

Leonard
G.

Leather

132 DAVIES ST. LONDON W.1.

PRESS CLIPPINGS

from

SEPTEMBER 1935

THE
LONDON
LOWDOWN

By
LEONARD G.
FEATHER



LONDON, Eng.—Since the Blackbirds left our midst a couple of months ago, the sepia side of London has been pretty quiet. Show business altogether is pretty slack, but things will be looking up again as the autumn season approaches.

PROBABLY THE MOST interesting evening recently was the farewell party given for the Washboard Serenaders at the Nest Club in Kingly street.

THE NEST IS ONE of London's few comfortable hangouts for English and foreign folk of all races. Juan Harrison, former Harlemiter who has spent the last seven years in Europe, is now emceeing at this spot, having taken over from Snow Fisher, who has returned to Paris.

AT THE PARTY FOR Bruce Johnson's popular Washboard gang, who had just concluded a successful tour of the English provinces, there was enough liquor distributed to launch the Queen Mary. However, the boys decided to return home on the Normandie and carry the liquor themselves! There was a big attendance of well-wishers, including the Four Flash Devils and many other show people.

TALKING ABOUT THE Four Flash Devils reminds me that they have just opened in a big new variety entitled "Round About Regent Street" at the London Palladium, our biggest vaude house. They started their English tour with two very successful weeks in Brighton, and now it looks as though London will like them pretty well, too.

ANOTHER DANCE TEAM who came across recently, on the Ile de France, were Winters and Merano, who are described as hailing from the Cotton Club and the Ubangi. They are a smart act, and won enormous approval from the passengers when they performed in a ship's concert on the boat coming over.

PETE DUCONGE, husband of the celebrated Bricktop of Paris, looked in recently at the Nest Club. He is holidaying in London and has found many friends here who remember him from his lengthy stay in this country with Louis Armstrong's band.

MUSICIANS OVER HERE are very anxious to hear how Louis Armstrong's new band sounds. It seems unfortunate Louis has given up making phonograph records, as this is our only way of keeping in touch with his activities. By the way, if Louis sees this, I want him to write me;

he's been owing a letter for quite a while now.

ANOTHER FORMER MEMBER of the Armstrong aggregation, who has been around lately, is the drummer, Oliver Tines. He is sailing for India on Sept. 15, for six months in Bombay with Leon Abbey's Orchestra.

IN ANOTHER ARTICLE shortly I should like to tell you about some of the Harlem musicians who are working with English bands. You'd be surprised how many of 'em there are.

EVERGREENS

Hot Music

By Leonard G. Feather

No. 39: AFTER YOU'VE GONE

THIS grand old warrior of jazz is probably even more of an antique than most of you realise. It was originally introduced into this country on June 6, 1918!

The composers were one of the most famous song-writing teams of early days: Henry Creamer, since deceased, and Turner Layton (yes, Mr. Johnstone's ex-ally), who were jointly responsible for two other standard hits: *Dear Old Southland* and *Way Down Yonder In New Orleans*.

The first artist to popularise *After You've Gone* was Bee Palmer, the original "Shimmy Shaker Girl." Marion Harris also helped considerably with her early recording of the number.

When the tune came to England it was included in a big revue staged by Miss Lee White at the Ambassadors Theatre, entitled "Back Again," in which Miss White featured the number, together with Guy Lefevre. Incidentally, it might interest you to know that another star in the same show was Elsie Carlisle!

Most of the songs in "Back Again" were written by Clay Smith in conjunction with Weston and Lee, another team which is still going strong to-day; but two extra numbers by other composers were used, and, strangely enough, those are the two which are still in demand after seventeen years, whilst the others are forgotten. One is, of course, *After You've Gone*, and the

other is Eddie Green's *A Good Man Is Hard To Find*, still frequently used by hot bands.

Originally *After You've Gone* was written as a slow number, the chorus consisting of twenty bars. Most of the hot recordings, however, double the time up after the first chorus and make the refrain forty bars long. Some versions, such as Armstrong's, are in the double tempo from start to finish, but the doubling-up effect, though old, generally seems to add to the fun of the performance.

Amongst the most important recordings are:—

Armstrong's Orchestra, Parlophone.
Austin, Gene, Victor.
Charleston Chasers, Col.
Coon Sanders, Victor.
Dodds' Black Bottom Stompers, Brunswick.
Dorsey, Jimmy, with Spike Hughes' Orchestra, Decca.
Etting, Ruth, Col.
Goodman, Benny, and Teddy Wilson, Victor.
Hyde, Pat, Parlophone.
Lang-Venuti's Orchestra, Parlophone.
Mole's Molars, Parlophone.
Masters' Hawaiians, Bluebird.
Nichols' 5 Pennies, Brunswick.
Tatum, Art, Brunswick.
Tucker, Sophie, with Mole's Molars, Parlophone.
Waller, Fats, and Benny Payne, Victor.
Whiteman's Orchestra, Col.
Winn's Dallas Dandies, Melotone.

Next Week: POOR BUTTERFLY

EVERGREENS of HOT MUSIC

by
 Leonard G. Feather

No. 40: Poor Butterfly.

THIS beautiful little melody number, especially well suited to vocal renderings, tells in brief the whole story of the opera *Madame Butterfly*. The verse, which is now practically forgotten, relates how "a little Japanese, sitting demurely 'neath the cherry blossom trees," meets a young American who teaches her "how to love in the Merican way . . . then he sailed away with a promise to return . . ."

This cleverly potted libretto was the work of John L. Golden, whilst the equally pleasing music came from the pen of Raymond Hubbell, better known as one of the chief officers of the A.S.C.A.P.

The song was presented first in *The Big Show*, a revue produced at the New York Hippodrome in 1916. It had been in the show for some time without scoring any notable success, until Sophie Bernard, a celebrated songstress and revue star of those days, was added to the cast.

One of the earliest records of *Poor Butterfly* I have been able to trace is played by Joseph C. Smith

and his Orchestra, and was issued on Victor in 1917. The next version of importance was Red Nichols' twelve-incher on Brunswick.

In June, 1930, Spike Hughes reintroduced the number in his *Classics Of Jazz* series on Decca. Though the record was most inadequate, it succeeded in reviving the interest in the composition, and it is interesting to note that since that date, all the principal recordings of it

(excepting Isham Jones' on Brunswick in November, 1932) have been made in England.

Amongst these are one by Edgar Jackson's Dance Orchestra on Decca (September, 1932); a piano duet by Eddie Carroll and Bobby McGee on Parlophone (November, 1934), which has been made available in sheet music form; and a vocal version by Pat Hyde on Parlophone (March, 1935). Parlophone also recorded a version by Valaida during her visit to England, which has, unfortunately, not been released.

To hear the way *Poor Butterfly* should be played, listen to Freddy Gardner's alto chorus on Regal-Zono in the Six Swingers' Hot Pie No. 1, Part II.

Next Week: Moonglow.

PICTUREGOER

PICTUREGOER Weekly

October 5, 1935

FILMGOING AFLOAT

by Leonard G. FEATHER

Who says that board ship kinema going is the height of luxury—and you do not have to pay for your seat!

SCENE I: Any average transatlantic liner, a few years ago. A party of hungry stragglers are still left in the dining-room, and a covey of whispering waiters hang ominously around in an effort to speed their departure.

You see, it is nearly nine-thirty, and the film show is due to start.

There is no kinema on board; far from it. But when these late birds have flown, the dining hall will serve its dual purpose, and the New York-bound population of this miniature city will soon return to find that where there was food, there are films.

As the last diner sips his final mouthful of coffee, two or three ready hands start to move the tables aside. The chairs are bunched together into closely packed rows. A length of silver-painted canvas is haltingly unrolled on the floor, and then hung from the ceiling by two frail hooks. This cracked and streaky object will serve as a screen.

Behind it, when somebody has succeeded in untangling the mesh of wires, is placed one humble and not very efficient-looking loud-speaker, perched on a chair and in obvious danger of crashing over at any moment.

Gradually the dining hall fills up again. The happy-go-lucky holiday-makers are more than indulgent, even when they find that most of the hard wooden seats are placed behind massive and equally wooden pillars, which makes it quite impossible to see the screen; or that the rear of the kinema is on a downward instead of an upward slant, so that unless you are in the first few rows you merely see the top few inches of the screen, and the heads of everybody in front of you.

At last the lights are lowered and the show starts. The operator does his best with the limited

apparatus at his disposal, but if the heroine suddenly starts speaking with the hero's voice, or the screen goes black for half-a-minute while a reel is being changed, nobody is very surprised.

Before the big picture comes on, the people sitting nearest the portholes have complained of a draught. All portholes are promptly closed, and before the show is over you have almost reached suffocation point. But most probably you will grin and bear it; it's all part of the romance of filmgoing afloat. . . .

SCENE II: The largest ship in the world, S.A.D. 1935. At least, you have been told you are on a ship, but there isn't a scrap of evidence of anything to suggest it. You are in a dignified, tastefully decorated theatre, designed rather on the lines of the Curzon Kinema in Mayfair, and not very much smaller in size.

The armchair seats of red plush are spaced a comfortable distance apart, and in case of overcrowding there are additional tip-up chairs provided all along each gangway. Not the slightest vibration of the boat can be heard, nor is there any manner of luxury or amenity in which this amazing ocean kinema is lacking.

The majority of the audience have come straight from dinner in the immense main restaurant, and are in evening dress. The atmosphere of a theatrical first night pervades the hall,

A full house aboard the French ship.

whilst the atmosphere of intolerable stuffiness to which we were accustomed in the olden days of transatlantic filmgoing is conspicuous by its absence. Every precaution has been taken to keep you cool, calm and collected.

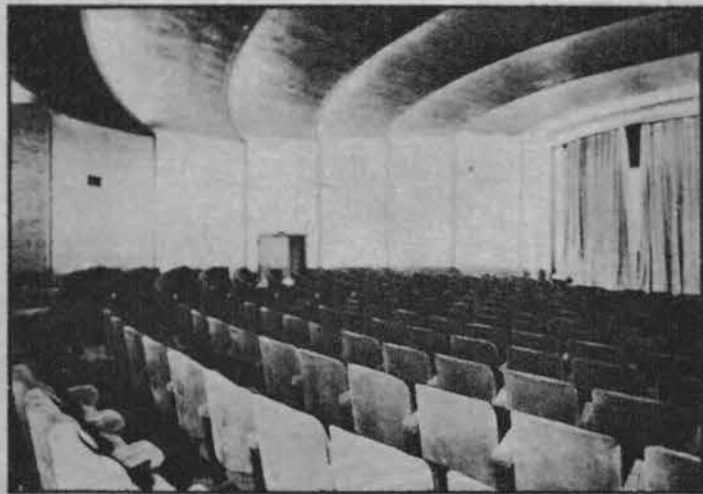
The show is a long and brilliant one, perfectly shown from a large projection box behind the screen, which is translucent. Probably the main picture is one that has not yet even reached London or New York. And, if you are lucky, there may be a big stage show; for it is seldom that the *Normandie*, France's pride of the ocean, travels without her quota of stage, screen and music-hall celebrities aboard.

Richard Dix, Miriam Jordan, Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson, Edward Everett Horton, Grace Poggi, Ruth Draper, Vic Oliver, Kay Francis. There's many a kinema on land that would give a lot of money to count that list of great names amongst its personal appearances! Yet these are just a few chosen at random from the scores who have travelled across and, generally, taken an active part in providing the entertainment on board.

Yes, times have changed, and the organisations responsible for the planning of these maritime masterpieces of engineering have evidently realised the all-important part played by the kinema in public life, and its indispensability as a form of amusement both on land and sea.

And I forgot to mention what you may consider the most intriguing point of all: the whole show doesn't cost you a sou. True, it is really being thrown in as part of the justification for your fairly hefty travelling fare, but there is no gainsaying the pleasantness of finding you don't have to get past a box-office to go in.

Truly a picturegoer's Paradise!



An idea of the graceful lines and tasteful decorations of the "Normandie's" kinema is shown on the left.

BIG U.S. HOT DISC REVIVAL

Even Whiteman Is Making Hot Records In Biggest Swing-Drive Since 1928 ∴ All The Stars Busy

A SURVEY OF THE PRESENT AND FUTURE POSITIONS OF AMERICA'S LEADING RECORDING COMPANIES REVEALS THAT SELDOM BEFORE, SINCE THE "GOLDEN ERA" OF HOT MUSIC IN 1928, HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A REMARKABLE PROPORTION OF SWING RECORDS IN THE CATALOGUES.

Many of the new artists recruited to provide the States with recorded dance music are renowned hot men, and hardly a week passes without two or three sessions of importance and interest to the fan.

Harry Gray, of Brunswick, is to be congratulated on the number of successful hot records for which he has been responsible in the past few months. This firm now controls the Vocalion, Okeh, Melotone, Perfect, and Columbia output, and represents the most important combine in the U.S. disc industry at the moment. On the actual Brunswick label there are four new sides by Ellington, and a number of selections by Louis Prima.

SWELL NAMES

Vocalion represent a considerable volume of output, for Wingy Mannone's Orchestra have two, four, or even six releases in each list. They have also been releasing discs by Vic Berton's Orchestra, by the re-organised Mound City Blue Blowers, by Henry Allen's Orchestra, and another good coloured band supporting a vocalist named Putney Dandridge. Now that Teddy Wilson, greatest of all swing pianists, has formed a recording band of his own, it is to be hoped that his efforts will also be put out shortly on Vocalion.

Melotone and Perfect (whose releases are actually more or less identical) have put out some good stuff by Luis Russell's Orchestra, while on Columbia there has been plenty of interesting material, notably by Red Norvo's Swing Octet, Mills' Blue Rhythm Band, Irving Aaronson's Commanders, and a new orchestra formed by Glenn Miller, Ray Noble's swell trombonist and arranger.

In the Victor studios, activities have increased with a bound during the last few months, for Ed Kirkeby, of California Ramblers' fame, has been engaged as recording manager, with the result that the fans are being catered for more intelligently than ever before. Recording has improved notably, and the list of great artists has almost doubled itself.

STAR SWINGERS

In a recent list were two of the six sides by Adrian Rollini's Tap Room Gang, featuring Wingy Mannone; two swing numbers by Ray Noble; two sides by Gene Gifford's Orches-

tra, an all-star outfit which includes Berigan, Thornhill, McDonough, Ray Beauduc, Bud Freeman, and vocals by Wingy; two new Fats Wallers; a couple of numbers by Willie Bryant's Orchestra; and the long-delayed Apologies by Mestrrow.

Paul Whiteman has caused much amazement by waxing three out-and-out hot discs with swell arrangements by Fud Livingstone and plenty of Jack Teagarden throughout. Greatest of all the white swing bands is Benny Goodman's, now producing some real gems under his Victor contract. And we have John Hammond to thank for getting Benny together with Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa for four glorious sides under the name "Benny Goodman's Trio."

To think that our H.M.V. market is limited to one hot record per month!

Finally, Jack Kapp, of the American Decca Company, has been turning out some real surprises. Heading the lists are such bands as Chick Webb, Claude Hopkins, Hines, Henderson, Sissle, and Zutty Singleton.

BRITONS POPULAR

New groups signed for Decca include Red McKenzie and his Rhythm Kings; Babs and her Brothers, a new singing trio; the Georgia Washboard Stompers, a small Philadelphia band which has made very frequent appearances in the race list; and Willie Smith ("The Lion") and his Cubs, featuring Willie singing at the piano.

By the way, our English bands are far from being neglected in the American lists. Jack Hylton's name is prominent in the supplements, as are those of Lew Stone and Ambrose; while in last month's Okeh list I found a title by Billy Cotton's Band back to back with Hotcha Razz-ma-Tazz by the Six Swingers!

To sum up, there is so much good material being issued nowadays across the pond that it is futile for the average English fan to endeavour to keep pace with it. The only solution is for him to buy every good record that does come out in England, in the hope that this will encourage our companies to enlarge the quantity of their hot record output. If such a scheme can be carried out quickly, this is going to be the hottest winter for years. L. G. F.

MELODY MAKER,
Oct. 5th. 1935

THE FAMILY WAX MERRILY

AN interesting recording session took place on Wednesday last in the Decca Studios when the well-known gig outfit, the Imeson Family Symphonics, made their waxen debut.

This band is an all-one-family affair, and not so long ago it appeared in an "In Town To-night" programme, when *Wild Goose Chase* was played. This number was committed to the wax.

The second number featured was *I've Got Two Lips*, which was written by Leonard Feather and sold by him to Clarence Williams in New York.

On this record, Leonard blossoms forth in a new line as a vocalist, thereby giving the fans a chance to get their own back!

RADIO PICTORIAL

October 4, 1935

RAY NOBLE'S SUCCESS "STOREY"

Now on the 64th floor, says
LEONARD G. FEATHER



RAY NOBLE, thirty-one-year-old British band leader whose brilliant gramophone recordings earned him a lucrative contract to form an all-American band in New York, has conquered the United States—in a totally different field of activity!

In England it was entirely on the strength of his records, as song-writer, and musical director, that Ray built up his reputation. Radio audiences scarcely ever heard him; the stage never attracted him; in fact, to the vast international public that enjoyed his music, he was almost an invisible Ray.

Yet, in America, he plays nightly at the Rainbow Room, New York's most elegant night club, where he chats with the guests and is very much an individual personality; while on the radio he is being starred in a long series of commercial programmes and is ranked as one of the most popular acts on the air. In fact, the making of records, which was at one time his only important activity, has been relegated to a completely secondary rank!

Imagine yourself in the Rainbow Room. A dignified, dark green salon flanked by enormous windows through which you have the most glorious view New York can offer—Manhattan by night, from the sixty-fourth floor of Rockefeller's amazing Radio City skyscraper. Except for that view, the room almost has the appearance of a main hall on one of these huge new Transatlantic liners.

Ray Noble is seated at a white-coated "baby grand" on a separate platform facing the orchestra. During some of the numbers the platform is set in motion, gliding slowly round the edge of the dance floor so that Ray comes right up to each floor-side table in turn, arriving back at the bandstand exactly as the tune finishes.

Then at 10.30 comes the broadcast. Hastily the band change round their positions for the correct microphone balance. In a million homes Ray is faded in to the tune of his own delightful composition, "The Very Thought of You." Then half an hour of his refined yet consistently rhythmic music—uninterrupted by advertising announcements, which are confined to the beginning and end for important programmes like this—and, with "Goodnight Sweetheart," his greatest song hit, Ray and his boys say good-bye to their immense radio audience.

If you feel like staying up late on Wednesday, you may easily pick up W2XAF at 3.30 a.m. and hear just why the American public have taken Ray and his music to their hearts. And you will be proud of the achievement of this gifted young man who has proved himself a pioneer in the history of British jazz.

THE LONDON LOWDOWN

By
LEONARD G. FEATHER



LONDON, Eng.—Some of you may remember that, a year or so ago, John Hammond, Jr., planned to bring an amazing swing band to Europe, composed of the leading American white and colored instrumentalists. Unfortunately, this idea never came to anything; but it would still be welcomed on our side of the Atlantic, where it is realized that an orchestra of this description would produce sensational results.

IN ANY CASE there are several well-known colored musicians today who are permanent members of the leading English bands. Chief of these is Garland Wilson, featured pianist with Jack Payne's famous orchestra. Garland originally arrived here three years ago as accompanist to Nina Mae McKinney, and has been in constant demand ever since, playing solo in the cabaret at Prince's Restaurant and being in constant demand at the many English Rhythm Clubs.

IT WAS WHILE Garland was on a visit to Paris a few months ago that Jack Payne heard him in a small cafe and decided he would make a good adjunct to his stage act. Since then Garland Wilson has become a bigger and bigger name to the public, and he is always given half a dozen solos during Payne's B. B. C. broadcasts. He is now accepted as a regular member of the organization and it looks as though America has lost him for a long time.

ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN star is Ellis Jackson, forty-four-year-old trombonist and tap-dancer with Billy Cotton's Band, another leading English outfit. Born in New Jersey, Jackson acted in J. L. Sullivan's production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and was for a time associated with the Original Royal Southern Syncopated Orchestra, which had the honor of playing at Buckingham Palace on two occasions.

IN BILLY MERRIN'S popular band Leslie Thomson, trumpeter, trombonist and arranger, born 27 years ago in the British West Indies. He was originally devoted entirely to classical music, then switched over to jazz and played with Louis Armstrong and the "Blackbirds" show.

MENTION OF COLORED musicians in England would naturally be



By **Leonard G. Feather**

No. 41: MOONGLOW.

THOUGH less than two years old, this "baby evergreen" seems to have lodged itself firmly as a permanent accessory to busking.

There is a mysterious and amusing story connected with its history, which begins as far back as the autumn of 1931.

Duke Ellington and his orchestra were accompanying a vocalist in the popular song *Sleepy Time Down South* (Louis Armstrong's signature tune). They worked out some brass and reed figures to solidify the accompaniment. Later, Duke realized that these figures sounded pretty good by themselves, and could be worked up into a nice little composition on their own.

Title Changed

The result was a delightful little piece entitled *Swanee Lullaby*. Under his new Brunswick contract, Duke recorded it, and the result was released in May, 1932. Then the title was changed, for a reason I have never yet discovered, to *Lazy Rhapsody*. Most of the record labels, except in France, have this name for the composition, and it was as *Lazy Rhapsody* that it became known to Duke's fans as one of his greatest records ever.

The next act takes place early in 1934. Cab Calloway and his Orchestra opened at the London Palladium and included in their show a tune called *Moonglow*. Fans who had studied their discs were amazed to find that this was merely a simplified version of *Lazy Rhapsody* all over again!

Many Versions

Nevertheless, under the name *Moonglow*, and the accredited authorship of Will Hudson, this number has become increasingly popular with the general public and has given rise to an extraordinarily large effusion of recordings.

There are versions by Don Bestor's Orchestra, Calloway's Orchestra, de Vries' Orchestra and the Four Blackbirds, Benny Goodman's Orchestra, Gaye Knight's Orchestra, Lombardo's Orchestra, Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals, Art Tatum, Joe Venuti's Orchestra (two versions) and Ethel Waters.

I suppose you all know Will Hudson. He has written any number of hot arrangements for large bands, with titles like *Harlem Heat*, *White Heat*, *Black Magic* and *Wild Party*. His musical career started when he sold a band arrangement to Don Redman, and to-day he is one of the busiest of writers.

What must give him the biggest kick of all is that Duke Ellington finally made a record under the title *Moonglow* himself—and royalties go to Will Hudson!

Next week: Sweet Sue.

incomplete without a tribute to Reginald Foresythe, London-born and widely traveled pianist and composer whose "new style" experiments in jazz music created a sensation here a couple of years back. Foresythe has been running a band at the small but snooty "Four Hundred Club" in Leicester Square, London, composed of well-known British musicians.

LAST WINTER HE WAS invited over to New York by Paul Whiteman to appear as guest artist in a Whiteman Kraft Cheese broadcast. He also scored two of his works for Whiteman's radio and phonograph work, and made such an impression on the portly Paul that the latter now records Foresythe's compositions as fast as he can get them. Reggie is now under contract to Irving Mills, for whom he will write a series of new works.

HE IS A TALENTED linguist, a cultured and affable gentleman and a musician of considerable, if somewhat erratic talent. I think you should hear a lot more of him within the next twelve months.

EVERGREENS of JAZZ

by
Leonard G. Feather

No. 42: SWEET SUE.

SWEET SUE first appeared in this country in December, 1928, the commercial arrangement by Arthur Lange enjoying quite a vogue for a while. The big revival push began some three years ago, and has continued unabated ever since.

Unlike so many of the Evergreens which were written by "one-hit" writers, this is the work of a very prominent figure in the music business. Victor Young has made his mark in American music as a composer, arranger and conductor.

Born in Russia amidst drab surroundings, he studied violin from the age of six, making his first public appearance with the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra. During the Revolution misfortune overtook him, and, after being locked up by Reds and escaping in mid-winter on a cattle-car, almost frozen to death, he eventually landed in New York, penniless but happy. At twenty-one he landed a \$100 per week vaudeville contract; but on finding that it would oblige him to play popular numbers he tore it up, refusing to prostitute his genius by associating with jazz!

DOWN BEAT

CAFE

RADIO

STUDIO

SYMPHONY

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year—\$1.25 in Canada

608

CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1935

Chicago, October, 1935

DOWN BEAT

AMERICA CRAZY BUT ENGLAND'S

ABSENCE OF INHIBITIONS ABOUT COLOR ONE OF OUR SAVING GRACES: SAYS FEATHER

By Leonard G. Feather
(London Correspondent)

To all you hopefuls who picture Europe as a haven of intelligence where everyone knows all about good jazz, let me begin by destroying your illusions right away. I was in New York for the first time last month, and came away with the impression that, however dumb your great U. S. public may be, ours is even dumber.

"Rhythm Clubs"

Of course, there is a brighter side to our situation. An elect minority do really know what this jazz is all about; and, one evening in every week, they cluster together and sit listening to hot records. This manifestation of the herd instinct is known as a "Rhythm Club," and the eighty-odd existent ones in Great Britain have now banded together into a Federation, representing some seven thousand souls, who are doing a power of good for the cause.



LEONARD FEATHER

For instance, on Nov. 10th the Federation is holding a big concert at a leading theatre, featuring star English swing musicians playing the way they like to play. And also in November, Brunswick are to issue an album of twelve specially selected records available cheaply to this Federation.

To these enthusiasts, the term "Chicago Style Music" has a specialized meaning. It signifies the "gut-bucket" style featured by McKenzie and Condon, by Bud Freeman, Milt Mesirov, Pee-Wee Russell and a few others who actually all left Chicago years ago!

Ambrose Signs Picture Contract

Plenty of heated activity amongst our leading British bands. Ambrose still tops in his field, has this week signed a contract to make his first picture. British Lion will produce the show entitled "Soft Lights and Sweet Music," which will be a revue with little or no story. Republic will release in U. S. At present Ambrose is concluding his first big—very big—vaude house tour, featuring an American singer, Evelyn Dall, who certainly is the goods.

I suppose you all want to know about Jack Hylton, who will be in your midst very shortly. Well, listen to Fred Waring and you'll get a rough idea—that is, providing Hylton employs his usual production methods with the all-American band he is going to form for the eleven broadcasts.

Jack Payne, whose bunch is still popular on the English air, is using Garland Wilson as featured pianist; in their last broadcast he took five solos. Garland originally came here as accompanist to Nina Mae McKinney.

Colored and White Musicians Work Together

He is one of a number of colored musicians now working with English bands. Others are Leslie Thompson, from British West Indies, with Billy Merrin; Ellis Jackson, from New Jersey, with Billy Cotton; and of course Reginald Foresythe, English Negro composer with a style all his own, who now leads a band at the swanky "400 Club," Leicester Square.

This absence of inhibitions about color is one of our saving graces. The fact that your public would not buy records by Terry Wilson's (colored) band if they realized that Benny Goodman plays clarinet in them, or by Mesirov's gang if they knew it comprised five whites and five spades, is to us monstrously unjust.

You Americans Should Shake Off the Color Complex

The sooner your public (and some of your narrower-minded musicians) shake off this complex, the better it will be for jazz, for somebody will take it on himself to form a band composed of the greatest white and Negro musicians, and the result will be the finest jazz orchestra the world has ever known.

Woolworth Sells Records For Six Pence (12c)

Just as I write these lines come two more astonishing pieces of news about our record market. Woolworths' stores have launched a new, almost full-sized disc at sixpence (12c), and may be using one English swing band; in the meantime "His Master's Voice" have decided to put all their hot records up from 35c to 60c!

As I said before, America may be crazy, but England's crazier still....

CRAZIER STILL!!

EVERGREENS OF JAZZ

by Leonard G. Feather

No. 45: Beale Street Blues.

THOSE of you who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Alistair Cooke's broadcast on "The American Negro," will remember that Beale Street was described in this lecture as "the most traditional Negro street in the United States."

In W. C. Handy's *Beale Street Blues*, you will hear, told in typically racing and intriguing style, the story of this now famous thoroughfare where the author, picking up the simple twelve-bar melodies he heard in the billiard-rooms and dance halls along the

street, was inspired to write the number:—

You'll see pretty browns,
In beautiful gowns,
You'll see tailor-mades and hand-me-downs,

You'll meet honest men
And pickpockets skilled,
You'll find that business never closes
Till somebody gets killed!

Like the large majority of his tunes this immortal blues is founded on the same traditional blues formula, though in this instance there is considerable

elaboration. As you can hear in either of the recorded versions, wherein Mr. Teagarden sings so movingly about the "blind man on the corner," there is a verse consisting of two twelve-bar stanzas, then a middle movement, one of the choruses of which is quoted here, followed by two more twelve-bar phrases to bring out the final point (*Got to the river, and there's a reason why, because the river's wet, and Beale Street's done gone dry!*)

Beale Street Blues was, like so many of the old blues tunes, featured by Cilda Gray, "Queen of the Shimmy," and has also always been a great favourite with our old friend Boyd Senter, who has recorded it on OKeh, Vocalion, Bluebird and other makes. The two principal waxings are those mentioned above, by the Charleston Chasers (Parlo.) and Lang-Venuti's All-Star Orchestra (Panachord), both starring Teagarden. There are further recordings by Jack Linn and his Birmingham Society Serenaders on OKeh, Louis Katzman and his Brunswick Orchestra, the Original Memphis Five on Vocalion, Nat Gonella in a medley, and so forth.

The commemoration of Beale Street in song is not limited, however, to this one number. There are records of *Beale Street Breakdown*, *Beale Street Drag* and *Beale Street Mama*, to say nothing of the existence of orchestras such as the Beale Street Rounders and the Beale Street Washboard Band. As Mr. T. remarked, and as these recordings corroborate, New York may be all right, but Beale Street's paved with gold!

Next Week: Dear Old Southland.

9-1635
2-1635

EVERGREENS of JAZZ

No. 44: Georgia (On My Mind)

THIS potentially beautiful number raises an interesting problem. Does the composer of a song necessarily know best how to interpret it?

Hoagy Carmichael wrote *Georgia On My Mind* in 1930 and recorded it with Bix, Venuti and other stars on H.M.V., singing the chorus himself. The record was admittedly very delightful, but since then I have heard other artists who seem to have captured the spirit of the number better than Hoagy did himself.

For instance, Mildred Bailey, also on H.M.V., made an exceedingly pleasant version, in which she introduced the comparatively little-known verse of the tune.

International Lyric

Incidentally, this verse was written by Hoagy's collaborator, Stuart Correll, but the additional lyric on the English song copies is the work of our own Reg Connelly!

Later, in 1901, came the best *Georgia*

of all, on Parlophone, featuring Red McKenzie, Hawkins, Muggsy Spanier and Jimmy Dorsey. There were other recorded versions around this time, by Trumbauer's Orchestra on Brunswick, Armstrong on Parlophone, and the Washboard Rhythm Kings on Victor, but none of them got as near the ideal interpretation as McKenzie's *Celestial Beings*.

Gonella's Favourite

During 1931 the tune began to attract attention in England, where it was featured by Roy Fox and his Band, with Nat Gonella as vocalist. Later on Nat became identified with the number, featured it with Lew Stone's Band, recorded it several times, and eventually took it up as the logical signature tune of his own band, even going so far as to call them "The

certain, Negroid element in the song, one can hardly expect coloured artists to sing it with any depth of feeling, for a very obvious reason. Georgia, one of the Southern United States, bounded by Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and Carolina, is one of America's most terrible cauldrons of race fury. A considerable proportion of the stories we read about lynchings and anti-Negro riots emanate from Georgia.

Of course, there is always the possibility that Hoagy was referring to the Socialist Soviet Republic of Georgia, but if that is the case I'm afraid his tune is sadly lacking in the appropriate Russian touch!

Next Week: Beale Street Blues

EVERGREENS of HOT MUSIC

by Leonard G. Feather

No. 43: SOMEDAY SWEETHEART

SOMEDAY SWEETHEART presents one of the strangest cases in all the histories of the Evergreens, for in almost every respect its history bears a remarkable resemblance to the story of *Some Of These Days*; a number

which is three years younger but even more famous.

Written in 1919 by John C. Spikes and Benjamin Spikes, it was originally published by the Spikes Brothers and Carter Company. Resemblance number one; like *Some Of These Days*, it comes from Chicago, not New York. Resemblance No. 2: the similarity of the titles—and, if you examine both songs closely, the general theme of the lyrics.

Resemblance number three: both numbers have to thank Sophie Tucker for the amount of good work she put into popularising them in the good old days. Her familiar face adorns the piano song copies of both tunes. *Someday Sweetheart* was also featured by Glenn Lee, of the Syncopated Four, who was probably before your time.

My first recollection of this outstanding melody is naturally associated with the record by Red Nichols' Charleston Chasers, published in 1928 on Columbia. For a time after that the number was more or less forgotten in England, until the brilliant all-star recording was issued on Panachord, with Lang, Venuti, Dorsey, Goodman and two Teagardens all having their say.

There is another version on Panachord which is at least good for a laugh. Under the fictitious name of Jack Wynn and His Dallas Dandies, it features the first chorus as a sousaphone solo!

Most of the recent recordings have helped to prove what a really great tune this is; for instance, Bing Crosby's version, featuring Joe Sullivan, is about the best record Bing has ever made, whilst the two newest versions are so grand that it is useless to try to describe them. One is due for release on Victor, and is played by Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa. The other was recently made by Mildred Bailey on Brunswick with "Choo," Bernstein, Teddy Wilson and other stars.

If you object to buying more than one version of the same tune, your principles will have to be violently shattered when these two records come out!

Next Week: GEORGIA.

GENERAL POST IN HARLEM

Where All the Coloured Swingers are Now Located

NEW items from the Harlem front indicate a sudden surge of activity in the dance band field, many famous swing bands being involved in the changes that have been made during the past two weeks.

Teddy Hill and his Orchestra, after a successful season at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, played a few vaudeville dates, and have now opened at the Ubangi Club.

The band's place at the Savoy has been allotted to Alex Hill, the talented young arranger, mentioned in Leonard Feather's New York Diary, who has

formed a new orchestra to open at the famous ballroom and fulfil several broadcasting dates.

It is hoped that arrangements will be made to record this new outfit soon.

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra have recorded a composition entitled *Reminiscing*, which is declared to be quite different from the usual run of his recordings, and occupies four entire sides.

Two weeks ago Duke broke his own attendance records at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem.

Eddie South, famous as the "Dark Angel Of The Violin," has been signed by the National Broadcasting Company for a period of five years.

He has just concluded his engagement playing opposite Whiteman's band at Ben Marden's Riviera, and is scheduled to share honours with Phil Harris's band when he opens shortly at the exclusive Chez Paree Club in Chicago.

Don Redman had a fine band at the Congress Restaurant in New York, but decided to leave owing to the failure of the management to secure him a radio engagement.

It is said that Don is in trouble with the Union for under-payment of some of his men.

The Four Ink Spots, Hylton's coloured quartet discovery, are drawing big crowds at the Famous Door, where Red Norvo's brilliant little swing outfit continues to hold sway.

Chick Webb and his Orchestra have been touring, busily fulfilling one-nighters, and the Blue Rhythm Band, after a period of single-night engagements, have now settled into the Plantation Club in Philadelphia, from which establishment they will soon be broadcasting through to a New York station.

THE NEW YORK AMSTERDAM NEWS

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1935

THE LONDON LOWDOWN

By LEONARD G. FEATHER



DURING THE PAST couple of weeks three events have taken place in London which are all of vast importance to the international prestige of the American Negro.

THE FIRST OF THESE was the inclusion in the Evening Standard, our leading evening newspaper, of a long article concerning the appointment of Mrs. Eunice Carter on the Crime Board. The report carries a photograph of Mrs. Carter, a complete life story and description of the duties which her appointment will entail.

THE SECOND EVENT was the decision that the Four Flash Devils, famous colored dance team, who came over here to appear in a revue at the Paladium, are to be honored by an invitation to appear in a Royal Variety Performance to be held next month in the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen. In one of these command performances on a previous occasion the Mills Brothers appeared, and were one of the most successful acts in the show.

THE THIRD, AND possibly most interesting item of all, concerns a really brilliant radio talk entitled *The American Negro*, which was broadcast through our National network and was composed and spoken by Mr. Allstair Cooke.

To me this remarkable lecture, illustrated by records, was the most enthralling broadcast the B. B. C. have offered for months. Mr. Cooke described the history and present status of the colored folk in America; gave us an insight into the life of the Negro in music, literature and oratory (a very moving speech by Roscoe Conklin Simmons); he introduced us to Beale street, Memphis, the "emotional Main Street of the North American Negro," and related how Wm. C. Handy found the inspiration there for his famous blues.

TO ANYONE WHO professes an interest in Negro jazz this talk must have been an invaluable eye-opener. To those who have never studied the subject an excellent introduction was furnished. The recital opened with a few bars of the girl vocalist in *Creole Love Call*; then, following an extraordinary race record by Reverend Nix entitled *The*

THE ERA

OCTOBER 30, 1935

IF you want to learn all about hot rhythm in twelve easy lessons, you would be well advised to dip into a new album of records just issued.

Described as the British Federation of Rhythm Clubs Album, this collection of a dozen compositions played by the leading American bands has been brought out as a direct result of pressure exerted by England's ninety-seven Rhythm Circles.

The album has proved a successful experiment, which certainly demonstrates one important point. Despite the trumpety, diluted rubbish that is often forced down our ears over the radio, there is still a market for intelligence and character in jazz.

Black Diamond Express to Hell, came an appropriate extract from *Daybreak Express*.

NEXT CAME TEAGARDEN singing *Beale Street Blues*, which certainly gave the illusion of being the authentic work of a colored artist; then, after Mr. Cooke's admirable introduction to the art of Ellington and a special tribute to Barney Bigard and Johnny Hedges, came the whole of the Columbia version of *Saturday Night Function*. Finally—wonder of wonders! came the following definition by Mr. Cooke:

"True jazz is neither crooning nor Gershwin's concert-hall syncopation... the best jazz is spontaneous solos grounded on a solid, simple rhythm."

I ONLY WISH ALL of Britain's seven million listeners could have been persuaded to stay in and hear Mr. Cooke's recital. The least we can do is to thank him very sincerely for a really splendid broadcast, and the B. B. C. for fixing it up.

British Call Wilson World's Best Jazzist

Melody Maker Singles Out Harlemite as Tops Over Other Artists

Teddy Wilson, recording artist now in Harlem, is lauded as "the world's greatest jazz pianist," in the October 19 issue of The Melody Maker, leading English music periodical published in London. According to the British journal, Teddy at 22 is far ahead of "Fats" Waller, the Earl Hines of a few years ago who was then at his best, Art Tatum and all the other Class A piano plunkers now roaming this world.

The new sensation studied printing for nine years at Tuskegee, taking up music on the side, then went to Chicago in 1929. At that time Teddy's idol was "Fats" Waller, whom he still admires, but he had to adopt the Earl Hines technique to get a good job. The young pianist took Zinky Cohn's place in Jimmy Nonne's band, worked with others, and in 1933 recorded with Louis Armstrong.

Teddy married Miss Irone Eadie and came to Harlem in 1933, making four records with Benny Carter's Chocolate Dandies immediately on arrival. This brought him fame in Britain. After an unhappy year in Willie Bryant's band, Teddy three months ago signed a Brunswick recording contract permitting him to work with musicians of his own choosing.

