right now!

"To get back to Bubber . . . he was a character. A happy-go-lucky, moon-faced, slim, brown boy with laughing eyes and a mouth full of gold teeth. Bubber loved to play.

He went to church to get musical ideas from the music. That's how he got his ideas for *Black and Tan Fantasy*. A master showman . . . completely uninhibited . . . irrepressible. Nothing at all for him to stop in the middle of a chorus, remembering some nonsense, double up in hysterics . . . nothing coming out of his horn but wind! We'll never forget the job we lost because of him. We were working at Ciro's, a swank spot, and the manager wasn't for any hot licks. Just the melody . . . play the melody, boys . . . make it sweet . . . play those show tunes . . . never mind the hot stuff . . . but Bubber couldn't be held down.

"He'd slide through the first three or four sets and suddenly tear out! We'd have a helluva time quieting him down.

"One night, Bubber was bubbling over and wanted to play his horn. It was touch and go. Next evening, the manager came up in the elevator, be-spatted, with gloves, cane and hat in hand. Right behind him . . . fifteen minutes late . . . marched Bubber . . . be-spatted, with gloves, cane and hat in hand. All eyes avoided us, the air was spotty, a nervous feeling ran through the bunch of us, but we went in and changed. Just as we came out of the dressing-room to go on the stand another hand struck up their music and we realized we were fired! Bubber couldn't out-growl that gang that night.



"You should have seen him in his miniature Oakland with his chauffeur up front. The car cost \$50. There was Bubber, gloved hands resting on his cane, sitting in the back seat . . . his knees bumping the driver's neck!

"I'm almost sure that Bubber was the first Negro musician featured with a white band. He had the job all musicians dream about with Leo Reisman. Bubber entered the pit . . . smiled into the spotlight . . . lifted his horn . . . growled out the St. Louis Blues for three minutes . . . and went home! East St. Louis Toodle-oo, with which he had a lot to do, was his first recording with us and to this day one of the greatest.

"Bubber taught Tricky his growling technique and was constantly besieged by valve men. The only answer they could get out of him as to 'how' he did it was: 'I don't know how I do it. I'm just crazy.' Bubber often said he wasn't going to teach anybody how to take his job from him. That's why there's a dearth of growl trumpet players today. Cootie Williams, who followed Bubber, got his schooling from Tricky and that's all, brother!"

We're sure the tales of this golden era of jazz would take a thousand and one nights in the telling, so we'll save the rest for another time when METRONOME's war-shortened pages open once more to the glorious men of yesteryear who have given so much lustre to the music of today!

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The Classics

IN THE FOURTH CONCERTO of the late Sergei Rachmaninoff, you will find most of the stylistic facets which have made this superb pianist's piano concertos such favorites in our time with pianists and audiences alike. There are lovely melodies, rich, Russian, poignant. The scoring is full, neo-Tchaikovskian in harmonic devices, orchestrated to a neat balance between piano and orchestra. And, as in the revised version of the first concerto, it is the exquisite slow movement which forms an apex to the triangular construction of the work.

The recording of the Concerto by the composer, available for some years in England, has just been released over here by Victor (Album DM-972, \$4.73). Rachmaninoff's performance at the piano is typical: incomparable tone, delicacy of phrase limn his playing. With the remarkable sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra choirs behind him, the great man left on records, here, another testament to his talent as a musical narrator of the anguish of our time, to his genius as a pianist.

Powerhouse Bach at its best can be heard in the Dimitri Mitropoulos Minneapolis Symphony recording of the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor (Columbia X-244, \$2.63). The Fugue, well known in the Stokowski transcription, and to organists, as "The Great G Minor," sounds large and spacious, as does the Fantasia, in Mitropoulos' own arrangement. Last side is devoted to a workmanlike transcription of the Chorale-Prelude, *Wir glauben all'an einen Gott*.

Columbia's emphasis, this month, is on reissues in handsome album covers of some choice items from its catalogue. Claudia Muzio, the Italian soprano who died in 1936, has been memorialized in an album of eight of her brilliant record sides (Columbia M-259, \$4.73). Included are these arias: *Casta Diva (Norma)*; *Ah! non credia mirarti (La Sonambula)*; *Addio del passato (La Traviata)*; *Pace, pace, mio Dio (La Forza del Destino)*; *Si, mi chiamo Mimi (La Boheme)*; *La mamma morta (Andrea Chenier)*; *Esser madre e un inferno (L'Arlesiana)*; *L'Altra notte in fonde mare (Mefistofele)*. The pure, untremulous voice of Muzio refreshes the drab and bright both in this collection.