"Teddy Wilson's style has all the little traits that characterize other pianists, but his technical resources are so nearly limitless he is not confined to any one bag of tricks," says the English magazine. "Occasionally, but not often, you will find the chromatic runs of Art Tatum, the eight-in-a-bar blues bass of Joe Sullivan, even the top of the keyboard octaves of Garland Wilson (no relation!); but basically his right-hand style is a simple, single-note technique which baffles you merely because of the thought transference from his brain to his fingers. This mental alertness is the quality which makes such fantastic improvisation possible... There is no other artist in jazz who can be pitted against Teddy for the qualities of style, touch, technique and rhythmic excitement."

English music experts who back Teddy include Baron Timme Rosenkrantz, Red Norvo, John Hammond, Leonard G. Feather and others. He has recorded with Armstrong, Bryant, Carter, Mildred Bailey, Mezz Mesirov, Putney Dandridge, Benny Goodman, Bob Howard, Taft Jordan, Red Norvo and with his own orchestra and alone.

19th Oct. 1935.

THE LONDON LOWDOWN

By
LEONARD G.
FEATHER



BY THE TIME THESE words appear in print you will probably be reading in the national press of Jack Hylton's departure for New York. According to present plans he is to select an all-American band, tour the States and give a series of broadcasts for Standard Oil.

IT WAS HYLTON, you will remember, who was responsible for the balking of John Hammond Jr.'s splendid plan to bring a colored-and-white dance band to Europe, which I mentioned here a few weeks back. However, last year Hylton brought over Coleman Hawkins, who subsequently toured with a band run by Hylton's wife, then left to wander vaguely around Europe. At present Hawkins is lost somewhere in Holland, and it seems a shame he isn't back again in Fletcher Henderson's band, as in the good old days.

THE BIG NEWS OF the week concerns London's Shim Sham Club, in Wardour street, a recently established night club, where Garland Wilson and many other American acts have frequently been American guests. The emcee at this club has for many years been among the more in show business—Ike Hatch, formerly of Hatch and Farrell, who has been in England and Farrel, who has breezy personality had acquired for the Shim Sham quite a reputation in certain sections of high society around here, and among the recent visitors to the place were Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Ashley and other such notabilities.

WELL, IT SEEMS that in England it is quite legal and respectable to buy and sell liquor up till 11 p.m., but at one minute past eleven it becomes totally illegal and sinful. So, when a policeman came in one evening, late, and asked for a drink, he was quite annoyed when they served him one. Result: Hatch and others appeared in court last week, charged with selling drink in an unlicensed club.

IT IS A PITY IKE HAD to get mixed up in a case like this, which has resulted in his name being dragged into the law reports of every paper in the country, for he was just making a good name for himself as a radio and music hall star and can ill afford publicity of the wrong sort.

JACK ISOW, A RUSSIAN, the owner of the Shim Sham, was fined \$1,250, while Hatch had to pay \$300 and others concerned were also fined smaller sums.

PARDON MY DRAGGING politics into this column, but it might interest you to hear that at every picture house where newsreel shots of Mussolini have been shown this week-end his appearance has been met with loud boos, hisses and raspberries, while Halle Solasie is generally greeted by a round of applause.

AS FAR AS THIS country's sympathies are concerned, it is quite plain which way the wind is blowing.

British Call Wilson World's Best Jazzist

Melody Maker Singles Out Harlemite as Tops Over Other Artists

Teddy Wilson, recording artist now in Harlem, is lauded as "the world's greatest jazz pianist," in the October 19 issue of The Melody Maker, leading English music periodical published in London. According to the British journal, Teddy at 22 is far ahead of "Fats" Waller, the Earl Hines of a few years ago who was then at his best, Art Tatum and all the other Class A piano plunkers now roaming this world.

The new sensation studied printing for nine years at Tuskegee, taking up music on the side, then went to Chicago in 1929. At that time Teddy's idol was "Fats" Waller, whom he still admires, but he had to adopt the Earl Hines technique to get a good job. The young pianist took Zinky Cohn's place in Jimmy Nonne's band, worked with others, and in 1933 recorded with Louis Armstrong.

Teddy married Miss Irone Eadie and came to Harlem in 1933, making four records with Benny Carter's Chocolate Dandies immediately on arrival. This brought him fame in Britain. After an unhappy year in Willie Bryant's band, Teddy three months ago signed a Brunswick recording contract permitting him to work with musicians of his own choosing.

"Teddy Wilson's style has all the little traits that characterize other pianists, but his technical resources are so nearly limitless he is not confined to any one bag of tricks," says the English magazine. "Occasionally, but not often, you will find the chromatic runs of Art Tatum, the eight-in-a-bar blues bass of Joe Sullivan, even the top of the keyboard octaves of Garland Wilson (no relation!); but basically his right-hand style is a simple, single-note technique which baffles you merely because of the thought transference from his brain to his fingers. This mental alertness is the quality which makes such fantastic improvisation possible. . . There is no other artist in jazz who can be pitted against Teddy for the qualities of style, touch, technique and rhythmic excitement."

English music experts who back Teddy include Baron Timme Rosenkrantz, Red Norvo, John Hammond, Leonard G. Feather and others. He has recorded with Armstrong, Bryant, Carter, Mildred Bailey, Mezz Mesrow, Putney Dandridge, Benny Goodman, Bob Howard, Taft Jordan, Red Norvo and with his own orchestra and alone.

1935 Oct. 1935

THE LONDON LOWDOWN

By
LEONARD G.
FEATHER



BY THE TIME THESE words appear in print you will probably be reading in the national press of Jack Hylton's departure for New York. According to present plans he is to select an all-American band, tour the States and give a series of broadcasts for Standard Oil.

IT WAS HYLTON, you will remember, who was responsible for the balking of John Hammond Jr.'s splendid plan to bring a colored-and-white dance band to Europe, which I mentioned here a few weeks back. However, last year Hylton brought over Coleman Hawkins, who subsequently toured with a band run by Hylton's wife, then left to wander vaguely around Europe. At present Hawkins is lost somewhere in Holland, and it seems a shame he isn't back again in Fletcher Henderson's band, as in the good old days.

THE BIG NEWS OF the week concerns London's Shim Sham Club, in Wardour street, a recently established night club, where Garland Wilson and many other American acts have frequently been among the guests. The emcee at this club has for many years been a familiar figure in show business—Ike Hatch, formerly of Hatch and Farrell, who has been in England and Farrel for breezy personalty ten years, who has the Shim Sham quite a reputation in certain sections of high society around here, and among the recent visitors to the place were Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Ashley and other such notabilities.

WELL, IT SEEMS that in England it is quite legal and respectable to buy and sell liquor up till 11 p.m., but at one minute past eleven it becomes totally illegal and sinful. So, when a policeman came in one evening, late, and asked for a drink, he was quite annoyed when they served him one. Result: Hatch and others appeared in court last week, charged with selling drink in an unlicensed club.

IT IS A PITY IKE HAD to get mixed up in a case like this, which has resulted in his name being dragged into the law reports of every paper in the country, for he was just making a good name for himself as a radio and music hall star and can ill afford publicity of the wrong sort.

JACK ISOW, A RUSSIAN, the owner of the Shim Sham, was fined \$1,250, while Hatch had to pay \$300, and others concerned were also fined smaller sums.

PARDON MY DRAGGING politics into this column, but it might interest you to hear that at every picture house where newreel shots of Mussolini have been shown this week-end his appearance has been met with loud boos, hisses and raspberries, while Halle Selassie is generally greeted by a round of applause.

AS FAR AS THIS country's sympathies are concerned, it is quite plain which way the wind is blowing.

SWING MUSIC

The OFFICIAL ORGAN of the BRITISH RHYTHM CLUB FEDERATION

216

The Lowdown on Signor Mannone

BANANAS TO JAM

Oh, Wingy, Swing For Me!

A meat millionaire from down South descended from his stool at the bar and bade Wingy a hasty *au revoir* as the signature tune brought the interval to a close. The millionaire glowed visibly at the vicarious glamour that had enveloped him when he was seen chatting with the trumpet player from New Orleans. He didn't know what there was about this music, but it certainly had something that got you. And all around the crowded Hickory House on 52nd Street it was "getting" musicians, showfolk, laymen all the same way.

Oh, Wingy, Swing For Me! It is hardly what you could call a signature tune. It is just a vamp-till-ready for the relief pianist to tinkle so that Wingy and his boys can join in as they reach the stand and pick up their instruments.

But Wingy's signature tune should be *Yes, We Have No Bananas*.

No, I mean that. Bananas played a more important rôle in his life than you know. Many years ago bananas were everything to him. He spent all his days dealing with them for the United Fruit Company in New Orleans, La., and all his nights wondering how he could become a musician instead. There would be much more fun "jamming" choruses of *Tiger Rag* than he could ever find in freighting off bananas to Oshkosh.

But there was plenty of time. Joe Mannone was only a kid, and when he started out in the musical profession he was still but fourteen years of age. So, by the time he was seventeen, he had not only moved to Chicago and shown the Illinois folk when he knew about trumpet playing, but had achieved the rare distinction of being a recording artiste. Joe Mannone's Harmony Kings date right back to 1920 in the Columbia catalogue.

Mannone is no exception to any rule, though. Others who share his profession and his origin—that is to say, other musicians of Italian descent—all started young. Venuti, Lang, Signorelli, Rollini, Mannone . . . how little you would suspect Wingy's origin. Like Venuti,

By

LEONARD G. FEATHER

he is as completely American as it is possible to be; it would never occur to you that "Mannone" should really be given three syllables!

Of Wingy's subsequent history it is difficult to trace the intricate ups and downs. He recorded under the name of "The Arcadian Serenaders" in the very early 1920's; beyond that he cannot recollect the exact course of his wanderings, but most of them were centred around Chicago, where he was engaged in jobs of varying duration.

ABOUT 1930 he brought together a small combination on the old Champion records, manufactured in Indiana. With Gene Krupa on drums and one or two lesser-known lights, he produced a few typical blues tunes, mostly on the old twelve-bar formula with variations; also one side with a big band.

This was *Big Butter and Egg Man*, which, Wingy relates, is the solitary side in which he ever gathered a large band around him. Usually he prefers to work with a very small group, and is particularly proud of the fact that his rhythm section to-day consists only of guitar and bass, yet always gives enough swing to "send him." However, it happened that Wingy was around the studio one day when there were a number of other musicians working on some other recording, and he decided he might as well get them to join in with him. So an arrangement was fixed up, and *Butter and Egg Man*, featuring a ten-piece combination, went on the wax.

Few of Wingy's records have had a more genuine lowdown blues atmosphere than these early titles. In *Shake That Thing*, he takes two vocal choruses, consisting of two-bar solo scat breaks, which may sound corny on paper, but, believe me, is mighty good stuff on the disc.

However, I refuse to subscribe to the general fad of declaring that, because an artiste has been in the game for many years and has possibly changed his style, his playing is necessarily



inferior to the early standards he set himself. Wingy, to-day, is playing swell trumpet and, above all, has not run short of inspiration. He can play the blues for half-an-hour without a stop, and, if you have any feeling at all for real jazz, will not bore you.

As far as records are concerned, it is not really fair to judge him by some of his recent work. He is currently one of the most prolific recorders in the game, and consequently, since it is felt that his sales would fall off a little if he played the blues in every supplement for three isolated minutes at a time, he is obliged to deal with the current popular hit songs, many of them not very well suited to his style. Worse, he is forced to enlarge the band, a drummer, tenor and pianist nearly always being added to his usual quartet. What this means is that the real Wingy, the unselfconscious and informal Wingy, of the Hickory House, seldom reaches you. One of the best examples of his present-day style can be heard in *Isle of Capri* and its original backing, *I Believe In Miracles*. Though the former has been a whale of a seller and the latter means nothing to the general public, musicians will find that precisely the same spirit lies behind both, and that their value is pretty well equal.

As a matter of fact, Wingy is annoyed by the success of *Capri*, for he realises that it sold as a novelty, a "clever" burlesque, which it was never intended to be. "People think it's funny!" Wingy told me in a scornful voice. All it was really meant to be was Wingy's way of adapting the tune to suit his own mood.

But don't imagine Wingy has no sense of humour or can't see a good joke. One day when I ran into him at Brunswick he was beaming broadly, and showed me a postcard that had actually just arrived from the island of Capri. On one side was a photograph of the place, and the other side bore the inscription: "Oh, Capri, on the isle!—Sincerely, Arthur Bernstein." Artie had spent a while there during his European tour.

The curious part about this *Isle of Capri* business is that as far as the general public are concerned Wingy has now become completely identified with the number. As guest artiste with Paul Whiteman in a recent broadcast, he was only allowed to play this one item. Moreover, everybody concerned in his commercial welfare has decided that he must go playing around with other commercial numbers in a similar way, because the public wants some more cute jokes.

One of these perverted choruses of Wingy's is *Honeysuckle Rose* ("Oh, Honey! Oh, Rose!") which he plays nearly every night. In the vocal he spreads the "s" of "honeysuckle" over two whole bars in one long hiss. You can hear Putney Dandridge, a coloured vocalist, who used to work in Adrian Rollini's Tap Room when Wingy was there, using the same idea in the Victor record, where, for some reason, Wingy does not take the vocal.

I think these Victors transfer the general atmosphere of Wingy's playing on to wax better than any others he had made this year. Even

(Continued on next page).

to the designation of the band, the whole thing is informal. Wingy plays a lot, sings in a few sides; Rollini plays everything available and talks, too; Putney Dandridge joins in here and there, and on two sides Jeanne Burns, Wingy's singing-piano-playing-song-writing discovery, does her stuff in two of her own numbers. And here, too, you can assess the value of the rest of Wingy's quartet. Joe Marsala, from Chicago, plays clarinet; Carmen Mastren is on guitar; and Sid Weiss on bass.

In the Gene Gifford records it is Bunny Berigan who leads the band on trumpet, and Wingy who does the singing. *Squareface* is probably the best vocal he has ever recorded, with its sad story of the lure of "dat ol' debbil gin" in the old square bottle (hence the title). In the first refrain he is a reformed character ("Never Gonna Let You Git Me Again"), and in the final chorus he has once more succumbed to the temptation. In Wingy's hands this becomes almost a dramatic monologue, and a very touching one at that!

Wingy has only been living permanently in New York for a bare eighteen months, and is partially responsible for the recent restoration of the old "gut-bucket" style which prevails in so many of New York's musical night clubs. His first four records on Brunswick—*Strange Blues*, *No Calling Card*, *Send Me* and *Walking the Street*—brought plenty of bouquets, and since then he has never looked back. His Vocalion releases number as many as four or six sides a month.

There are several records featuring his own compositions, from *Tar Paper Stomp* and *Up the Country*, in the earlier days, to *Strange Blues*, *No Calling Card*, *Nickel in the Slot*, and, of course, the well-known *There'll Come a Time*, which he recently re-recorded under the title *San Antonio Shout*.

In case you are interested in his career as an impresario, let me add that Jeanne Burns has placed two numbers with the music publishing firm run by William C. ("St. Louis Blues") Handy, and has also a contract with Decca, for whom she recorded *Get the Gold* and several other titles with a good bunch of boys selected by Wingy, but not including himself owing to his Brunswick contract. Vic Engel was on drums and Sterling Bowze played trumpet, whilst Wingy's own guitarist and bassist came along to swing with Jeanne.

In his present job at the Hickory House I fear Wingy is not altogether as happy as he might be, for the intimacy of Adrian's Tap Room is lacking, and when I was there I found the acoustics left much to be desired. No matter where he works, Wingy always likes to

use a microphone, but this was switched off against his wishes during the evening, which seems unreasonable; for he is one person who does know exactly what he wants concerning his own presentation.

One thing he wants, of course, is a juicy contract to play in London. Perhaps some enterprising restaurateur here will, one day, wake up to the fact that we could do with just one "hot spot" for musical fans, and for the people who will drink a glass of beer to the accompaniment of this sort of music, not because they appreciate it, but because it would be "different" and possibly rather *recherché*.

Until something like this happens, Wingy can still afford to live quite comfortably, thank you, on the money that honest-to-goodness "jam" music, pure and simple, is bringing him in.

To conclude, I shall do my best to offer a complete list of the principal recordings made by Wingy in recent years. I have only dealt with the American couplings, but have marked with an asterisk those sides which have also been issued in this country:—

BARBECUE JOE AND HIS HOT DOGS (Champion):—

Up The Country.

Weary Blues.

Big Butter and Egg Man.

Shake That Thing.

WINGY MANNONE'S ORCHESTRA (Champion):—

Tar Paper Stomp.

Tin Roof Blues.

RED NICHOLS AND HIS FIVE PENNIES (Brunswick):—

There'll Come a Time.*

Bugaboo.*

Corrine Corrina.*

BENNY GOODMAN'S BOYS (Brunswick):—

After a While.

Muskrat Scramble.

WINGY MANNONE'S ORCHESTRA (Brunswick):—

No Calling Card.*

Strange Blues.*

Send Me.*

Walkin' the Streets.*

NEW ORLEANS RHYTHM KINGS (Decca):—

San Antonio Shout.

Tin Roof Blues.

Jazz it Blues.

Panama.

Original Dixieland One-Step.

Ostrich Walk.

(*Brunswick)

WINGY MANNONE'S ORCHESTRA (OKeh):—

Just One Girl.

She's Crying for Me.

Nickel in the Slot.

Swing, Brother, Swing.

Royal Garden Blues.

Zero.

(Concluded on page 234)

WINGY — Continued from page 218

HARLEM HOT SHOTS (Melotone):—

Blues Have Got Me, the
Breeze.

Dust off that Old Pianna (*Rex).

House Rent Party Day.

Love is Just Around the Corner (*Rex).

March Winds and April Showers.

GENE GIFFORD AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Victor):—

New Orleans Twist.

Nothing but the Blues.

Dizzy Glide.

Squareface (*H.M.V.).

WINGY MANNONE'S ORCHESTRA (Vocalion):—

I Believe in Miracles (*Panachord).

Isle of Capri (*Brunswick).

Fare Thee Well, Anabelle.

On the Good Ship Lollipop (*Brunswick).

About a Quarter to Nine (*Brunswick).

Let's Spill the Beans.

Black Coffee (*Brunswick).

Every Little Moment (*Brunswick).

I'm in Love all Over Again.

You're an Angel.

Lulu's Back in Town.

Sweet and Slow.

Let's Swing It.

Rhythm is Our Business.

Love and Kisses.

A Little Door, a Little Lock, a Little Key.

ADRIAN'S TAP ROOM GANG (Victor):—

Weather Man.

Got a Need for You.

Nagasaki.

Jazz O Jazz.

Honeysuckle Rose.

Bouncing Rhythm.

Satchmo Takes Over Luis Russell's Band

ARMSTRONG'S PLAYING BETTER THAN EVER

TOMMY DORSEY ADVANCES

TOMMY DORSEY with his newly formed orchestra, which has been creating a sensation at the smart French Casino in New York, has been signed up by the Victor company as an exclusive recording artist.

Since the split between the two Dorseys some time ago, which resulted in Tommy's taking over the orchestra previously run by Joe Haynes, this group has been going from strength to strength, general opinion being that here is an all-round band which can do justice not only to the swing stuff but also to the sweetest of melody tunes.

Tommy and his boys have already recorded for Victor as accompanists to Eleanor Powell, the girl tap-dancer, of *Broadway Melody* of 1936 fame. The recordings comprise two numbers from the film, *I've Got A Feeling You're Fooling* and *You Are My Lucky Star*, and two numbers from the Broadway musical comedy "At Home Abroad," entitled *I Got A Bran' New Suit* and *That's Not Cricket*.

ADMIRERS of the art of Louis Armstrong, who have read with dismay the recent reports about the second-rate band he has been using, will be overjoyed to hear a sensational announcement which has been made concerning Louis's future plans.

It appears that, realising at last the need of a superior outfit to provide the accompaniment for his trumpet and vocal pyrotechnics, Louis has taken over Luis Russell's Orchestra, which has for years been known as one of America's leading coloured outfits.

Billed officially as "Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra, with Luis Russell, Sonny Woods and Bobby Coston," Satchmo has been booked to re-open the famous *Connie's Inn* on Broadway, and should have started work there by the time these lines are in print.

Reliable reports confirm that his trumpet-playing is as great as it has

ever been. The other day he was on the air from WEAF in the *Shell Gasoline Hour*, Walter Winchell's programme, and was described by all who heard him as positively sensational.

Fans who have studied Louis's history on the wax will remember that it was Luis Russell's Orchestra who played a large part in the success of *St. Louis Blues*, *Dallas Blues*, *Rockin' Chair*, and a number of other records made in 1929 and 1930, so it may be concluded that with the aid of this capable combination Louis will at last have a show that is completely satisfying to musicians.

He has just signed a contract with Decca and records will shortly be on sale in America.

MEL TODY
2.11.35.
MAKER

U.S. HOT DISC REVIVAL GOING AHEAD

Details of New Records

THE prediction in these pages recently that a great revival in the American hot record industry was imminent has been emphatically confirmed by further news from the States concerning a new batch of swing discs.

Not the least interesting of these items is the news that the Brunswick Record Co. have at last recorded and released two solos by Theodore "Teddy" Wilson. The titles are "Every Now And Then" and "It Never Dawned On Me."

Another interesting recording experiment took place at the Victor studios, where Paul Whiteman's pianist, Ramona, recorded some records of the swing class under the name of "Ramona And Her Gang."

The combination included Jack Teagarden, trombone; Charlie Teagarden, trumpet; Artie Miller, bass; Larry Gomar, drums; Jack Cordaro, clarinet, and Dick McDonough, guitar. The first releases are *Burr-House Music*, *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, *No Strings*, and *Every Now And Then*.

Ray Noble has made two more hot records—"Dinah" and "Bugle Call Rag"—but these will not be released until a further popular coupling has been put on the market. "Dinah" features a whole chorus by Bud Freeman.

The first titles to be made by Tom Dorsey and His Band on Victor are *Weary Blues*, *Getting Sentimental Over You* (his signature tune) and *I've Got A Note*. Tommy had to remake his first record, *Boots and Saddles*, because in the original arrangement too much of *Perde Grate's On*

The Trail was introduced in the coda, and the publishers objected to this.

Wingy Mamone has been making a large number of popular titles, the most recent of which are *My Lucky Star*, *I've Got A Feeling You're Fooling*, *Every Now And Then*, *I've Got A Note*, *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter* and *From The Top Of Your Head To The Tip Of Your Toes*.

In view of the last two it would appear that Wingy is determined to establish a record, not only for the quantity of his titles, but for the length of them as well.

"ALEXANDER'S JIGTIME BAND"

Bandleader, Pianist,
Composer, Arranger,
Lyricist and Vocalist
... ALEX HILL

by
Leonard G. Feather



ALEX HILL

"THE trouble with me is," said Alexander Hill ruefully, "that I do too many things."

In a way he is almost right. When you are equally well-known as bandleader, composer, lyricist, arranger, pianist and vocalist, there is always the danger of you being branded a Jack-of-all-trades and master of none.

But nobody could lay that last accusation at Alex Hill's door. His versatility has stood him in good

Alex, who was then but 18 years of age.

His next job after this was the direction of a theatre band, following which he went to Hollywood and worked with various units until 1927, the year that brought him to Chicago.

Things went well for Alex there, for he took the place of Earl Hines in Jimmy Noone's Band, and also did a little work for Louis Armstrong, whose record of *Beau Koo Jack* was composed and arranged by him.

By the time Alex had reached the ultimate goal of most musicians, New York, in 1929, he had already had experience in every side of the musical business; he had helped to organize the celebrated band from Denver, Colorado, known as Andy Kirk's Twelve Clouds of Joy, and had worked with Jimmy Wade, Carroll Dickerson, and other leaders.



THE ARMFUL

"FATS" WALLER

at the piano, playing two of his own compositions, *AM Little Dynamite* and *Tennessee Twilight*.

But the high spot of Alex's re-

Another of Alex's particularly pleasing pieces is *Swinging With Mezz*, which he wrote for Mezz Mesirov's recording band on Brunswick a couple of years ago. Another similar mixed-colour band under Eddie Condon's name, in October, 1933, had Alex Hill

recording career—in fact, the top of the Hill—was reached with four sides on Vocalion by "Alex Hill and his Hollywood Sepsians" last year, playing Fats' *Functionizin'*, from his "Harlem Living Room Suite," and three works by Hill: *Ain't It Nice*, *Sons Of The Plow*, and *Let's Have A Jubilee*. In the first two Alex played piano; in the latter pair Garnet Clark replaced him, and Alex sang the vocals.

Modest Pianist

As a pianist he is, like Ellington, an orchestral rather than a solo man. You will notice how little prominence he gives himself even in his own records. As a vocalist he has an appealing style which records perfectly, as you will hear for yourselves, for *Song Of The Plow* is due for release in England, which is the whole reason for this article about Alex Hill.

The rest of the band on this session consisted of Benny Carter (first trumpet); Joe Thomas (second); Herman Autry (third); Claude Jones (trombone); George James and Albert Nicholas (saxes); Eugene Sedric (tenor sax); Eddie Gibbs (guitar); Billy Taylor (bass); and Harry Dial (drums).

The orchestrations have form and



HANDSOME IS

CLAUDE HOPKINS

Long About Midnight, and an unusual ballad called *A Song*, which has been published by W. C. Handy. The very good lyric was also Alex's, for he always writes his own words.

The band he prefers to arrange for is

Calloway's Brass Section, Wright, Swayze & Cheatham

character, and are played with attack, despite imperfections of team work here and there.

During the last year Alex Hill has been a busy man. He is attached to Irving Mills' staff and arranges for most of the latter's bands. He has had many more song successes, notably *Devil In The Moon*,

Claude Hopkins'. He does not want to settle down permanently as a band-leader himself, as this might curtail his other activities. His European royalties, he told me, amount to ten times as much as those he earns in America, so why not be a song-writer?

Takes Life Easily

Last November Alex married. He lives in a Seventh Avenue apartment and takes life easily. His natural manner is debonair, smiling, and affable. In some respects—but only in some—he is a sort of American counterpart of Porgy and Bess.

And that's all I know about Alex Hill. In a year we shall all know a good deal more about him, if things go as they should; for here is one of those people we should be able to depend on to help considerably in the future of jazz.

Postscript.—Alex has organized a new band to open at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. My prophecy that we shall hear more of him looks like being fulfilled already!

RHYTHM CLUB FEDERATION CONCERT

Two Experts Give Diverse Opinions

"A REALLY BIG SUCCESS"

says

JACK BUTTERWORTH

I MAGINE that even charming but pessimistic Bill Elliott must have been rubbing his hands with glee after last Sunday's Concert at the Aeolian Hall, and I must at once confess—at grave risk to my reputation as a critic—that I have never experienced so much enjoyment in an all-too-short afternoon.

That there should be evidence of grave lack of rehearsal about some of the items was a foregone conclusion, but I fail to see how that could have been avoided, inasmuch as the stars who officiated are all very busy men with no time to spare.

In any case, I happen to like my jazz loose and informal, and, if I hear a slip or two, it only makes me think how human these big-timers are. Not, I hasten to add, that there was much to moan about in this respect, particularly having regard to the difficult stuff both Reginald Foresythe and Arthur Young demand as a mere matter of course.

Both these advanced masters gave us what we have learned to expect from them, and I doubt if there is in existence anywhere else such a well-blended piano team, for Reg's immaculate, aristocratic keyboard work contrasts admirably with Arthur's florid perambulations.

In the midst of a bunch of fine pianists, however, the playing of Cecil Norman stood out prominently, and few will quarrel with me when I suggest that he gave an exhibition of artistic piano playing which could not be bettered. Tone, touch and ideas were all superb.

An artist who did not seem to register as he deserved to do was Harry Hayes, who, taking over a tenor for the first time in his career, put over some grand stuff with fine tone and feeling for phrasing.

I liked the way George Melachrino and Jack Miranda proved themselves ready for anything at a moment's notice. They changed over from hot baritones to cold clarinets and orthodox altos without turning a hair, while Jack also contributed a good vocal.

Naturally, my biggest kick came from Freddy Gardner's all-hot group, which put over some swell stuff, and Norman Payne, on trumpet, roused me to an undignified frenzy of enthusiasm. In view of his splendid exhibition, I think my caperings were justified.

Albert Harris pleased me by his wisdom in playing an ordinary musical comedy selection, which gave us a much better chance of realising just how great this boy is.

The real joke of the afternoon was provided by the fact that, at a rhythm concert, Larry Adler scored the biggest success of all. Nobody could quarrel with this, however, for Larry is an unique artist, and must be adjudged as truly great by any standards.

Then, when I add my appreciation of the magnificent job of work done by Edgar Jackson as record recitalist and compère, it will be realised why I am all for the Federation Concert, and why I have no hesitation in acclaiming it as a really big success.

"A FAILURE"

says

LEONARD FEATHER

AT the outset, may I express my sincere admiration of the good work that Bill Elliott and his comrades put into the preparation of the Rhythm Club Concert, and my appreciation of the difficulties with which they were faced.

That the Concert furnished good entertainment on the whole cannot be denied. Moreover, if Flanagan and Allen, Gracie Fields, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roy had also appeared, the entertainment value would have been tremendous, but the Concert would still not have done what it set out to do—namely, demonstrate all that is best in modern rhythmic music.

The average layman attending the show must have been given a very distorted perspective of what is and what is not good jazz.

The busking by Freddy Gardner and the boys was really splendid, and showed some of the country's best instrumentalists playing as they should always play. This—a totally unexpected item inserted to fill up time while Foresythe was awaiting his belated bassoonist—was the best thing in the Concert.

Stanley Black and Albert Harris were good, but Albert was not satisfactorily amplified, and his tone often sounded very thin. Cecil Norman's piano solos were interesting. Gerry Moore seemed off form. The Foresythe-Young piano duets were not suited to a rhythm club concert.

Arthur Young's Youngsters lost themselves badly in the middle of *Any Old Rags* owing to insufficient rehearsal. Of Reginald Foresythe's items, only *Dodging A Divorce* presented anything of great interest to jazz-lovers.

The programme was not well balanced, and there were far too many pianists.

The biggest hand of the day went to Larry Adler for his harmonica solos; yet I have never heard a harmonica record played or even mentioned at any rhythm club!

The last-minute switches, which had to be made owing to the unavoidable crying-off of various stars, undoubtedly had the effect of making the programme unbalanced, but I am not criticising the Concert of the organisers on this account.

My big grievance is that not more than one-fifth of the whole programme could be classified as hot jazz, swing music, or whatever we choose to call the particular type of stuff in which the clubs are supposed to be interested.

I am quite firmly convinced that had John Hammond, Hugues Panassié or any of the leading hot music students been present at the Concert, their opinions would have been exactly the same; that the whole point of the recital was missed, and that the Federation wasted a golden opportunity to show the public what good jazz really is.

That is why I consider the Aeolian Hall Concert was a failure.



Bill Elliott, Secretary of the Rhythm Club Federation, and Chief Organizer of the Concert

NEW YORK AMSTERDAM NEWS, 16th Nov. 1935.

THINGS THEATRICAL

By ROMEO L. DOUGHERTY

When You Play Your Part On Life's Stage

NO MATTER what the future holds, there is a sense of satisfaction to sit in sober reflection and recognize that if you try to play the part handed you to the best of your ability, whether on the stage of life or on that of make-believe, it is bound to make an impression, especially among people indulging in serious reflection who do not allow themselves to run with the mob the moment they hear the shouts.

Most every reader of this paper and a number of others know that the past five or six weeks presented a period in the lives of those of us honestly trying to serve the public which can be called one that "tries the souls of men," yet in whose silent hours, when we find time for retrospection and reflection, a sense of gratitude grips one when the loyalty of those who help to make the sporting and theatrical pages of *The Amsterdam News* is considered.

Not one person during those trying weeks has seen fit to withdraw the support they have been in the habit of giving. On the contrary, if one should observe carefully the trend, it will be found that they have speeded up and the pages have taken on added life and a zest which can be traced to the same support.

If one should turn to the contributions of Mr. Leonard G. Feather, our British correspondent, whose pungent notes have served to entertain thousands of readers on this side, it will be readily seen that his facile pen slides along with the joy of one moved to give until it hurts. The same thing can be said of all the other contributors to the world of sports and the theatre, a surprising result in the face of recriminations which have failed to create any ill effect in the departments above noted. Consider carefully when voicing an opinion or making judgment until you are fully conversant with both sides of any question.

Daily Mirror

November 15, 1935

Radio Pictorial—No. 96

Published by Bernard Jones Publications, Ltd.,
37-38 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

Editor-in-Chief BERNARD E. JONES
Managing Editor ROY J. O'CONNELL

JAZZ AT THE AEOLIAN HALL!

IT was interesting to note what a large proportion of the artists featured in last Sunday's "Jazz Chamber Music" concert at the Aeolian Hall were established radio favourites. Without such personalities as Arthur Young and Reginald Forsythe, whose piano duets in the variety programmes have helped their popularity greatly, this orgy of rhythm could never have been the success it undoubtedly was.

During the concert it was amusing to study the reactions of the audience, which consisted mostly of young people from twenty to twenty-five. Every time a fast number was played, hundreds of feet started tapping steadily; but when a slow blues tune arrived, the atmosphere would be one of fervent concentration.

Albert Harris, the brilliant twenty-year-old guitarist whose appearance was possibly the biggest bit of the afternoon, "crashed" the radio world as a featured artist in Austen Croom-Johnson's delightful "Soft Lights" and "I've Got to Have Music" programmes, and recently earned praise as the star of a new band under the mystery *maestro*, Joe Paradise, introduced by Brian Michie.

The Era

ESTABLISHED 1837.

Managing Editor:

G. A. ATKINSON.

Assistant Editor:

EDWARD W. BETTS.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1935

JAZZ CRASHES THE AEOLIAN HALL

What is Swing Music?

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

SUNDAY afternoon's concert of "jazz chamber music" at the Aeolian Hall was somewhat in the nature of a protest.

The British Rhythm Club Federation, an entirely non-commercial body of "swing music" fans, organised this recital with the object of proving that there is something more in genuine jazz than the mere crooning of nostalgic ballads which the general public imagine to be representative of this type of music.

The fact is, though, that the organisers of the concert missed a golden opportunity. Fans had swarmed from all over London and the provinces to hear this exposition of the musical credos of our jazz cognoscenti. The recital could have proved the oft-asserted claim that rhythmic music really has a place in the concert-hall as well as the ballroom. But, as things turned out, less than 20 per cent. of what was played had a direct bearing on the subject of hot music.

Arthur Young and Reginald Forsythe offered several very complicated and possibly clever piano duets; and Larry Adler proved himself a magnificent showman on the mouth-organ. But where was the swing music we expected to hear?

Well, believe it or not, the best moments of the show were provided by the entirely extemporised performance of Freddy Gardner and his boys—just a bunch of brilliant soloists improvising choruses of old favourites. Gardner, whose band made its radio debut on Saturday night, is probably the greatest rhythmic alto saxophonist in the country.

Next time the Rhythm Clubs offer an afternoon of concert-hall jazz, it is to be hoped that they will have both the financial means and the musical taste to provide two and a half hours of real, full-blooded jazz with none of these commercial or quasi-highbrow concessions. After all, if these enthusiasts can't state the case for hot music, nobody ever will.

Jazz in the Aeolian Hall!

THE dignified precincts of the Aeolian Hall in Bond-street will shudder visibly to-morrow. They will shudder in strict four-four rhythm, for this stately hall, this seat of classical culture in music, is to be given over to a concert of jazz!

But it is a type of jazz that is not very well known over here. It does NOT consist of popular song hits and crooning. Reginald Forsythe, the English negro composer, will feature some of his own strange and original compositions with an orchestra, and other "hot classics" like Arthur Young and Cecil Norman are doing the same.

This advanced style of hot rhythmic music has more adherents than you would imagine, amongst them being Constant ("Rio Grande") Lambert, Anthony Asquith and Joseph Szigeti. Another rhythm fan is Charles Laughton. In their view, this "highbrow hot music" is the new classical style, but the B.B.C. show no signs of falling for the idea yet in their Sunday programmes.

11. 11. 35.

Daily Express

Jamboree Of Jazz

Five hundred rhythm enthusiasts came from all over the country to hear yesterday's concert of "jazz chamber music" at the Aeolian Hall.

Highbrows of jazz applauded vigorously when Reginald Forsythe, coloured English composer, led his band through some of his own queerly titled pieces. Orchestra had no brass section and featured a bassoon.

Larry Adler brought thunderous applause with "St. Louis Blues" on a mouth organ.

Nevertheless, expressions of dissatisfaction were heard. Fed on a diet of Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong gramophone records, they expected more swing and improvisation, less pretentious cleverness in the music.

Highspots, for these specialists, were the duets by Stanley Black and Albert Harris, youthful masters of piano and guitar, and solos by Gerry Moore, brilliant yet unheralded pianist who plays nightly until 6 a.m. at a West End "bottle party."

Organisers claim they could have filled the Aeolian Hall three times yesterday. "Uncommercial" hot jazz has become commercial at last.

DAILY SKETCH

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1935

Highbrow and Lowbrow Meet

Hot rhythm fans are taking themselves so seriously nowadays that they hold concerts at the Aeolian Hall, hitherto sacred to the snootier manifestations of music.

At the first "swing" concert there was an illustration of the rapprochement between highbrow and lowbrow music. The programme was nearly held up because of the late arrival of Reginald Forsythe's bassoon player. He was delayed because a little earlier he had been bassooning for Sir Thomas Beecham!

Improvised Hot Choruses

The gap was filled at a moment's notice by a six-piece band, led by the ace saxophonist, Freddy Gardner.

Playing entirely impromptu, they improvised hot choruses with complete success, whereas Arthur Young and his Youngsters, playing written arrangements, lost themselves in the middle of an orchestration.



"Teddy Wilson, at twenty-two years of age, has acquired the somewhat rare distinction of becoming the world's greatest jazz pianist."

TEDDY W

Phenomenon of

by

LEONARD G. F

IN a flat in Harlem, on the first and last nights of my visit to New York, I was treated to one of the greatest musical experiences jazz has yet offered.

Teddy Wilson sat at the piano and played the blues.

"Why all this fuss about Teddy Wilson?" people demand. "What has he done that Hines didn't do years ago?"

To these cynics, these dogged diehards, Earl Hines is still the top. To a few, though, he is the Tower of Pisa; still pretty big, but slightly out of alignment by our present-day standards. And Theodore Wilson, at twenty-two years of age, has acquired the somewhat rare distinction of becoming the world's greatest jazz pianist.

Superlatives

Unavoidable

Pardon my superlative. I avoid them whenever possible, but is there another artist in jazz who can be pitted against Teddy for the qualities of style, touch, technique, and rhythmic excitement which he combines with such a complete lack of apparent effort? And could Hines to-day make a list of records such as you see here without a risk of monotony?

The story which led up to this prodigious waxen output of Teddy's is necessarily a short one, for even now he is only just at the outset of his career.

Nine years of his life have been given over to studying at one of the largest coloured colleges in America, the Alabama Tuskegee Institute, where he played oboe in the school orchestra, much to his boredom and disgust, and learnt a little about the printing trade, which he intended to enter. His father was head of the history department at the Institute, and his mother is still a piano-teacher there. It was from her that Teddy received much of his musical instruction, as the rest of his pianistic training was limited to six

months with a teacher, and a year by mail.

Eventually Teddy became more and more tired of the life he was made to live at the school, which was controlled by Northern white people who frowned upon jazz. He left there quite suddenly and went North, finally landing in Chicago in 1929.

At that time Teddy's idol was Fats Waller, whose solid left-hand rhythm he admired enormously, and still admires to this day; but Hines was king of the ivories so far as the Chicago musicians were concerned, and to work himself into a good job Teddy had to adapt himself to Earl's methods.

After a while, when he had cultivated the requisite manner, Jimmy Noone engaged him to replace Zinky Cohn in his band. After this Teddy worked in and around Chicago in a number of bands, and in 1933 made a few records with Louis Armstrong, though he was given no chance to show his ability



The famous Savoy Ballroom in Har

here, for Louis, strange to say, did not seem to appreciate Teddy's playing in the least.

Finally, just two years ago, Teddy came to New York with his Chicago bride, Irene Eadie, who also plays piano remarkably well. On the very day after his arrival he made the four records with Benny Carter's Chocolate Dandies, which first brought him to the attention of British rhythm sleuths. This session was supervised by John Hammond, who soon became not only a

fanatic (there but a has d shynes been since t The Willie gladne glad 1 month record which

Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra (Victor).

- { Hustlin' And Bustlin' For Baby
- { I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues (*H.M.V.).
- { I've Got The World On A String (*H.M.V.).
- { Sitting In The Dark.

Mildred Bailey (Brunswick).

- { I'd Love To Take Orders From You.
- { I'd Rather Listen To Your Eyes.
- { Someday Sweetheart.
- { When Day Is Done.

Willie Bryant and his Orchestra (Victor).

- { Chimes At The Meeting.
- { Throwing Stones At The Sun.
- { Viper's Moan.
- { It's Over Because We're Through.
- { The Sheik.
- { Rigmarole.
- { Long About Midnight.
- { Jerry The Junker.

Mezz Mesirov and Orchestra (Engl. Brunswick).

- { Swingin' With Mezz.*
- { Love, You're Not The One For Me.*
- { Free Love (French Brunswick only).
- { Dissonance (French Brunswick only).

THEODORE "TEDD" Recordings Under Amer

★ Indicates Release in

- Chocolate Dandies (English Parlophone), { The C wick
- Blue Interlude.* { Pardo
- I Never Knew.* { Break
- Krazy Kapers.* { On T
- Once Upon A Time.* { Tho
- Putney Dandridge and his Orchestra (Vocalion), { I'll N
- Shine. { Stay C
- That's What You Think. { Ev'ry
- Benny Goodman and his Orchestra (Columbia), { Port
- Moonglow.* { wick
- As Long As I Live. { Corri
- Bob Howard and his Orchestra (Decca), { I Can
- Throwing Stones At The Sun (*Brunswick), { My
- You Fit Into The Picture { Benny
- It's Unbelievable. { «Co
- Whisper Sweet (*Brunswick), { Symp
- Theodore Wilson (Piano Solos) (Columbia, unreleased), { Destr's
- Liza. { Blue I
- Rosetta. { Loust
- { If Th

WILSON

Genon of the Piano

by

DONARD G. FEATHER



Baron Timme Rosencrantz with (right) Kenneth ("Red") Norvo, authorities on "swing," and two of Wilson's sincerest admirers.



Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, New York

to say, did late Teddy's
rs ago, Teddy
h his Chicago
no also plays
. On the very
he made the
ny Carter's
which first
attention of
is. This see-
y John Ham-
ne not only a

fanatical admirer of Teddy's genius (there I go using that word again!), but a firm friend and adviser, who has done much to counteract the shyness and modesty that have been Teddy's personal handicap since the beginning of his career.

The stretch of almost a year in Willie Bryant's Band was no era of gladness for him. He was more than glad to leave this group three months ago on the signing of his recording contract with Brunswick, which enables him to work with

musicians of his own choosing instead of being swamped by the personality of a self-confessed super-showman. The contract will bring him an average of at least three sessions a month, so that keeping pace with his recordings in future is going to be a mighty expensive business.

As a personality, Teddy is quiet, not very talkative, but full of enthusiasm about the musical world with which he is now so closely bound up. As far as his artistry is concerned, if you wish to go gradually through the transition from Hines-fever to Wilson-mania, listen first to his half-chorus in *Moonglow*, by Benny Goodman, or his solo in *Once Upon A Time*. Here you will find more of the Hines characteristics than usual, little subtleties of accentuation, contrasting with his more usual smooth uniformity; the occasion suggesting a trill in the old Hines manner.

Teddy Wilson's style has all the little traits that characterize other pianists, but his technical resources are so nearly limitless that he is

not confined to any one bag of tricks. Occasionally, but not too often, you will find the chromatic runs of Art Tatum, the eight-in-a-bar blues bass of Jos Sullivan, even the top of the keyboard octaves of Garland Wilson (NO relation!); but basically his right-hand style is a simple, single-note technique which baffles you merely because of the rapidity of thought transference from his brain to his fingers. This mental alertness is the quality that makes such fantastic improvisation possible.

Confronted by a number like *What A Little Moonlight Can Do*, where each group of four bars contains the same fundamental harmony, he will fill up those bars by additional harmonic inventions on the passing notes which destroy like lightning all the banality of the original theme. Or, faced with a difficult tune, such as *Body And Soul*, where most pianists would play for safety and stick to the melody, he can fashion new, fascinating contours around the awkward framework.

MORE "TEDDY" WILSON Under American Couplings

★ Indicates Release in England

English Parlo-	<i>The Ghost Of Dinah</i> (*Brunswick).
	<i>Pardon My Love.</i>
	<i>Breaking The Ice</i> (*Brunswick)
	<i>On The Night Of June The</i>
	<i>Third</i> (*Brunswick).
★	
and his Orchestra	<i>I'll Never Change</i>
	<i>Stay Out Of Love</i> (*Brunswick).
	<i>Ev'ry Day.</i>
Think	<i>Porter's Love Song</i> (*Brunswick).
his Orchestra	<i>Corrine Corrine</i> (*Brunswick).
	<i>Can't Dance, I've Got Ants In My Pants.</i>
	Benny Carter and his Orchestra
	(Columbia).
his Orchestra	<i>Symphony In Riffs.*</i>
	<i>Devil's Holiday.*</i>
At The Sun	<i>Blue Lou.*</i>
Picture	<i>Lonesome Nights.*</i>
Brunswick.	Taft Jordan and the Mob (Melotone).
(Piano Solo)	<i>Devil In The Moon.</i>
enced).	<i>Louisiana Fairy Tale.</i>
	<i>If The Moon Turns Green.</i>
	<i>Night Wind.</i>

Benny Goodman Trio (Victor).

- After You've Gone.*
- Body And Soul.*
- Someday Sweetheart.*
- Who.*

Red Norvo and his Swing Septet and Octet (Columbia).

- I Surrender Dear.*
- Tomboy* (*Parlo.)
- The Night Is Blue* (*Parlo.).
- With All My Heart And Soul* (Parlo.).
- Honeysuckle Rose* (*Parlo.).
- Old-Fashioned Love.*
- Blues In E Flat.*
- Bughouse.*

Theodore "Teddy" Wilson and his Orchestra (Vocalion).

- A Sunbonnet Blue* (*Brunswick).
- What A Little Moonlight Can Do* (*Brunswick).
- I Wished On The Moon* (*Brunswick).
- Miss Brown To You* (*Brunswick).
- I'm Painting The Town Red.*
- Sweet Lorraine.*
- It's Too Hot For Words.*
- What A Night.*

Never Thick and Mushy

Yet there is never a thick, mushy chord; hardly even a tenth in the bass. And how lucid, how clear-cut, his phrasing really is—listen to *I Never Knew*, to the suspense he creates by starting a phrase in the most unexpected place, following two or three blank beats filled up by a series of left-hand chords near the centre of the keyboard.

The more I write about Teddy's infinity of ideas, the more excited I am at his every chorus in the records that are playing as I write. With all the finer characteristics of all the other stars, added to cultivated musicianship (he is a fast reader, can write arrangements, and practises four or five hours daily), he has a combination that is rare amongst the most famous hot musicians.

In conclusion, one small prophecy. When Red Norvo's *Blues In E Flat* is issued here, you will find not only that Teddy can play greater blues than any other pianist, but that this is the equal of any solo he has ever recorded. If this record doesn't thrill you, there is no thrill left for you in the whole of jazz.

EVERGREENS OF JAZZ

by
Leonard Feather

No. 46: Dear Old Southland.

MIKE once described this tune as "Messrs. Creamer and Layton's version of *Deep River*."

Certainly the melody bears a more than strong resemblance to that of the famous old Negro spiritual, and there can be little doubt that this was the original source of inspiration of Turner

Layton and the late Henry Creamer.

This famous team wrote *Dear Old Southland* shortly after the success of their even more famous *After You've Gone*, and in 1919 it established itself as something out of the ordinary in the way of popular hits. Recordings by Jack Hylton's Orchestra on Zonophone in 1922, and by Paul Whiteman's Orchestra on H.M.V., and Gene Austin

on Decca; all treated the number in more or less straightforward fashion; the other versions contrast so strangely that it is interesting to study them separately.

Red Nichols' twelve-inch concert arrangement, with hot spots by Fud and Lang, is one of the best of its kind, whilst in his *New Orleans* selection, also a twelve-incher, Connie Boswell years attractively for her "old New Orleans home." In the Original Wolverines' version (on Commodore re-issue) it is "my old Kentucky home"—anyway, the nostalgic influence is there! This homesickness is a feature of not less than six other leading Evergreens—*Saint Louis Blues*, *Georgia On My Mind*, *Memphis Blues*, *Chinatown*, *Beale Street Blues* and *Avalon*.

As Dr. Spaeth remarks in his delightful book on "The Facts of Life in Popular Song," "Another goddess has become firmly established in popular song. For want of a better name she might be called Nostalgia. Songwriters can remember almost anything, from a lock of hair to an entire estate, and their memories lead not only to musical dreams of a vague, yearning quality, but also to the use of lines and phrases which have become rather painfully familiar."

But *Dear Old Southland* is one of the superior nostalgic effusions, as can be judged by Louis Armstrong's superb trumpet solo, or by Ellington's splendid treatment on H.M.V. Don't judge the number by an unfortunate Washboard effort which recently appeared on Parlophone. If you want to hear a hot treatment, wait for Fletcher Henderson's arrangement played by Benny Goodman's Band on Victor. This record is a perfect example of transformation without desecration.

Next week: Ol' Man River.

2.11.35.

THE LONDON LOWDOWN

By
LEONARD G. FEATHER



ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS of this week's British Broadcasting programs is a show entitled *Kentucky Minstrels*, which has been featured many times before on the air. Included in the cast are Scott and Whaley, colored comedy team, who have been wowing audiences in this country longer than I can remember; and Ike Hatch of the Shim-Sham Club, whom I mentioned in my last column. Ike informs me that his club is still going strong, so that show-folks arriving in London will know that on making their way to the Shim-Sham in Wardour street they will be assured of a warm welcome.

TALKING ABOUT BROADCASTING, there was a big plan evolved recently to produce an all-colored show for the first time over here, under the title "Harlem Half-Hour."

Included in the plans were the names of such people as Elizabeth Welch, that very charming young vocalist, and Reginald Forsythe at the piano, in addition to many other artists in every field of entertainment.

HOWEVER, IT has since been decided that some of the material included in the scenario for the broadcast—such as descriptions of lynchings in the South—is too morbid for the average listener's mentality; so the whole thing is off.

WHAT A crying shame. A program of this sort would have entertained and educated the British radio public simultaneously. The remark might be equally well applied to Langston Hughes' book of short stories, *The Ways of White Folks*, which has been published in England, and which should undoubtedly be read by everybody.

LONDON HAS CAUGHT "Truckin'" fever. The Piccadilly Theatre has just reopened with a new varsity show, one of the principal features of which is a demonstration of "Truckin'" by Leon James, Edith Matthews, Bailey Hill and Norma Miller, billed as winners and runners-up in the Madison Square Garden Lindy Hop contest.

THEY HAVE been well received by the lay press; but one paper points out that this is the sort of thing "our ballroom dancers could only do in their dreams!"

TO FURTHER the cause still more, three good records of the song "Truckin'" have been released: Duke Ellington's on Brunswick, Fats Waller's on H. M. V. (Victor), and one by an excellent English pianist named Gerry Moore, on Parlophone.

SO IT WON'T be long before the whole of England has been made thoroughly "Truckin'-conscious!"

EVERGREENS OF JAZZ

No. 47: Ol' Man River

by
Leonard G. Feather

"KERN, whose gentle, insinuating tunes have been the joy of musical comedy . . . is a thoroughly-trained musician, one of the very few who have been able to overcome that handicap and, in spite of it, compose tunes to charm the popular ear, such genuinely sweet jazz tunes as *Raggedy Ann*, the current *Who*, or that perfect stylistic imitation, the *Left All Alone Again Blues*."

So wrote Henry Osgood in 1926, speaking of Jerome Kern, who has been writing for musical shows since before the War, and reached his high water mark with the score of "Show Boat," in conjunction with Oscar Hammerstein. Published here in May, 1928, *Ol' Man River* was the big number of the Drury Lane production of that show, starring Paul Robeson (who sang this song), Edith Day and Cedric Hardwicke. After its terrific success during the run of the show, *Ol' Man River* gradually settled

down to develop into a standard number.

Kern has, of course, written some of the biggest hits in the musical business, including the scores of such productions as "Beauty Prize," "Music In The Air," "Blue Eyes," "The Cat And The Fiddle," "Sunny," and "Sally." Amongst the best-known of his separate compositions are *Whose Baby Are You?* and *Bull Frog Patrol*.

The first inkling that this might be treated as a hot number came with Elizalde's excellent Brunswick piano solo. Then came the brilliant though disorderly OKeh record by Bix and his Gang, in which the clarinet played four bars in a completely wrong key! Horace Henderson's Parlophone recording takes the thing as an out-and-out swing number, and on Melotone there is a no less undignified version by Luis Russell and his *Ol' Man River* Orchestra, as they now call themselves, using this as their signature tune.

Next week: Dinah.

World-Radio

November 15, 1935. Vol. XXI, No. 538.

4

NOVEMBER 15, 1935

In the Rainbow Room, New York

RADIO CITY, New York, truly deserves its name. This amazing cluster of jointly-controlled skyscrapers forms a metropolis in itself. In its thousands of offices are represented countless phases of activity in American life; in its gigantic Music Hall are seen some of the greatest stage and screen shows in the country; and on the 64th floor of one of these giant buildings is one of the most exclusive night-clubs in New York City—the Rainbow Room.

The Rockefeller Center Building, of which this establishment is one of the features, is a black marble monument to large-scale architectural simplicity. In the main hall the visitor boards an express lift—no stops before the 56th floor—which arrives at the top in a surprisingly short time.

On the 64th storey, a small cocktail lounge leads directly into the dark-green dignity of the room itself. Almost circular in shape, and fringed with vast windows, in size and construction it gives an impression of the main lounge in one of the latest ocean liners.

In the corners are one or two raised alcoves where may be seated those who preferred not to have to trouble to dress. All round the dance floor are the other tables; at one end, the bandstand. The room is illuminated by beautifully subdued floodlighting. Waiters in grey mess-jackets and scarlet trousers glide about; dancers hover near the bandstand, listening to the strains of Ray Noble's music and to Al Bowlly, the British vocalist.

Sound in Terms of Colour

Suddenly, a curious change comes over the room. The colour of the lighting flickers, changes—perhaps for a few seconds, perhaps for only an instant at a time. This is the "Rainbow Room" effect being introduced.

It would require a technical knowledge far greater than I possess adequately to describe the



"From the lofty windows of the room : : : the view of Manhattan by night".

miracle of electrical ingenuity through which, by some link-up between the lighting system and the microphone amplification, the illumination of the room is varied according to the volume and tone qualities of the sound—of how different sounds produce different colours.

The mellow tones of the saxophone section conjure up a sort of pale-green shade; full, open, brass section floods the room with bright orange lighting; a cymbal-crash induces a flash of vivid gold. A blending of various melody instruments produces a diversity of shades from yellow to white; the trombones are represented by a glorious mauve, and deeper tones, such as the baritone or bass saxophone, result in deep

purple illumination. Clarinets played in the low register are a dark red.

During a complicated orchestration, when these tone-colours are constantly changing, the effect is enchanting, bewildering—a marvel of engineering and a lovely translation of sound into terms of sight.

A Moving Pianist

Then, during another number, there is a further surprise. The pianist, seated on a small platform separated from the main bandstand, can be seen moving slowly round the edge of the dance floor, playing as he goes. Controlled by a thin, imperceptible wire leading through to the floor, the stand and piano revolve gradually round the whole circumference, passing by each of the flooside tables in turn. This effect is so perfectly timed that the little platform is back in its original position exactly as the last chord of the number is being played.

At 10.25 p.m. the time for the broadcast draws near; music stands are hastily pushed around, the double-bass is brought to the front of the stand, and other positions are altered to suit the NBC microphone. When this is connected in place of that normally used for amplification, a barrier of chains is set up round the front of the stand, to prevent New York's Four Hundred from affecting the entertainment of America's Forty Million.

When next you pick up a Rainbow Room programme over W2XAF, at 3.30 one Thursday morning, picture the scene from which this music is being radiated, eight hundred feet above the bustle of the city. From the lofty windows of the room is seen the most breath-taking view that America can offer—the view of Manhattan by night.

I shall not easily forget the Rainbow Room—it must surely be one of the most impressive outside broadcasting points in the world. L. G. F.

A Pro Musician on the "M.M."

MANY pros run down the MELODY MAKER, their main grievance being that it "teaches the semi-pros too much."

It is not my intention, however, to discuss this question. I used to read it when I was a semi-pro, and although I now find its journalism irritating in some respects—particularly as regards the repeated use of certain terms, i.e., "Ace," "ægis," "moguls," "magnates," etc., etc., which often seems to me to be a desperate attempt to be "different," or "modern," and although I am often rather annoyed by the tendency to encourage almost fanatical hero-worship of "Aces" (please do not misunderstand; not even half a grape, the least bit sour), I still read the "M.M." regularly, because there are some "interesting bits," to mention one reason.

(Gosh! what a sentence! 'Fraid I'm not much of a journalist!)

Particularly do I enjoy Leonard Feather, "Mike," Stanley Nelson, and Peter Lindsay. Geoffrey Clayton isn't quite as funny as he used to be. I enjoy Stanley Nelson's cynicism, but it sometimes seems rather out-of-place in the "M.M." "Mike" was my favourite for a long time, and, even if I did not always agree with him, read with much pleasure his very interesting, intelligent—and humorous—criticisms of records, the best to be read anywhere.

But one week, settling down with the "M.M.," prepared to enjoy his usual snappy reviews, I was disappointed. He confessed boredom, and almost reluctance to listening to any more dance records.

This, of course, was understandable in one having to listen to so many records, many, perhaps, not worth hearing at all, especially when that man is a musician. So I regarded it as a lapse which, had it lacked his usual

humour, should not have been printed! But he seems to have been the same way almost continuously ever since, except for isolated spots of enthusiasm.

London, W.

DANCE PRO.

* * *

EVERGREENS of JAZZ

by Leonard G. Feather

No. 48: DINAH

GREENEST of all the Evergreens—inevitable concomitant of every busking session—this tune dates only from 1925, and was written by three perfectly ordinary writers of perfectly ordinary commercial song hits!

Harry Akst, who wrote the music, is still very much in the business, chiefly in Hollywood, and was responsible for the music of "On With The Show" and many more recent pictures. Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young, the lyric-writing team who collaborated with Akst on *Dinah*, are one of the most famous pairs in Tin Pan Alley. I believe Sam Lewis was originally a comedian, which may be in some way connected with the fact that he and Joe Young are answerable for that memorable Al Jolson sob-hit *My Mammy*, published in 1921 by Irving Berlin Inc.

Other hits by Lewis and Young include *Loud, You Made The Night Too Long, Then You've Never Been Blue* (in conjunction with Ted Fio Rito), *In A Little Spanish Town* (with Mabel Wayne); and recently Lewis worked with George Meyer on *I Believe In Miracles*.

Industry

Since this tune is such a famous Evergreen, I have recklessly resolved to end off in a wild orgy of research work, and for the archaeologists of the gramophone world I have pleasure in presenting a list of all currently traceable records of *Dinah*. To show that there is some sense in this procedure, I have marked off with an asterisk those which I consider to be the best interpretations of the number.

- *Armstrong's Orchestra, Parlophone
- Baker, Josephine (vocal), Odéon
- *Boswell Sisters (vocal), Brunswick
- Calloway's Orch., Cab., Brunswick

- Crosby, Bing and Mills Bros. (vocal), Brunswick
- Crawford, Jesse (pipe organ), Victor
- Dorsey Bros. Orches., Amer. Decca
- Edinboro's Washboard Band, Vocalion
- Eight Piano Ensemble, H.M.V.
- Ellington's Orch., H.M.V.
- Four Aces (vocal), Decca
- Fray and Braggiotti (2 pianos), Odéon
- Gains, Mr. and Mrs. Larry (vocal), Parlophone
- Georgia Washboard Stompers, Bluebird
- Gluskin, Lud and Orch., Pathé
- Goldkette, Jean and Orch., Victor
- Hughes, Spike and Orch., Decca
- Hylton, Jack and Orch., Decca
- Keep, Gladys and Rudolph Dunbar, Regal-Zono

British Effort

- Laurence, Brian and Quartet, Panachord
- Layton and Johnstone (vocal), Columbia
- Lewis, Ted and Orch., Columbia
- Litter, Monia (piano), Brunswick
- *Logan, Ella (vocal), Decca
- Moderniques (vocal), Parlophone
- *Nichols, Red, and Five Pennies, Brunswick
- Prima, Louis, with Rose and Gast, Bluebird
- Radio Rhythm Rascals, Columbia
- Red Devils, Columbia
- Red Pepper Sam, Imperial
- Reinhardt's Hot Club Quintet, Oriole
- Revellers, H.M.V.
- Savoy Orpheans, H.M.V.
- *Venuti's Blue Four, Parlophone
- Waller, Fats, and his Rhythm, Victor
- Waters, Ethel, Brunswick
- Williams and Bronson (vocal), Parlophone
- Williams, Fess and Orch., Victor
- Williams' Purple Knights, Victor

Currently there is a popular tune called *The Ghost Of Dinah*, telling how she returned from China on the ocean liner. The story is a perfectly plausible one, for, as you can see from the above list, the lady seems to be haunting us yet!

EVERGREENS OF JAZZ by Leonard G. Feather

No. 49: BASIN STREET BLUES.

BASIN Street Blues is Spencer Williams' own Louisiana fairy tale—a New Orleans pen portrait, representing the only famous number which features his own lyrics in addition to his music.

Basin Street, New Orleans, La., is about eight blocks long, ending at the New Basin, and was known in Spencer Williams' early days as the "goodtime spot" for all pleasure-hunters. It was his own aunt, known as Lulu White, who ran a rendezvous there for the sporting classes, called Mahogany Hall of Storyville.

To this resort came everybody who could sing or dance, and everyone connected with sports and gambling; prize-fighters, race-horse owners, roulette kings, all in search of wine, women and song;

Joe "King" Oliver, Albert Carroll, Tony Jackson (writer of *Pretty Baby*), and Louis Armstrong, who was a youngster around Basin Street.

Spencer Williams wrote *Basin Street Blues* in memory of the happy days he spent there with his aunt. It is one of his more recent compositions, and was practically brand new when Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines made their glorious recording in 1928.

Then in 1931 came the recording by the Charleston Chasers, directed by Benny Goodman, in which Teagarden's vocal put Basin Street on the map. Since then the number has grown in popularity to the magnitude of a permanent busking favourite, and there are versions available as follows:—

- Three Keys, Brunswick.
- Cab Calloway, Brunswick.

- Louis Armstrong (new and inferior version), H.M.V.
- Louis Prima (one of his best), Decca.
- Dorsey Brothers (very weak, with Bob Crosby imitating Teagarden), Brunswick.
- Al Bonilly with Ray Noble's Orch. (disappointing), H.M.V.
- Clyde McCoy.
- Gonella's Georgians.
- K.X.Y.Z. Novelty Band.
- Isham Jones.
- Casa Loma.

If you study the Goodman and Armstrong versions closely you will begin to appreciate just what a delightful piece of music this is. Seldom has such a wealth of feeling been crammed into a sixteen-bar chorus.

Next Week: St. James's Infirmary.

RADIO PICTORIAL

3^d
EVERY
FRIDAY

29.11.35.

"HER NAME IS MARY"

Her parents said "No!"—but Mary Lee thought "Yes!"
Now, thanks to Roy Fox, a new star has risen.

By
LEONARD G. FEATHER

MARY LEE, Roy Fox's fourteen-year-old star vocalist, is a walking mystery—musicians all over the country, hearing her voice over the air, have been pinching themselves black and blue; they don't believe such things can happen!

After all, it isn't every day that a young Scottish lass walks up to the microphone and gives such a perfect exhibition of all that is most modern and stylish in rhythmic singing. Yet Mary McDavitt (Lee to her public), the cute kiddie from Glasgow, combines a nearly authentic American accent with the mike personality, the subtle phrasing and accentuation of many a transatlantic favourite.

The mystery doesn't start or end there, however. What makes her accomplishments far more amazing is the fact that her family does not possess a gramophone and, until recently, when Roy Fox brought her to London, she knew little or nothing of American vocalists beyond seeing a few short films of Ruth Etting at her local cinema—and, what's more, she'd never even heard of Connie Boswell!

Last week I caught Mary up at the recording studios, where she sat nonchalantly awaiting her turn to commit a new song to the wax. The broad Scots accent with which she greeted me was a complete revelation, for there is no trace of it in her singing.

"No, I never studied singing seriously. I used to like Phyllis Robins on the radio, though, and I've always enjoyed singing. . . . I can play the piano, yes, but I don't get much time for practice now. Read music? I should say I can—it's part of my job!"

As she continued her story, unexpected revelations came thick and fast. Her parents have no interest in music whatsoever, and were strongly opposed to her taking up a professional career. It was a year ago that

Roy Fox heard her sing at a crooning competition held in a large Glasgow department store, and he would have signed her up there and then but for the parental opposition—and another reason—she was under age. Now that her fourteenth birthday has passed, the authorities have no objection to her making a living on the stage—and neither has Mary!

What this means is that contrary to popular supposition, Mary was not engaged to replace Peggy Dell, Roy's ex-pianist-singer, who left recently with Jack Hylton's boys to fulfil a radio contract in American. In fact, whether Peggy had left or not, Mary would have joined the band, anyway.

The smiling, chubby, and determined-chinned features of this bright-eyed, brown-haired little lady have turned Roy's boys into a bunch of happy foster-fathers.

IN particular, Maurice Burman, the drummer, has taken Mary in hand and presented her with some records by the Boswells and Mildred Bailey, and Mary learns from them as she enjoys them. During the recording session I heard Maurice teaching her some of the hot numbers which will be such a perfect outlet for her talent, and now she is eager to feature "St. Louis Blues," "Sing, You Sinners," and all the old favourites on future Wednesday nights.

Nothing upsets Mary. Her first London broadcast recently took place from the cold, miserable Waterloo studio, where she had to stand on the edge of a platform to reach the mike, and might easily have overbalanced during the middle of a chorus—yet she was perfectly at ease throughout. At the recording studio they gave her a copy of a song she had never heard, and an hour later she recorded a vocal chorus of it as if she'd known it all her life.



Sweet MARY LEE

How does she do it? And how can your little girl learn to do it? Don't ask—because the mystery of Mary will never be solved. Don't ask Mary herself, either. All she can tell you is that singing is second-nature to her, that she is enjoying life quite a lot, and that London is a very wonderful place!

RHYTHM



J. MORTON SALE

DECEMBER 1935 · SIXPENCE



Idol of the Month

JOSEPH "WINGY" MANNONE — Italian-American from New Orleans, where Armstrong was his boyhood friend. Lost his right arm in a street accident at the age of eight; started playing cornet at eleven; made professional debut at fourteen. First visit to New York in 1917. Played for many years in Chicago, then came for good to New York eighteen months ago, working at various hotels, at Adrian's Tap Room, and later at the Hickory House, finally settling at the Famous Door two weeks ago.

Reads music very little; sounds best playing the blues for twenty minutes without a stop. Prefers working with very small bands; never uses piano or drums except on records. Medium height, dark hair, furrowed brow and Carnera-like jaw. A good artist and a good fellow.

BRITISH HOT RECORDS

Albert in the Lions' Cage

by
"SWING HIGH"

Ten years ago this section would not have been possible—there were no British Hot Records. The greatest masters are still to be found on the other side of the Atlantic, but the ever improving efforts made on this side demand special consideration, and a well-known authority, who prefers to cloak his identity under the nom-de-plume of "Swing High," will review them month by month in this section.

Albert Harris and Ivor Mairants, Guitar Duet.

"Kaleidoscope."

"Summer Madness."

Brunswick O 2081.

Do you remember the story of the Lion and Albert?

Listening to Albert Harris's latest record, I am put in mind of Mr. Holloway's not unpopular dirge. The lion, in this tragic story, "pulled Albert inside the cage with him, and swallowed the little lad whole."

I picture the lion as an allegorical figure representing the commercial bug of jazz, which pulled our own Albert inside its cage for a long time. His individual talent was lost in the big band he played with; but now, like little Albert in the story, he has come to light again, and, working independently, manages to combine tasteful music with the business of making money.

Form and Style

In these two new duets he again combines with Roy Fox's white hope of the guitar to produce a couple of efforts which have form

and style. Played faultlessly as far as both tone and technique are concerned, they can offend nobody, and, beyond that rather negative quality, they are quite good swing music, which is something more.

Though it loses interest towards the middle, *Kaleidoscope* wins by a hair's breadth the honour of being the more interesting side. The only objection to Mairants' pleasant piece on the reverse is that penultimate chord, with which I beg to be just one semitone in disagreement.

Arthur Young and His Youngsters.

"Bundle of Blues."

Decca F.5709.

This has nothing to do with Duke's tune of that title, being merely a two-part selection of blues tunes.

Arthur Young should produce more music like this and less music like the *Thames Rhapsody*. The first side has some brilliant scoring, which never loses touch with the true spirit of jazz. The bridge passage into *Jazz Me Blues* and the opening of *Farewell Blues* are fine examples.

The rhythm section is not the strong

point of either side, despite the presence of Albert Harris, Dick Ball and Max Bacon. Arthur Young's solo piano work is generally weak. Max Goldberg does nothing sensational, and Lew Davis continues to show off that favourite trill of his, of which I am starting to be a little tired.

Not Worth a Turn

Don't worry about the second side, which has a rather vague and rambling *Limehouse Blues* and concludes with *Mood Indigo*, disguised under its alternative title of *Dreamy Blues*, and split up into twice as many bars as it needs.

The star of the whole selection is Freddy Gardner, whose baritone work, aided by Pola on clarinet and Amstell on tenor, contributes towards the success of a splendid reed section.

Stephane Grappelly and His Hot Four.

"Limehouse Blues."

"I Got Rhythm."

Decca F.5780.

I know, I know. This is a British record



The original Six Swingers.

A GOODMAN TO HAVE AROUND



Fletcher Henderson, one of Benny Goodman's star arrangers

Leader of the greatest White Swing Band, BENNY GOODMAN,

by

LEONARD FEATHER

BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA, 1935

- Benny Goodman .. Clarinet
- Arthur Rollini .. Tenor
- Dick Clark .. Tenor
- Hymie Scherzer .. Alto
- William Depew .. Alto
- Bunny Berigan* .. Trumpet
- Nate Kazebier .. Trumpet
- Ralph Muzillo .. Trumpet
- Jack Lacey* .. Trombone
- Joe Harris .. Trombone and vocals
- Red Ballard .. Trombone
- Jess Stacy .. Piano
- Allan Reuss .. Guitar
- Gene Krupa .. Drums
- Harry Goodman .. String Bass
- Helen Ward .. Vocals

* Since replaced.
Fletcher Henderson, Fud Livingston, Gordon Jenkins, Spud Murphy, Eddie Durham, etc. : arrangements.

ONCE upon a time, in the days when the Five Pennies were my be-all and end-all of jazz, I imagined that Red Nichols must be the king of all recording artists, not only for the quality, but for the quantity, of his output.

To-day I wonder whether this honour has not fallen to Benny Goodman.

Instead of working out a huge list of the records in which Benny has featured, which would be as dull to read as to compile, I should like to run through a representative list of the bands he has worked with and trace his approximate history on the wax.

First, a word about Benny himself. Not only is he one of the most consistent of style clarinetists, but he has a musical taste in jazz that is almost impeccable. That is why you will seldom find a corny artist working in any band that bears Benny's name.

In addition to this knowledge of jazz he has ventured into the realms of standard music, and played the solo part in Mozart's Clarinet Quintet at a concert for musicians not long ago.

Benny hails from Chicago (though this seems to have little to do with his style), and worked there in gigs and ballroom jobs while still in his early 'teens. Ten years ago he was a permanent member of Benny Pollack's Band in the Venice Ballroom, Los Angeles, at the age of sixteen!

A decrepit old man of twenty, Benny left Pollack's band in October 1929, and played with the pit and stage band at the Paramount Cinema on Broadway, after which he was engaged in the pit bands of numerous shows, including *Strike Up the Band* and *The 9.15 Revue*.

From then onwards he was increasingly

in demand for radio and recording sessions, and finally organised a band of his own which appeared some eighteen months ago at the Billy Rose Music Hall in New York. Then came his big break—the band was chosen to represent swing music in the five-hour "Let's Dance" commercial radio series. Goodman's band immediately leapt into the "name" class, and he has spent most of this year touring the country with increasing success, finally settling down last month at the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles.

Now for this question of records. Benny's earliest efforts are mostly Victor records with Pollack, but there are few in which he has much chance to shine. Amongst the best are *Memphis Blues*, *Waiting for Katie* and *Buy for Baby*.

Late in 1928 he organised a recording band of his own on Brunswick, which made *Jungle Blues* and *Room 1411*, also a number entitled *Blue*, in which Benny made one of his rare appearances on alto saxophone.

In these records the trumpet player was Jimmy McPartland. Later Wingy Man-none made a couple of sides under the



Benny Goodman



Benny Pollack

same name, "Benny Goodman's Boys." These were *Muskrat Scramble* and *After a While*, made in 1930.

Of Red Nichols' Five Pennies' records I prefer to say discreetly little; there is still a great deal of confusion as to which solos were taken by Dorsey, Livingston, Goodman and Pee-wee Russell, respectively, particularly as the last three would sometimes all be on the session together. However, there is no doubt that Goodman did appear in *Dinah* and *Indiana*, *Chinatown*, *China Boy*, *Peg O' My Heart*, *The Sheik* and *On Revival Day* as featured soloist.

In the early thirties Benny made any number of swell discs in which he took a leading part. Here are some of them, all dating from around 1931:—

Lang-Venuti's All-Star Orchestra, Panachord.

Farewell Blues,
Someday, Sweetheart,
Beale St. Blues,
After You've Gone.

Ted Lewis and His Orchestra, Columbia.

Dallas Blues,
Royal Garden Blues.

Benny Goodman (solos), Panachord.

Clarinetitis,
That's a Plenty.

The Charleston Chasers, Columbia.

Beale St. Blues,
Basin St. Blues.

Irving Mills' Hotsy Totsy Gang, Brunswick.

Railroad Man,
Crazy About My Gal,
Deep Harlem,
Strut, Miss Lizzie.

The Charleston Chasers' record does not show the typical Benny at all. His tone is grimy and unpleasing, and his phrasing a little eccentric. The real Benny Goodman

has a certain purity of tone and uncanny knack of fashioning subtle and unexpected phrases. There is no lack of attack, or sliriness, about this purer tone, and when the atmosphere is appropriate he will vary it with a "dirty" intonation and perhaps a sudden, perfectly-timed *forte*; his sense of dynamics is not unlike that of Earl Hines.

Generally speaking, though, Benny Goodman is the Teddy Wilson of the clarinet; by which I mean that he has the technical ability to assume complete command of his instrument. His style is thus never handicapped by the mental invention of phrases which might be extremely difficult to translate into terms of his instrument.

His fundamental knowledge of music and harmony, too, enables him to improvise on less banal themes: for instance, few artists in jazz could play around with the chords of *Body and Soul* as he and Teddy Wilson do in their duet on Victor.

Starring Teagarden

Towards the end of 1933, Benny formed that grand recording band, generally starring Teagarden, which caused such a sensation on Columbia throughout last year. Here are the principal releases, showing the original couplings:—

Aintcha Glad?
I Got a Right to Sing the Blues,

Texas Tea Party,
Dr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe,

Your Mother's Son-in-Law (with Billie Holiday),
Tappin' the Barrel,

Keep on Doin' What You're Doin',
Riffin' the Scotch,

Georgia Jubilee,
Emaline } (with Hawkins and Mildred
Junk Man } Bailey),
Ol' Pappy }

Moonglow (with Teddy Wilson),
Breakfast Ball.

The remaining titles are by Benny Goodman's enlarged Music Hall Band, 1934-5:—

Bugle Call Rag,
Nitwit Serenade,

Cokey,
Music Hall Rag,

Clouds,
Night Wind,

Dixieland Band,
Down Home Rag

—and a few other commercial titles.

Co-starring

During 1934, Benny also accompanied countless famous artists; for instance, the Boswell Sisters in *Sophisticated Lady*, Red Norvo in *Dance of the Octopus*. He played in Teagarden's Brunswick records and in Foresythe's American Columbias. Then, a few months ago, he signed a contract with the Victor company, and has so far recorded the following hot titles:—

Dixieland Band,
Hunkadola,
Japanese Sandman,
Always,
Get Rhythm In Your Feet,
Ballad in Blue,
Dear Old Southland,
Jingle Bells,
Blue Skies,
Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea,
King Porter Stomp,
Sometimes I'm Happy

—some of which are yet to be released on Victor. There are also the four magnificent sides by "Benny Goodman's Trio," with Teddy Wilson and Krupa:—

After You've Gone,
Body and Soul,
Someday, Sweetheart,
Who?

—and, as you know, three sides of the new Brunswicks by Teddy Wilson's Orchestra.



Ted Lewis' Band as it appeared during its last English visit. Benny Goodman made some early discs with the Tragedian of Jazz.

Fitting Climax

That, I trust, brings Benny Goodman's history up to date, and a very fitting climax it is, too. After years of hard work with every conceivable type of combination, sometimes in important roles and often in comparative obscurity, Benny has at last succeeded in realising what must be the life ambition of thousands of artists in the sphere of jazz.

He has formed the greatest white swing band in the world.

PARIS AND LONDON LOWDOWN

London Club Raided

Robeson Picture Released

Benny Carter Broadcasting From France

"Harlem Half-Hour" on radio in Great Britain last week.

By

LEONARD G. FEATHER
LONDON, ENG.



WHAT A WEEK THIS has been for news...hard to know where to start...first and foremost comes the pleasing announcement from the British Broadcasting Corporation that the "Harlem Half-Hour" show was not cancelled after all—which means that as I write these lines a selection of the best colored talent available in this country is now rehearsing at Broadcasting House for the first real Harlem show to go over the British air.

AND WHAT A line-up. The names so far include the Cole Brothers, who recently arrived back in this country and were welcomed royally at a special party thrown for them at the Nest Club last Thursday night; Roy Peyton; Dinah Miller, 19-year-old singer, who made her radio debut a few weeks back with an English band; May Downes, and the Marino Morris Trio. Accompaniment to be provided by Feela Sowande, from Frisco's, and Al Craig on drums.

THE ORIGINAL IDEA, it seems, was to present a show called "Harlem Rent Party," on genuine and realistic lines, but evidently the B. B. C. decided that would be a little above the public's head (and how right they are!), so the title has now become "The Little Show," and it will be run as an ordinary radio cabaret show.