Sir Thomas Beecham's pre-eminent position as a refresher of the hackneyed and squalid and the simply overdone in music is effectively underlined by the reissue of four Famous Overtures in one album (Columbia M-552, \$4.73): *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Don Giovanni*, *The Hebrides* and *The Roman Carnival Overture*. Here, and on another record with the London Philharmonic, of *The Pastoral Symphony* from Handel's *Messiah* and the Overture to Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* (Col-

umbia 71606-D, \$1.05), Sir Thomas keeps the rhythm going, lets the melodies sing, never yields to the melodrama which pulses beneath the surfaces of much of this music.

Columbia has reissued, too, Egon Petri's able if rather too laboriously understated performance of the Tchaikovsky piano concerto in B flat minor (M-318, \$4.73). On singles: That company presents Stokowski's very familiar reworking of Bach's G minor Fugue, that one best known as *The Little Fugue*, together with the *Scherzo* from William Grant Still's *Afro-American Symphony*, a somewhat corny orchestral exercise in the symphonic jazz tradition (Stokowski and the All-American Orchestra—11992-D, \$1.05). . . . Salvatore Baccaloni, the Metropolitan Opera's leading basso buffo, sings three slight Italian airs in the comic vein, Filippi's *El Ti*; Buzzi-Peccia's *Serenata Gelata*; Nutile's *Hammamia, che vo' sapa?* (71609-D, \$1.05).

On Victor singles there are: Artur Rubinstein playing brilliantly in Brahms' G minor Ballade, opus 118, number 3, and Albenitz's Navarra—an interesting display of piano virtuosity (11-8622, \$1.05). . . . Norman Cordon, the Met basso, singing *Go Down Moses* and *Water Boy*, without affecting phony Negro diction, in good voice (10-1114, 79c). . . . The General Platoff Don Cosack Chorus doing *Borodino*, a stirring war song, and *Kanavoushka*, an unimpressive "imitation of a Russian accordion" (10-1115, 79c).

—BARRY ULANOV.

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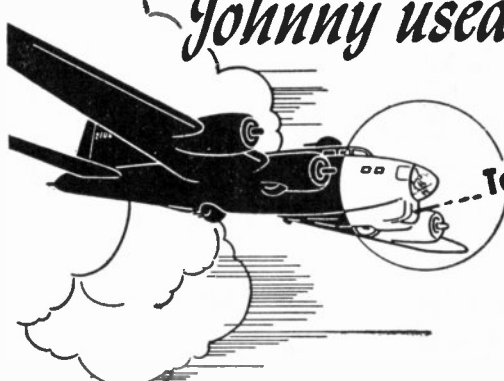
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Lew Gray's Band Is Grand— About Fifteen Grand

By Dick C. Land

FIND an "angel" with an oversupply of cash money. Hire the best musicians you can find by paying them salaries no other maestro can pay. Accept any engagements you can, at flat scale.

That's the formula Lew Gray is using in Los Angeles to catapult himself into the foremost ranks of the name bandleaders. Gray plays no instrument himself, nor does he arrange. But his band has played such spots as the Casa Manana in Culver City and the Palisades Ballroom in Santa Monica and if Lew has his way, the group soon will be ensconced in the Cafe Rouge of New York's Hotel Pennsylvania or some similar top spot. At least he's ambitious.

All of which is a preamble to one of the strangest stories of the year 1944.

Los Angeles musicians smelled something cooking last Spring when Gray, virtually unknown here on the Coast, made the rounds hiring well-known musicians for a band. At first they were skeptical. But Gray insisted he was paying as high as \$200 weekly for trumpeters and reedmen and whipped out a checkbook to show his good faith.

Frankie Carlson, long-time Woody Herman drummer, was one of the first to latch on to Mr. Gray's Gravy Train. Pee-Wee Hunt, the Casa Loma veteran, was another. Dick Baldwin, singer until recently with Charlie Spivak, was a third.

"Man," said Carlson, "you can't believe it. We get paid even when we don't work—and that's most of the time. I make more loot in a month with Lew Gray than I did in three months with Herman. And I only work two or three nights a week here in town."

This amazing Utopia is not all Gray's planning, however. His "angel" is a middle-aged woman, the wife of United States Senator "Curly" Brooks of Illinois, who had invested more than \$15,000 in the Gray organization up to October 1. Mrs. Brooks signs the checks for musicians' salaries, publicity and advertising expenses and other appropriations involved in keeping a modern dance orchestra together. She is present at rehearsals and all engagements. She assists Lew in making out the programs for the band's infrequent air sustainers. In short, she's a handy girl to have around.

Last month Lew Gray's band opened at the Palisades Ballroom in Santa Monica, a few miles west of Los Angeles on the shore of the blue Pacific. In order to book his band into the ballroom Gray was forced to lease the building himself. Gray signed the lease for six months—with Mrs. Brooks' assistance, of course—and opened with his band in high style. For Gray it is an ideal situation. He's the bandleader in a ballroom managed by himself!

Nothing has been overlooked in the Gray-Brooks plan. Steve Hardin, one of the town's most capable press agents, was employed until recently to publicize the Gray orchestra. But Gray warned Hardin that Mrs. Brooks, despite her importance in the general scheme of things, was not to be exploited. Songpluggers got wise and lavished their attentions on Mrs. Brooks. But Gray wised up, too, and instructed them to deal with him or not drop in at all.

The musicians in Gray's band? They love her. Between sets they sit at her table, enjoying drinks and conversation. She has great confidence in Lew, she says, and she is confident his band will suddenly become the nation's favorite any day now. Every move he makes is right, she says.

Gray could easily qualify for METRONOME's "Character" page. He sincerely believes he has the best band in the world. Recently, when he was playing the Casa Manana opposite Harry James at the nearby Casino Gardens, a photographer asked him if he feared the competition.

"Are you out of your mind?" Gray shouted in his Brooklynese baritone. "James ain't got nothin'. We'll outdraw 'im five to one. All Harry'll get is the overflow from our jernt."

Joe Zucca, manager of the Casa Manana, counted the tickets the same night. In a ballroom which holds more than 5,000 dancers, the Gray band (on a Saturday!) has piled up a total of 151 admishes. The count for James was around 7,000.

But Lew Gray isn't discouraged. Not as long as his "angel" remains loyal. He's got the best band in the world, see? Any day now he'll be wearing the Number One crown. His musicians are not so confident. "Just keep handing us those checks," they say. "Any day now, we may wake up."

Don't miss your opportunity to vote for your favorite musicians.
Turn to page 12 for the ballot.

Radio Reviews

RAYMOND SCOTT

**Unties
Radio Knot**

CBS, Monday through Friday, 4:45 P.M., EWT.

This is an interim, perhaps a final report on the Raymond Scott radio show, because, a couple of months from now, Raymond is cutting out with his band to play one-nighters, theatres, locations. When he leaves, the assiduous Mr. Scott can be proud; he has raised radio dance band standards far beyond their previous level; he has put studio music within sight and sound of the finest qualities of modern jazz.

Over the months and months he has been on the air, Raymond has presented soloists of the calibre of Ben Webster and Benny Morton and Charlie Shavers; a rhythm section, which, in spite of multiple personnel changes, still outjumps other studio bands; sleek, fat-sounding brass and reeds. Today, he's again got Shavers, a brilliant trumpeter, almost without peer for versatility. He's got a band that jumps more than ever, in such manuscript as that turned out and in by Billy Moore (Jr.). And, in his ballads, he's got a remarkable set of sounds, embracing almost every vital, sensuous voicing available to the modern dance band arranger.

There are some limitations here, of course. Dorothy Collins still misses as a singer both jazz feeling and ballad intimacy, for me at least. The warmth of a good note-bending, pitch-scooping couple of sax soloists is absent. But these things, and other jazz deficiencies, will probably be cleared up on the road, as the band gets an opportunity to stretch its arms and legs. In the meantime, Raymond can sit back and preen the famous ego on his outfit's achievement at CBS. Unique among radio bands, it takes high rank among any and all dance orchestras. —ULANOV.

EDDIE CONDON

**Muggsy, Maxie,
Miff, Pee-Wee**

WJZ-Blue Network, Saturdays, 1:30-2:00 P.M., EWT.

Eddie Condon's jam sessions have gone into their second thirteen-week stretch on the Blue, and their musical standards have gone up since I covered this show shortly after its inauguration.

The main improvement has been in the drum department, where instead of Joe Grauso, Gene Krupa was heard for several weeks, followed more recently by Cozy Cole and George Wettling. On the week when Jack Lesberg, Maxie Kaminsky's bass man, played along

with Cozy, the rhythm section was the best yet.

The show still retains the same general form. Eddie Condon now reads his announcements from a script, which makes it a little smoother, but he should get rid of that habit of understatement. Billy Butterfield is "a fellow named Billy Butterfield," playing a song by "a fellow named George Gershwin." Tain't funny!

When the front line includes, say, Kaminsky, Miff Mole and Pee-Wee, or Muggsy, Miff Mole and Ed Hall, the jammed ensembles are well integrated and everybody plays the right chords.

Guests on the last few shows have included Willie The Lion Smith and Jess Stacy. The show is well broken up with solo specialties, vocal items and other odds and ends that prevent it from becoming a half hour of unregulated jamming.

Condon still conducts and doesn't play guitar. Although many musicians make fun of him and his four-stringed box, I do think that either he or some other guitarist, properly balanced, would strengthen the rhythm section.