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID about "Truckin'" and how it has swept England? There was a further development recently when a special party was held by the English sponsors of the song, "Truckin'," to show how the dance should really be presented and performed...seems that Leon James and Edith Matthews weren't too happy about the staging at the Piccadilly Theatre, where they originally opened, so at this party the real atmosphere was captured for the benefit of curious pressmen; copies of the song were distributed—and also free liquor—so everybody was very happy.

TALKING ABOUT TRUCKIN', it seems a shame that W. C. Handy had a song months ago in his catalogue called "Truckin' On Down," which everybody has forgotten about now that the other number has been launched. Tough luck on Handy.

SENSATION! Gambling in London club! This is the story that crashed the headlines the other day when the police raided a joint in Wardour street known as Jigs' Club, resulting in the arrest of twenty men and women, mostly colored, who were charged at Marlborough Street Police Court with offenses under the Gaming Act of 1845 (check that date, printer!).

THE OUTCOME OF THE CASE, which was probably brought on by poker parties which used to take place at Jigs', was a fine of 375 dols. against Arthur Ward (known, I believe, as "Alec"), white proprietor of the club, and five-dollar fines against three others, Lewis, McSally and Omar, who were charged with being concerned in the management of the club. The other sixteen folks, described as "frequenters," escaped being fined.

I HAVE VAGUE MEMORIES of this resort as an underground cellar to which Louis Armstrong took me one night to indulge in what must be the only good Southern fried chicken available in London. Valaida, Coleman Hawkins and other celebrities also used to be seen around here, but even with its Southern fried chicken, its pool-playing, its reefer-smoking and its array of signed photographs of musicians, this was never the type of place of which one could bemoan the loss very deeply.

TALKING OF VALAIDA reminds me of a news item that has seeped through concerning the plans for next year's Lew Leslie show in London...it seems Lew is still busy completing the cast, and will open here at the Trocadero, Elephant and Castle, one of Europe's biggest theatres, on January 6, 1936, the show being entitled "Blackbirds of 1936." Following this the revue will go to the Troxy, another big house run by the same management, and after

this will come a twenty-six weeks' tour of provincial variety houses, mostly independent halls.

HOW MANY OF YOU remember Strutt Payne? After his opening at the Piccadilly Variety Theatre with his Kentucky Singers recently, Ike Hatch, part-owner of the Shim-Sham, threw a party there in his honor. Payne is one of the real old-timers of the game...Incidentally, Hatch is in the news again—you can't keep a good man down...he's planning to do a series of tea-time broadcasts, and has arranged to record several vocal solos for H. M. V. (Victor) later this month.

PAUL ROBESON — COMEDIAN!
That's the fantastic idea—well, maybe not so fantastic when you examine it—suggested in an interview (published this week in a British film paper, "Picturegoer") between Robeson and Monja Danischewsky, a talented young Russian-born English journalist, who interviewed the mighty "Bosambo" of "Sanders of the River" shortly before he left England for the States.

IN THIS LIGHT OF RECENT news about Robeson it is interesting to read in this article his views on himself, the cinema, the stage and other topics: "If I were free to choose the type of part I'd like most to play," he is reported as saying, "I should go in more for comedy...I mean secular, national humor—the real, worldly and even rather profane workaday humor of the ordinary Negro working fellow—the sort of fellow you'd expect to find having a crack with his pals on the wharf-side...I'd like to do that, yes, and to bring in some of these funny songs I like to sing. Humor is a strong and inherent characteristic of the Negro race and culture."

ROBESON GOES ON TO talk of the stage, declaring that if it is to progress at all it will progress in the path of the cinema. "I was in Russia this year, and there this development is very noticeable," adds Robeson. "I spent a lot of my time with Eisenstein...I consider his General Line easily the finest film I've seen."

HE HAS SPENT MANY months learning the Russian language, and, now that he can speak it almost as well as he speaks English, there is a strong possibility of his making a film for Eisenstein some day in Russian.

ROBESON'S BRITISH picture, "Sanders of the River," was generally released here this week, and has received good notices all round from the critics so far as his own performance is concerned; but Nina Mae McKinney has come in for panning from nearly everybody, the chief complaint being that she is badly miscast and can't handle the part.

NOTE TO TED YATES: Sorry, Ted, you're wrong about Reggie Foreythe. He won't be over on your side of the pond for many weeks yet—probably not till the New Year. In the meantime, he and his British orchestra are to be one of the main attractions of an all-jazz concert given for rhythmic intellectuals (alleged) by the British Rhythm Club

Federation at the Aeolian Hall, which has hitherto only held concerts of standard music. I feel the foundations of the hall will shudder when the cats start swinging out; but it's all in a good cause, and won't do anybody any harm.

VIVE LA FRANCE! From across the Channel every alternate Sunday night come the strains of music provided by Benny Carter, who is now playing sax, clarinet and trumpet and arranging, too, with Willie Lewis' Orchestra, the leading colored band in Paris, which plays at the Chez Florence night club. You should know some of these cats: Bobby Martin on trumpet, Jerry Blake on clarinet, and June (ex-Fletcher Henderson) Cole on bass. A great gang, vastly improved by the brilliant Carter orchestrations and solos.

ANOTHER EXCELLENT swing band in Paris, which has now fixed up to broadcast regularly from a station known as Radio-Cite, is Freddy Taylor and His Swing Men From Harlem, the line-up of which includes such excellent men as George Johnson, formerly also with Benny Carter's Orchestra; Bill Coleman, who was on trumpet in many recent Fats Waller recordings, and Freddy Taylor himself, singing and swinging on the trumpet.

MUSICIANS PLEASE NOTE: Any interesting news or photographs of yourselves are always welcome over here—send 'em to me at 32 Davies street, London W. 1, and if you don't see your name in the English musical papers soon afterwards you can call me a liar. All right, call me one—I can take it!

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

By **L.G.F.**

HUTTON, INA RAY: Leader of the first all-female band to attract the interest of hot musicians. Born Chicago, March 13th, 1916. Her mother, Marvey Ray, was a professional pianist. Made her first appearance with Gus Edwards at the Palace Theatre, New York, four years ago. Sang in Lew Leslie's "Clowns in Clover" and George White's "Melody"; stopped the show on the opening night of the latter production in Philadelphia, and found herself famous. Last year Irving Mills decided to run an all-girl's band, and put Ina Ray in front of them to look decorative. Most of the girl's in the band hail from Alex Hyde's or Babe Egan's Orchestras, both of which paid long visits to this country. The band has recorded for Brunswick and made a film short for Paramount entitled "Feminine Rhythm." Look out for it.

Present line-up of the band: Audrey Hall, Helen Ruth, Betty Sticht, Ruth Bradley, saxes (last is also vocalist); Kay Walsh, Elvira Rohl, Estelle Slavin, trumpets; Althea Heuman, trombone; Miriam Greenfield, Jerrine Hyde, pianos; Helen Baker, guitar; Lillian Singer, drums; Marie Lenz, bass.

BERIGAN, BUNNY: White trumpet player. Probably as great an artist as any white man on the trumpet to-day. He has recently worked with a number of pick-up recording bands, notably in all the records by Red Norvo's Swing Octet, in which his work (especially in the magnificent "Blues in E Flat") is particularly outstanding. He

Wingy does the singing and the playing is left to Bunny. The other three sides are "Dizzy Glide," "New Orleans Twist" and "Nothin' But The Blues." He also plays in "Solo Hop" and "In a Little Spanish Town" by Glenn Miller's Orchestra. Bunny is twenty-seven years old, and hails from Fox Lake, Wisconsin. His father was a musician, and instructed him during his youth. Amongst Bunny's activities before joining Benny Goodman's band, of which he is now a permanent member, he was very busy doing commercial radio programmes in New York, and also worked with a number of prominent bands, including Paul Whiteman's, Hal Kemp's and Abe Lyman's. He played with Benny Goodman in the original five-hour "Let's Dance" series of radio programmes and then went on tour with him. A good example of his work is the introduction of "Is That Religion" by Mildred Bailey on Brunswick.



... AND HIS RHYTHM



"Fats" with Baron Timme Rosenkrantz

A DISCOLOGICAL SURVEY OF "FATS" WALLER

● By **LEONARD G. FEATHER**

ALTHOUGH the vast majority of swing music students are constantly complaining of the lack of interest shown in their hobby by the public at large, they must admit that Thomas "Fats" Waller presents a strange and interesting case.

He is one of those hot musicians who, after carrying on for years producing good music in comparative obscurity, suddenly found a commercial angle to his material and became the darling of two continents within a week. And what has he to show for it? Is his music the better for his popularity?

Certainly it is of a very different class from most of his previous musical ventures. The versatility of this lumbering, five-foot-eleven giant of rhythm has earned him quite a variety of jobs since, in 1919, he ran away from home because the idea of preaching for a living did not appeal to him.

Nevertheless his early musical education had an obvious influence on the type of work he secured. Many years of his childhood were spent practising the organ as well as piano, and his musical debut was made in a coloured church in New York, his home town. Furthermore, though his parents were not musical, he is the grandson of a straight violinist named

Adolph Waller, who was at one time very well known in Germany.

After a series of gin-mill jobs (doubling organ in a picture theatre), Fats was engaged as accompanist to the one and only Bessie Smith, with whom he toured from 1924 to 1926; later the call of the organ lured him again, and for two or three years he played in various Chicago and Middle Western cinemas. After that, when he began to make his name as a composer, organ playing went by the board.

The two tunes which really marked the beginning of Fats' big-time days as a writer were *Ain't Misbehavin'* and its companion number *Black and Blue*.

In the meantime he had made a number of recordings on Victor under the name of Fats Waller and His Buddies, which included Jack Teagarden, Otto Hardwick, Charlie Gains on trumpet and other notabilities. These discs have the finest two-piece rhythm section I have ever heard on records. I am unaware of the banjoist's identity, but combined with the decisive, swinging solidity of Fats the resultant sound is most inspiring. In particular the final chorus of *Minor Drag* has an immense lift to it which has seldom been equalled even by the four-piece section of Fats' new records.

In August, 1932, Fats ostensibly to team up with his fellow song-writer who had teamed him on *Down On The Delta*. It was expected that they would do on as a team for night-club but Fats suddenly changed and returned to the States.

Since 1933 Fats has become a popular act in American entirely through this medium. Up his present reputation on the Broadcasting System, determined one of the best-liked colour-ful air, evolved a small band and has recorded on his many sides. Billed as "Radio's Harmful" and later as "The Black Cat" Fats has become a best-seller.

Most of his songs have been here as in the States, among them *Turning Grey Over You*, *If I Got A Feeling I'm Falling*, *Mischief Now*, *My Fate Is Honey-suckle Rose*, *Turn On That Rhythm Man*.

Lately his collaborator on the orchestrations has been a German buddy, who is responsible for the arrangements in Fats' library. You would notice, from most of his music he ever uses dots; but for the most part and dance-hall engagements he has a band with printed parts arranged.

To watch Fats at the piano is an experience. He sits bolt upright, his frame fixed firmly on a stool. No trace of motion or emotion is visible. He grins, he flicks his wrists frantically, he is about as much as he can do with the entire keyboard, for his playing is phenomenal. I did not stretch, but it cannot be done in ten octaves.

His singing is, I feel, more planned than his playing. He sings to him in person he did not know. The little catch-phrases such as "then!" and "Yes, yes!" are the attractions for the public in his music.

Fortunately Victor has a public, too, which produces several songs in the series have been made with and one without a chorus. To say the unsung (and unsung) are far superior to the sung give us a chance to we

(Continued)

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

By L.G.F.

HUTTON, INA RAY: Leader of the first all-female band to attract the interest of hot musicians. Born Chicago, March 13th, 1916. Her mother, Marvey Ray, was a professional pianist. Made her first appearance with Gus Edwards at the Palace Theatre, New York, four years ago. Sang in Lew Leslie's "Clowns in Clover" and George White's "Melody"; stopped the show on the opening night of the latter production in Philadelphia, and found herself famous. Last year Irving Mills decided to run an all-girl's band, and put Ina Ray in front of them to look decorative. Most of the girls in the band hail from Alex Hyde's or Babe Egan's Orchestras, both of which paid long visits to this country. The band has recorded for Brunswick and made a film short for Paramount entitled "Feminine Rhythm." Look out for it.

Present line-up of the band: Audrey Hall, Helen Ruth, Betty Sticht, Ruth Bradley, saxes (last is also vocalist); Kay Walsh, Elvira Rohl, Estelle Slavin, trumpets; Althea Heuman, trombone; Miriam Greenfield, Jerrine Hyde, pianos; Helen Baker, guitar; Lillian Singer, drums; Marie Lenz, bass.

BERIGAN, BUNNY: White trumpet player. Probably as great an artist as any white man on the trumpet to-day. He has recently worked with a number of pick-up recording bands, notably in all the records by Red Norvo's Swing Octet, in which his work (especially in the magnificent "Blues in E Flat") is particularly outstanding. He

can be heard in "Squareface" on H.M.V., in which Wingy does the singing and the playing is left to Bunny. The other three sides are "Dizzy Glide," "New Orleans Twist" and "Nothin' But The Blues." He also plays in "Solo Hop" and "In a Little Spanish Town" by Glenn Miller's Orchestra. Bunny is twenty-seven years old, and hails from Fox Lake, Wisconsin. His father was a musician, and instructed him during his youth. Amongst Bunny's activities before joining Benny Goodman's band, of which he is now a permanent member, he was very busy doing commercial radio programmes in New York, and also worked with a number of prominent bands, including Paul Whiteman's, Hal Kemp's and Abe Lyman's. He played with Benny Goodman in the original five-hour "Let's Dance" series of radio programmes and then went on tour with him. A good example of his work is the introduction of "Is That Religion" by Mildred Bailey on Brunswick.



"Rhythm," which consists in most cases of Harry Dial, on drums; Al Casey, guitar; Bill Taylor, bass; and Fats. Clarinet and sax are handled in many of the records by Eugene Sedric, sometimes by Rudy Powell and others, whilst the trumpet is usually Herman Autry or Bill Coleman. If you are interested in all his recent recordings you will find many of them can be obtained on Continental H.M.V. records, which, though not listed, can be had to order anywhere in England.

There have been so many sessions during the past year on Victor that to keep trace of each personnel is a task which Fats himself could not undertake. The only personal details I could secure were that he has a wife, a son and a daughter, but these have nothing to do with his discs.

Only thirty-one years old now, Fats has every chance of holding his present high position amongst popular coloured American entertainers for many years yet. He is a hail-fellow-well-met personality, as fond of talking as he is of gin, and as unreliable about time as you would somehow expect him to be. With all his faults he is an indisputably fine musician.

(1) FATS WALLER—Piano Solos.

- Okch: Muscle Shoal Blues
- Birmingham Blues
- Victor: Love Me or Leave Me
- I've Got a Feelin' I'm Fallin'
- Ain't Misbehavin'
- Sweet Savannah Sue
- My Fate is in Your Hands
- Turn on the Heat
- Smashing Thirds
- My Feelin's are Hurt
- Numb Fumblin'
- Handful of Keys
- Valentine Stomp
- Gladys
- African Ripples
- Alligator Crawl
- Viper's Drag
- Clothes-Line Ballet

(2) FATS WALLER AND BENNIE PAYNE—Piano Duets

- Victor: After You've Gone
- Saint Louis Blues

(3) FATS WALLER—Vocal at Piano

- Parlo.: I'm Crazy 'bout My Baby
- Draggin' My Heart Around

(4) FATS WALLER AND HIS BUDDIES (c.1929)

- Victor: Minor Drag
- Harlem Fuss
- Ridin' but Walkin'
- Won't You Get Off It, Please
- Lookin' Good but Feelin' Bad
- I Need Someone Like You

(5) FATS WALLER—Organ Solos

- Victor: Saint Louis Blues
- Lenox Avenue Blues
- Loveless Love
- That's All
- I Ain't Got Nobody
- Sugar

(6) THE CHOCOLATE DANDIES (1929)

- Parlo.: Six or Seven Times
- That's How I Feel To-day

(7) FLETCHER HENDERSON'S ORCH. (1927)

- Col.: Whiteman Stomp
- I'm Coming, Virginia

(8) TED LEWIS AND HIS ORCH. (1931)

- Col.: Dallas Blues
- Royal Garden Blues

(9) RHYTHMAKERS (CONDON-BLAND) (1932)

- Perfect: Anything for You
- Mean Old Bed Bug Blues
- Yellow Dog Blues
- Yes, Suh!

(10) JACK TEAGARDEN AND HIS ORCH. (1932)

- Col.: You Rascal You
- That's What I Like about You

(11) FATS WALLER AND HIS RHYTHM (1934-5)

- Victor: A Sweet Beginning Like This 25131
- Armful o' Sweetness 24641
- Baby Brown 24846, 14867
- Because of Once upon a Time 24846
- Believe It, Beloved 24808
- Breakin' the Ice 24826
- Cinders 24898
- Do Me a Favour 24648
- Don't Let It Bother You 24714
- Dream Man 24801
- Georgia May 24714
- Got a Bran' New Suit 25123
- Hate to Talk About Myself 25039
- Have a Little Dream on Me 24708
- Honeysuckle Rose 24826
- How Can You Face Me? 24737
- I Ain't Got Nobody 24888, 25026
- I Believe in Miracles 24853
- If it Isn't Love 24808
- I'm a Hundred per cent. for You 24863, 24867
- I'm Gonna Sit Right Down 25044
- I'm Growing Fonder of You 24801
- I'm on a See Saw 25120
- I Wish I Were Twins 24641
- Let's Pretend There's a Moon 24742
- Louisiana Fairy Tale 24898
- Lulu's Back in Town 25063
- Mandy 24738
- My Very Good Friend, the Milkman 25075
- Night Wind 24853
- Oh, Susanna, Dust off That Old Pianna 24888
- Pardon My Love 24880
- Porter's Love Song 24648
- Rhythm and Romance 25131
- Rosetta 24892, 25026
- Serenade for a Wealthy Widow 24742
- Sweet and Slow 25063
- Sweetie Pie 24737
- Sweet Sue 25087
- Take It Easy 25078
- The Girl I Left Behind Me 25116
- Then I'll Be Tired of You 24708
- There's Going to Be the Devil to Pay 25078
- Thief in the Night 25123
- Truckin' 25116
- Twelfth Street Rag 25087
- What's the Reason? 24889, 25027
- Whose Honey Are You? 24892, 25027
- You Fit into the Picture 24863
- You're Not the Only Oyster in the Stew 24738
- You're the Cutest One 25039
- You're the Picture 25075
- You've Been Taking Lessons in Love 24044
- You're So Darn Charming 25120

NOVEMBER, 1935

Records & Rhythm Club Concerts Attract Attention in London

By Leonard G. Feather

What a month! Jack Hylton's departure amidst fanfares of publicity, contrasting strangely with Ray Noble's arrival for a brief holiday after carefully eluding cameras and pressmen at the dock and the station; these were only two events in a sudden rush that has bowled us poor Londoners off our feet.

Great Month for "Swing" Records

To judge by the record lists it has been the greatest month here for years in swing music. No less than seventy sides come roughly under that heading, not forgetting the special "Rhythm Club Federation Album" of twelve sides issued by Brunswick. Benny Carter's, Dream Lullaby and Earl Hines', Harlem Lament have caused particularly favorable comment amongst purchasers of the album.

Rhythm Club Concert Attracts Attention

The Rhythm Club Federation's big concert, held on Nov. 10th, has attracted a lot of attention in the lay press and done a power of good for the right kind of jazz. The programme could hardly have been selected with greater care, including as it does such artists as Eric Siday, who is much too good to be called the English Joe Venuti; Albert Harris, wizard guitar-player aged twenty whose November release of Kaleidoscope on British Brunswick, I recommend to your attention; Reginald Foresythe with his band, featuring some screwy but interesting arrangements; Arthur Young and his Decca recording band; and piano solos by Cecil Norman, who plays with Jack Jackson's Band at the Dorchester Hotel.

Bookers Want Free Beer

The most interesting musical event of the month was a "Band Trade Show" held at a large London dance hall on Oct. 22nd., at which three hundred band bookers from all over the country assembled to hear a couple of dozen bands giving public auditions. Each band played for fifteen minutes; the organizers gave the bookers a free meal (but it is said that the bookers will unite in a demand for free beer to inveigle them into the next show), and a good time was had by all. The general public, finding they could dance to twenty-odd bands more than usual in one evening, were the most satisfied folks present.

Fox Discovers Fine Vocalist

Sometimes I wonder whether Americans are, after all, the only people who can be born with a completely intuitive rhythmic instinct. Roy Fox has unearthed an astonishing fourteen-year-old lassie from Glasgow, who has never heard of Mildred Bailey, Connie Boswell or even Mr. Armstrong, yet sings with an utterly natural, sincere and unprecocious swing style. Though not quite such a treat for the eyes as Ambrose's blonde American Evelyn Dall, she has all that lady's stage personality, if not more.

Without exaggerating I should describe this girl, whose name is Mary Lee, as the greatest genuine talent discovery here for years. But I fear she is too fine an artist for our poor public, and usually she does not get nearly such a big hand as a corny boy accordionist of 14, who plays banal ballads in the best Charlie Kunz tradition—if you know what that means.

At the B. B. C. things are looking up slightly; for instance, a new outfit under the name of Joe Paradise and His Music went on the air recently, providing listeners with a few minutes of genuine swing stuff. This act consists of three guitars, fiddle, piano and bass, the idea being copied from something similar which was done in France a year ago and labelled as Django Reinhardt's Hot Club Quintet.

If you want to pick up the regular British dance music over the short waves, the bands usually start around 10:30 p. m. British time, and invariably continue until midnight. Usually you can hear Lew Stone's Band on Tuesdays, Roy Fox's on Wednesdays, Henry Hall's B. B. C. Dance Orchestra Thursdays, Harry Roy Fridays, and Ambrose or Henry Hall Saturdays.

Most of the best European broadcasting seems to come from Hilversum, Holland, which last week put over a half-hour recital by Coleman Hawkins (yes, he's still knocking around). This station is always enterprising in its efforts to bring swing artists to the mike.

Armstrong Should Get A Better Band

London opinions: that it's about time Louis Armstrong got himself a really first-class band to support him, and started making some more records that any Armstrong disc is better than none, so this month the nine-year-old Georgia Bo-Bo has been released, and next month Savoy Blues, Chicago relic of the late 1920's, is due to be issued.

. that Art Tatum's records are gradually getting worse and worse owing to an increase in rambling exhibitionism and decrease in rhythm.

. that certain vocalists should be forcibly suppressed from spoiling potentially good waxings—notably Cab Calloway, Bob Howard and Fats Waller.

. that Down Beat has established itself as an American musical paper with guts—which is something we have been waiting for since Gawd-knows-when

PICTUREGOER

DEC. 14
1935

JAZZ Crashes the SCREEN

by L. G. FEATHER

I'VE got rhythm,
I've got music,
I've got my gal,
Who could ask for anything more?

THUS wrote Mr. George Gershwin back in 1930, in the good old days when the word "talkie" was still new enough to be written in inverted commas; and the film producers, when George's profound cogitations reached their ears, must have taken the tip from him, if we can judge by the sudden wave of musical pictures which flooded filmdom later that year.

Rhythm, music, a bevy of pretty gals—who, thought the moguls, could ask for anything more?

You remember it was during 1930 that the first picture built around the subject of jazz in general was released here—Paul Whiteman's *King of Jazz*.

Though commercially successful, this picture left a lot to be said, or played, on behalf of jazz music. Since then the interest in jazz on the screen has increased stealthily but steadily; and now, in 1935, there is another cycle of films built around band-leaders, which has gripped the British studios like a vice—but a very beneficial vice, we must admit.

King of Jazz was not altogether without significance; you remember the story of Bing Crosby's inauspicious debut in it as a member of the three Rhythm Boys. Criticism of their songs-at-the-piano turn were not unfavourable, but—"They sing better than they look," declared one scribe.

Vilest of blasphemies!

There was another, and even greater, jazz figure whose first experience in pictures was hardly a happy one. When Amos 'n' Andy, the blackface duo, made their comedy *Check and Double Check*, it was decided to introduce into the ballroom sequences the music of Duke Ellington and his orchestra.

Now "Duke" is a real genius of music, whether you like it or not, and to use him for mere background music was absurd. When the film eventually reached the screen, critics led off their reviews with Ellington raves, finding the orchestra the only good part of that ill-fated production.

Since then, Harlem's aristocrat of jazz has made some worthier film appearances, notably in several shorts such as *Black and Tan Fantasy* and *Bundle of Blues*; also in *Murder at the Vanities* and Mae West's *Belle of the Nineties*—and, heard but not seen, in another picture, about which there is a hitherto unrevealed story which may interest you.

The picture was Burns and Allen's *Many Happy Returns*, and Larry Adler, twenty-year-old genius of the harmonica (all right, *mouth-organ*), who had been engaged to do a solo, elected to play Ellington's famous tune *Sophisticated Lady*. Now the band starring in this production was Guy Lombardo's, which, jazz fans will tell you, is far too sugary to be of much assistance in that sort of music.

It happened that Ellington himself was working nearby in the Mae West picture. Larry Adler



Above: Jack Payne and his boys in a scene from "Sunshine Ahead." Left: Ina Ray Hutton, the leader of the amazing all-feminine orchestra which appears in "Big Broadcast of 1936."

insisted on having his band to provide the accompaniment for the solo.

Arguments and walk-outs were the order of the day, until finally Larry's first and only temperamental fit worked—the mountain came to Mohammed, and it was Ellington, not Lombardo, whom you heard in that sequence of the Burns-Allen comedy.

It was after Ellington's first film that Negro jazz began to come into its own on the screen. Louis Armstrong, dusky trumpet king, featured in the short *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You*, whilst Cab Calloway, seen in *International House* and *Big Broadcast*, provided an amusing background for Betty Boop in the cartoon, *Old Man of the Mountain*.

The most obstinately successful Negro act on the screen is that of the Mills Brothers, four boys (and a guitar) from Ohio, aged 21, 22, 23 and 24, whose first musical experience was gained in amateur theatricals and church choirs.

While Donald, the youngest, was still at school, one of his brothers was a bank clerk, another shone shoes to rhythm, and the fourth, in a barber's shop, gave customers a rhythmic haircut.

One day, practising at home, they discovered that instrumental imitations came naturally to them, and, concentrating on this idea, brought their act to such a pitch of perfection that between them they could mimic saxophone, trumpet, trombone, bassoon, oboe and heaven knows what else.

For four years now they have been a record-breaking vaudeville act, and their pictures, starting with *The Big Broadcast*, are too numerous to list in full. Amongst the recent ones are Marion Davies' *Spy 13*, Dick Powell's *Broadway Gondolier*, and *Twenty Million Sweethearts*.

And what of England?

Since Jack Payne's *Say It With Music* a few years back there has been an unaccountable lull in the screen activities of British bands; but during the last three months the situation has reversed itself with such a rush that before long you will have every one of our native musical stars making his bow on your local screen.

Possibly it was Henry Hall who started this musical heat-wave. His recently completed Elstree opus *Music Hath Charms* has been much publicised.

This is a different type of musical, without the

usual fictional story. Linking up various characters who are listening in to Henry all over the place, it will introduce no less than eleven (is this a record?) songs, including five by Henry Hall himself, words and music.

Jack Hylton's Twickenham opus, *She Shall Have Music*, is equally ingenious in presentation, for much of the action takes place on a yacht owned by the millionaire father (Edmund Breon) of a girl crooner (June Clyde), and we are given a chance to see Jack's boys amongst many beautiful settings, notably in Italy, where there are one or two operatic interludes.

Britain's midget wonder of the trumpet, Nat Gonella, has made an amusing little thing called *Pity the Poor Rich*. Reginald Foresythe, the British coloured musician who has brought a queer new style to jazz, provided the music in a new picture called *Jimmy Boy*.

Harry Roy, the English Ted Lewis, has at last started work at Elstree, whilst Ambrose's boys have been preparing themselves for the Beaconsfield production entitled *Soft Lights and Sweet Music*.

In Jack Payne's new film, *Sunshine Ahead*, rather a different angle on the band film idea is employed. The producers put the accent on radio, so to speak, bringing in such popular B.B.C. favourites as the Two Leslies, Eddie Pola, Doris Arnold and Harry Pepper, and Denier Warren. Something similar will probably be done with Debroy Somers' *Stars on Parade*.

Before I forget, a tribute to one British band-leader who made his film bow thousands of miles away. Ray Noble, brilliant English composer of *Goodnight, Sweetheart* and director of hundreds of best-selling records, has a proud story to tell of how he overcame the ruling of the American Musicians' Union, finally persuading them to let him form an all-American band—and conquer America!

After his triumph at the Rainbow Room in Radio City, New York, where the Music Hall (biggest cinema on earth) is also located, Ray was engaged by Paramount for musical sequences of *Big Broadcast of 1936*, in which Ina Ray Hutton and her amazing all-feminine orchestra also appeared.

Well, there you have a rough idea of the sea of music into which we picturegoers have suddenly been plunged. Engaging a big band for the duration of a picture costs anything from £5,000 to £20,000, yet this expenditure is going on to dozens of companies' account sheets so that our musical pictures for next year may provide us with an orgy of jazz such as filmgoers have never heard since talkies began.

LOUIS PRIMA

and his Bunch of Buskers

by
**LEONARD G.
FEATHER**



George Brunies, particular pal of Louis', and comedy man of the band.

LOUIS PRIMA and his New Orleans Gang, they call them. Just a bunch of old-fashioned buskers who never look at a sheet of music, yet produce better jazz than many of those who spend half their lives swotting up printed parts.

When Louis' first English record release appeared here, barely a year ago, nothing whatsoever was known about him. It was assumed that he was coloured. *Let's Have A Jubilee*, in which he introduced his fellow-jammers with such invocations as "What's On Your Mind, Creole?" seemed to con-

firm this belief. Even his recently published photograph did not prove sufficient evidence to the contrary. Yet one of the first facts about which Prima hastened to reassure me was that he has never even used any coloured musicians in his records. And, in view of the present Negro attitude towards Italians, it seems improbable that he will do so in the future.

Smiling, swarthy Louis Prima, like so many other familiar figures in hot music, is a white American of Italian descent; and, in common with a host of swing men, claims New Orleans as his home town. Music ran in his Latin blood, and at the age of seven he was handed a violin by his parents, on which nine years of dogged practice still did not seem to imbue him with any noteworthy enthusiasm.

After completing his education at the local Aloysius School and then at the Jesuits' High School, Louis behaved like a bad boy and played a mean trick while his family's back was turned. To be exact, his people were away in Texas, and seventeen-year-old Louis, as soon as his mother and brother were a safe distance away, proceeded to extract the latter's trumpet from his room and effect a revolution in his own musical career.

By the time Ma Prima and Brother Prima returned, three or four months afterwards, Louis was following steadily in the footsteps of his namesake, Mr. Armstrong (another N'Orleans boy), and could



"Smiling swarthy Louis, like so many others in hot music . . ."

is a white American of Italian descent."

not be dissuaded from taking his first paid engagement at a local night club.

Not long afterwards the musical director of the Saenger Theatre, one of New Orleans largest, heard Louis on the radio, and was sufficiently impressed to book him for a week's work on the stage.

Week indeed! In the end he stayed there exactly nine months!

Louis later made his first records, consisting of two sides, with Dave Rose, one of the superior white American pianists, and Norman Oast, a fiddle player from Chicago. The titles were *Dinah* and *Chinatown, My Chinatown*, both of which were released in Victor's cheap Bluebird catalogue.

The big day in Louis' life arrived on August 22, 1934, when he left his home town for New York, and before many months found himself in possession of a splendid recording contract with Brunswick and an important spot on the air as the first regularly broadcasting small jam group.

His first Brunswick discs, though somewhat rough and generally a little tuneless, certainly had some individual attraction, notably in the rather fascinating mannerisms of

Nine years on the fiddle—and nothing happened: three months on the trumpet—and a job!



Louis' trumpet rival in the sphere of buskology—Wingy Mannone.

hang-out, the Onyx Club, had burnt down, a new resort was formed by Lennie Hayton, Fred Waring, and a few other musicians who decided that, even at their own expense, they simply must have a little hot spot for musicians to go to after the day's work had all been done. And so the Famous Door on 52nd Street was opened, and music was provided by Louis Prima, with Pee-Wee Russell, still a top-notch clarinet man, Gary McAdams on guitar, John Ryan, string bass, and Frank Pinero, piano.

All Louis' recent Brunswicks have therefore been made with the Famous Door gang, generally augmented by a drummer, Sammy Weiss, and sometimes with other additions. So far the releases are:—

*Basin Street Blues.**
*Chasing Shadows.**
*Chinatown, My Chinatown.**
*How'm I Doing.**
Lady In Red.
Plain Old Me.
*Solitude.**
Weather Man.

—which, if they lack some of the swing of the earlier efforts and show Prima in his most exhibitionist Armstrong mood, nevertheless give us a rare and welcome opportunity of hearing Pee-Wee on the wax.

Still, Louis assured me in all earnest he has never shown up properly on records yet, owing to the unsatisfactory provisions that

are made for him; and, unless he is given a free hand on future occasions, he threatens to give up recording altogether.

To be frank, Prima's is not music for the gramophone. It is the type of stuff to entertain convivial music folk in the small hours, and, in that guise, was for a while very successful. Recently, though, Louis left the "Door" for a vaudeville tour which started at Loew's State Theatre, New York, on September 17, followed by two weeks in Chicago. It was his intention to follow this up by a return to his good old homestead, where brother Leon Prima runs a "Famous Bar." Louis would rather stick around N'Orleans, helping his brother make a success of the bar, than come back to the city that acclaimed him. At present his managers are, it is said, trying to persuade him to change his mind.

There are also certain parties interested in placing Prima at a spot in Hollywood on the lines of the Famous Door. So, you see, Louis is in great demand all round, and can certainly be thankful for that day when he disobeyedly laid down his violin and started a little clandestine trumpet practice. Just another bad lad who made good!

Louis' personality trumpet work and vocalism. Also at this time there were some really good men in the supporting gang, which included that great guitarist, George van Epps, Claude Thornhill on piano, Sidney Arodin on clarinet, Stan Green, drums, and George Brunies, trombone.

Jamaica Shout was the earliest Brunswick side, and has been issued by Decca in England. Others from this first Brunswick period are as follows (those marked with an asterisk having appeared in England on Decca):—

*Breaking The Ice.**
*Bright Eyes.**
House Rent Party Day.
I'm Living In A Great Big Way.
I Still Want You.
*It's The Rhythm In Me.**
*Let's Have A Jubilee.**
Long About Midnight.
*Put On An Old Pair Of Shoes.**
Stay It Way Down.
Star Dust.
Sugar Is Sweet And So Are You.
Swing Me With Rhythm ("Brunswick").
That's Where The South Begins.
Worry Blues.

The next batch of Primas are connected with his Famous Door era. This period began when, after New York's principal musicians'

★ EVERGREENS of JAZZ

by Leonard G. Feather

No. 50.—St. James's Infirmary.

SOMETIMES, during the long bouts of research work on the "Evergreens," I have wondered whether any of these songs will ever prove durable enough, in the destructive march of time, to be handed down to some future generation with the simple but eloquent label, "Traditional."

St. James's Infirmary may indeed prove to be just such a tune. There is, for example, the appropriate air of mystery about its origin. The existence of a Saint James's Infirmary in New York City has been set up as evidence against the theory that the melody and lyrics hail from New Orleans, the early home of jazz; but, apparently, there was a similarly named institution in the latter city as well, which would give greater probability to the suggestion that the number hails from the South.

"Traditionals"

As is the case with the twelve-bar blues and the other "traditionals" of jazz, there is no fixed set of words, but just any number of verses, as pure or as pornographic as you please, with an occasional invented stanza to suit the occasion.

Witness the version recorded by Joey Shields, a young coloured dancer and singer when he visited this country in Cochran's 1931 Revue:—

*I want six crap-shootin' pall-bearers
And a chorus girl to sing a song.
I want Spike's Band on top of my
coffin
To play hot as I go 'long!
Don Redman, the present ac-*

credited author of *St. James's Infirmary*, first heard the theme when he was on a train going South. A Negro porter was singing the number. Don elaborated on the theme, and, together with a Mr. Primrose, has produced a standard routine which he recorded with Louis Armstrong's Savoy Ballroom Five in 1928. This magnificent record, which includes solos by Hines and a very moving vocal by Louis, should be studied first as an introduction to the number.

Variety

After that you might try to pick up any of the other versions since issued. They are all of sufficient individual interest to deserve a separate mention, so here is the list:—

*Gene Austin, Victor.
Rube Bloom's Bayou Boys, Col.
Calloway's Orch., Bruns.
Alex Hill's Orch., Vocalion.
Hall Johnson Negro Choir, Victor.
King Oliver's Orch., Bluebird.
Freddy Rose, Bruns.
Dick Robertson, Bruns.
Ray Ventura's Orch., Decca.*

And, by the way, the Joey Shields' version on Decca is the only record in which you can hear Spike playing piano, which should make it of historical interest to almost anybody!

* * *

Next week: In The Shade Of
The Old Apple Tree.

★ EVERGREENS OF JAZZ

by
Leonard Feather

No. 51: In The Shade of the Old
Apple Tree.

HERE is another good old American music-hall tune which has survived right into the ragtime era, and through that era into jazz and hot music. *In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree* comes into the same category as *Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet* and others which have become semi-traditional by virtue of their great age.

Written and published in 1905, it was the work of Egbert van Alstyne, part-composer of *Pretty Baby*, the song revived by Roland Young and Lella Hyams in *Ruggles Of Red Gap*. Van Alstyne's collaborator was yet another of the famous Williamses who have contributed to the history of twentieth-century music, this time Harry H. Williams.

The song was introduced by Frank Morrell, a popular balladist of the day, and rose swiftly to the top of the sales list for the period 1902-

1907, with a record sale of 700,000 copies. The number is still popular in the States, having formed the subject for a Paramount Song Cartoon a year or so ago.

In case any surprise should be expressed that this series has concluded without any mention of *Tiger Rag*, may I explain that this was dealt with in a separate feature article on December 1, 1934.

But since the table of recordings was published with that article a year ago, I have found nine new versions for Tigerologists to add to the list:—

*Brunswick: Mills Brothers (second version).
Decca: "Ambrose's Tiger Rag," Isham Jones' Orchestra.
Parlo: Gonella's Georgians.
Perfect: Maple City Four (washboard); Roland Smith's Rascals (vocal).
Vocalion: Roy Newman Boys (old-time dance); Windy City Four (washboard); "Tiger Rag Blues," Breauz Frères.*

Next week: "Twelve Months of
Evergreens"

Melody Maker

DECEMBER 28, 1935

Vol. 2

TWELVE MONTHS of EVERGREENS

by Leonard G. Feather



Spencer Williams—King of Evergreens

WHEN, on a frosty morning last December, I plunged into the cold and bitter task of starting to chronicle the "Evergreens of Hot Music," I little realised that the

job would take me no less than twelve months to complete.

Of the existence of such obvious Evergreens as *Dinah* and *Sweet Sue*, everyone, even the general public, is fully aware.

What did not spring to mind earlier on, though, was the fact that there are at least a couple of dozen less famous works which are equally liable to turn up during a jam session on either side of the Atlantic; for instance, *Shine* or *Margie*. All these had just as much of a history behind them and were worth dealing with in the series.

Then, again, there was the task of weeding out such numbers as *Twelfth Street Rag* and *Canadian Capers*, which may be evergreen all right, but certainly have little or nothing to do with hot music.