Compared with most of the live dance music on the networks, these Dixieland sessions are like a breath of fresh air. I only wish one of the chains would throw itself open to a similar weekly session devoted to a different type of small-band jazz, as typified by the Norvos, Hawkinses, Stuff Smiths and Pete Browns. Then everybody would be happy. —FEATHER.

JOHNNY MERCER

**They
Satisfy**

NBC, Monday-Friday, 7:15 P.M., EWT.

Chesterfield is letting this show go just as it hits its stride. Fortunately, there are other sponsors interested, at least one has an option on it, and so one of the more pleasant sequences of time on the daily air will probably be around for a long time.

When Johnny went on the air, last June, with this fifteen-minute version of his half-hour program of the Summer before, we despaired. Most of the relaxation, the musical wit and jazz quality, of the Pepsi-scented show had apparently been sacrificed in favor of a formula not unlike that of Fred Waring. After several months, however, Johnny has restored much of the ease and informality of the earlier program, if not all of it, and Paul Weston and the musicians and singers (Jo Stafford, the Pied Pipers) have apparently become better adjusted to the furious schedule necessary to get the show on the air every day. This is now a very pleasant airing. —ULANOV.

— 25 —

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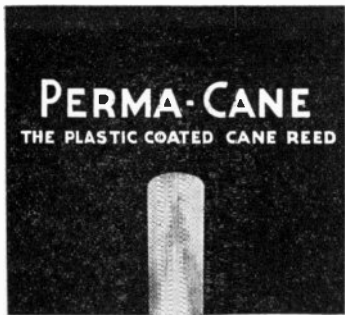
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Smacks of old times, doesn't it? It should, for this picture shows the two musicians known to their contemporaries as Big Smack and Little Smack, or Fletcher (left) and Horace Henderson. The reunion photograph, by Lew Nichols, was made recently in Los Angeles. The elder Henderson, though no longer arranging even for his own band, continues as a maestro, while Horace, who had planned to take up the baton again after quitting Fletcher's band some months ago, finally changed his mind in favor of a job as accompanist and musical director for the glamorous Lena Horne, with whom he has been touring theatres.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of Metronome, published Monthly at New York City 19, New York for Oct. 1, 1944.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Barry Ulanov, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Metronome and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Barry Ulanov, Editor.
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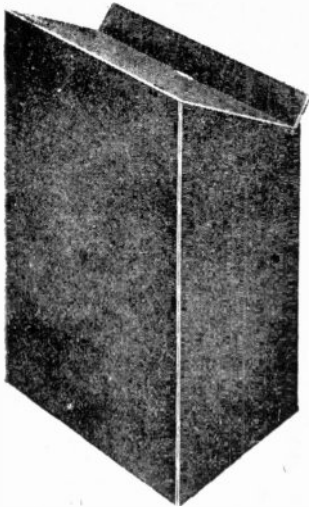
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**'Somewhere in France'—
Jazz, Shore Kick**

THE MUSIC might have been coming from The Ritz in Bridgeport or the Coliseum in St. Paul if it weren't for the drone of thirty-five ME 109s overhead or the haggard look of the guys out front. Actually it was deep in the front line positions, but the guys with the horns played as though it were the top spot in Philly and the GIs listening imagined that the one and only babe was nestling in their arms. The music was being supplied by one of the many Special Service bands over here—and if they're all as good as the one I heard, there must be a lot of top musicians over here.

Sgt. Harold Kramer was fronting and leading the sax section. The sarge had been with Larry Clinton when the *Dipsy Doodle* was just a song and not a plane. Bill Menger, at the piano, is about the outstanding man in the outfit, doing arranging and sparking the rhythm section. Bill was with the Alvino Rey crew from that first day up there in Hartford till he entered the Service. Alongside him is Bill Richko, formerly bass man with Cugat. Jake Garehime has transferred his horn from the Casa Loma stand at such spots as the Cafe Rouge to this rather rustic stand in a combat zone and he's still playing lead in the section. The hot trumpet work is excellently done by Julian Gastelman of the Anson Weeks crew. Aside from the aforementioned arranger, Don Weese, of the various studios around Columbus, does the pen work for this fine outfit. The setup is four rhythm, four saxes and four brass and the GIs really go for them. Vocals are done in a swell manner by Irv Prose who has worked with the late Charlie Baum and Ben Bernie. Scat vocals are handled by Annie Freeman, brother of Bud.

That stuff about the thirty-five German planes really happened and twelve musicians traded the stand for a Fox Hole and it wasn't the first time.

During their stay in England, the boys got plenty of chance to show their stuff on the AFN show, *Rhapsody in Khaki*.