In the process of gleaning information on the pack of 52 hardy annuals which eventually constituted the series,

it was amusing to find how little the publishers themselves know about their own songs beyond the fact that they came out in such-and-such a year and have been "enormously popular." Only in two cases was it possible to secure any assistance from the firm who brought the song out. As for the composers, most of them proved entirely inaccessible, though there were three notable exceptions—Spencer Williams, W. C. Handy and Clarence Williams, all of whom were helpfully informative.

An analysis of the tunes dealt with shows that thirty-one were written by white composers and twenty-one by

which cover a multitude of titles.

Most of the tunes, in addition to their association with hot music, have been great successes commercially. *Margie*, *Japanese Sandman*, *The Sheik*, *Some Of These Days*, *Limehouse Blues*, and *Whispering* have all registered over \$1,500,000 in sheet music sales alone. *Poor Butterfly* took \$2,000,000, whilst *St. Louis Blues* touched the \$2,500,000 mark. The only two songs to beat this last figure are *Keep The Home Fires Burning* and *There's A Long, Long Trail A-Winding*, with three million.

The period which hatched the largest number of tunes destined to become evergreen was that which took in the Armistice and early post-war years. Since the advent of radio the majority of

popular songs have been plugged to an early death.

Fast numbers seem to stand almost twice as much chance of becoming evergreen as do slow numbers. Twenty-four of the list are essentially quick tempo tunes, while only fourteen are essentially slow, the remainder being adaptable to any tempo.

It was no surprise to find that the big orchestras have been comparatively neglectful of these old tunes. Ellington's Orchestra has only recorded eleven of them. On the other hand, small bands, or bands which do not rely on orchestration to put them over, deal much more frequently

THE FIFTY-TWO

No.	Title	Date
39.	After You've Gone...	28. 9.35
3.	Alexander's Ragtime Band	19. 1.35
32.	Avalon	10. 8.35
35.	Baby, Won't You Please Come Home	31. 8.35
49.	Basin Street Blues...	7.12.35
45.	Beale Street Blues...	9.11.35
9.	Bugle Call Rag	2. 3.35
34.	China Boy	24. 8.35
11.	Chinatown, My Chinatown	10. 3.35
2.	Clarinet Marmalade.	12. 1.35
16.	Darktown Strutters' Ball	9. 3.35
46.	Dear Old Southland	16.11.35
48.	Dinah	30.11.35
12.	Farewell Blues.....	23. 3.35
44.	Georgia On My Mind	2.11.35
13.	Heebie Jeebies	13. 3.35
8.	Honeysuckle Rose	23. 2.35
16.	I Ain't Got Nobody...	20. 4.35
5.	I Can't Give You Anything But Love	2. 2.35
22.	If I Could Be With You	1. 6.35
14.	I Got Rhythm	6. 4.35
51.	In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree ...	21.12.35
30.	I've Found A New Baby	27. 7.35
33.	Japanese Sandman	17. 8.35
23.	Jazz Me Blues	8. 6.35
21.	Limehouse Blues ...	25. 5.35
29.	Margie	28. 7.35
19.	Memphis Blues	11. 5.35
15.	Milenberg Joys	13. 4.35
4.	Moonglow	12.10.35
4.	Nagasaki	26. 1.35
31.	Nobody's Sweetheart	1. 8.35
47.	Old Man River	21.11.35

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
 Prominent composer, lecturer and critic



Bing Crosby

PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE

Bing Crosby and Trudy Erwin (formerly of the Music Molds) are backed by The Sportsmen, a glee club, in this number and its companion piece, *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'*. Both sides, from the Broadway hit *Oklahoma!*, are satisfactory, but it will be a pleasure to hear Bing accompanied by real musical instruments again with the lifting of Petrillo's recording ban. (Decca)



Xavier Cugat

BIM BAM BUM

This is a guaracha, akin to a rumba, featured in the film, *You Were Never Lovelier*, and played on this disc by Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. Sophisticated treatment and ingenious percussion effects give the performance ample color and variety. Carmen Castillo and the Cugat Chorus sing on the reverse, *Thanks for the Dream*, a satisfying beguine. (Columbia)



Billie Hayes

YOU AIN'T HAD NO BLUES

This traditional blues melody is of interest because the lyrics were written by Lil Armstrong, pianist and ex-wife of the immortal Louis. Billie Hayes sings them well, but the style of the accompanist, called "Peter Pan" on the label, sounds just about 50 years too old for the name. *Blackout Blues*, on the reverse, suffers from similar unattractive piano work. (Beacon)



Robert Casadesu

CONCERTSTÜCK

This *Concertstück* (concert piece) by Weber was first published in 1823. Of little melodic interest, it is rather a vehicle to display technique. Robert Casadesu, a remarkable Paris-born pianist, performs the work with impressive dexterity, accompanied by a symphony orchestra conducted by Eugène Bigot. Of the four movements, the last is the most brilliant. (Columbia)



Patty Andrews

I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH

Release of a recording made some time ago by the Andrews Sisters may earn some belated success for this slow, minor-melody ballad. Patty Andrews in the solo role and the girls as a unit do an above-average job, helped by unusual accompaniment featuring three trombones and a harp. The reverse, a fast opus titled *Helena*, has a strong tendency toward monotony. (Decca)



Deryck Sampson

HOMELESS ON THE RANGE

Deryck Sampson, whose two 12-inch boogie-woogie discs marked his auspicious debut recently, comes down to 10-inch format with this eight-to-the-bar version of *Home on the Range*, into which he interpolates a snatch of *Home, Sweet Home* with boogie-woogie bass. The novelty is amusing, but of little musical value. The reverse: *Canal Street Boogie-Woogie*. (Beacon)



Werner Janssen

JENA SYMPHONY

This symphony in C major is played in an album of three 12-inch records by the Janssen Symphony, of Los Angeles, conducted by Werner Janssen. The work has been the center of much controversy. Attributed to Beethoven, it was discovered only in 1909, and its authorship is still in doubt. But, regardless of its source, it contains some highly effective passages. (Victor)

STRAY NOTES: Gladys Swarthout sings *Ah Love, But a Day*, based on a lyric by Robert Browning, and *Bless This House*, with Lester Hodges at the piano (Victor) . . . The Dan Cassack Chorus, conducted by Serge Jaroff, is featured in a stirring album of Russian songs, mostly of the kind sung by Soviet soldiers today (Columbia) . . . A popular new album is *Side-Walks of New York*, waltzes played by the Knickerbocker Serenaders, featuring such songs as *The Bowery* and *Daisy Bell* (Decca) . . . Instrumental accompaniment is better than singing on a disc by the Five Red Caps: *I Made a Great Mistake* and *There's a Light on the Hill*. (Beacon)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- IT'S ALWAYS YOU—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA—Al Dexter (Okeh)
- OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Glenn Miller (Victor)
- IF YOU PLEASE—Bing Crosby (Decca)
- YOUR SOCKS DON'T MATCH—Fats Waller (Bluebird)

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
 Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Patty Andrews

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA

Made in Hollywood, this was the first disc waxed after Decca and Petrillo signed an agreement ending the 14-month recording ban for musicians. Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters sing the Al Dexter hillbilly sensation with a real instrumental accompaniment which is more than welcome. Bing does a slick commercial job. On the reverse is *Victory Polka*. (Decca)



Jascha Heifetz

ARCHDUKE TRIO

This great Beethoven work, *Trio No. 7 in B Flat Major, Op. 97*, dedicated to the composer's patron, Archduke Rudolph of Austria, is performed by Artur Schnabel, piano; Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Emanuel Feuermann, cello. A rich, scintillating performance on five 12-inch discs, the album will appeal to listeners not ordinarily interested in chamber music. (Victor)



King Cole

ALL FOR YOU

Originally released by a small Hollywood company and now transferred to a major label is this delightful performance by the King Cole Trio, with superb vocal and piano work by Cole, excellent guitar by Oscar Moore and string bass by Red Callender. The novelty coupling, *Yam Yam Yeedle*, has trivial lyrics but is outstanding instrumentally. Don't miss this record. (Capitol)



Bing Crosby

BING CROSBY ALBUM

This collection of early recordings includes the first ones made by Bing as a solo star following his career as singer with Gus Arnheim and Paul Whiteman. The eight sides include *Out Of Nowhere*, *Just One More Chance*, *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*, *Goodnight, Sweetheart*. Pleasant listening, they nevertheless suffer by comparison with his present style. (Brunswick)



Martha Tilton

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

Martha Tilton, once Benny Goodman's vocalist, now starred from Hollywood on Dick Powell's show, sings this Scots ballad in modernized style, with Gordon Jenkins and His Orchestra. There is a minor-key interlude which adds variety, but the performance is better than the material. The other side is *Moondreams*, in which Miss Tilton teams with the Mellowaires. (Capitol)



Dick Haymes

PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY

Another of the vocal records with noninstrumental backgrounds features Dick Haymes and the Song Spinners doing their best under difficult circumstances. The performance is more rhythmic than most of its kind, but monotony still sets in 'way before the end. The backing, *For The First Time*, is taken at a dragging tempo and has little musical interest. (Decca)



Paul Whiteman

THE OLD MUSIC MASTER

This Johnny Mercer-Hoagy Carmichael tune features Mercer himself and Jack Teagarden as guests with the Paul Whiteman band. Mercer's style is satirical, Teagarden's sincere, but both are good singers. There is also some commendable trumpet work. On the reverse, Mercer sings *Waitin' For The Evenin' Mail*, with Dixieland-style assistance by Freddy Slack's band. (Capitol)

STRAY NOTES: Several more discs mysteriously made by unknown units during the recording ban have appeared under the Hit label. There are six sides described as by "Hal Goodman and His Orchestra," including *People Will Say We're in Love*, *Fortune for a Penny*, *Take It From There*. Four more are by "Peter Piper," among them *The Dreamer* and *If You Please*. "Willie Kelly and His Orchestra" play *I Dug a Ditch*. All are musically mediocre . . . King Solomon (a new label) offers four spirituals by the Kings of Harmony Quartette . . . There's a *Pistol Packin' Mama* by Hank Hill and His Hill Toppers on a new record released by Savoy.

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- MISSION TO MOSCOW—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- SENTIMENTAL LADY—Duke Ellington (Victor)
- BIM BAM BUM—Xavier Cugat (Columbia)
- RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Glenn Miller (Victor)
- PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA—Al Dexter (Okeh)
- PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

Jazz In Europe: Slow But Pure

By Leonard Feather

Although jazz is essentially an American musical idiom, it was not long after its birth that some of the roots were transplanted, in the form of visiting musicians and bands whose European tours had an enormous influence. As a result, musicians in Great Britain and on the Continent have been emulating the American styles ever since the early days after World War I when the Original Dixieland Jazz Band created a sensation in London.

Old-timers can recall many other early influences abroad in addition to the Dixielanders. They remember the first celebrated Negro Army band, led by Lt. James Reese Europe, with Noble Sissle and the sensational drummer known as "Battleax"; Will Marion Cook and his "Southern Syncopated Orchestra" which visited England in 1919, its members including the veteran trumpeter Arthur Briggs, who was last heard of in a concentration camp; and the fabulous Louis Mitchell, one of the leaders under whom Sidney Bechet worked during his European wanderings a quarter of a century ago.

Another influential early group was Frank Guarante's Georgians, led by the Corsican-born trumpet man who had much of his early professional experience in New Orleans. Guarante, whose band included Russ Morgan and other front-rank men, was a hit at Claridge's in Paris.

Pops Pop Up

In the early 1920's Europe began to learn a little about the more ambitious type of dance music as exemplified by Paul Whiteman in his famous concert at Aeolian Hall in London. During the ensuing years many top name American groups such as Paul Specht's band and Irving Aaronson's Commanders were to make their mark across the Atlantic.

Most of these visiting firemen, it should be emphasized, were regarded as mere novelties by the general public, and practically no serious attention was paid to the musical significance and potentialities of real jazz. A vital factor in the framing of public opinion in this respect was the foundation in 1926 of the London *Melody*

Maker, a monthly magazine (to become a weekly newspaper in 1933) which signalled the importance of some early recordings by Armstrong, Bix, Ellington and Red Nichols. These reviews, and the inclusion of American news about hot jazz personalities, laid the foundation for a cult that was to become worldwide. More important, they paved the way for the visits paid to Europe by a number of personalities far more directly connected with hot jazz than the mainly commercial groups hitherto imported.

First Attempt

The first serious attempt to organize a European band modeled on the most advanced American jazz lines was instituted in 1928 by a young Spaniard, Fred Elizalde, who had become interested in jazz while at Cambridge. His band at the Savoy in London, for which he imported several American musicians including Adrian and Arthur Rollini, Chelsea Quealey and Fud Livingston, was of historic importance and made some great records.

By the end of the 20's the London music world was considerably influenced by the American influx. Several of the top British bands were either led by expatriate Americans (Carroll Gibbons, Roy

Fox, Howard Jacobs et al), or included a couple of American musicians—Ambrose had Danny Polo and several others. Bunny Berigan was in London with Hal Kemp's band; Ted Lewis, on a brief visit, had Jimmy Dorsey and Muggsy Spanier in his line-up; Eddie South and his Alabamians thrilled London and Paris.

While Jack Hylton, the Savoy Orpheans and other commercial bands had the biggest popular names, Patrick "Spike" Hughes, a young Irish composer-arranger, pioneered in the jazz field with a long series of real jazz records made with pick-up bands. In 1933 he visited New York to record a dozen of his arrangements with a group assembled for him by Benny Carter. After Hughes and Elizalde had dropped out of the jazz picture, there was nobody to lead the field. Reginald Foresythe, a British West Indian with an original, tricky style of writing, showed great promise in a group of records made in London and New York, but failed to follow it up.

By the early 1930's there was a healthy minority movement doing propaganda for hot jazz; around 1933 the Rhythm Clubs, which held meetings to listen to and debate about American records, got under way in France, and later in England, Holland and several Con-

tinental countries. Panassié was reviewing for *Jazz Tango Dancing* in Paris, Robert Goffin for *Music* in Brussels; Holland had its *Jazzwereld*, and even Berlin published hot record reviews, at a time when there was still very little serious thought given to this music in the land of its origin. Jack Hylton, for many years Britain's most popular commercial maestro, made a few hot records, and had a hand in bringing such stars as Coleman Hawkins to Europe.

Louis and Hawk

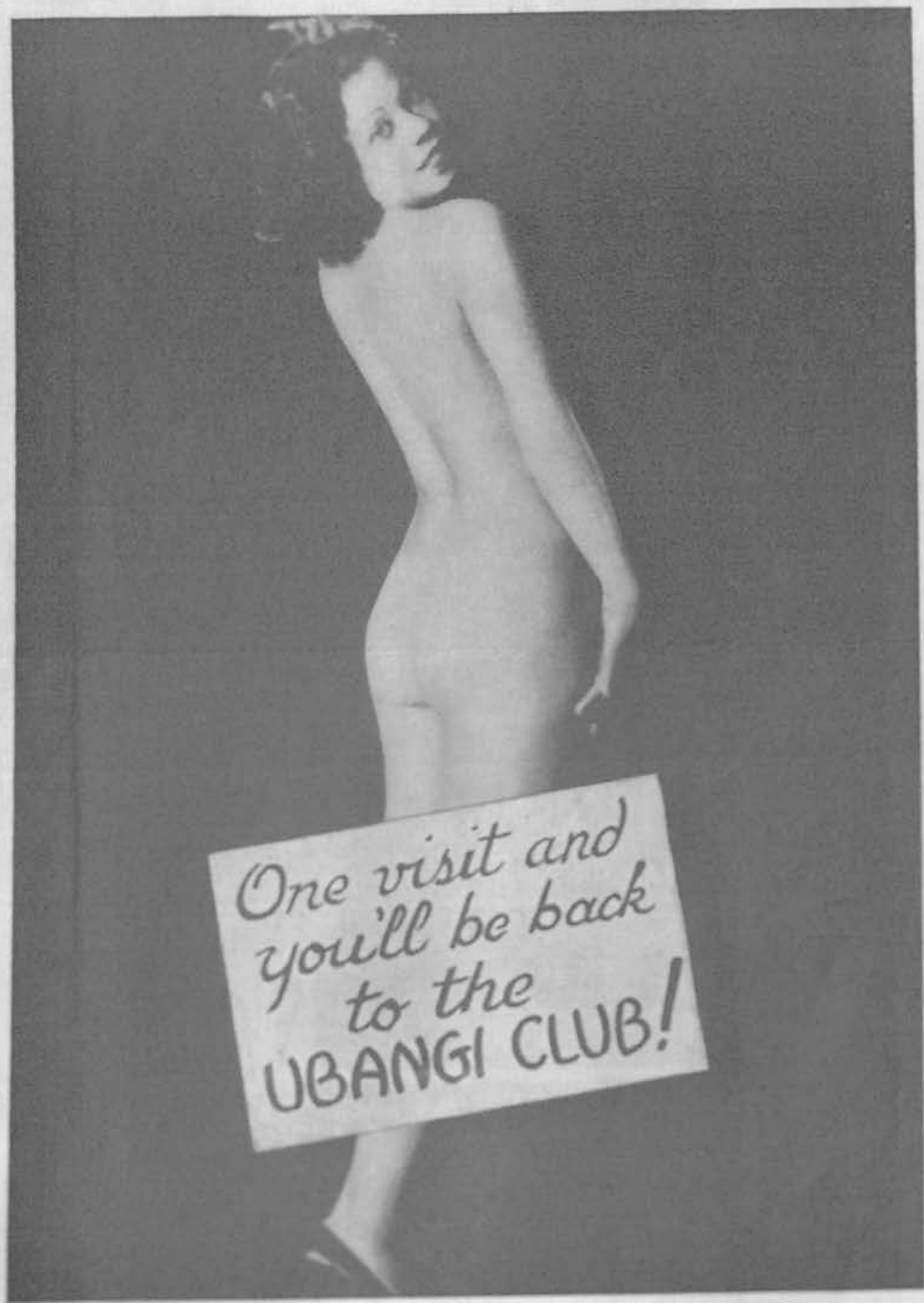
By 1932 the interest in jazz had reached the point where it was found commercially possible to bring Louis Armstrong across for the first of his two memorable European tours. Louis's visit, and the first European tour by Duke Ellington in 1933, had a stimulating effect. Soon afterwards Coleman Hawkins, Joe Venuti, and Cab Calloway's Orchestra were brought over. In 1935 Willie Lewis, an American Negro whose band had a fashionable following in Paris, sent for Benny Carter to join him. Carter subsequently came to England to arrange for the BBC radio house band, and to make a number of discs with English pick-up groups which were an unprecedented success.

By this time, however, a serious difficulty had arisen. American and British bands were no longer allowed labor permits to work in each other's countries. This situation was never straightened out; consequently the only jazz stars to visit Britain after 1935 were those who were allowed in as single vaudeville or night club acts, including Fats Waller and Art Tatum. Teddy Hill had a fine band which he brought to London in 1937, but was only permitted to play backgrounds for the Cotton Club show. Later, Duke Ellington and Jimmie Lunceford toured the Continent, but could not obtain permits even for a single concert in England.

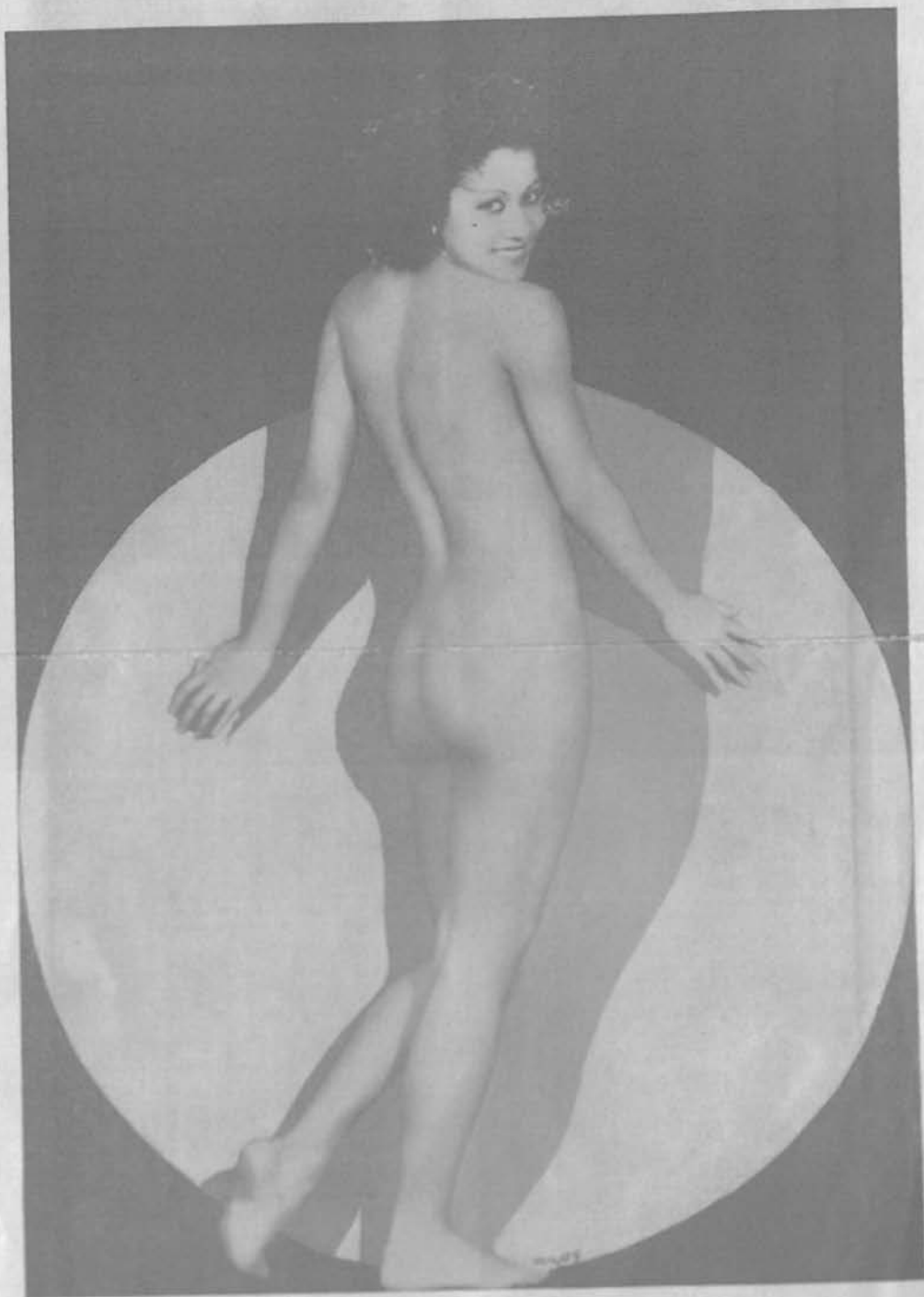
The swing fad had taken hold of America by now, and, through recordings, Britain and the Continent had become Benny Goodman-conscious; yet there was no European band which managed to emulate this new orchestral style. In 1938 a bunch of British musicians tried to pave the way with



VICTORIA STATION, London, was the scene of this picture taken in March, 1936, when Benny Carter arrived from Paris at the suggestion of Leonard Feather, seen with him here, and took up a staff writing job with Henry Hall's radio band. Feather, then a *Melody Maker* writer, supervised the record dates made by Benny in London and the Hague, Holland. Some of the discs came out in this country on Decca; others are due out shortly in the *Gems of Jazz* series.



*One visit and
you'll be back
to the
UBANGI CLUB!*



U B A N G I

Who's Who

VELMA MIDDLETON
 BUNNY & DON
 BILLIE DANIELS
 GLADYS BENTLEY
 MAE JOHNSON
 LEE SIMMONS
 DUSTY FLETCHER
 PEARL BAINES
 EDNA MAE HOLLY
 BROWN & BROWN
 THE THREE SPEED DEMONS
 BOBBY EVANS
 HELENA SMITH
 UBANGI GIRLS ENSEMBLE

Baby Simmons, Vera Bracken, Annetta Morrison,
 Marjorie Hubbard, Marian Egbert, Wilhermina
 Grey, Julia Moses, Lucia Moses, Ethel Moses,
 Dorothy Malone, Emma Moorehead, Cleo Hayes.

ENTIRE PRODUCTION CONCEIVED & STAGED
 by LEONARD HARPER

PRODUCTION MUSIC & LYRICS
 by ANDY RAZAF

ADDITIONAL NUMBERS
 by LOU CRAWFORD

COSTUMING
 by HILDA FARNAM

NEVER A COVER CHARGE

JOE SPRINGER, Mgr.

131st STREET

CLUB

cor. 7th AVENUE

PRESENTS

5th Edition of the Ubangi Club Follies

JULY 23, 1935

PROGRAM

PART ONE

1. OPENING — "YOU BROKE IT UP WHEN YOU SAID DIXIE"
 Mae Johnson, Velma Middleton, Dusty Fletcher,
 Edna Mae Holly, Helena Smith, Bunny & Don,
 Ubangi Girls Ensemble & Ubangi Boys Ensemble.
2. "THE ONLY TIME YOUR OUT OF LUCK"
 BOBBY EVANS
3. NO MORE THRILLS (Rhythm in Song and Dance)
 PEARL BAINES
4. GET RHYTHM IN YOUR FEET (Hot Puppies)
 BUNNY & DON
5. TWO SHADES OF RHYTHM
 PEARL BAINES, MARY BROWN and
 UBANGI GIRLS ENSEMBLE
6. THE SEPIA ANN PENNINGTON
 HELENA SMITH
7. A—JUST A LITTLE COMEDY
 DUSTY FLETCHER
 B—MAE GETS DUSTY TOLD
 DUSTY FLETCHER & MAE JOHNSON
8. LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY
 VELMA MIDDLETON
9. ITS THE JUNGLE IN ME
 BOBBY EVANS, PEARL BAINES, EDNA MAE
 HOLLY, BILLIE DANIELS & UBANGI GIRLS
 ENSEMBLE.
10. A—RECKLESS
 B—NOW I'M A LADY
 MAE JOHNSON
11. APACHE ALA HARLEM
 BROWN & BROWN
12. SOPHISTICATION IN SONG & DANCE
 GLADYS BENTLEY—Assisted by
 FRANCIS CARTER
13. TAPS & MORE TAPS
 THE THREE SPEED DEMONS
14. FINALE—TA-DA-DA-DA.
 VELMA MIDDLETON & Entire Company.
 PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

PART TWO

1. OPENING—"NUDIST"
 PEARL BAINES & BOBBY EVANS
 featuring
 EDNA MAE HOLLY in BUBBLE DANCE
 with
 UBANGI GIRLS ENSEMBLE
2. BUGLE BLUES
 HELENA SMITH
3. JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT
 DUSTY FLETCHER
4. LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY
 VELMA MIDDLETON
5. HOT PUPPIES
 BUNNY & DON
6. TWO SHADES OF RHYTHM
 PEARL BAINES, MARY BROWN and
 UBANGI GIRLS ENSEMBLE
7. HONEY SUCKLE ROSE
 MAE JOHNSON
8. DANCING THATS DIFFERENT
 BROWN & BROWN
9. SPEED AND MORE SPEED
 THE THREE SPEED DEMONS
10. SOPHISTICATION IN SONG AND DANCE
 GLADYS BENTLEY — Assisted by
 FRANCIS CARTER
11. REEFER SMOKERS BALL
 Announcer _____ Billie Daniels
 Sister full Bosom _____ Velma Middleton
 Teddy Pansy _____ Teddy Evans
 The Carioca Kid _____ Dusty Fletcher
 Smokie Joe _____ Bobby Evans
 Minnie the Moocher _____ Mary Brown
 Sepia Mae Wongs _____ Edna Mae Holly &
 Chinkie Man _____ Billy Cole
 Corn Bread the Viper _____ Chas. Walker
 The Reefer Man _____ Herbert Brown

and
 Entire Company

INTERMISSION
 Erskine Hawkins and the Original Bama State Collegians
 BROADCASTING and DANCING

ERSKINE *Hawkins*

and the Original

BAMA STATE
 COLLEGIANS

Creoles

20

PRIZE
 BEAUTIES

DANCING

SINGING

WAITERS

AIR COOLED!

For Reservations Telephone Tillinghast 5-9366-9418



Mike
Riley
Club
Caliente



Benny Berger Saturday night
Swing Club - C.B.S. Studios, Madison Av.



Howay Burns





APOLLO

AMERICA'S
SMARTEST
COLORED
SHOWS!!

THEATRE
125th STREET
NEAR 8th AV
TELEPHONE
UN 4-4490



ONE WEEK ONLY — BEGINNING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27th . . .

MIDNIGHT SHOW
SATURDAY

EARL DANCER presents

WED. AMATEUR
NITE BROADCAST

JENI LE GON

AND

DON REDMAN

and his BAND

In the Sparkling
Musical Comedy Revue

"Something Special"

with

SHELTON BROOKS — ALEX LOVEJOY



NORMAN
ASTWOOD
JARROW

AND A GREAT SUP-
PORTING CAST of 50

—also—
"THE
PRESIDENT'S
MYSTERY"



Sunday
DEC.
6

The Seasons Sensation
SAVOY SCORES ANOTHER
DANCE FIRST

07097070

Andy KIRK

THE WORLDS
GREATEST
SWING
BAND

Chick WEBB

and his Orchestra

Bill HICKS

and his Sizzlin Six

HOTTEST
BAND THIS
SIDE OF...
HADES



SAVOY

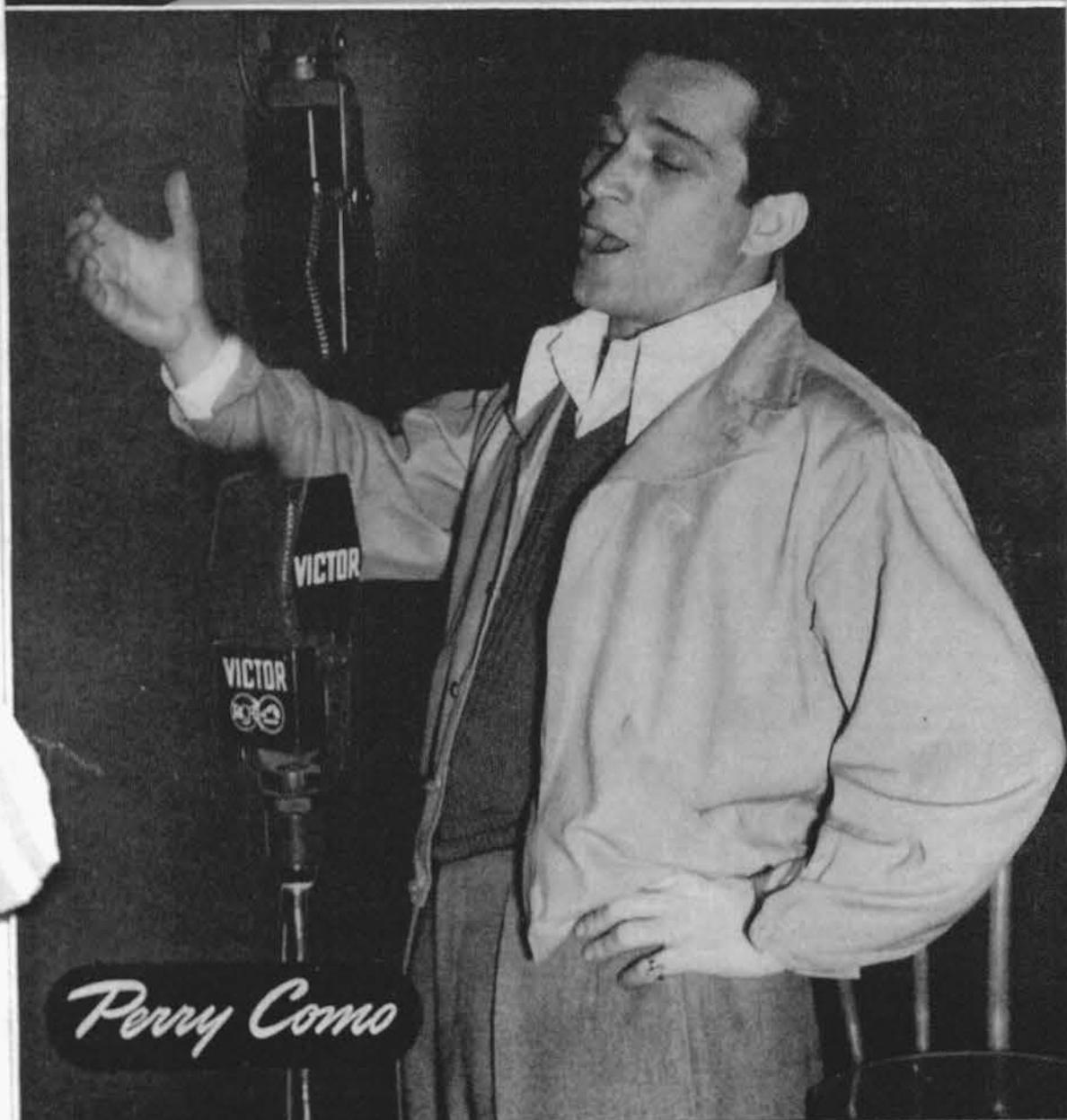
140'-141' ST ON LENOX AVE.

OME

RCA VICTOR'S

IN THE GROOVE

SEPTEMBER, 1946



Perry Como



SPOTLIGHTS YOUR HIT RECORDS AND FAVORITE BANDS

* MUZIEK *

15



Onze Amerikaanse Correspondent Leonard Feather bij den start van Tex Beneke en zijn Glenn Miller Band in het „Paladium” te Hollywood; v.l.n.r. Laurence Welk, Tex Beneke, Leonard Feather, Leonard Suez, Woody Herman en Eileen Barton.

Song Hi

Record Spotlight

By Al Andersen

The most exciting music on records that has been released recently is, without a doubt, the work of the Boyd Raeburn band on Ben Pollack's Jewel label. *Boyd Meets Stravinsky* is the most outstanding of the sides, with its firm beat, Stravinskiesque high register unison reed passages, brilliant brass phrasing and superb drive. *Yerxa* is from George Handy's Jitterbug Suite, Elogy movement, and serves as a vehicle for Hal McKusick's sensitive alto. This too, is beautifully done. *Tonsillectomy* pales in the shadow of the other two sides but is far from unsatisfactory. We liked best the effect produced by Ray Linn's muted trumpet against the divisional saxes. Here is great modern music.

Victor has issued the album of jazz by the Esquire Award Winners directed by Leonard Feather. Heavy emphasis is put on the contributions of Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, but, to us, the acme of this set is reached by *Gone With the Wind* showcasing Don Byas' tenor and Johnny Hodges' alto. Byas especially is stupendous, having seldom sounded better!

Elliot Lawrence makes his debut on Columbia with four pops. The band sounds very much like Thornhill's, which is good, but Lawrence can be much more creative and we're looking for some originals from that corner. Columbia also has released a new Harry James record spotting two instrumentals, which reminds us that the James crew still can come out with some good jazz. *Easy* is the better side, revealing a tremendous bite and jump in the brass section and a steady beat. *Friar Rock*, the reverse, is fine stuff, with just a little less drive than *Easy*.

John Hardee, a new tenor man, makes his debut on Blue Note with *Blue Skies* and *Tired*. The former has some frantic blowing, the latter breathy tenor, and more feeling. It's a nice start for Hardee, and we'll be looking for more with interest.

Sam Donahue's new band comes off to very fine advantage on Capitol with *Dinah* and *Take Five*. This is a nice, relaxed ensemble spotting some good soloists in Mitch Paul, trumpet; Dick LaFave, trombone and Sam on tenor. Very much on a Lunceford kick, Sam's is another band which will bear watching. Capitol has also released *Echoes of Harlem* as done by Cootie Williams with his new band. This is the same standard that Cootie introduced with the Duke and it has lost none of its charm.

There is also a great new Raymond Scott side on Sonora: *Magic Garden*. This is a lovely Scott original interpreted by Milt Yaner on alto. You may remember Yaner when he was in the lead chair for Jimmy Dorsey. He possesses a fine, clear tone and gives a convincing performance.

Billy Eckstine continues his remarkable work with a sincere rendition of *You Call It Madness* on Sational; Hal McIntyre's *Song of the Layou* on Cosmo is good, but not up to his earlier instrumentals; on the more commercial side, listen to Buddy Cole's backing for the King Sisters on *Chiquita Banana* (Victor). A fine job.

Sarah Vaughn

Mobs Can't Erase Smile



SARAH VAUGHN, Downtown Cafe Society song star, manages to brave a smile and enjoy a joke with Swing critic Leonard Feather, left, and Bill Chase during interview. White hoodlums beat and kicked the night club and recording star as she and two companions were entering subway early Sunday morning after work.—Rapid News Photo.

Hoodlums Hit Cafe Society Singing Star

Gang of 15 Attack Her With Two Friends When They Enter the Subway

Mass brutality, seemingly on a nation-wide rampage, has migrated Northwards and settled right in New York's own front yard—historic Greenwich Village, the scene of a current wave of attacks on Negroes by gangs of white hoodlums.

The latest victim is Downtown Cafe Society's new song star, Sarah Vaughn, who was attacked by 15 hoodlums early Sunday morning as she was entering the Waverly Street subway with George Treadwell, musician with the J. C. Heard band, and Naomi Wright, powder room attendant at the popular Village spot.

The gang tried to jump them at the entrance, said Miss Vaughn who, with Miss Wright, was kicked and spat upon as she attempted to shield Treadwell from unmerciful blows. They were successful in getting past the turnstiles as several of the gang followed them using abusive language and threats of "get n----- out of the Village." They escaped further injury only by boarding a train pulling into the station.

Police "Helpless"

When they reported the incident to the police at the 10th precinct on 30th Street, the sergeant sent them to the 6th precinct on Charles

Continued on Page 20

Hot Biscuits 'n' Jam

By JOE WEISS

JAZZ is becoming quite the thing with the Mirror cats. Dave Kaufman, Leonard Israel and Artie Foote, just to mention a few, really love the stuff. They have selected the record of the month, which I review, along with other discs.

Record of the Month—GENE KRUPA ORCH. (Columbia Records.)

Lover ★★★ Boogie Blues ★★★

"Lover"**** is at a smart, rapid, society tempo, well arranged and flashy, with the drummer boy going through his usual routine. Ventura's sax is stellar, ditto Leon Cox's trom.

"Boogie"**** is one of those rehash jobs of all the successful blues and boogie numbers rolled into one. Anita O'Dea does the vocal and is as competent as ever.

Other Top-Notch Platters—CLAUDE THORNHILL ORCH (Columbia.)

Night and Day ★★★

Smiles ★★★½

It seems like everyone is trying to cash in on the "Night and Day" flika. These are two masters of the band that Columbia probably never would have released if the picture wasn't made. The film opus**** is typical Thornhill. Beautiful blending of reeds and brass, with a variety of tone colorings, which is divided with Claude's Chopin-like ivory ticklings.

The back (**½) is another old standby. While this has less to offer from an artistic viewpoint, it is at a tempo far more suitable for dancing. "A



Joe Weiss

Pair of Pairs" do the vocal and fare fair.

Dizzy Gillespie Orch.: SARAH VAUGHN (Continental).

Signing Off ★★★

Mean to Me ★★★½

"Off" *** is a Leonard Feather original which should prove to be a smash hit if a name dance band records it. Sarah Vaughn does a mellow, orthodox vocal with some fine Websterish tenor provided by George Auld.

The reverse ***½ is a Be-Bop version of an old standard.

Hoodlums Hit Cafe Society Singing Star

(Continued from Page 1)

Street where it was admitted the gang was known but that the only two detectives on duty were investigating burglary cases. Nothing has been done to apprehend the hoodlums although Miss Vaughn is certain she could identify two or three of them, "especially a short fat one who seemed to be the leader of the gang."

The incident is one of a long wave in which Negro entertainers who earn their living in Village night clubs have been set upon and beaten by white gangs. Employees at Cafe Society Downtown recall that Benny Taylor, bass player with Benny Morton's band, was severely beaten near the club on New Year's night, with pianist Sammy Bensky and drummer-leader J. C. Heard victims in recent weeks. Leonard Feather, well known swing critic and himself a resident of the Village, expressed deep concern over the incidents and said that "juvenile and adult delinquency in the section seems to be on the upgrade, and more police protection should be offered the musicians who also experience difficulty in getting cabs to Harlem after working hours."

Although owner Barney Josephson was unavailable for a statement, Harold Johnson, manager of the democratically-run night club, said that he felt sure Mr. Josephson would take definite measures to insure the safety of his performers and guests against such race terrorism. Miss Vaughn, meanwhile

RADIO PICTORIAL

DEC. 27, 1938

Leonard G. Feather says :

AL BOWLEY—no, Bowly—I mean Bowly, has conquered America. Even if they can't master the spelling of his name, which has been a source of endless worry ever since he first rose to fame, Transatlantic listeners nevertheless don't have any doubt about what to do when Ray Noble's band comes over the air to them every week. They just sit with their ears flapping against the loud-speakers, waiting for the familiar voice of Al.

It is not difficult to perceive why life has been so easy for Al since he decided to become a professional singer. Many of the intolerant old buffers who launch these banal attacks on crooning would realise, if they took the trouble to listen intelligently to his choruses, that here is a dance band warbler who has something more than a mere microphone voice. Like Bing Crosby, he combines a measure of genuine trained vocal ability with a load of personality, and the result has been that his presence in any band has often played a large part in its success.

OF course, we mustn't discount the element of luck that has also twinkled persistently on the Bowly horizon. He seems to have an innate capacity for winning sweepstakes—take, for instance, the £3,000 he won in the Calcutta; or, if you can, take the £9,000 that the Javanese sweeps brought him. If you can take all that, you're lucky, too.

Against this there has always been the problem of Al's name. When you want to be a big star, it is always advisable to have a name that is easy to remember (and so hard to forget). Wherever Al, during his first

AL BOWLLY Leaves Them "SPELL"-BOUND!
He Sang in a Cheap Cafe—Now He is a Sensation at New York's Swagger "Rainbow Room"

The MERIDIAN FOUR
RHYTHM IS OUR BUSINESS
THE TEAM WITH A SWING
Own Transport & Amplification. Sweet and Hot Augmented if desired. Library. Bart Howe, 67 Stirling Rd., South Acton, W.3.
Phone 1. Tel. 4401

BILLY THOMPSON & HIS BAND
4 Piece. Augmented if desired. Moderate Fees. Up-to-date Library. All Counts. 4, BAKER RD., Harlesden, N.W.10 Willesden 548

LEN TAYLOR'S NEW ERA DANCE BAND
FIVE-PIECE AUGMENTED BY ARRANGEMENT
88 QUEEN'S ROAD, FINSBURY PARK, N. TEL: STAMFORD HILL 1274

Gordon Jefferies & HIS BAND
(8 Piece) with MARIE FANE—Lady Baritone Vocalist. "Opera" Amplifier. Own Cars. MANAGER—W. QUENNELL, 591, London Rd., Isleworth, Middx.

PAUL DOYLE & his RHYTHM AGES
WEST END RECORDING BAST. Make Your Dance & Success
Small Band—Big Reputation
Holder, Jack Payne Cup, etc.
Opera Amplification.
Own Cars.
Est. 1924

JACK GREEN and his
Any Customisation. Anywhere. Cost. Transport. Operative Amplification. Costume or Dress. All items. 10, 2, Purbeck Road, Romford, Essex. Romford 511
London Wall 4396

WE'RE THE TOP
RON MILLER'S MODERNISTS
ALL ENGLAND CHAMPIONS, 1935.
PRESENT HOLDERS OF 5 M.M. CUPS.
Patrons Green 1944. 45, Tottenham Av. N.14.

REG. BURTON & his BANI
DISTANCE NO OBJECT. SOUND EQUIPMENT. FLEET OF CARS. UNIFORMS.
Est. in 1929—The Band with the "Sound" Reputation.
All Communications Reg. G. BURTON, 17, Vinodici Road, Croydon. Telephone: Addiscombe 1234

JACK ELLIOTT and his DANCE ORCHESTRA
and HADLEIGH RHYTHM BOY
Winners of Nine Contests. Blue and Grey Mess Jacks. The Bands with Pop and Something Different.
16 Deauville Court, S.W.4 Reg. Office: 28 Rushton St. Brixton 5739 h.1 Clerkenwell 53

EMBASSY ORCHESTRA
WEST END BANDS supplied for all functions. Broadcasting, Recording, Novelty Show and Reside Bands Provided. Let us have your requirements.
22 GREAT WINDMILL STREET, W.

THIS SPACE TO LET

the audiences at the Al Bowly was a fish radio, and his Lew Stone at the established him as in a band as good e's drummer, left manager prior to co-opted as the high in America's

with the sounds of his rich, smooth baritone. His fan-mail has increased steadily week by week since his debut, and in six month's time or so, his manager reckons, Al will rank level in popularity with the leading half-dozen vocalists in the States, and will be worth a fortune to his commercial radio sponsors. Much as Al likes England he certainly has no cause to regret the decision which took him to America with Ray Noble and Bill Harty. He is headed for the dizzy heights. Bowly, Boley or Bowley, one thing is certain now, and that is that Al's name spells success!



Al and Ray Noble talk over a new vocal chorus

RADIO PICTORIAL

DEC. 27, 1935

Leonard G. Feather says :

AL BOWLEY—no, Bowly—I mean Bowly, has conquered America. Even if they can't master the spelling of his name, which has been a source of endless worry ever since he first rose to fame, Transatlantic listeners nevertheless don't have any doubt about what to do when Ray Noble's band comes over the air to them every week. They just sit with their ears flapping against the loud-speakers, waiting for the familiar voice of Al.

It is not difficult to perceive why life has been so easy for Al since he decided to become a professional singer. Many of the intolerant old buffers who launch these banal attacks on crooning would realise, if they took the trouble to listen intelligently to his choruses, that here is a dance band warbler who has something more than a mere microphone voice. Like Bing Crosby, he combines a measure of genuine trained vocal ability with a load of personality, and the result has been that his presence in any band has often played a large part in its success.

Of course, we mustn't discount the element of luck that has also twinkled persistently on the Bowly horizon. He seems to have an innate capacity for winning sweepstakes—take, for instance, the £3,000 he won in the Calcutta; or, if you can, take the £9,000 that the Javanese sweeps brought him. If you can take all that, you're lucky, too.

Against this there has always been the problem of Al's name. When you want to be a big star, it is always advisable to have a name that is easy to remember (and so hard to forget). Whereas Al, during his first year in England, was described by the lay press as everything from Al Boley to Albert Bolley.

Still, you can't keep a good man down with little worries like that. Al always knew he would

be a big-timer one day. Ever since his birth in South Africa—well, at least, ever since his childhood there—he decided singing was the game for him, and sang in a choir to prove it. He made his debut in a concert party, then settled down to a job in a Johannesburg café.

After his departure from South Africa, determined to make the English public 100 per cent Bowly-conscious, he soon landed a fine job with Fred Elizalde's memorable band which, during its short and stormy career, played at the Savoy Hotel in 1929. At that time Al had by no means reached his zenith. Critics grumbled at his poor enunciation, his South African accent, and alleged that he sang all his high notes out of tune!

Next came Al's versatility era. Elizalde's banjost departed, leaving a gap to be filled. Al, who could strum a ukulele to some effect, picked up a tenor banjo tuned in like a uke, and strummed it with the band.

Then in 1930, when he joined an act called "Len Fillis's Blue Boys," Al was launched as a pianist and dancer as well as being vocalist and guitar player with the show!

Somehow this didn't strike Al as quite fair; so in 1931 we find him at the Monseigneur with Roy Fox's band, limiting his activities to the vocal choruses and a few discreet chords on the guitar, of which he had by now become quite a complete exponent. If you don't believe it, there is an interesting old record called *Nigger Blues* in which Al just plays and sings quietly to himself, with a few interruptions by Ella Logan, who was working with him for Roy Fox at the time.

It is amusing to note that to-day Ella is also a popular favourite in New York, singing in a night club only a few yards away from Radio City,

AL
He Sang

... why one — *Time-house Blues* — was an English work.

The honours list for those who were authors, or part-authors, of two or more numbers in the series is as follows:—

SPENCER

WILLIAMS, 5.

I Ain't Got

Nobody, Shim-

me-sha Wab-

ble, I've Found

A New Baby,

Royal Garden

Blues, Basin

Street Blues.)

Henry Creamer, 3.

Elmer Schobel, 3.

W. C. Handy, 3.

Hoagy Carmichael, 3.

Shelton Brooks, 2.

Clarence Williams, 2.

Turner Layton, 2.

Of course, two of the most evergreen themes in all jazz were dealt with in separate articles under the headings "Twelve Bar Blues" (April 7, 1934) and "Sixteen Bar Swing" (July 27, 1935), both of

37. Rocking Chair	14. 9.35
27. Royal Garden Blues	6. 7.35
50. Saint James's Infirmary	14.12.35
36. Saint Louis Blues	7. 9.35
7. Sheik Of Araby	16. 2.35
17. Shim-Me-Sha Wabble	27. 4.35
25. Shine	22. 6.35
28. Somebody Stole My Gal	13. 7.35
43. Someday Sweetheart	26.10.35
26. Some Of These Days	29. 6.35
38. Star Dust	21. 9.35
20. Sugar Foot Stomp	18. 5.35
24. Sweet Georgia Brown	15. 6.35
42. Sweet Sue	19.10.35
1. That's A Plenty	5. 1.35
52. Tiger Rag (Special Article, 1.12.34) and	21.12.35
6. Whispering	9. 2.35
18. You Rascal You	4. 5.35

... for instance, Louis Armstrong, who has recorded twenty-two of them.

Studying the different recorded treatments was part of the enjoyment of writing this series. With eight records of the same tune placed on the gramophone record-changing gadget (to the complete bewilderment of a long-haired family)

it was possible to get quite a kick out of each version as they fled through in turn.

But at last the final Evergreen was dealt with, and no longer can a wild-eyed individual be seen surrounded by masses of gramophone catalogues, sheet music, records, and volumes of every kind, engaged in a frantic weekly search for knowledge.

Long live the Evergreens, the backbone of hot music!

ROUND!
Room!

where Al has been charming the audiences at the Rainbow Room.

After the Roy Fox period, Al Bowly was a name to conjure with in English radio, and his subsequent year or so with Lew Stone at the Monseigneur in 1932 and 1933 established him as one of Britain's finest vocalists in a band as good as any in the country.

Then Bill Harty, Lew Stone's drummer, left to join Ray Noble as drummer-manager prior to Ray's American trip, and Al was co-opted as the other British ambassador of music.

A month or two ago, sky-high in America's loftiest and snootiest night-club, these Three Musketeers of the Rainbow Room—Ray, Bill and Al—related to me the happy story of their success in the States. So strongly has Al scored as an individual personality that he recently made several records as solo vocalist, "accompanied" by Ray Noble's Band. That's an honour indeed!

In the Rainbow Room I saw New York's smart society people stop and gaze at the swarthy South African as he squared up to the microphone and filled the air

with the sounds of his rich, smooth baritone.

His fan-mail has increased steadily week by week since his debut, and in six month's time or so, his manager reckons, Al will rank level in popularity with the leading half-dozen vocalists in the States, and will be worth a fortune to his commercial radio sponsors.

Much as Al likes England he certainly has no cause to regret the decision which took him to America with Ray Noble and Bill Harty.

He is headed for the dizzy heights.

Bowly, Boley or Bowley, one thing is certain now, and that is that Al's name spells success!



Al and Ray Noble talk over a new vocal chorus

JAN 4, 1936

MANNONE MARRIES . . . NORVO TRIUMPHS . . . BRAUD UNLUCKY

Leonard Feather Sends Red Hot News From The States About The Stars

THINGS are really going swingingly for Red Norvo at last. Although he chose Friday the Thirteenth for his opening date at the Hickory House the evening was a commercial success and a musical triumph.

The Hickory House is a 52nd Street chop room with quite a fashionable following of celebrities. Red and his Swing Sextette are ensconced in the centre of the bar.

The boys consist of Don McCook on clarinet; Stew Pletcher, a good trumpeter who plays muted all the time; Herby Haymer, a real discovery, whose tenor sax playing has form and beauty; and a two-piece rhythm section in the currently fashionable manner, com-

prising guitar and bass. These are in the hands of Dave Barbour and Pete Peterson respectively, and the "soft swing" which Norvo has always tried to feature is effected splendidly by this couple.

PUGILISTIC PYROTECHNICS

Norvo's speciality act, which is both good comedy and good music, is a version of *Ida*, in which he has small boxing gloves fitted on to the xylophone hammers and uses the instrument as a sort of battering ram, becoming gradually wilder and louder.

Other current activities of Red's include a recording date with Brunswick, due to take place with the above gang some time next week, probably with the addition of Teddy Wilson on piano.

Red has also been on the air with his namesake, Red Nichols, who has some good old-timers in his orchestra at the moment: Chauncey Moorhouse on drums, Toots Mondello, Frank Signorelli and Manny Klein.

PURVIS AND WILSON

Other exciting things are happening in Fifty-Second Street. A little beyond the Hickory House there is a spot called the Looking Glass, where Jack Purvis, the white trumpet player who has acquired quite a reputation in Europe on the strength of his recordings, has a four-piece swing band.

On the other side of the street Wingy Mannone's Quartet, at the Famous Door, alternates with Teddy Wilson in providing the music. Teddy is not very much in his element in the atmosphere of restless chatter, but at least it must be conceded that he is making a tidy income out of his various occupations at the moment. He

is on the air five times a week with a coloured vocal quartet known as the Charioteers. In addition to this he has some new recording sessions ahead.

There are two pieces of less fortunate news. Firstly, Fats Waller has been expelled from the Musicians' Union on account of non-payment of dues.

IN TROUBLE

This does not necessarily mean that he will be forbidden to work, as the matter will no doubt be settled in consideration of a heavy fine.

The other unfortunate news item concerns the New Jersey club recently inaugurated by Wellman Braud, ex-Ellington bass player, in conjunction with Jimmy Noone, the famous clarinettist from Chicago. This spot was burnt down completely two nights ago. The musicians' plans are uncertain at present.

WINGY WEDS

Wingy Mannone, by the way, has been doing so well for himself at the Famous Door that his success encouraged him to indulge in matrimony. The recently acquired Mrs. Mannone, formerly Miss Connie Rosefield, is a comely lady from Des Moines. To be exact, she was elected Miss Des Moines for 1935.

Her original meeting with Wingy was the result of a bet made with her sister, who listened to *Isle Of Capri* and swore Wingy must be coloured. Connie went along to see Wingy and find out for herself; and here's the result!

Leonard Feather tells how they spent Christmas night in Harlem

ALL Harlem had been waiting for the night. Not because of the gay Christmas decorations that festooned the streets, or because of the little Christmas trees with coloured lights which adorned the entrance hall of every building and apartment; not even because the fun was going on until early morning and there was no work to go to next day.

Harlem was celebrating, impatiently waiting, because Louis Armstrong was coming back that night to play to his own people.

Ever since Louis Armstrong left his native country for Europe, they had been hanging out the flags, waiting for his return; at the Apollo Theatre was a placard which said: "Coming shortly—Louis Armstrong"—a placard that made a constant promise which for two years went unfulfilled.

Louis the Idol

And now Louis, the idol of his people, the Columbus, the Lindbergh, the George Washington of his race, had consented to come and play at the breakfast dance in the Savoy Ballroom, Harlem.

O, what a ball was there, my countrymen!

It was actually Christmas Eve when the official evening started, but not until about 1 a.m. on December 25 was any appreciable swelling of the usual crowd to be observed. Then gradually the music of Chick Webb And His Chicks, the resident band, became closely intermingled with the noise of shuffling feet, the shouting and laughter of Harlemites from

every walk of life—smart and rich ones, humble and low ones, all of them here to welcome Louis; many of them visiting the ballroom for the first time in their lives.

Of the music offered by Chick Webb I will say little. Suffice it for now that had Louis never turned up, this would still have been the most exciting evening of a lifetime to at least one visitor in that densely-packed, dimly-lit room.

Music and beer flowed evenly as



The famous Savoy Ballroom

the hours slipped by. At a quarter to five a sudden roar went up, loud enough to raise the low-hanging ceiling and shake the very foundations of the long, narrow bandstand. Louis and the cats had arrived.

It is probably no exaggeration to declare that literally thousands of eager, dark faces were turned towards that bandstand as Louis, in his slick white tie and tails, took the microphone. The only adequate idea of the reception accorded to his debut can be expressed in the

BREAKFAST DANCE

clan who combines showmanship with his music in a subtle and spontaneous manner that makes it completely acceptable.

There were no strings of a hundred and fifty high C's here; no wild gesticulations to the band or exhibitionism of the kind which brought him catcalls and pennies on that fatal Christmas night at the Holborn Empire just two years before. There were no wrong or cracked or offensive notes. When Louis worked up to a high note in the coda of *Ain't Misbehavin'* or *Confessin'*, he made them wait for it and want it almost to desperation. His sense of dramatic values, of suspense and control of his audience, is fantastic.

And the band is a good band. Any band which has Pop Forster playing bass is automatically a good band, but this one has further recommendations. Most of Louis Russell's old gang are still with him, and Russell himself has made some powerful arrangements. *Ghost Of The Freaks*, the version which they recorded on Melotone, was performed by the band alone; it is a lovely piece of blues idiom.

Recent Speciality

There was new material, too; Louis introduced his recent speciality, *Old Man Mose*, and had the audience singing it with him. There were other new numbers, and old numbers played in a manner perhaps a little too reminiscent of the original records, but still played as nobody else could play them. In fact, the only logical complaint one could lay at Louis's feet now is that, on occasion, he has a tendency to sound as though he is copying Louis Armstrong. This is a delicate point, but it is worthy of examination.

Of the singing by Bobby Caston, a lady vocalist, and by Sonny Woods, I would prefer to say nothing. An analysis of their shortcomings would have no place in a criticism of Armstrong's band, for they are merely part of the show, and the audience at Connie's Inn evidently goes for them.

When Louis finally broke into the strains of *Sleepy Time Down South* it seemed that sleepy time uptown must at last have arrived, and that with his vacation of the bandstand the night would be over. Yet an hour later, and right on until breakfast time, hundreds of couples remained on to dance to a relief band, while the supplies of beer and frankfurters reached a low ebb.

When at last the breakfast ball was over it was a bright, frosty Yuletide morning outside, and Harlem hurried home to a Christmas Day in bed. Not that it takes so little to exhaust New York's coloured population. Had Louis been possessed of the divine energy to carry on indefinitely, they might still have been shouting and swaying in rhythm until New Year's Day. . . .

fact that even the microphone amplification rendered him inaudible. Requests for particular favourites, cries of welcome, and mere abstract yells of irresponsible Christmas joy, so completely wiped out Louis's words that there were several shouts of "Turn on that microphone!" Nobody realised it was full on all the time.

Then, at ten minutes to five on that Christmas morning, Louis's boys swung into *High Society*. From then until after six o'clock, 90 per cent. of the mob stood tightly wedged around the bandstand, congesting every inch of space, as Louis and the band and his other entertainers who had come along with him from Connie's Inn gave one of the most exciting shows within the memory of even the most habitual Savoyard.

New Critical Principles

Believe nothing that you have read against Louis and his band. To appreciate him as he is playing now it is necessary to apply entirely new principles to one's criticism, and the failure to apply these standards has been responsible for a great deal of false judgment on his recent work.

Say what you like about his Decca records, and I will probably agree; say what you will concerning his broadcasts, and perhaps again I will be of your mind. But nothing can erase my impression that on that night at the Savoy Louis Armstrong gave a show the like of which we seldom, if ever, saw during the entirety of his stay in Europe.

We all know and appreciate that in his old days with Hines and Redman there was a more sincere or a purer and more musical Armstrong to be heard. But out of that purely musical Armstrong there has evolved another being, still a magnificent musician with good musical taste, but a musi-

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

Latest Discs in French Records

Dutch TRUMPET Stephanne Records

AMERICAN MUSIC

Continental

In this feature it is hoped to provide useful and interesting news and gossip about records from both sides of the Atlantic. In future issues there will be a survey of some of the many Continental hot records available to order in England.

THE chief news of the moment concerns Vocalion. Following the discontinuation of the OKeh label, this company has been putting out reissues from old OKeh masters at the rate of at least eight sides a month.

New material which should interest you amongst these revivals includes Venuti's Blue Four in *Going Home* and *Ragging The Scale*, Bix and His Gang in *At The Jazz Band Ball* and *Jazz Me Blues*, the old Sonny Greer couple (alias the Duke), entitled *Beggar's Blues* and *Saturday Night Function*, and various Armstrong couplings.

Amongst the recently recorded issues on Vocalion Henry Allen has been busy with two lunar titles, *I Wished On The Moon* and *Roll Along Prairie Moon*.

One of the biggest sellers in U.S. at the moment is *The Music Goes Round And Around* by the Eddy-Riley gang from the Onyx Club. It's

a great comedy number, and bears a slight relationship to swing music. Everyone is featuring the number, and there is a danger of further recordings.

Louis Armstrong has four new titles on the Decca list: *Old Man Mose*, *Falling In Love*, *I'm Shootin' High*, *I've Got My Fingers Crossed*. All these, and two others, were done on the same session, Louis tells me—a pretty gruelling day's work.

The other two titles were *Treasure Island* and—wait for it—*Red Sails In The Sunset!*

Red Norvo has transferred from the Columbia to the Brunswick label, and has a session fixed for this week. He will use the boys who are with him now at the Hickory House, namely, Don McCook, clarinet; Dave Barbour, guitar; Pete Peterson, bass; Stew Pletcher, trumpet; and Herby Haymer, tenor. Red will probably add a pianist, which means, of course, Teddy Wilson. In fact, you can look out for some swell swing music here. Some of the solos by these comparative unknowns should give you the surprise of the year.

Leonard Feather.

SPECIAL SWING RECITAL

FRESH from another exciting American trip, that arch-enthusiast, Leonard Feather, has naturally come back with some choice swing records.

As Leonard never believes in keeping good things to himself he is giving a special private recital of his precious discs on Thursday, January 30, starting at 8.30 p.m.

This will take place in Levy's Studio at 94, Regent Street, London, and all rhythm club officials will be heartily welcome.

JAN. 10

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

Latest Discs in French Records

Dutch TRUMPET Stephanne Records

AMERICAN MUSIC

Continental

GREAT news for collectors—Decca has been issuing in America a number of long-forgotten gems on the recently revived Champion label. In this twenty-five cent supplement are three early Mannone records which can bear comparison with anything he has done recently. Most of them are simple blues tunes, the titles being *Tar Paper Stomp* and *Tin Roof Blues* (40005), *Up The Country* and *Shake That Thing* (40054), *Big Butter And Egg Man* and *Weary Blues* (40055). Gene Krupa is the only other known member of the band.

and cornet and singing a scat chorus all on one record!

Also on the Champion lists are four sides under the constantly revived name of the Mound City Blue Blowers, but you wouldn't know them here. A bunch of Bob Crosby's boys made the date.

This habit of profaning the most hallowed name in jazz is beginning to reach a disturbing degree of frequency. Currently we even have a group calling itself the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, wrestling with the latest hits from Tin Pan Alley. This bunch was directed by Russ Morgan.

Then there is the old coupling by Carmichael's Collegians, made in Indiana when Hoagy was still at college: *March Of The Hoodlum* and *Walkin' The Dog* (40061). These two are of considerable historic interest, particularly as Hoagy is never likely to repeat his performance of playing both piano

Scoop: Do you remember the first Ina Ray Hutton record, with a rather attractive piano solo on one side which we all thought "not at all bad for a girl"?

Folks, that wasn't no gal—that was Alex Hill.

L. G. F.

Leonard Feather's hatching a moustache.

JAN. 17

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

Latest Discs in French Records

Dutch TRUMPET Stephanne Records

AMERICAN MUSIC

Continental

PROBABLY the most interesting session of the last month was a jam date under the direction of Frank Froeba (not "Proba"), the brilliant white pianist from the Onyx Club.

The session was fixed by the Irving Mills office, Mills having recently signed a remarkable contract which gives him a virtual dictatorship over the dance music policy of the American Record Corporation, which controls Brunswick, Vocalion, Columbia, Melotone and Perfect.

The Froeba efforts are to be put out on the Columbia label at 75c. Three sides were recorded at the first session, one being, of course, *The Music Goes Around and Around*, which is said to be selling 45,000 copies of sheet-music per day. The other two items were *Great Day In The Morning* and Froeba's intriguing little solo, with orchestral accompaniment: *Church Mouse On A Spree*.

The records were doubly interesting because they brought Jack Purvis back to the studios after all these years. He still plays plenty of trumpet, but I'm afraid you won't go for his singing. The other boys who made this date were Slat Long from the Onyx Club, clarinet; Herbie Haymer from Norvo's gang, tenor; Clayton Duerr, guitar, and two coloured boys from Dickie Wells' Club on drums and bass, "Eddie," and Carroll Walrond.

Fats Waller will shortly record *Functionin'*, from his "Harlem Living Room Suite," using a new arrangement by Alex Hill. This suite has been knocking around, unpublished and unused, for a year or two now. The manuscript, however, has caused a lot of laughs, for Fats has marked the four parts as follows: *Opus I, Gigs 3; Opus II, Gigs 7; Opus III, Gigs 12; Opus IV, Gigs Too Numerous*. That suite must be something worth hearing!

Red Norvo's Brunswick date was held up for the very good reason that he is now dickering with Decca. Contract has now been signed, and there is every likelihood of a session almost immediately.

Wingy Mannone has let out Carmen Mastren at the Famous Door, having decided to use piano instead of guitar, in the person of Horace Diaz. However, he will probably continue to use both of them on radio and record work, with the addition of Sammy Weiss on drums.

Further news on *The Music Goes Around*: Adrian Rollini did a fairly pleasant version for Bluebird last week, with a gang of coloured lads from his Tap Room; and Tommy Dorsey, abandoning half his usual orchestra, has recorded it for Victor under the name of Tommy Dorsey and His Clambake Seven. If this is a new one on your vocabulary, listen to the record and you'll get the idea. . . .

One of the most promising white bands, Joe Haymes And His Orchestra, has made another session up at the Brunswick studios. The line-up includes Jack Maisel, drums; Freddie Fellersby, tenor; Bill Miller, piano; Leo White, clarinet; and Gordon "Chris" Griffin, that excellent trumpet who recorded with Mildred Bailey's Swing Band.

One of the best titles recorded was a new arrangement of the old ditty, *Polly-Wolly-Doodle*. There was also, inevitably, a rendering of *The Music Goes Around And Around*, which Wingy has also just put to wax.

Leonard Feather

RHYTHM



JAN.
1936

by
B. ten Hove

One of the foremost
Dutch artists of the
modern school, and a
keen rhythm fan.

YES, YES, YEAHSSS! just another dose of that old Harlem gin and we'll get goin' on a new chorus man, when I've worked' out this lick it will be *indescribable* yes, yes! five feet eleven of massive brown skin on an invisible wooden stool get a load of that left hand watch that two-octave stretch have to have special gloves made for these size hands oh, MERCY! 'nother half-an-hour and we'll have this chorus in *perfect co-ordination*—yowsuh! here's swing music for everybody—and plenty of currency for us cats success at thirty-two with a wife and three kids and seventeen stone to support guess we're all set now—time to swing into that new arrangement get ready one, two WELL ALL RIGHT THEN!



FATS WALLER

— A Law Unto Himself

RHYTHM

January 23, 1937



Spencer Williams, famous writer of "Basin Street Blues," "Everybody Loves My Baby," "Royal Garden Blues," etc., now rusticated in the English countryside.

Artie Shaw and His Orchestra.
 ***** "Sugar Foot Stomp."
 ***** "Skeleton In The Closet."
 (Vocalion S.48.)

HERE is my idea of the way to make jazz records today. Original; novel; different; yet always basically good and sincere music.

Until now I have only shown mild interest in the Shaw records, but with *Sugar Foot Stomp* it becomes evident that he has developed his style of arranging for this quasi-saxless band, with its brass section, string quartet and rhythm.

Points I noticed about *Sugar Foot Stomp*:—That you don't miss the saxes. That you wouldn't have missed that obtrusive drummer either. That Artie's great clarinet work in the intro, coda and solo passages is delightfully backed by string chords that are more felt than heard—which is the right way to deal with that string section. That despite the odd instrumentation there is a real Dixieland atmosphere and a good barrelhouse trombone man. That the minor man is only fair. That Artie's sense of contrasts in the arrangements is simply stupendous.

Though the other side is less interesting owing to the material, it tops some fine moments in the

NEW F JAZZ THA EVERY

Hot Records

Reviewed

by

"ROPHONE"

second half, and arrangers will probably get a big kick and plenty of study out of the whole thing. But *Sugar Foot Stomp* is my side. The sheer unexpectedness of it is half its charm.

Jeanne Burns (Vocal) (1935).

"Get The Gold."

"Clownin' Around."

(***Bruno, 02342.)

You didn't know Uncle Rophie was a Boy Scout, did you? Last year one of my Best Deeds was to answer a cry of distress from a beautiful maiden, who said she had once made some records and wanted to know if they were ever released in Europe, because there was some trouble over payment for the session on the grounds that the discs were never issued.

Here They
Come

Well, they never were—in America; but, as I hastened to explain, two sides had already appeared in this country; and now, at long last, here are the other two.

Jeanne's phrasing and her own smart little compositions, of which these are two, prove that she feels more about swing than most other white singers. Her Harlemaesque vibrato, and such little tricks as her last phrase in the first chorus of *Get The Gold*, show that she is right "in the groove." Somebody should lure her back into the business, for she retired a year or so ago, and there aren't enough swingin' females around.

The accompaniment (supervised by Jeanne's quondam sponsor, Wingy Mannone) suffers from the lack of a piano. Jeanne should

Originality—St

have played herself. But Sterl Bose's trumpet, Joe Marsal's clarinet, Vic Engel's drums, and the rest, help things along pretty well.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra

**** "Exposition Swing."

*** "Yearning For Love."

(Vocalion S.50)

"Jungle Blues."

"Rent Party Blues."

(**Continental Vocalion)

A squeal from Rex adds unnecessary Lunceford *Exposition Swing*, which

BUYERS' GUIDE

★★★★ Capital

★★★ Commenda

★★ Cool

★ Cold

is swell stuff on similar lines in *A Jam*, its session-mate. The best solos come from Johnny Hayes and Duke himself. Recording is, thank Heaven, really good, and the rhythm section rides along in that contented Ellington manner.

Yearning For Love is a Lawrence Brown concerto; pleasant, but a little dull until you get to know the tune. There is a pompous coda of the type I cannot abide. By the standards of the Cootie and Billie concertos this is hardly a masterpiece, but by normal standards an eminently listenable record.

The two Continental sides are very old, with a fantastically barous intro and coda sandwiched between some good twelve-bar blues on the first side. *Rent Party* is Hodges' composition; you go all for research.

we're all set now—time to swing into that new arrangement get ready one, two WELL ALL RIGHT THEN!

FATS WALLER
— A Law Unto Himself

UNEASY MONEY

Twenty-five Minutes' Practice—then an Accordion for Nothing!

WARNING to the reader: if you don't like accordions, skip this article. If you do like them, skip it anyway, because the writer knows very little about accordions. I'll amend that last statement. The writer of this article knows nothing about accordions.

Do you know Leonard Feather? He 'phoned me one day, asked me to do an article on the accordion.

"But why me?" I demanded, "after all, my instrument is a mouth-organ, and some people think I play even that under false pretences. So why an accordion?"

"Well," answered the practical Feather, "you've got one in your room, haven't you? At least, you've got the case for one—I saw it."

That was inescapable logic. I have a case for an accordion—therefore, I am qualified to write all about them. How does Feather know I'm not using the case as a container for old razor blades?

Until two years ago I called accordions come-to-me-come-from-me's, and my only opinion on them was that they would never replace the horse.

Ace Comic

But two years ago it was my privilege to attend one of Phil Baker's parties. Phil Baker is known the length and breadth of the United States as an ace comedian, but to me his real virtue is that he's one of the greatest accordionists in the world. None of your slambang techniques for Phil—he eschews anything even remotely corny,



but when he is in the mood to play his own *Strange Interlude*, women close their eyes ecstatically and strong men sit still for once.

Rarely is he in this mood when on stage, but to his own friends he will play from sunset to dawn. And at this party there were only his friends. The temperamental Morris Gest, who produced "The Miracle"; Tamara, sweet singer of Russian melodies; the clowning genius, Fannie Brice, and in one corner, taking it all in, there was me.

Ribbing

While Phil was accompanying Tamara in *Bublitchke*, Gest leaned over to me and stage-whispered:

"You've taken up the wrong instrument. You should play the accordion."

"What do you mean, 'should play?'" interjected Baker. "He CAN play."

I merely grinned meekly. Phil knew very well that I couldn't play a note on the things.

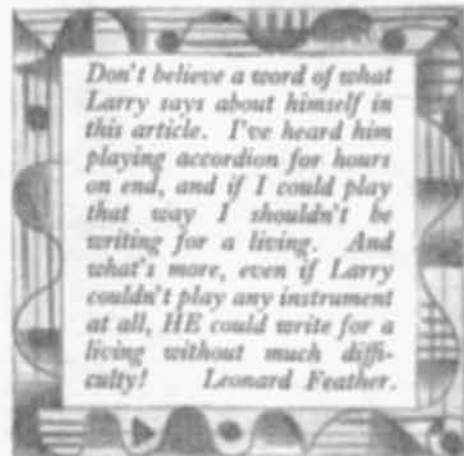
"Anyway," decided the maestro, "if he can't he can soon learn. Look, Larry, take this instrument into another room and monkey around with it awhile. If you can play a tune on it within a half hour you can have it!"

For such an offer I would have guaranteed the *Bruch Concerto* on a Stradivarius within fifteen minutes. The accordion that he made me try was a splendid work of art, built to Phil's own specifications, with all sorts of organ effects on it.

Duck Soup

I soon began making strange noises on it—but I found that it was far simpler than it looked. The right hand was duck soup, that came gratis from my piano experience. The bellows action was as gentle as a sunset, and I realised that if a piece in simple harmonies were essayed the bass would not be too difficult to achieve. I came out in twenty-five minutes very pleased with myself, smug as an acrobat who's stolen the notices of the show.

I played *Black Eyes*, because throughout the piece I never had to move more than



one button away at a time. It was execrable playing, naturally, but a generous critic could at least recognise the tune. Phil kept his promise, gave me the instrument and predicted that within five years I'd be one of the best.

Two years have passed, and I'm far from living up to Phil's prophecy. But it was a fine gesture from a generous artist, and I will never forget it.

Kind To Plugs

My first public appearance with the accordion was in "Clowns in Clover," in which I walked up and down the aisles during intermission (honest!) doing my best to dispel the notion that any of the show's tunes would be hits.

Lloyd Lewis, critic for the *Chicago Daily News*, after a comprehensive review of my harmonica work, added: "He also plays the accordion."

Later on, at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, I again made an ineffectual stab at accordionistic glory by accompanying a Chinese tenor named Jue Fong while he showed how cynical the Orient can be about *Donna e Mobile*.

And finally, in Max Gordon's "Flying Colours," this time I was glorified backdrop to two very clever dancers—Vilma and Buddy Ebsen. In this presentation I had to dance while playing. After seeing my dancing one could almost tolerate the accordion as I played it.

The accordion, nevertheless, comes very useful to me, especially in making

arrangements. My harmonica interpretations of *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*, *Solitude* and *Cheek to Cheek* were all worked out on the accordion. With the piano keyboard I play the melody as it will later be played on the harmonica, and with the left hand I can get a fair idea of how the orchestral accompaniment will work out.

Another nasty characteristic of mine is playing the harmonica with one hand, and manipulating the accordion with my left. It sounds even more dreadful than it reads.

Old Fashioned Like

In a circus I once saw a chap who played an accordion while balanced upside down on a tightrope. Maybe I'm just a sentimentalist, but don't you think the old way is better?

Fred Astaire, versatile star that he is,

can play as hot an accordion as I've ever heard. When I was in "Smiles," the Ziegfeld show in which he starred with his sister Adele, we were pianistic rivals. It looked as if I won when Adele chose me to accompany her on a radio broadcast. Frustrated, Fred took up the accordion and became a real virtuoso within six months. Did you hear him play in "Flying Down To Rio?"

There's a terrific boom in accordions all over the country, and if you want to be either the life or the wife of the party you'd better get one. Maybe they laughed when you sat down at the piano, but that was the piano. With an accordion you can drown 'em out!

Personally, I don't care for the florid wave-the-flag type of playing, but it's purely a matter of taste. And if you're going in for it professionally you'll find, as many a song writer has found, that it pays to be commercial.

My idea of my best record is *Caprice*

Viennois, backed with De Falla's *Fire Dance*; but I'd hate to compare its sale average with the disc I made of *Red Sails In the Sunset*.

There's irony to this article. While Leonard was commissioning me to write this piece, he told me he was going across to the States to negotiate advertisements for THE MELODY MAKER. Congratulating him on this bit of luck, I declared that it called for an extra celebration.

No Returns

"Very well," said the imperturbable Leonard, "you can help me out by taking a full page advt. in THE MELODY MAKER."

So it's costing me £40 to write this. Moral—a harmonica player should stick to his harmonical

THE RADIO TIMES

THE JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION

NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION

TEN YEARS AGO *in the* WORLD OF JAZZ



What were the dance-band leaders of today doing in the days of the Charleston?



IF you have forgotten what a youthful art jazz really is (yes, I said *art!*), nothing could serve as a more vivid reminder than a glance back into those dark ages of the middle 'twenties. Ten short years ago, when written orchestrations had only just become established, when the banjo and sousaphone flourished instead of the guitar and double-bass, when 'Dinah' was on everybody's lips and the Charleston was on most people's toes, who were the big names in dance music?

Biggest, by about thirteen stone, was Teddy Brown, whose popularity had made his band a firm fixture at the Café de Paris. Today he is touring the music-halls as a solo act. Paul Specht, with his Canadian Club Orchestra, was featured at the Kit-Cat, while Bert Ralton, later to meet a tragic death in a shooting accident in South Africa, had just returned from a triumphant Australian tour. Another prominent figure who has since passed from us is Sidney Firman, leader of the pioneer London Radio Dance Band. In the spring of 1926, Firman took the reckless step of augmenting his orchestra from six to nine men, which was considered most exorbitant in those days!

Nevertheless there were one or two leaders who already had bigger ideas. Jack Hylton, for instance, had just produced and conducted Eric Coates's new fantasy, 'The Selfish Giant', before an audience of 7,000 at the Albert Hall, using a band of twenty-five pieces, recruited largely from the various other West-End units he was running at the time. Arthur Young, who runs a radio orchestra of his own these days, was a member of one of these Hylton bands, playing at Kettner's, while Al Starita, late saxophonist of the Savoy Orpheans, was leader of another.