On the other side of the channel, there's a small Air Force combination that is drawing raves at the various Red Cross clubs that it's played. Leader, pianist and scat vocalist is Ted Sherwood, formerly staff director at WRUF, Florida. Bill Alden of Hartford plays electric guitar whenever his duties as a Gunner allow. Lt. Joe Conners, a Bronx lad with the RCAF and Lt. Shoenberg rounds out the combo. The standout of the unit is a tall, good looking Washington lad, Tom Hammil. Tom does the vocals in the sentimental vein and does a really terrific job. The English girls really give out with the swoons—or a British version of it. Comes those happy civilian days—watch out for Tom Hammil.

The stage was the back of a GI truck, the music was a single piano and the little girl on the back of the truck didn't look very glamorous in a GI raincoat but the hundreds of guys out front really cheered every note. The girl was the idol of all the American lads over here—Dinah Shore—and the setting was a pasture here in France. Dinah is working with a USO unit consisting of an MC and a magician and of course the ever present piano man, Ticker Freeman. The comic and the magician were good but the real thing was Dinah.

She asked for requests from the guys and did everything from the brand new *I Walk Alone* to the old favorite blues tunes and she did everyone in tip top style. It was a really cold night so Dinah wore the coat through the show but she did take it off long enough to prove that she had on a nice dress instead of the fatigues that she wore for traveling. About the best received tune of the evening was Dinah's swell vocalizing on *She Said No*, while the best tune from a purely musical viewpoint was *Mad About Him Blues*. In all, she sang about eight numbers and was given a terrific reception.

I had the pleasure of a few minutes' chat with the young lady just before she left to do an afternoon show. Her billet was a two by four room in a small French hotel that had been taken over by the Red Cross. When I knocked, Dinah was in the process of using two fingers to type a letter home but I couldn't help because I only use one finger for my typing. The room boasted only one chair and the single bed was covered with clothes so I stood through a little gabfest about things and stuff in the trade. Dinah looked pretty well worn out, which is no wonder after traveling around the Front in the back of a truck, eating GI food and singing in all types of weather. Still she seemed as glad to be here as all of us guys were to have her with us. Before returning to the States, she planned on going back to the UK to make some transcriptions with Major Glen Miller's band. The *Stars and Stripes* had said that Bing was in France and Dinah was trying to get together with him to do a show. However, her main purpose was to sing for as many guys as possible and we all appreciate it a lot.

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Ballot on
page 12.

Jazz Discography

IMPORTANT: This is simply a chronicle of jazz recordings made recently. Do not ask your dealer for these records unless you see, by our review section, that they have been released.

JOHNNY GUARNIERI TRIO (Savoy, 9/20/44) Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Sam Weiss, drums; Slam Stewart, bass.

Bowin' Singin' Slam; Gliss Me Again; Deuces Wild; Deuces Mild; New Exercise in Swing; My Blue Heaven.

FLIP PHILLIPS & HIS FLIPTET (Signature, 10/2/44) Neil Hefti, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Flip Phillips, tenor; Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Marjorie Hyams, vibraharp; Ralph Burns, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Dave Tough, drums; Chubby Jackson, bass.

1-2-3-4 Jump; Papalama; Skyscraper; A Melody From The Sky.
RED MCKENZIE & HIS ORCH. (Commodore, 10/5/44) Red McKenzie, vocals; Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Lou McGarity, Frank d'Annolfo, Moe Zudecoff, trombones; Ernie Caceres, baritone & clarinet; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Jess Stacy, piano; Carl Kress, guitar; George Wettling, drums; Bob Casey, bass; Bobby Hackett, arranger.

Veil of Indifference; Wherever There's Love; It's The Talk Of The Town; Sweet Lorraine.

JESS STACY QUARTET (Commodore, 9/30/44) Pee-Wee Russell, clarinet; Jess Stacy, piano; George Wettling, drums; Sid Weiss, bass.

Take Me To That Land of Jazz; Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now.

GEORGE HARTMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA (Keynote, 9/27/44) George Hartman, trumpet; Vernon Brown, trombone; Leonard "Buji" Centobie, clarinet; Frankie Froeba, piano; George Wettling, drums; Jack Lesberg, bass.

Angry; Hindustan; Darktown Strutters' Ball; Always.

BOBBY HACKETT & HIS ORCH. (Commodore, 9/23/44) Bobby Hackett, trumpet & arranger; Lou McGarity, trombone; Pee-Wee Russell, clarinet; Ernie Caceres, baritone & clarinet; Jess Stacy, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; George Wettling, drums; Bob Casey, bass.

New Orleans; When Day Is Done; At Sundown; Skeleton Jangle.