A second Albert Hall jazz sensation of ten years ago was Paul Whiteman, who packed in no less than 10,000 people at one special concert. It was around this time, by the way, that George Gershwin came to London to rehearse the production of *Lady Be Good*.

Night 'O.B.'s' had just reached the first golden era of popularity. I wonder if you remember switching on at 10.30 to the strains of Jean Lensen, Jack Howard, Bert Firman, the Savoy Orpheans and Savoy Havana Band, Jay Whidden's Midnight Follies Band, or Jack Payne's Hotel Cecil Orchestra?

Today Jay Whidden is in Hollywood; there is no Hotel Cecil and no Havana Band; Carroll Gibbons leads the Savoy Hotel Orpheans, which Ramon Newton had just taken over in 1926 from Debroy Somers, following the latter's provincial tour.

And where, in these explorations of a past decade, do we find the big names of today? Our first stop in this quest is the Gleneagles

Hotel, Scotland, where the band is led by a twenty-six-year-old future star, Mr. Henry R. Hall. And incidentally, Frankie Wilson, the trumpeter who recently left H. R. H.'s 1935 combination, was in those days going round the Variety houses with a band led by Kel Keech. (Oh, that dreadful bygone ukulele craze!)

In London, a prize of £10 in a competition for musical arrangements went to a certain Ray Noble, described in the musical press as 'Thirty-two years old and already well known as a pianist. . . .'

The first round of the same competition was won by Ronnie Munro, who was chiefly known for his piano duets with Barrie Mill from 2L.O. Today Ronnie writes for Henry Hall and Ambrose, and is the busiest arranger in the country.

Max Bacon, sylph-like drummer-comedian of Ambrose's present-day orchestra, played at the Ambassador's Club, Conduit Street, in a family affair, directed by Leon van Straten, with brothers Joe and Alf van Straten as members of the band.

There are three other strange stories of brothers in the dance-music business. Cecil Norman, famous now for his piano solos with Jack Jackson's Band, was a member of his brother Leslie's group at the Empress Rooms.

The Original Crichton Lyrical Orchestra at the Cavour, Leicester Square, was led by Sid Roy at the piano, with brother Harry on saxophone . . . and Gerald W. Bright, described as 'one of Lancashire's most popular radio lads', leading a band at the Majestic Hotel, St. Anne's-on-Sea, had not yet thought of adding that 'o' to the end of his name. Today Gerald is a celebrity, and Sid Bright, who was also leading a band of his own in 1925, is now a member of his brother's outfit.

Most of the songs of that first radio era are forgotten, as are many of the famous performers who played them; but in the meantime the modern dance band has grown from a laughable novelty into a factor of no little importance in the world of music.

LEONARD G. FEATHER.

NINE DEADLY SINS

These Clichés are the Evil Spirits of Jazz

by

LEONARD
FEATHER

CLICHÉ, *n.* klee-shay: A trite phrase; an overworked literary expression. (*Fr.* *clicher*, to stereotype.) — *Standard Dictionary*.

The above is the regulation dictionary definition of the word "cliché." Obviously, this particular meaning extends itself to many other forms of art besides literature; in particular, to musical clichés.

Before I go on to discuss some of the more notorious examples in jazz, it may be helpful to give an idea of what constitutes a literary cliché, so that a suitable parallel may be drawn.

"It is not generally known that . . ." is a typical cliché: a group of words lumped together in the same old way because the writer is too lazy to express the thought in some more original fashion. Other examples are "To go from strength to strength," "Shrouded in mystery," "To pale into insignificance," "Meteoric rise to fame," and "Youth at the helm."

Hackneyed Phrases

Now for the musical examples. My main object in setting them down on paper is to point out how hackneyed they really are; for many a player, no matter how experienced, may automatically find himself playing one of them without realising that it is a cliché at all. When inspiration relaxes during the production of a hot solo, out come the old licks, with the frequent effect of lowering the whole chorus to the level of mediocrity.

There are three main types of clichés, all equally overworked. One is the type used internally, that is to say in the middle of a solo; a second is the kind more often used as an ensemble "lick" or organ harmony background to a solo; and the third is the class which nearly always bobs up in the guise of an introduction or coda.

One of the oldest and best examples of

the first specimen—the internal cliché—is Jimmy Dorsey's famous triplet phrase, demonstrated in Ex. 1. Jimmy has done this in so many records that it has become practically traditional. Other artists have made extensive use of it, sometimes changing the triplet phrase into dotted-quaver-semiquaver by omitting the A flat. In this guise it was employed by Benny Goodman in Nichols' *Shim-Me-Shu Wabble*, and recently by Phil Green on piano in Joe Paradise's *Lady Be Good*. In its triplet form it also occurred in an ensemble passage of *Maniac's Ball*.

Ex. 2 is a recent acquisition to the library of clichés. Pinched from some well known musical source, it is a particular favourite of the coloured pianist, Putney Dandridge, who sings or plays it on every possible occasion. It was featured by Higginbotham in *Higginbotham Blues* on

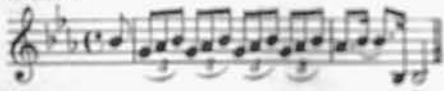
Okeh. Doubled up into quavers, it has also been sadly overworked by Albert Harris, as you can hear in *Bundle of Blues* and *The Only Time You're Out of Love* on Decca and Columbia, respectively.

Don't imagine that these phrases always remain exactly the same. Naturally, all sorts of liberties are taken with them. The rhythm, accentuation or annotation may differ considerably from the particular examples I have chosen to write down; but the phrase, in the main, remains recognisable.

Tricky Combination

The second type of cliché, used more as a rhythmic theme than an actual melodic line, is typified by the two-bar opening of the chorus of *I Got Rhythm*. This rather tricky combination of four notes, oddly

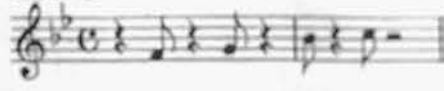
Ex. 1



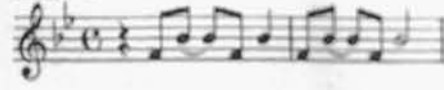
Ex. 2



Ex. 3



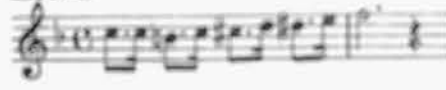
Ex. 4



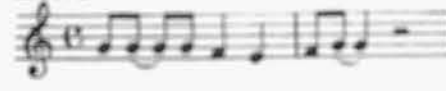
Ex. 5



Ex. 6



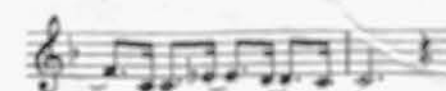
Ex. 7



Ex. 8



Ex. 9



Nine Deadly Sins

continued

placed and all sharply accented, has since formed the background for any number of solos in orchestrations of entirely different tunes. (Ex. 3.)

Another worn out ensemble rhythm, originated by Ellington, is shown in Ex. 4. This first occurred, to the best of my knowledge, as the main movement of *Harlem Flat Blues*, repeated six times to form the introductory twelve-bar chorus. Not very inspired or inspiring, you must admit; yet it's been a popular favourite ever since! Duke himself elaborated on it as a lead-in to the final chorus of *Old Man Blues*, then used it yet again in *It Don't Mean a Thing*. Lately it has become a particular darling of the Will Hudson school of mass production writers, and was even used to form the last movement of one of Benny Carter's less inspired affairs entitled *Hot Toddy*.

Banal Intros

So much for the rhythmic clichés. There are others, but their infection doesn't seem to have reached this country yet, so it would be best to let sleeping hot dogs lie. Now for the third and most important class of cliché.

The number of banal introductions and codas used in hot music is simply amazing. Many of them are of obscure origin. The majority were probably first introduced quite fortuitously by coloured artists, only later becoming clichés because they happened to tickle the ear of some less original musician.

For instance, take Ex. 5. Heaven only knows where it first came from, but Benny Carter used it some years ago for the coda of *Dee Blues*. It has been employed, with slight variations, by Mildred Bailey in *Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Love*, the Spirits of Rhythm in *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*, and Roy Eldridge in Teddy Wilson's *Sunbonnet Blue*.

Notice that even the greatest of artists sometimes fall into the trap of using these trite passages, as witness the four above; but, being great artists, they know or feel exactly when the phrase fits perfectly into the context, and would not dream of using it if its logicity were not assured.

Don't assume that because a cliché is all right for Mildred Bailey it is all right for Miss Giggie, soprano, of Giggleswick. She would probably maltreat it horribly and bring it into every song, irrespective of the harmonics at hand.

One of the most famous of all clichés is Ex. 6, which must have furnished codas for a whole cupboardful of discs. Dating probably from the days of King Oliver, it

was first introduced to the current generation by Louis in such records as *Save It, Pretty Mama, For Me and Blue Again*. Since then you have heard it in Hines' *Love Me To-night*, the Mills Brothers' *Nagasaki*, Lew Stone's version of the same number, Gonella's *Capri Caprice*, and the Fletcher Henderson arrangement of *King Porter Stomp*, both in his own and in the Benny Goodman record. I dare say you could pick out a dozen more examples without much difficulty.

Somehow this phrase has always had a fascination for ensemble leaders, notably trumpet-players, and it must be admitted that in the absence of any better ideas it can still be worked up to make a grand climax for an "all-in" chorus.

Do you remember a tune called *Get Happy*, recorded by Spike Hughes some six years ago? The opening phrase in that chorus set a precedent; or possibly it was Duke's *Doing the Voom-Voom* that started the craze. Anyhow, one can hear the effect very distinctly in Elizalde's *Vamp Till Ready*, which was virtually a rehash of the same idea. And then how about Henderson's *Comin' and Going* on Parlophone? And the guitar solos in *Fit as a Fiddle* by the Three Keys and *Dinah* by Django Reinhardt? And furthermore, what about that little signature tune with which Austen Croom-Johnson used to introduce *I've Got to Have Music* on the air?

All tributaries of the same old musical river! (Ex. 7.)

Another good old intro and coda, which is beginning to become particularly tiresome now, is Ex. 8, which you first heard at the beginning and end of an early Boswell Sisters' record, *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*. The enthusiasm accorded to that particular bit of the arrangement must have led to its eventual use in *Mister Rhythm Man* by the Casa Loma gang, *Hey, Young Fella* by Venuti, and *Sweet Sue* by Joe Paradise. You see how these plagues can spread?

The final cliché, in Ex. 9, is a regular

Connie Boswell, the Queen of Crooners. She can make even a cliché sound pleasant!

classic. No doubt you have heard *That Rhythm Man*, by Louis Armstrong, recorded about 1929. And, like a number of other musicians, you were probably quite attracted by the coda. Well, that particular sequence of notes has since been transcribed into every key, rhythm and variation available. Examples are the trombone in *I Got Rhythm* by Freddie Johnson, Don Redman in *Nagasaki*, Goodman's *Georgia Jubilee*, Fats Waller's *Armful of Sweetness*, Duke's climax to *Bugle Call Rag*, Hylton's introduction to *Saint Louis Blues*, the Mills Brothers' *Nagasaki*, *Georgia's Gorgeous Gal* by Ina Ray Hutton—and so ad infinitum.

The Moral

To sum up, let me draw a moral. Clichés, if they must be used at all, should be treated with the utmost discretion. It takes a very fine artist to get away with them; and even then, generally speaking, you will hardly ever hear great artists at their best making any extensive use of them. The real geniuses are the people who originate these catchy little musical sentences, whereas those who choose to vulgarise them are merely vandals.

If you want to be a real top-notch soloist, keep this article by you, and, if you ever find yourself lapsing into the use of one of these examples, correct yourself before it is too late. Clichés are the evil spirits of jazz.



LEW STONE'S TRIBUTE TO JAZZ CONNOISSEURS

Joe Paradise and His Music.

"Sweet Sue."

"Lady, Be Good."

Parlo. F.327.

I WAS glad to hear that the first Paradise record was a very big seller. This type of music will draw any number of proselytes to the altar of swing music by the simple expedient of starting them on a diet that is never too coarse or complicated.

These two new sides are again very easy on the ears, even if there are certain faults which call for correction.

The main trouble is that there are too many rehashes of ideas used by Albert Harris in previous records. In *Sweet Sue* the phrase used for the first half-chorus is incongruously old-fashioned. The lead-in to the final chorus is a shameless theft from Isham Jones's *I Found a New Baby*. The bass breaks are decidedly phthiriasical.

Original Idea

The most original idea used in the record is the employment of piano in the xylophonic manner, entirely in octaves and apparently with no bass work at all. It might be possible to develop some interesting melodic ideas along these lines.

If it were practicable, I would suggest that on their next session the boys just tear up their music and go to town naturally; but I'm afraid that at least one or two of their fiddles sound as though they couldn't busk a hot chorus for a thousand pound bet.

Lew Stone and His Band.

"Saint Louis Blues."

"Etude."

Decca F.5783.

Lew Stone's re-entry into the Decca fold was marked by a graceful tribute to the jazz connoisseurs. Instead of plunging

immediately into a bog of commercial titles, he waxed two sides which are both of great musical interest.

Etude, by Arthur Bell, the Scotsman, establishes this composer as one of our finest British discoveries since Hughes. Curiously enough, in the movement preceding the clarinet finale you will notice a strong resemblance, both in style and actual melody, to the last movement of *Sirocco*.

The serene and lazy atmosphere with which the *Etude* opens gradually blossoms into a sturdy, swinging splendour—the breaking of dawn into day. It is easy to picture the record as "programme music," carrying one through the afternoon into twilight and dusk, ending on the peaceful note which marked the opening theme.

The performance by the band does complete justice to the composition, with the exception of Joe Crossman on clarinet, who seems to lack conviction at times. There are enough improvised solos to sustain the interest, and the accompaniments are intelligently scored. The heavy first-beat rhythm during McQuater's solo is offset by the smooth flow and even rhythm of the sax section movement which follows.

I trust Arthur Bell will be given a chance to write more music of this kind. If he fades out of jazz as Spike did it will be a great pity.

Stanley Black's *St. Louis* is good stuff of an entirely different kind. High spots are McQuater's trumpet in the slow part, and Monia Litter's Froeba-like pianisms.

Billy Mason and His Orchestra.

"My Mammy."

"Paradise."

Decca F.5773.

Whither, Mason?

This record is neither sweet nor hot; neither straight nor swing; neither fish nor fowl, though I incline towards the last description. However, some of the

soloists are good enough to redeem some of the general shortcomings; in particular, Duncan Whyte nearly keeps up to the standard he set himself in *If You Knew Susie*, and there is some moderate work by Buddy F. on tenor.

Even they, however, play too many wrong notes for comfort; and there is no excuse for the bad balancing of the last chorus of *My Mammy*.

Joe Daniels and His Hot Shots in
Drumnasticks.

"Chinatown, My Chinatown."

"In the Shade of the Old Apple
Tree."

Parlo. F.322.

This sort of thing is about as welcome in a hot record review as spaghetti in Abyssinia.

The drumming is so loud (intentionally, of course) and the bass drum in particular so over-recorded, that one cannot even hear what chords the rhythm section is playing, so the soloists might just as well be playing choruses on *Barnacle Bill* for all the difference it would make.

I recommend this disc to drummers, and to people who like tap-dancing records, which are very similar to this. For

British Hot Records

by
"Swing High"



The Era

Vol. 99 No. 5,074

[PUBLISHED AT THE GENERAL
POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1936

PRICE SIXPENCE

A YEARFUL OF MUSIC

A SURVEY OF 1935 IN JAZZ

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

NEW YORK, Dec., 1935.

I AM writing this from the adopted home of jazz. The original rag-time of twenty-five years ago was located around New Orleans, but the spirit of jazz to-day has certainly come to Broadway.

To be more precise, it has come this year to a thoroughfare crossing Broadway, known as Fifty-Second-street. In this street can be found a sidelight on 1935 jazz that is informative enough to provide a survey in itself of the year's tendencies in this form of music.

In Fifty-Second-street are a large number of small night clubs. Most of them attract an after-theatre crowd and reach their zenith of activity between midnight and 3 a.m. And nearly all of them feature small, intimate jazz orchestras of four or five men.

There you have the essence of our "Yearful of music"—a big drive in favour of little bands.

Suddenly, and without reason, it has been discovered that it is just as easy to make good jazz with five musicians as it is with fifteen; in fact, rather easier. Providing soloists can be found with a suitable combination of technical ability and improvisatory inspiration, manuscripts can be entirely dispensed with and the music comes forth as an impromptu expression of the artists' feelings.

Possibly the first man to bring this old "Dixieland Style" of playing back to New York was Wingy Manone, the trumpet player, whose sacrilegious record of "Isle Of Capri," butchered into a hot tune, was one of the surprise big sellers on the gramophone dealers' lists in 1935.

Another Italian-American trumpet player, Louis Prima, worked on similar lines and found a big European public for his records. Then there were Mike Riley and Eddie

Farley at the Onyx Club, whose disorderly but amusing opus entitled "The Music Goes Round And Round" has brought most of New York's 400 flocking to hear them.

Fortunately there was one musician wise enough to see that this style of boisterous, unrehearsed jazz is liable to pall very quickly unless bolstered up by a suggestion of law and order. This was Red Norvo. Gathering around him a small group of the most gifted white and coloured musicians, Norvo produced some of the most intrinsically beautiful jazz records of 1935. His experiment in what he calls "soft swing music" was a complete success.

Whether this vogue for small swing bands will last into 1936 is doubtful, though the recording companies now have the firm idea that this type of jazz has come into its own again; indeed, one company has even revived the name of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band to wax some popular current tunes. One need hardly add that the new band has not the pioneer value of the original bunch which electrified London on their visit in 1929.

NATURALLY there are still innumerable full-size bands around this city which also play good jazz. Many of the coloured units, for instance, are on the up grade, thanks to the good work of their arrangers in producing fine orchestrations, and of their leaders in getting the boys to rehearse them. Chick Webb, with his arranger, Edgar Sampson, has a band at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem that would send every British Rhythm Club fan stark staring mad with excitement. Even the dear old British public at large would take to it.

Another brilliant Negro combination which has risen to great heights in 1935 is Don Redman's Duke Ellington, despite several disappointing records, has by no means come to the end of his inspiration. On the other hand, Louis Armstrong has reached a stage where his showmanship overpowers his musicianship, his new Decca recordings showing that his greatest days are, alas! over.

The two greatest sensations of the jazz world in 1935 were Benny

Goodman and Theodore Wilson. Goodman had been known for years as a superb clarinet player. Early this year he had the courage to form a fifteen-piece band with an uncompromisingly "hot" policy, featuring brilliant orchestrations by the coloured Fletcher Henderson. The polished musicianship and finesse of this new Goodman outfit have marked it down as the world's greatest white band to-day, in the view of many famous jazz musicians and critics.

Theodore Wilson, a quiet and refined young Negro, twenty-two years of age, astonished the jazz world with his delicacy of tone and touch and the fantastic gift for coherent improvisation which is such a feature of his piano playing. Wilson has earned the admiration of such experienced musicians as Szigei. Benny Goodman considers him the greatest individual artist in jazz to-day. The trio records made by Goodman, Wilson, and a drummer proved to be a commercial and artistic triumph for what might be described as "jazz chamber music."

Apart from the rise of Goodman and Wilson, the most pregnant item in the year's news came with the announcement that the famous Dorsey Brothers, for years leaders of one of the few white swing bands, had decided to part company. Jimmy Dorsey, the saxophone and clarinet star, is now featured with Bing Crosby in an important radio programme, while brother Tommy Dorsey, a magnificent trombone player, has organised a band of his own which is touring and recording with some success.

AMONG the English bands the chief event of importance was the departure of Hylton for the States, leaving nearly all of his boys to wait for his return. While Hylton broadcast with an all-American group in Chicago, his own band was directed for a while by Buddy Rogers—a clever idea, though it is to be hoped that the public was not hoodwinked regarding the popular film star's musicianship. Such trombone playing as his is very rare; for which relief, many thanks!

Also in the States is, of course, Ray Noble, who is now booked well into 1937. Noble and his all-Ameri-

can band have a place in the heart of America's radio-millions. He is here to stay.

As a result of the Noble and Hylton entries it seems possible that the gates will be opened a little wider during the coming year and that the situation regarding admission of alien musicians will ease a little on each side of the Atlantic. After a little trouble Borrah Minevitch finally secured a permit to work in London with his harmonica band. Although he was admitted on the grounds that this was more of a comedy show than a musical act, the decision to admit him may yet have been significant.

America has, incidentally, made another capture in the person of Austen Croom-Johnson, whose "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" will shortly be a regular feature of New York radio. Croom-Johnson played a vital part in giving jazz a little dignity of status at the B.B.C. An important part of his method was the extensive use of strings. Violin, guitar, and harpsichord can all make delightful rhythmic music when properly handled.

In the case of the violin and guitar this point was even more forcibly re-established early in the year by Django Reinhardt, a French gypsy guitar player, and Stéphane Grappelly, a first-class violinist. These two, with their Parisian recordings under the name of the "Hot Club Quintet," have started quite a fashion in stringed swing—and, incidentally, they represent a further manifestation of the four- and five-piece bands movement.

That this quintet was a discovery of the French Rhythm Club speaks well for that rapidly growing movement. 1935 saw the formation of the British Rhythm Club Federation, which now incorporates over a hundred clubs throughout the country; in the States the United Hot Clubs of America are using their influence to secure the re-issues of various recorded jazz classics. Even Paul Whiteman, monarch of "straight" dance music, has subscribed to the cause with a promise, already partly fulfilled, to produce a series of records featuring the hot soloists in his band.

In England a new British Rhythm Style Series of records by local luminaries has been inaugurated, and will unquestionably help the Rhythm Clubs to gain their ends, while in New York and Chicago John Hammond, critic and talent-discoverer, has been busy on another series of special records by some of the Rhythm Clubs' jazz heroes.

To sum up, it can be asserted that 1935 produced several important steps forward in the march of jazz, and that my predictions of last year have been amply ratified. And now we must hope for 1936 to bring us further along the same path of progress. Swing out the old year, swing in the new!

Theodore Wilson—

—American pianist from Texas. Played oboe in military band at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. Tired of oboe, started toying with piano at fourteen; escaped from school at sixteen, went to Chicago. Began to attract attention in a broadcasting band which succeeded Earl Hines. Subsequently recorded with Armstrong; then in New York, 1933, with both coloured and white bands. Left Willie Bryant's Orchestra last summer to form own recording band. Has contract to record three times monthly; made some solos—but says "I wasn't just right for solo work the day they were made. The next will be better, I hope."

At twenty-two is one of the few Harlem-ites with courage and character in the handling of his business affairs. Married to Irene Eadie; lives in Harlem; owner of world's smallest and worst radio-gramophone.





By Leonard G. Feather

A weekly column of news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

WHEN Ambrose presents his Saturday-night serenade next week it will be almost in the nature of a rest-cure; for recently this most bashful and retiring of baton-wielders was forced to take up acting, and found it the hardest job he has done for years. Although his recently-completed film is more of a cinematic revue than a throbbing drama, there is one scene that called for some interchange of dialogue between Ambrose and Max Bacon. In the story, the two of them are students at a university where the graduation age is forty-five! The finale, staged at a reunion dinner of the college, presents quite a line-up of radio celebrities, including Evelyn Dall, Elisabeth Welch, Donald Stewart, and Turner Layton. They should certainly help to make this a bright show, while some of the Michael Carr-Jimmy Kennedy song titles sound no less promising: 'The Spider and the Fly', a Rumba; 'She', a blues, and 'We're Tops On Saturday Night'.

Another of next week's stars who has been busy filming lately is Brian Lawrance (Thursday, January 9, afternoon dance music). His work as juvenile lead in the Hylton opus, *She Shall Have Music*, has given him an auspicious start. Film work has no terrors for Brian; he has had worse experiences to endure. On one of his first Variety dates, following his arrival here from Australia, he had just stepped forward to play a violin solo when a string snapped and struck him smartly round the neck! Face and neck alike acquired a bright red hue as he stooped to borrow an instrument from the pit band, at the same time apologising profusely to the audience.

Listeners who were intrigued by Larry Adler's decision to lay down his harmonica and give rein to his voice may be surprised to hear that this is not the end of his versatility. He is a brilliant accordionist, and frequently plays to himself for hours on end. Not long ago he played this instrument in public, accompanying brother Jerry Adler's harmonica playing at an East-End Variety house.

Incidentally, the arrival of sixteen-year-old Jerry Adler has caused endless confusion. Usually half the audience mistakes him for Larry, whom he resembles, whilst the other half firmly insists that he is an impostor and that his name is probably not Adler at all!

MIXED DOUBLES

Rewrite the following to form the names of ten dance-band stars or vocalists (and remember that Christian names and surnames may have been interchanged). Bogey time: 90 seconds.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Norman Howard | 6. Pat Stone. |
| 2. Bruts Smuts. | 7. Pat Gonella. |
| 3. Elsie Foresythe. | 8. Cecil Fox. |
| 4. Harry Hyde. | 9. Reginald Singer. |
| 5. Lew Roy. | 10. Carlisle Jacobs. |



By Leonard G. Feather

A weekly column of news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

MEMORY TESTS

1. In what year did Abe Lyman and his Orchestra visit England?
2. Which were the five most popular bands on the air seven years ago?
3. When was the first recital of modern rhythm records given from the BBC?
4. In what year were the following tunes most popular in this country:—

- Sweetheart of All My Dreams.*
- Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man.*
- Stormy Weather.*
- Good-night Sweetheart.*
- Limbohouse Blues.*

Next week, and every other Saturday night when Henry Hall's Hour goes on the air, you will hear the name of Ray Sonin announced as composer of the ingenious musical comedies that is always a feature of these programmes.

Ray Sonin, in collaboration with the arranger, Ronnie Munro, has a virtual corner on the market in speciality band-numbers. Starting with Ambrose, for whom he wrote such comedy hits as 'Gertie The Girl with The Gong' and 'Cohen, the Crooner', he has written dialogue and adaptations of song numbers for Sydney Lipton, Harry Roy, and most of the leading 'O.B.' bands. His material for Henry Hall has included 'The Jazz Election', in which Ray himself took several of the speaking parts; the brilliantly funny 'Ghost of Number Ten' (an epitaph for the Waterloo studio), and 'The History of a Dance-Band Leader'.

In private life, Ray's activities are diverse. They range from the editing of such magazines as *Part of London Authority* and *British Malaya* to the writing of successful novels, including 'The Death Pack' and 'The Mystery of the Tailor's Dummy'. Unmarried, twenty-eight, bespectacled, and usually be-piped, he looks like a youthful Christopher Stone.

Garland Wilson, the coloured American pianist who was reintroduced into England by Jack Payne a year ago, was a prophet without honour in his own country until success came to him from three thousand miles away.

The direct cause was a private record, which he made for a friend in New York. The friend brought the record to London, and allowed it to be broadcast. Hundreds of people wrote in asking how it could be obtained. No further copies were available, but the net result was a big recording contract for Wilson, a swift rise to fame, and then a trip to Europe as Nina Mae McKinney's accompanist.

After lapsing into semi-obscure in Paris, he then made a big come-back in England as a member of Jack Payne's Party.

Here are the answers to last week's 'Mixed Doubles' problem: Elsie Carlisle; Reginald Foresythe; Roy Fox; Bruts Gonella (Nat's brother); Pat Smuts (Nat's tennis ace); Pat Hyde; Howard Jacobs; Cecil Norman; Harry Singer; Lew Stone.

TEMPO di JAZZ By Leonard G. Feather

News and gossip about radio personalities in the dance-music world

IT is strange how few of our West End band-leaders nowadays are personally featured on any particular instrument.

Among the few exceptions to this rule are Lou Preager, the accordion player, and Jack Jackson, who played the trumpet in the old days with such bands as Jack Hylton's and Bert Ralton's. Most of the other dance-band potentates give the bulk of their time to business affairs, orchestrations, and technical matters.

Nevertheless, Henry Hall was playing piano, trumpet, and concertina eleven years ago at Glen-eagles Hotel; Jack Payne used to play alto saxophone with his band now and then; Lew Stone was the pianist in Roy Fox's Band, and later played with his own band for a short time.

Roy Fox, formerly known as 'the whispering cornettist', played special solos only on that instrument, never really working in with the brass section. Jack Hylton used to feature an arrangement of *Nobody's Sweetheart* in which all the band left the stage one by one, finally leaving Jack playing the piano all by himself.

Hylton, however, lays no claim to pianistic virtuosity. His modesty is akin to that of Bert Ambrose, who, on being reminded of his original broadcasts of 'Star Dust' in which he took the violin solo, commented: 'Ah, I played the fiddle in those days . . . that was when I thought I was good!'

The best answer to the whole question of whether band-leaders should be expected to play was expressed by Ray Noble. When asked what instrument he played, his reply was: 'I play the orchestra.'

Next Week in Rhythms

Al Collins, who makes his re-entry into broadcasting next Thursday afternoon, is one of those quiet, charming, and essentially steady people. You can tell that from his manner, and from the remarkable fact that the personnel of his orchestra has not suffered a single alteration since his last broadcast over three years ago.

An even prouder record of which he can boast

is that he has worked continuously for the same group of West End hotels ever since his return to England in 1920. At that time he was barely twenty-one years of age, but had already been in the musical profession practically all his life.

His early history is strangely parallel with that of Ambrose. Born in London, he migrated to the United States when a boy, learned the violin and secured most of his engagements with New York symphony orchestras. He will lead the orchestra on violin in the broadcast (another exception to my rule!).

Al Collins considers that many famous bands have damaged their West End reputation by catering to listeners and neglecting the people in the hall-room. 'I'm glad I'm doing a studio broadcast', he told me; 'I shan't have to try to please two different audiences at once.'

Al will introduce a vocal trio, consisting of Norman Payne, his trumpet player; Harry Hines, his tenor sax and arranger; and Jack Miranda, who leads the reed section. He also plans to link up the items by actual 'bridges' in between the orchestrations—'because I want the show to have continuity', he explained. 'And, of course, it won't be just music for dancing or a background for small talk. I'm hoping to make it real entertainment.'

Here are the answers to last week's memory tests. Abe Lyman and his Orchestra visited England in 1929. According to a big ballot, the order of popularity among broadcasting bands some years ago was (1) Fred Elizalde, Savoy Hotel; (2) Ambrose, May Fair; (3) Reg. Batten's Savoy Orchestra; (4) Jack Payne's BBC Dance Orchestra; (5) Ray Starita, Ambassador's Club. The first recital of modern rhythm records broadcast by the BBC was in November, 1930, and was given by Christopher Stone. 'Sweetheart of All My Dreams' was most popular in this country in 1929. 'Can't help lovin' dat man' in 1928. 'Stormy Weather' in 1923. 'Good-night, Sweetheart' in 1921, and 'Limbohouse Blues' in 1922.



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music.

DURING the course of a fast-moving month in New York, nothing came as a more pleasant surprise to me than a certain broadcast I attended on New Year's Eve. The show, bearing the title 'The Band Goes to Town', is a non-commercial ('sustaining') fifteen-minute affair occurring at least once every week. The artists are a seven-piece band and a vocalist.

The band was already familiar to me; you, too, are probably acquainted with the recordings of 'Wingy' Mannone, the brilliant one-armed trumpet player. But the surprise came in the person of the vocalist, who was our old friend Ella Logan, former London arrival from Scotland, who was amongst our leading local singers a few years ago.

Ella Logan has been doing big things during her couple of years in the States. In addition to this weekly broadcast, she was recently starred in a stage show at Loew's State Cinema, where the Americans fell heavily for her Scottish dialect number.

'The Band Goes to Town' was originated by Austen Croon-Johnson during his recent trip across the Atlantic. It opens with a few bars of 'Sweet and Hot', in the familiar manner of 'Soft Lights and Sweet Music'. Before taking over Wingy Mannone, with his strictly improvised music, Ella Logan used a small group known as the Onyx Club Boys, who created and popularised what is New York's most fantastic overnight song sensation since 'Stormy Weather'.

The song is a half-baked and formless little ditty entitled 'The Music Goes Round and Around', and describes the innermost workings of a trombone. Somehow it has caught the public's fancy, and even at smart restaurants such as the Pennsylvania, where Hal Kemp plays, the crowds stop dancing and swarm round the bandstand to join in the chorus with enormous gusto. Song-pluggers and rival publishers are describing the number as a 'freak' that will be as dead as the dodo within a week or two; but currently it has a tremendous vogue.

Before leaving New York and its music, it is inevitable that I must conclude this ramble with a list of the best American bands. This is no simple task, and I would prefer to eliminate first all the coloured orchestras, of which there are several that are superior in every way to any of the white combinations.

Among the white 'name bands', Benny Goodman rates first by several lengths. The polish and precision of the Goodman swing, combined with the brilliance of his orchestrations, many of which are written by the coloured Fletcher Henderson, make Benny's twice-weekly relays from the Congress Hotel in Chicago an event of importance.

Isham Jones, a great old-timer, probably has the next best big white orchestra, while there are others who run him very close, notably the Casa Loma Orchestra, Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, Bob Crosby's Orchestra, and Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra.

Generally speaking, however, the standard among these bands is, with the exception of Goodman, not so far above our English standards as to make it disheartening to return home again. Indeed, there will be a great deal of pleasure in coming back to those stalwarts whose fame has even penetrated this music-ridden land of North America. Rudy Vallee surprised me the other evening with the comment that he gets many of his ideas for speciality numbers by listening to English records. What praise could be greater than that?

U.S.A. SEARCH UNEARTH'S JAZZ GENIUS

Ex-Carwasher Staggers the Knowledgeable With One Record which Brings him Fame

THE FULL STORY HAS JUST COME TO LIGHT CONCERNING ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING AND ROMANTIC TREASURE-HUNTS THAT JAZZ HAS EVER INSPIRED.

THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE STORY IS ONE MEADE LUX LEWIS, UNTIL RECENTLY JUST AN UNKNOWN BUCK NEGRO, SWARTHY AND STUBBY, WHOSE OCCUPATIONS VARIED FROM THE WASHING OF CARS TO TRAVELLING ON TRAINS AS A PULLMAN PORTER.

Beyond his ability to wash cars, it appears that Meade Lux Lewis had two qualifications to immortality; firstly, his unique name, and secondly, his tendency to play the piano in his spare time.

Occasionally, though quite unable to read music, he would even secure jobs of a more or less professional nature, playing the piano in the type of establishment that is not mentioned in polite society. Once he even got as far as a recording studio and made a solo called *Honky Tonk Train Blues*, for the now extinct Paramount Company. But that is where the story really begins.

For five years after the record was made—that is to say, from 1925 until 1930—nothing was said or done about it, though it no doubt proved satisfactory to the Negroes of the deep South who patronised Paramount products.

FASCINATED.....

Then, in Florida, a copy of the disc was heard by one John Henry Hammond, Junior.

John Hammond played the record scores of times. He was fascinated, though no more fascinated than the musicians who listened in awe to this unrivalled example of twelve-bar-blues playing. Joe Sullivan declared that this was his favourite record.

Hammond himself contended that, as a descriptive piece, it compared more than favourably with Ellington's *Daybreak Express* and *Stagger's Pacific 231*.

But who and where was Meade Lux Lewis?

SHERLOCK HAMMOND

Nobody knew. Hammond advertised far and wide for information concerning the record and the artist. He wanted a better copy so that a master might be dubbed from it and a re-issue arranged. Answer came there none. For five long years Hammond asked every musician he met: "Do you know Meade Lux Lewis?" He could obtain help from nobody—not even the recording company itself.

Then, last summer in Chicago, he

asked the question once again of a pianist who played in an obscure night club, and for the first time received an affirmative reply. The pianist was a friend of Lewis, and led Hammond to him.

Within a few weeks, the classic *Honky Tonk Train Blues* had been re-made at the Decca studios in Chicago, and the 1935 version, greater even than the original, has been reserved for the special series of recordings which Hammond has been making for English Parlophone release.

FAME AT LAST

Even now, after ten years, musicians go wild-eyed on hearing the record. Teddy Wilson has worn his copy to shreds, and is still trying to work out some of the bass rhythms and the unbelievable cross-rhythms in the right hand.

The climax of the story comes with the result of Hammond's discovery and recording. Last month, on the front page of New York's *World Telegram*—a paper equivalent to our own *Evening News*—there appeared a long and complete story by Wesley Price, a well-informed and intelligent staff writer, giving the tale of the quest for Meade Lux Lewis, under the heading "Negro Auto Washer Is Revealed As Genius Of Swing Music."

As a direct result of the appearance of this article, a swanky restaurant in the heart of New York has engaged Meade Lux Lewis to work there shortly as a star cabaret turn.

NATURAL MASTER

Before he leaves Chicago, John Hammond, who is currently on a visit to the Windy City, will record four more sides by Lewis, also for Parlophone. No American release has yet been arranged for either *Honky Tonk* or the four new records.

In the meantime, the name of Meade Lux Lewis has become one to conjure with amongst musicians from Coast to Coast in America, and fate has given the world another natural master of swing music who, but for the persistence of one young enthusiast, might have gone undiscovered for the rest of his days.

L. G. F.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

by Leonard G. Feather

lease; and Joe Venuti in both first and second place on Columbia with his big band records. PAUSE!

Fats Waller and his Rhythms (Continental N.M.V., 2, 82).

"Serenade For A Weeping Widow."

"Suzette Pie."

"Mandy."

"Oyster In The Shell."

"How Can You Face Me?"

"Let's Pretend There's A Moon."

This is the first batch of a series of Continental releases with which I shall be dealing. Since it seems that you can get them, on special order, at any local store, and since they cost no more

than the ordinary English issues, these notes should prove helpful in compiling your record library.

All the six mentioned (of which one, *Oyster*, was released in England, but with an inferior backing) were made a year or so ago with an unusual perfection that tickled Milton Meyer on clarinet and Floyd O'Brien on trombone.

What Fats does to the *Weeping Widow* is nobody's business. There is a little trouble with some of the more complicated harmonies, but you will enjoy the net result.

Two other excellent Wallers available on JETs in the same series are the alternative versions of *I Ain't Got Nobody* and *What's The Reason*. These titles were issued both with and without vocal choruses, and here we have the non-vocal efforts. You will find that Fats' backing for which he himself would be the first to deny any artistic claim, is not raised in the least. In fact, these two sides are superior to most of the records in which he did open his mouth.

KLEIN FORMS WAX BAND

Leading U.S.A. Trumpet Gathers Up the Stars

THOSE who have been studying American records for a number of years will doubtless be well acquainted with the work of "Manny" Klein, the brilliant star trumpet, whose frequent work in recording and radio studios has made him one of the highest-paid men in the business.

To these students of Manny's work there will be an exceptionally pleasant

surprise in the news that he has been entrusted with the direction of an all-star recording band which is shortly to make a session at the American Record Corp. studios, probably for Columbia release.

According to present plans, Manny has drawn up a list of names which augurs positively staggering results. Every one of the men has made a reputation for peerlessness in his own particular sphere.

Here is the line-up:—Manny Klein, Charlie Margulis, Ruby Weinstein, Sam Shapiro (trumpets); Jack Lacey, Jack Jenny (trombones); Toots Mondello, Art Shaw, Paul Ricci, Jess Carneol (reeds); Frank Signorelli (piano); Carl Kress (guitar); Chauncey Moorhouse (drums); and Arthur Bernstein (bass).

Vocals have been assigned to Beatrice Wayne and The Bachelors. The titles selected for the first session, to take place this week, are *Juba*, *Hot Spell*, and two other numbers.