GEORGE WETTLING TRIO (Black & White, Sep. 1944) Gene Schroeder, piano; Mezz Mezzrow, clarinet; George Wettling, drums.

Some of These Days; Everybody Loves My Baby; That's A Plenty.

GEORGE ZACK (Piano & Vocals) with George Wettling (drums) (Commodore, 10/3/44).

Snowball; Ace In The Hole; Sweethearts On Parade; Sunset Cafe Stomp.
BUCK RAM & HIS ORCH. (Savoy, 9/18/44) Frankie Newton, Shad Collins, trumpets; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Earl Bostic, alto; Don Byas, tenor; Ernie Caceres, baritone; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Teddy Wilson, piano; Remo Palmieri, guitar; Cozy Cole, drums; Slam Stewart, bass.

Twilight In Teheran; Ram Session; Swing Street; Morning Mist.

STUFF SMITH TRIO (Asch, 9/1/44) Stuff Smith, violin; Jimmy Jones, piano; John Levy, bass.

Midway; Look At Me; Skip It; Stop Look; Dontcha Think; Desert Sands.
HOT LIPS PAGE ORCH. (Savoy, 9/12/44) Hot Lips Page, Joe Keyes, trumpets; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Floyd (Horsecollar) Williams, Earl Bostic, altos; Don Byas, Ike Quebec, tenors; Clyde Hart, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Jack Parker, drums; Al Lucas, bass.

I Got What It Takes; Good For Stomping; Blooley; Lips' Blues.

TINY GRIMES ORCH. (Savoy, 9/15/44) Tiny Grimes, guitar & vocals; Clyde Hart, piano; Charlie Parker, alto; Harold West, drums; Jimmy Butts, bass.

Tiny's Tempo; I'll Always Love You Just The Same; Romance Without Finance Is A Nuisance; Red Cross.

HERMAN CHITTISON TRIO (New York, 9/15/44) Herman Chittison, piano; Jimmy Shirley, guitar; Carl Powell, bass.

There's A Small Hotel; Sleep; For You; Song Of The Islands; What Is This Thing Called Love; Blue Angel Blues.

EMMETT BERRY & HIS ORCH. (National, Sep. 1944) Emmett Berry, trumpet; Don Byas, tenor; Dave Rivera, piano; J. C. Heard, drums; Milton Hinton, bass.

White Rose Kick; Byas'd Opinions; Deep Blue Dreams; Sweet And Lovely.

JOHN LEVY-JIMMY JONES (Bass and piano duets) (Session, Aug. 1944).

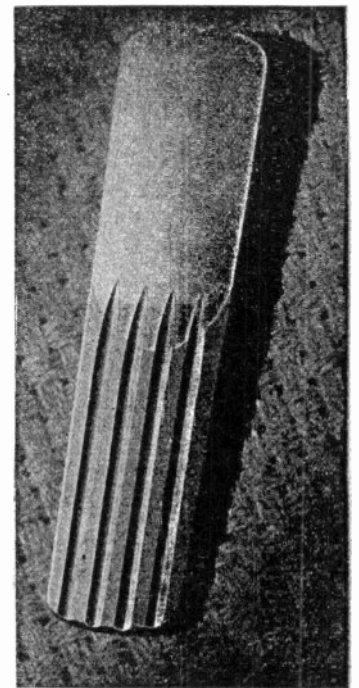
Improvisations A-2, D-2, B and F.
J. C. HIGGINBOTHAM QUINTET (Session, 9/14/44) J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; General Morgan, piano; Jimmy Walker, guitar; Alvin Burroughs, drums; Benny Moten, bass.

Dear Old Southland; Confessin'; J. C. Jumps; Sporty Joe.

WALTER "FOOTS" THOMAS & HIS ORCH. (Beacon-Celebrity, 10/3/44) Hilton Jefferson, alto; Eddie Barefield, clarinet & tenor; Foots Thomas, tenor; Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Jonah Jones, trumpet; Clyde Hart, piano; Cozy Cole, drums; Milton Hinton, bass.

Every Man For Himself; Out To Lunch; In The Hush Of The Night; Look Out Jack.

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Simon Says . . .

"HE SOUNDS as if he's got a split lip," said the man next to me at Nick's, while the young soldier standing directly in front of Peewee went into ecstasies as Russell finished his clarinet passage of *Muskrat Ramble*.

It struck me as being pretty indicative of the reactions of the majority to Dixieland: either you think it's the greatest or you're convinced it's terrible. Nowadays it seems to be fashionable not to tread the middle path; not to classify some of it as good and some of it as not so good. No, it's either the best there is or it's just plain nowhere.

Personally, I don't get either of these dogmatic attitudes. I used to go to Nick's lots more in those days when Hackett first started, around 1938 I guess it was, but that was because it was something new for me for a while. Then it began to pall and so I started going to other spots again. But still, whenever I go back, I'm lucky enough to be able to listen to what goes on with what I consider a pretty unbiased attitude. That's why sometimes I walk out after just a couple of numbers and sometimes I stick around for hours.

Dixieland's something you either get or you don't get. Either you feel that type of beat or you don't feel it. If you don't feel it, there's no sense you're hanging around it, but, on the other hand, there's no sense in your condemning it, either. Because, since you don't feel it, you literally don't know what you're talking about.

But it also strikes me that a lot of people who don't condemn Dixieland, but, on the other hand, go around praising it to high heaven as the only kind of jazz, as the real jazz, and tossing aside as pure rubbish anything by the Count or Lionel or even the Duke, merely because it's opposed to Dixieland, also don't know what they're talking about. A lot of them hang around Nick's and Jimmy Ryan's religiously, gaping and cheering and acting completely knocked out by anything and everything, whether it's good or not. As long as Condon or Peewee or Muggsy is there, it's got to be good, per se, they figure. No, it couldn't be that one of their idols could be having a bad night of it. No, that's not possible at all. After all, Peewee's playing it and Eddie's there, isn't he, so how could it be anything else but the good, the pure, the righteous jazz?

Yes, and they're the people who laugh at Sinatra's bobbysockers. Funny they don't realize how close they are to them!

It's honestly a shame that Dixieland lovers aren't better educated in the field in which they consider themselves experts and worshippers rolled into one. It's a shame they can't tell the good from the bad. For instance, I spent a few nights in a row at Nick's recently. Muggsy was consistently magnificent, and when Muggsy's right, there's no beat like his. But he had some pretty sad backing (I almost said "support," but it wasn't even that) so that the performance, taken over longer stretches, such as a complete number or a complete set, was pretty lethargic. But, still, the followers gaped and applauded and cheered. It was just fair Dixieland (and I'm sure any of the participants would agree with me), only

spasmodically comparable with some of the great moments at Nick's, but that didn't faze the righteous followers. After all, it was Dixieland, wasn't it, or at least a fairly reasonable facsimile thereof?

Having followers of the "you-can't-do-anything-wrong-because-you're-God" ilk must be somewhat satisfying, but it must be awfully annoying at times, too. I don't think that, deep down inside, Condon or Peewee or Muggsy or any of their crowd relish the undisciplined adoration of Nicksielanders who think they know all there is to know about jazz because they can yell *Muskrat Ramble* in one breath.

These kids (perhaps they're not all kids in years, but they're kids so far as any mature outlook toward jazz is concerned) do just as much to make Dixieland look foolish as the Paramount audiences do to make other forms of popular music seem ridiculous. They're not as much in the majority because Dixieland hasn't been as widely publicized as Sinatra and Crosby, etc., but that's not saying they might not be some day.

Life recently ran an article on jazz. Peewee's face as usual was blown up. A few fellows connected with Dixieland are pretty astute entrepreneurs, and they've managed to bring to it more than its proportionate share of publicity. At times when Ellington and Goodman and Herman and Hampton are doing things that are new and which advance the scope and hope of swing, the Nicksielanders remain just as they were, producing nothing different, but still cashing in on tradition.

The sad part of it is that when these entrepreneurs and helpers do go ahead and get publicity for Dixieland, they don't go ahead and get it on its musical merits. Angles that have nothing at all to do with music are emphasized way out of proportion. It's not honest publicity, honest so far as the good the men actually represent is concerned.

There are some folks who go to hear Dixieland because they want to hear good jazz with a fine, decisive beat. They can tell the good from the bad. They're the authentic followers, sometimes perhaps a bit too rabid (occasioned more often than not by a defense mechanism), but they go to hear the music.

On the other hand there are too many young squirts who have been attracted to Dixieland not because of the music but because of the glamor they've read about. I'll bet you anything that Peewee's face is far more important to them than what he plays, and, commercially, I daresay, it's probably far more important to Peewee, too!

As a result of all this, there has been little or no progress in Dixieland in years. There are still some brilliant sessions going on at Nick's, but there are also some horrible moments, more than ever before. Because, after all, Dixieland no longer has to be great to survive. No, Peewee just has to make a few faces, Condon just has to make a few nasty cracks about big bands, Muggsy just has to look sad, and nobody has to keep time anymore if he doesn't feel like it. After all, we Dixielanders will always make a living, just so long as *Life* and others keep on telling the world that the way we live is JAZZ, that we're the greatest. So why bother?

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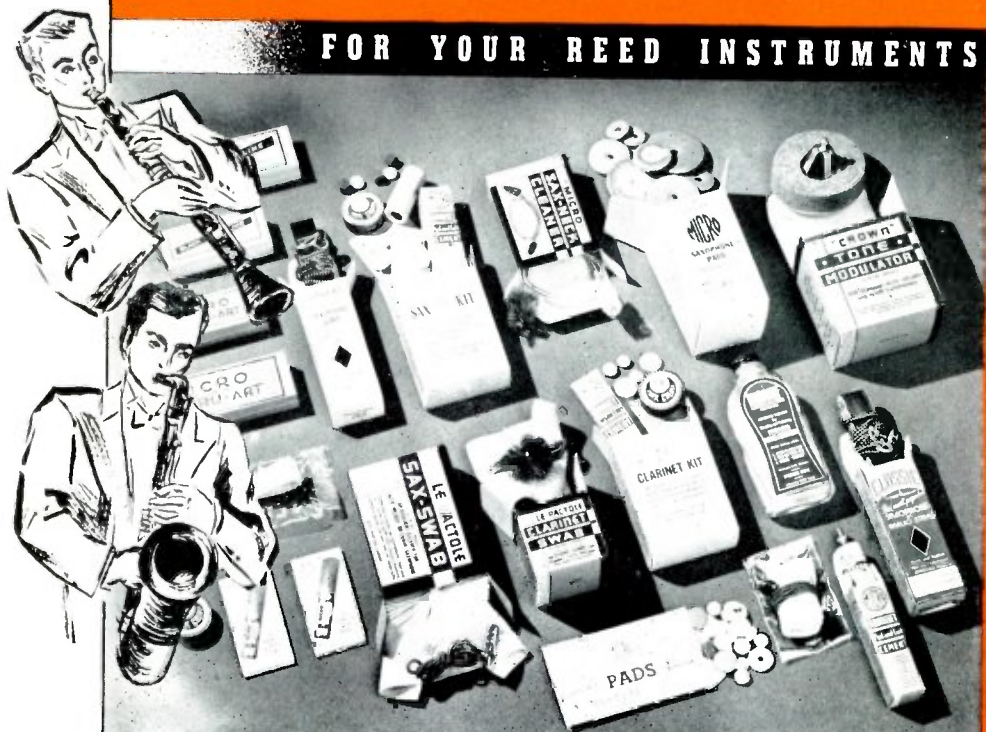
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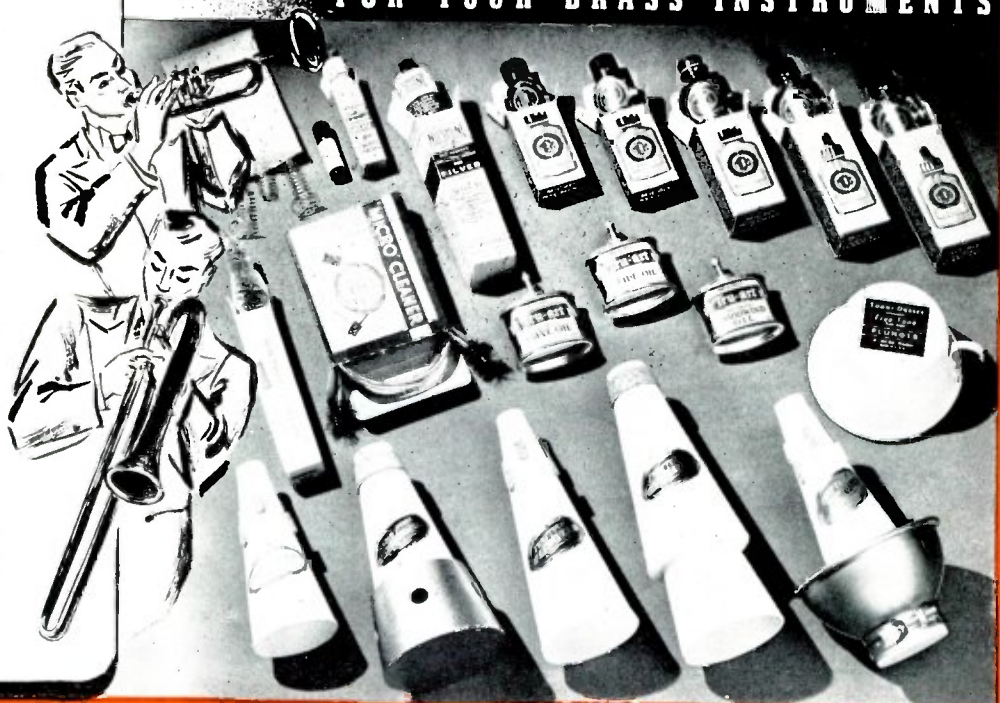
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