Manny Klein

One day a record fired his imagination
— So Now —

HE BREATHES "HOT" MUSIC

"GUIDE and IDEAS" Special

DO you remember Archie Pitt's revue, "Mr. Tower of London"—the show that made Gracie Fields famous—and the uniformed "Busby Boys' Band," which appeared on the stage during the show?

If you have a retentive memory, perhaps you can also recall the cherubic face of a fair-haired youngster whose trumpet playing was a feature of the act?

Anyway, that fair-haired youngster was Nat Gonella, who was destined to become the most popular "hot" trumpeter in Great Britain!

In his earliest youth Nat was known as a prodigy. With his brother, "Bruts" (also a well-known player) he went through an intensive period of training in a boys' band during his schooldays.

After four years in "Mr. Tower of London" and other Archie Pitt shows,

Nat obtained a good job with a band at the Regent Ballroom in Brighton. Everybody thought him an extremely competent player, with technique and tone that were amazing for his age; but as far as "hot" playing was concerned, he was like many other people in this country at that time, out of touch with the latest musical styles in Harlem, the real home of "hot" jazz.

The Wonder Record

THEN, one day, he was in a gramophone record shop and heard a selection by Louis Armstrong, the coloured trumpet player, who also sang in a queer and rather fascinating way.

Greatly excited by the negro's exotic style, Nat bought the record and made a minute study of the methods Armstrong employed.

The result was the making of a record which introduced a new Nat Gonella to the British public. It was issued in December, 1930, under the name of Billy Cotton and his Band, which he had recently joined.

The weird vocal chorus was something new to those who had never heard of Louis Armstrong, and the trumpet playing was no less individual than the negro's.

Nathaniel Charles Gonella was "made" for life.

He gradually rose to fame as a star "hot" trumpet player and singer with Roy Fox, Lew Stone, and finally, with his own band, "The Georgians."

Nat has developed a musical style and personality of his own, but the great coloured trumpet king, Louis Armstrong, was the source of his inspiration.

Dec. 1st, '36.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

By Leonard G. Feather

Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra
(Continental H.M.V., 2s. 6d.).

"Don't Play Me Cheap."

"I Wonder Who."

(B4989)

"Swing You Cats."

"Snowball."

(B4968)

"Honey Don't You Love Me Any More?"

"There's A Cabin In The Pines."

(B4977)

"He's A Son Of The South."

"Some Sweet Day."

(B4976)

"St. Louis Blues."

"Sweet Sue."

(B4975)

"Hustlin' And Bustlin' For Baby."

"Sittin' In The Dark."

(B4978)

"Laughin' Louie."

Ina Ray Hutton and her Melodears

"And I Still Do."

(x4432)

All the foregoing Armstrongs were made in 1933 with a fair-to-mediocre Chicago band. One or two sides, however, are of real interest, being at least superior to most of Louis's 1935-6 output.

★

One of the very best is *I Wonder Who*, which is quite well scored and played. In addition to a short vocal and a fine trumpet climax by Louis, there is some agreeable trombone work by Keg Johnson and a fairly good alto. In the reverse, nothing

but a banjo can be heard behind the vocal chorus; yet, despite the poor balance, this side also has its pleasant points.

★

Swing You Cats can be recommended for gluttons. Although this is a special composition by Louis's faithful second trumpet man, Zilmer T. Randolph, it consists largely of opportunities for letting Louis show off. Louis does so amidst a series of strange and slightly dubious chord-progressions. The result, if not highly artistic, is at least interesting and unusual.

★

The next five titles are commercial efforts moderately well done,

while *St. Louis Blues*, faster and less fascinating than the original Parlophone version, nevertheless is an exciting piece of work. *Sweet Sue* has a dreadful vocal in some sort of back-slang.

★

The remaining three sides are hopelessly exhibitionistic, *Laughin' Louie* having its only merits in the fact that the participants probably never realised they were being recorded. On the reverse of this is one of the rare wax appearances by Ina Ray, which gives the disc added interest as a curiosity.

★ — ★



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music.

NEXT Monday evening Roy Fox and his Band are broadcasting from Glasgow. It is difficult to realise what a wealth of preparation and organisation lies behind that plain fact.

Leslie Macdonnell, squat, Irish, and cheerful, is in many respects the power behind the Roy Fox organisation. In selecting him as my prototype for a study of a typical day in the life of a band manager, I probably picked on one of the busiest of all.

'Yes, it's a long day', said Mac. 'At nine o'clock every morning a man comes in to deal with the fan-mail, which often amounts to a stack two feet high. Then later in the morning I have to deal with applications for jobs—chiefly the hundreds of singers and instrumentalists who think Roy Fox's Band is just the right place for them. I have to explain, firmly but tactfully, what a disheartening profession the music business is.'

Apparently, however, this barely grazes the surface of the day's schedule. There is a radio balance test and rehearsal at eleven o'clock. From twelve until well after lunch-time the band's bookings have to be negotiated. Their programme is always planned at least six months ahead. It consists largely of six-day engagements at music-halls throughout the country, with Sunday concerts, special late-night dances, recording sessions, and fortnightly broadcasts to be allowed for. The fixtures must be so arranged that the journeys are never too long, and so that a radio station can be within easy reach on alternate weeks.

Next week is a particularly frantic one, as this will be the first professional return to her home town of little Mary Lee, the Glaswegian fourteen-year-old vocal marvel. Inhabitants have booked their seats as much as eight weeks in advance to catch a glimpse of the 'local girl who made good', so both she and the band will no doubt be kept busy attending special functions in their honour.

The Roy Fox personnel is by no means limited to the people you hear on the air. There is a publicity man, a special chaperone for the two singing children, and a baggage man, who is in charge of the band's own private coach.

'Then', said Mac, 'I have to keep on the right side of all the music publishers who want us to play their songs; keep close contact with the recording company; book rehearsal rooms; arrange for photographs to be made; fix displays for the outside of the theatre; deal with the insurance of the boys, and with any income-tax problems they may bring me; and after that . . .'

'Wait', I interrupted. 'Assuming that after working twenty-four hours a day like this, for eleven months in the year, you get some sort of holiday, what do you do with your time then?'

'Why', said Leslie Macdonnell, 'I go to America so that I can learn all about band-managing'.

The following letter, though it sounds too good to be true, was actually sent by an old lady to Max Bacon, after he recently broadcast a comedy number containing some jocular remark to the effect that Ambrose pays him £3 a week to play the drums:—

DEAR MR. MACRAON,

I would like to say how sorry I am that such an amusing comedian as yourself should have been compelled to resort to being a drummer in a dance band. This must be a great indignity for you to suffer, particularly as you are only paid £3 a week.

I feel sure that you have some other accomplishment which you could turn to better ends than just banging a drum, so I am writing in the hope that I may be able to help you to obtain employment in some other sphere . . .

I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for your reply and references. (Not the originals.)

Sympathetically yours . . .



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music.

DAVE FROST, whose orchestra is on the air at tea-time next Thursday, is a Jekyll and Hyde of music. By day he is known as a denizen of the song-publishing world, being employed in the important position of orchestral manager with one of our leading companies; and by night, every week-end, he dispenses music for the dancers at Seladon Park.

Born in London in 1901, Frost is already almost a veteran of jazz, having started his career in 1918 as pianist with Murray Pilcer. He subsequently led a band of his own, for which he wrote many of the orchestrations, at the Café de Paris, the Café Anglais, the Criterion, and the Splendide.

It is eleven years now since he last broadcast, as a member of Jack Payne's band at the Hotel Cecil. His plans for next week's debut will involve a slightly unusual technique, for all the arrangements will be built around his own solo work, and the act might well be described as 'Dave Frost, piano, accompanied by three saxophones, three trumpets, bass and drums'.

Dave Frost claims the most retentive memory in the dance music profession. Once, at a West End club, he was bet £5 that he could not play for three hours without repeating himself. Frost sat down at the piano, played a different tune every minute for the specified time without a moment's pause, and won the bet.

There appears to have been a strange Gallic influence over his life. For instance, it was at the Café de Paris that he scored his greatest successes; it is at the French Casino, New York, that his wife is now appearing in a revue; and, in order to get away for the tea-time broadcast next Thursday, he will presumably take French leave from his ordinary work!

There is an interesting story attached to next Thursday evening's broadcast of duets for voice and piano by Marjorie Stedeford and Reginald Foresythe.

Miss Stedeford first saw Foresythe seven years ago when he visited Australia, her native country, as accompanist to a singer. Greatly impressed, she made up her mind that one day he should be her accompanist. It was not until after her arrival in England last year that she met Foresythe, and now her ambition is to be realised.

Memory Tests

1. What former British piano star, featured in Ray Noble's English records, is now in Hollywood acting as manager to his film-star niece? Who is the niece?

2. Give the real names of Rudy Vallee, Denny Dennis, Duke Ellington, Mary Lee.

3. On what occasion was a broadcast given by an orchestra consisting of Jack Hylton, Henry Hall, Ambrose, Ray Noble, Jack Jackson, Lew Stone, Harry Roy, Carroll Gibbons, Howard Jacobs, and Geraldo?

4. In what year were the following songs most popular in England: 'Good News', 'Love in Bloom', 'Let's all sing like the birdsie sing', 'Chloe'?

RED NORVO'S Swing Quintet

By Leonard G. Feather

THE music of 52nd Street, New York City, is packed with thrills for the connoisseur, but most of the enthusiasts who make the nocturnal round of these haunts are agreed that in the Hickory House, where Red Norvo installed himself on Friday the thirteenth of December, is to be found the best-organised, least raucous and yet most exciting small swing band of them all.

That the success of the newly-formed Swing Quintet is due largely to the good taste and enthusiasm of Red himself is obvious. His policy of adding a degree of orchestration to the usual jamming has brought this class of music to a fine art.

The photographs accompanying this article should give you a vivid enough idea of the Hickory House and of Red himself in action. Picture him during his solo chorus, head slightly raised away from his xylophone, with eyebrows arched as if in faint surprise. His attitude suggests a timid bather dipping his toe into the water. He seems so gentle with the notes on the instrument that you can almost hear him saying, "There, there, now—don't be afraid!" as he hits them.

"Deadpan" Attitude

With this nonchalance, which some spectators see as a "deadpan" attitude, while others consider it part of Norvo's individuality, comes an accuracy of technique and delicacy of touch that could not be excelled. When, occasionally, Red sits down at the piano—this often happens during *Nagasaki* and one or two other preferred selections—his manner and musical style are just the same.

Barring these instances where Red himself caresses the keyboard, there is no pianist in the band. The two-piece rhythm section, consisting of guitar and string bass, seems entirely self-sufficient. It gives a lift and gentle swing which will put you in no mood for heavy piano-thumping and bass drums.

Dave Barber is the guitarist. You cannot know very much about him, though his single-string work in the Teddy Wilson record of *You Let Me Down* will demonstrate his potentialities as a soloist. At the



Red and the Boys in full blast.

Hickory House he is simply an excellent rhythm man. Pete Peterson on the bass is really a white Kirby, or a second Bernstein. He might have been famous quite a while ago, but for the problem of finding funds to buy himself a good instrument. Pete recorded in the Gene Gifford records. He sounds swell on the wax.

Up and Coming

Next, I should like to introduce you to the three melody men, as you are certainly going to hear plenty of them before long.

Stew Fletcher, a grinning, college-youth type, with a proud family which frequently turns up at the House to encourage him, covers his trumpet with a felt mute during a large proportion of the time. Not that there is anything to be ashamed of in his open tone—far from it—but it blends so perfectly like this with the tenor and clarinet. The tone of this three-piece ensemble during simple first choruses is not only unique; it is the making of the band.

Stew is a good solo man, and, like the others, a good reader. His singing, which occurs at fairly far removed intervals, is less satisfactory.

Herbie Haymer, the tenor man, is really a discovery. If this were 1935 I should call him the discovery of 1935, but the expression now sounds too antiquated. Be that as it may, George Simon drew attention to him in *Metro* some nearly a year ago, and his engagement in the new Norvo outfit came as his first big break.

Herbie has nothing remarkable in the way of tone, and is guilty of a squeak or two every now and then; but his ideas are rapid and brilliant. He can play tricks with an octave key that gives something entirely personal and fascinating to his solo work. He is as swift as Bud Freeman and almost as coherent.

Herbie was selected to play in the Frank Froeba date on Columbia re-

cently (*Music Goes 'Round, Great Day In The Morning, Church Mouse On A Spree*), so you can hear for yourselves, particularly in the second side, just how much he is worth.

Thirdly, there is Don McCook, the clarinet player. Gifted with a humorous face and an entertaining manner when playing, Don is a better than average clarinetist who fits in well with the rest of the bunch.

Finally, a word about the arrangements. Some of these are written out, while others are head arrangements fixed up on the stand. Of the prepared material a big quota of good work has been done by Eddie Sauter, who

played mellophone a little during the first Norvo session on Decca (at which, by the way, a drummer was added in the person of Bob White).

A typical arrangement runs like this: Straightish first chorus; solo choruses by tenor, clarinet, trumpet; one or two choruses by Norvo with the melody men working up a lick to give solidity to the accompaniment; then the lick itself worked out as a melody part tacked on as an eight or sixteen bar coda after the last chorus.

Honourable mention goes to the new arrangement of the Blues, and *I Got Rhythm*, both of which conclude with the tenor and clarinet playing an attractive theme in unison with trumpet and xylophone working against them. *Double Trouble* is another terrific arrangement, in which Norvo's three solo choruses continue to thrill even the other boys in the band, who have heard it every night for weeks.

Unsuitable Titles

The first session by the Quintet took place on January 6 and 8, with the personal additions I have mentioned. Unfortunately the choice of items was not left in Norvo's hands, and instead of such glorious pieces as the examples cited above, the boys had to struggle with a dismal and most unsuitable piece entitled *Gramercy Square* and *Polly-Wolly-Doodle*, which was only slightly more appropriate. On the second day things were better; there was an original tune by Red, and, before leaving, I heard rumours that they might be allowed to do the Blues.

Also recorded on this second day was a session by Mae Questal, the original "Betty Boob" girl, accompanied by this same Norvo gang, with Red himself making his very first date on piano. I warn you not to expect too much of this session, however, particularly as the numbers chosen were *The Music Goes 'Round* and *The Broken Record*. However, if Norvo's group is to be used as a sort of house-band up at Decca, it is all to the good. Nothing could be too good for these boys; in their class they are the greatest set of swingers in all New York.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS



U.S.A.—Another splendid Decca release by Chick Webb. Titles are: *I May Be Wrong* and *I'll Chase The Blues Away*. Chick is worth anybody's 35c. (1s. 6d. to you) . . . also on the Decca lists, two specialities by Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra entitled *Tap Dancer's Nightmare* and *Washington Grays*. . . Red Norvo is getting a big break on the Kellogg radio show with the Six Spirits of Rhythm. By the way, "Stew Fletcher" in my Norvo article last week should have read "Stew Fletcher." . . . Gene Gifford, still seriously ill, out of the business indefinitely. . . . Louis Armstrong turned out a pretty weak job on *Solitude*, but maybe there will be better reports on *Shoeshine Boy*, *Thanks A Million*, and *I Hope Gabriel Likes My Music*. . . . Recent session by the Will Hudson—Eddie De Lange Orchestra for American Record Corporation sounds interesting. The four selections were *Tormented*, *Hobo On Park Avenue*, *It's A Lot Of Idle Gossip*, and *Eight Bars In Search Of A Melody*. Here's the line-up of the boys used on the date:—

George Bohm, Ted Duane, Hugh Hibbert, Pete Brendel (saxes); James O'Connell, Steve Lipkin, Ralph Hollenbeck (trumpets); Eddie Kolyer (trombone); Mark Hyams (piano);

Cliff Rausch (guitar); Ed Goldberg (bass); Ed O'Hara (drums); vocals by Ruth Gaylord.

England. — Parlophone's British Rhythm Style series reported to be selling very well, despite poor press notices; second album rumoured under consideration . . . let's hope it doesn't get in the way of the splendid series John Hammond has been doing in Chicago and New York specially for Parlophone release. . . . Gerry Moore, in his "Strict Tempo" solo recordings, is finally managing to cater a little more for the musicians. Last week, waxed *I've Got My Fingers Crossed* and Redman's *If It's True*, and says he's pleased with the results.

France.—Benny Carter said to be a wee bit tired of Paris, and quite keen to come to England either as instrumentalist or arranger . . . sounds like an opportunity for some far-sighted British band-leader in search of swing orchestrations. How about it? . . . Great news about that Freddy Taylor record of *Blue Drag* and *Viper's Dream* mentioned by Madeleine Gautier in these pages a few weeks back. Ultra-phones have arranged for an English release, to be handled by Levy's, who will issue the disc on their Oriole label.

L. G. F.

Feb. 8.

Feb. 15.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

by
Leonard Feather

LATEST recruit to the recording studios: "Stuff" Smith, coloured hot liddler from Buffalo, who holds the fort at the Onyx Club now that the Music has stopped Going Round and Around there. With Smith are trumpet and four rhythm. . . . Maurice Purtill, drummer mentioned here recently, joins the Red Norvo gang, currently playing at Jack Dempsey's Restaurant. . . . Duke Ellington recorded *I'm So In Love* and *Dinah Lou* in Chicago last week. . . . Teddy Wilson continues to turn out commercial titles, latest being *Feather In The Breeze* and *Breakin' In A Pair Of Shoes*, piano solos. . . . Don't forget that the *Music Goes 'Round* side of British Decca's mid-February release by Mae Questel (correct spelling) has accompaniment by Norvo on piano, and all the boys . . . PAUSE!

Willie Bryant and His Orchestra.
(Continental H.M.V., 2s. 6d.)

"Rigmarole," "The Sheik" (JF29); "Jerry The Junker," "Long About Midnight" (JF37); "Long Gone," "Voice Of Old Man River" (JF50); "Chimes At The Meeting," "Throwin' Stones At The Sun" (X4476); "It's Over Because We're Through," "Viper's Moan" (X4453).

Sheik was issued on the ordinary

lists with a different backing. *Rigmarole* is a captivating little morceau much favoured throughout Harlem. *Jerry* is all right if you liked *Minnie The Moocher*, or if you like to hear Teddy Wilson play a solo that is four bars long. The backing has some feathery trumpet, nice growl ensemble and repeated licks, a silly vocal and plenty of atmosphere.

Long Gone, a good old song by Mr. Handy, makes attractive use of unison effects. There is good comedy here, and not bad music. *River*, by trombonist Harry White, features okay tenor, trumpet and alto. A good pairing. *Chimes* is nearly all talk, cancelling out the value of the other side.

The final couple is my first choice amongst all these Bryants; firstly, because Teddy Wilson is given breathing-space in *It's Over*, accompanied by a loud band ensemble figure which doesn't disturb too much; and this has the best vocal of the lot. On the back is another of those eerie hymns to the reefer cigarette, in which all the vipers have a good time. You'll enjoy it.

Feb. 22.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

by Leonard Feather

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra.

"Japanese Sandman."

"Always."

(Continental H.M.V. JF48)

Ray Noble and his Orchestra.

"Chinatown, My Chinatown."

"Let's Swing It."

(Continental H.M.V. JF49)

Louis Prima, Dave Rose and Norman Gast.

"Chinatown, My Chinatown."

"Dinah."

(Continental H.M.V. X4494)

ANSWER to inquiries: Yes, these records are always obtainable from any dealer, to order, at 2s. 6d. And if I can't persuade you to buy the Benny Goodman one, there is something wrong with both of us.

Japanese Sandman is not a showy arrangement. Feeling and finesse ooze from every bar in this restrained interpretation of a grand old tune. Some moments recall shades of the old Five Pennies recording. The record was made when the band was newly formed last April, with Pee-Wee Erwin, Toots Mondello and Frank Froeba.

Fletcher Henderson's swing four-four arrangement of the old Irving Berlin waltz on the reverse is the acme of refined swing playing. Both the tenor man and Benny Goodman play almost dead straight, but with just a little something the other straight men haven't got. The third chorus, starting with a series of short sax phrases, answered by the brass, ends with some superb trombone work by Jack Lacey.

Ray Noble's American band is at its best in *Let's Swing It*, a fine commercial tune from Earl Carroll's show last summer. I like the tone colour of the first ensemble chorus, and even the vocal trio, with the alternating brass and reed figures behind it. Johnny Mintz plays better clarinet on this side than on the reverse, which is altogether by far the inferior side.

Louis Prima's record was made a couple of years back, just after he first came to town, and is therefore of some slight historical value. Dave Rose is a good pianist who has been working in Jack Hylton's American orchestra, whilst Norman Gast, on violin, plays some pleasant stuff with a commendable avoidance of clichés in *Dinah*.

EXTRA! Note from Art Karle:— "We had the ordeal of swinging four commercial songs: *Moon Over Miami* and *Feather In The Breeze* on one disc, *Lights Out* and *Susannah* on the other—released here on Vocalion. I have the company's word that I may select my own tunes in the future. The band is: Frankie Newton (trumpet); Milton Mesirov (clarinet); George Stafford (drums); "Baas" Thompson; Joe Bushkin (piano); Ted Tonisen (guitar); and myself (tenor sax)."

English Brunswick, please note!

RED HOT NEWS OF ALL THE AMERICAN STARS

LOUIS . . . NOBLE . . . DUKE . . . FATS . . . CAB

LOUIS ARMSTRONG is still a principal figure in the news. He has been leading a long and successful floor show at Connie's Inn. The artists include Freddie Jenkins as deputy conductor of Luis Russell's Band when Louis is off the stand; Kahloah, the amazing dancer who visited London in the 1934 "Blackbirds" show; Billie Holiday, swell nineteen-year-old singer, whose feature solo number in the show, *You Let Me Down*, has been issued on a Brunswick record, whereon she sings it with Teddy Wilson's Orchestra.

NEW YORK

The latest news about the show is that Billie, stricken with ptomaine poisoning, is now out of action, her place having been taken by Bessie Smith. Last week, the much-heralded coloured star from Europe, Evelyn Dove, proved a big disappointment. Louis will leave Connie's in a week or so. No definite plans have been arranged for him, though Rockwell-O'Keefe are looking into tentative ball-room bookings and out-of-town theatre engagements which may be confirmed.

HILL ILL

Poor Alex Hill has had bad luck. After a domestic tragedy, a spot of bother with the Mills' office, and other misfortunes, he has now been stricken ill himself, and is at present in the Sea View Hospital, Staten Island, where he may be obliged to remain for some time.

Hal Kemp had a fine show at the Paramount Theatre. This is one of New York's best commercial white bands.

With a temperature of six below zero outside, Saxie Dowell packed the audiences in with his *Ten Little Bottles In The Sink* vocal novelty.

Ella Logan, for the second time within a fortnight, is playing a Broadway Theatre, this time at the Roxy. Her activities also include the Normandie Club, which was studded with practically every big celebrity in town on her opening night; and she has a broadcast every Wednesday with Phil Napoleon, Miff Mole and Frank Signorelli.

MACKENZIE'S BREAK

Red McKenzie has been assigned a sustaining programme for the Columbia Broadcasting Co. This is his first break since he left the Onyx Club, where he was originally responsible for the success of the *Music Goes 'Round* boys.

Wingy Mannone has just returned to the Hickory House for twelve weeks. He is to receive double the money he was originally paid on his first engagement there.

Ray Noble is leaving the Rainbow Room soon to go on a theatre tour for several weeks. Last week Noble recorded the new Irving Berlin picture tunes from Fred Astaire's latest, entitled "The Fleet's In." The band's place at the Rainbow Room is to be taken by the Casa Loma Orchestra. Red Norvo, having left the Hickory House, has been booked to appear

nightly at Jack Dempsey's big and expensive restaurant on Eighth Avenue.

★ ★

DURING the past few weeks Duke Ellington has been around here and elsewhere in the West. His last recordings were temporarily shelved. They are claimed to be by far the best he has made in many moons, but the Brunswick company evidently thinks otherwise, so Duke has arranged to hold a further session immediately in Chicago.

CHICAGO

Ina Ray Hutton is also booked through the Middle West for theatres until the end of April. Red Hodgson, accredited as the original author of *The Music Goes 'Round*, did capacity



Fats Waller and Mrs. Fats Waller

business at the Chicago Theatre, even topping the receipts of Riley and Parley, the other originators of the craze, at the New York Paramount.

On the strength of his association with the song, Hodgson is being booked with a band for several Western theatre appearances.

Will Osborn stopped off in Chicago to fill in several weeks at the Blackhawk Café. Their big novelty of the moment is *Listen To The Glisten Of The Trom-*

bone, in which they make great use of the effects produced by slide trumpets! Art Tatum just made his first stage appearance since the old days when he accompanied Adelaide Hall. He is also doubling at the Three Deuces Night Club and recording for Decca.

★ ★

LOUIS PRIMA, whose success on the Coast has been even bigger than was expected, has been signed by R.K.O. Pictures to be featured in several film shorts.

LOS ANGELES

Fats Waller, whose brief but satisfying appearance in the picture "King Of Burlesque" was noted by many leading press critics, was shown with Les Hite's Band in the background. The truth appears to be, however, that the music actually recorded was mostly played by a studio orchestra.

Since there are only a dozen musicians to be seen on the screen and the arrangements sound as if at least forty pieces were used, the effect on musicians is ludicrous, if typically Los Angelesque.

Al Jolson's Shell Oil programme on a recent Saturday night included Cab Calloway and His Orchestra, who have been doing sensational things out in California. His was the first coloured orchestra to play a big film charity show at the Mayfair, one of the social events of the season. In addition, the Warner Brothers company is so satisfied with Cab's work in *The Singing Kid* with Jolson that an entire coloured film revue may be built around Cab.

L. G. F.

Hot Club News

There was a fine jam session in the Decca Recording studios a few weeks ago when the New York Chapter of the United Hot Clubs held its first meeting. First some extemporaneous

speech making by Jack Kapp, head of Decca, and by John Hammond, president of the U.H.C.A. After that some great jamming by Messrs. Teddy Wilson and Jackson at the keys, Bud Freeman on tenor, Joe Mansella on clarinet, Frankie Newton and Pee-wee Irwin on trumpets, Jack Teagarden on trombone, Carmen on guitar, an unnamed but good bassist, and Maurice Purtill and Dave Tough on drums. Spotted also were such swingsters as Red Norvo, Mildred Bailey, Red McKenzie, and authorities Marshall Stearns, Warren Scholl, Leonard Feather and George Frazier. Another session expected any day now.

METRONOME, FEB. 1936

We're Telling You

What's What Over There

There is no denying that for real interest in, as well as sincere study of, swing music, we must take off our hats to our well-mannered cousins over there in England. With the growing interest in swing everywhere so apparent, METRONOME feels that the opinions and actions of the English should be considered. What they, as thorough students of the art of swing, think of the things we are doing over here must be of great interest to us; their well-trained, objective re-actions certainly cannot be passed over lightly.

Accordingly, METRONOME has engaged the services of Leonard M. Feather, ranking British swing authority and writer, to picture for METRONOME readers the views and news of English swingsters. Beginning with the March issue, a full page highlighting the English scene will appear

We're Telling You

in the METRONOME. It will be the first time that an American publication of this sort has devoted so much space to English activities, and it is the sincere hope of the METRONOME that its action will be just the beginning of a closer understanding and feeling between the proponents of swing and popular music in the two countries.

By
LEONARD G.
FEATHER



*Cab Calloway,
one of the Un-
crowned Kings of
Harlem!*

A Glimpse of the Home of Natural-Born Entertainers

HARLEM! The very sound of the name gives a queer thrill to every jazz-enthusiast. Harlem! Home of the coloured folk . . . strange district where they speak a language of their own in which the grammar is hot rhythm and the punctuation is in taps.

If you want to catch the spirit of Harlem, and you are the lucky owner of a short-wave set, you must get up at four in the morning (or more sensible this cold weather, stay up till four!) and tune in to WMCA. For, every Wednesday night from Harlem's Apollo Theatre, is broadcast one of America's favourite programmes . . . "Amateur Hour in Harlem."

You can be certain of at least one thing about these broadcasts, and that is that they will be lit by that gay spontaneity all too rare in radio. Anybody who professes to be able to sing, dance or play an instrument can come on the stage and risk the heartless criticism of the all-Negro audience.

And the prize? That all-important first "break" without which no one—not even the folk of Harlem, who seem born entertainers—can hope to succeed.

Varied are the acts that set out to win Harlem's approval. Once a straight rendering of that heart-appealing ballad "Trees," sung by a very young girl, held the entire theatre, while a young lady who attempted a hot number and started in the wrong key was screamed off the stage to the tune of whistles, rattles, catcalls and a comic stage policeman who fired a dummy gun at her.

Above all, this is the night of Youth. When other things are forgotten I shall remember young Bobby Moore, aged sixteen, who played the trumpet with the aplomb of a Louis Armstrong and who seems inevitably earmarked for the stardom that has come to so many of the hosts of Harlem.

Yes, tune-in to WMCA if you seek a fresh radio adventure.

Yet to appreciate fully the broadcast you must know the background of Harlem, this home of ten thousand coloured entertainers. Outside a certain zone no landlord will take in a coloured tenant, so that Harlem's vast population is strictly limited to about fifteen streets, bounded by two main avenues. Do not think that Harlem is the East side or lower-class district of the city; on the contrary, it is a pleasant place. Lenox Avenue, Harlem's main highway, is broader than Broadway and down the centre is a long stretch of "green pastures" which is agreeable to the eye. Hardly a white face is to be seen in this district,

and as a result, you scarcely ever see a face that is not naturally cheerful. These folk do not dress as flamboyantly as we imagine. The girls are smart and the men, even if they do lean towards loud-patterned suits are merely trying to offset the effect that would be obtained if they wore sombre suits that matched the ebony of their skins.

On Lenox Avenue are Harlem's most important entertainment centres. One is the Cotton Club, where Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway and many other band-leaders started on the stony road to success. Here the shows are staged for the benefit of white visitors from "down-town" and coloured folk are only grudgingly admitted. Quite a contrast is afforded by the nearby Savoy Ballroom where you may be the only white person amongst a thousand happy, bustling negroes dancing magnificently to a superb rhythm band.

If you want to see where some of the greatest Harlem entertainers get their first breaks you must visit the obscure little night haunts where the

shows are largely impromptu. Around 3 a.m., in a tiny dimly lit basement where the band consists mostly of kazoo players, people come forward from tables and sing into the mike. And these "guest-artists" supply sparkling entertainment. You can wander all night through Harlem, finding amusement in these queerly named retreats, Small's Paradise, The Ubangi, The Harlem Club, The 101 Club, the Shim-Sham, and a score of others, where the fun goes on till six or seven in the morning.

And so the Harlemites earn big money in Broadway's showland and then come uptown to pass away their leisure hours. They have a fine newspaper fighting for racial equality; it is called the *New York Amsterdam News*, because Harlem is the former Dutch quarter of New York. They have some splendid houses. Cab Calloway's home, for instance, is as grandiose and impressive as you could wish.

Vivacity, rhythm, good-hearted hospitality—that's what Harlem means to me!

BENNY CARTER MAY BECOME ORCHESTRATOR TO HENRY HALL

A SCHEME IS REACHING MATURITY TO BRING TO LONDON, ON PERMIT, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN COLOURED SAXOPHONIST AND ARRANGER, BENNY CARTER. IF IT IS SUCCESSFUL, CARTER IS VERY LIKELY TO ORCHESTRATE FOR HENRY HALL AND THE B.B.C. DANCE BAND.

Benny needs no introduction to rhythm fans, for nearly a year ago there was considerable excitement when it was announced that he was taking up a job in Paris.

The fans had visions of him jumping over to London every now and then to appear as a guest artist. Nothing matured in this direction, however, and, in fact, poor Benny found his French enterprise anything but satisfactory.

IDEAS MAN

For a considerable time there was a squabble over his permit, but after a while he settled down, rather abortively, with Willie Lewis' Band at Chez Florence.

It was Leonard Feather who conceived the idea of getting him to London, and, fortified by Henry Hall's interest in the project, he got the whole plan working.

At the moment, Carter's decision is still being awaited, but he is most keen to come to England, has no particular desire to remain in Paris and it may be confidently anticipated that he will accept the proposition made to him.



BENNY CARTER

Melody Maker

FEBRUARY 22, 1936

Vol. XII

BARRELHOUSE BLONDES



Sunny Rusin at the piano, Jessie Moore on the bass, and two other fair swingsters

sister of Sonny Dunham, of the Casa Loma Orchestra.

Talking of sisters, you may be interested to know that Babe and Jack Rusin have some feminine talent in their family. Sister Sunny Rusin is a swell pianist, and was recently said to be under consideration for the job of relief pianist at the Hickory House, where Wingy Mannone plays.

The remaining member of Jessie Moore's Quintet is Hazel Kaye, the violinist.

As for the "Sketch Book" itself, it can be described as a pleasant enough little place, built apparently upon the conception of how a painter might design a night club if he were allowed to run amok, with the Facts of Life depicted on the walls in easy instalments, and a big painter's palette over the main entrance.

Altogether, this is yet another illustration that for the musical curio hunter Fifty-second Street is the most interesting thoroughfare in the whole of New York.

Leonard Feather

HIDDEN away in the jungle of small night clubs which make a musician's Paradise of West Fifty-second Street, New York City, is one establishment known as "The Sketch Book," which is probably unique in that it shelters the world's only genuine feminine jam band.

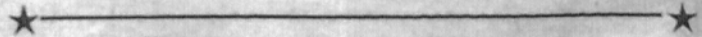
Where the ordinary night club proprietor would search for a Mannone, a Prima or a Freddy Jenkins to pack in the post-theatrical throng, the management of this diminutive eat-and-drinkery was enterprising enough to secure the services of five young ladies who, if they cannot vie with the music pro-

duced by the afore-mentioned three gentlemen and their respective groups, nevertheless conjure up a certain semblance of swing to combine with the novelty angle which pulls the patrons in.

The group is under the direction of charming Jessie Moore, whose versatility is unquestionable. Jessie plays bass in this jam band, but is also an expert on almost everything else from harp to trombone. Sometimes she has difficulty in reaching the club in time, owing to the pressure of some outside engagement such as a classical concert at the Carnegie Hall!

Jessie was formerly a member of the ill-fated Mills' Cavalcade

Orchestra, which was composed of men and women. In this present bunch she has three young swingers who were over in Europe with Alex Hyde and his Modern Maidens a few years back, namely, Ethel Goldman on piano, Helen Sugar on guitar, and Louise Dunham on tenor. Miss Dunham is a





By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

ONE of the youngest but most widely travelled of British band-leaders is Lou Prenger, who fades in with the familiar strains of 'Dancing Time' every other Tuesday. Only thirty last month, he had his first experience of band work when still at school, at the age of fifteen. After a period of apprenticeship in the underworlds of accountancy and advertising, he decided to reform, and took up music as a whole-time occupation.

His early engagements took him to Paris, Ostend, and Biarritz, with Bert Firman. (A similarly early engagement took him to the latter, at nineteen.) After Biarritz came Seville, and next, a good contract to play at a smart club in Madrid. Prenger arrived at the Spanish capital, and discovered the flaw in his plans; the club had not yet been built!

Not having unlimited patience, he left Madrid, his next halt being the celebrated Shepherds' Hotel in Cairo, where he played three consecutive winter seasons.

It was shortly after his return to England, when he had taken up the accordion and become leader of the band at Ciro's, that King Edward VIII, then Prince of Wales, declared that he had never heard finer tango playing than Prenger's, and invited him to play at Windsor during Ascot Week, 1933.

Since then Lou Prenger and his Band have become familiar to patrons at Romano's, to listeners, to music-hall audiences, and to a large gramophone public.

The most interesting personality in the orchestra is diminutive Kenb Silver. Five years ago, at the age of seventeen, Silver was touring the music-halls with a 'piano impressions' act which, if it provided his bread and butter, was still a disheartening commutation for his classical training. He continued to exercise his talents by writing arrangements for the pit bands accompanying his own and other acts. On joining Lou Prenger as pianist and arranger eighteen months ago, he was assigned to write every special orchestration used by the band—an arduous task, which he has fulfilled with complete success.

First trumpet in the band is Clinton French, who bewilders fellow musicians by spelling his name with two small Fs. Formerly with Lew Stone and quite recently with Ambrose, French is a fine artist. The second trumpet and hot solo man is Cyril Garner.

In the sax section are, first, Les Gilbert (replacing the brilliant Freddy Gardner, now seriously ill); second, Harry Hunter; tenor sax, Alan Yates, and baritone, Jack Clapper. The trombonist, Miff Smith, can beat even Prenger's record as a young veteran. Miff played in his school band at the age of six!

In the rhythm section are Doug Lees, bass; Johnny Marks, drums; and, for broadcast purposes, Albert Harris, of 'Soft Lights and Sweet Music' fame, on guitar. The vocalists are Margorie Steedford, Gerry Fitzgerald, Ronald Hill, and (in occasional comedy numbers) Miff Smith.

* * * * *

Answers to last week's Memory Tests: (1) Harry Jacobson, former pianist with Ray Noble, went to Hollywood to manage his film-star niece, Sybil Jason. (2) Real names: Rudy Vallee, Hubert Prior Vallee; Denny Dennis, Dennis Podnina; Duke Ellington, Edward Kennedy Ellington; Mary Lee, Mary McDavitt. (3) The all-star orchestras of band-leaders played as 'The Stone-masons' at Christopher Stone's silver wedding party in November, 1933, and broadcast in 'In Town Tonight' the following Saturday. (4) 'Good News', 1928; 'Love in Bloom', 1934; 'Let's all sing like the birds sing', 1932; 'Chloe', 1936.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

MEET George Scott-Wood, the busiest man in the business. Since his appointment a year ago as director of light music to the vast concerns that control H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, and Royal-Zonophone records, it is remarkable that this dapper, smiling, horn-rimmed little Scotsman has had a moment for outside work.

Nevertheless, he and his 'Six Swingers' will be on the air next Tuesday in a Variety show.

'Scottie' has bitter memories of the first broadcast by this combination, which was formed as an experiment to see whether a small British 'swing' or 'hot' band could prove a commercial success. The Swingers, consisting at that time of six men, mostly from Ambrose's band, were lined up against Mantovani in a show entitled 'From One Band to Another'.

Scott-Wood was so anxious to make a success of the venture that he rose from a sick bed to take his part at the piano. He had had one week in bed before the show, and endured three weeks of quarantine after it.

Illness may cast its shadow on next week's performance, for Freddy Gardner, the able sax man, has been in hospital, though it is hoped that he will be well enough to take part. Also among those swinging will be Jack Parnell, trombone; Jack Jacobson, drums; Harry Owen, trumpet; Joe Young, guitar; and Dick Scott, string bass. Sam Costa will be the vocalist.



George Scott-Wood



Hazel Acock

London and suburban halls.

For this broadcast Howell will feature three violins, three basses, four saxons, and four rhythm. Percy Remick will (if I may be permitted a vulgarism) j stream, and the children will be specially catered for in the 'Annual Crankers in my Soap' number, which is to be sung by seven-year-old Hazel Acock. Hazel is said to be the youngest and greatest vocal prodigy yet.

Short and Tall Stories

Which of the following statements are true?

1. William Shakespeare is a trumpet player.
2. Teddy Joyce travelled between London and Glasgow four times in three days for the 'Rayners and Bryham' broadcast.
3. Jack Hyman was captain of the Arsenal team for several years.
4. Harry Roy can play the accordion with his feet, and used to do so as a stunt in the old Lyceum days, but has now given it up, as he considers it would 'spoil the dignity of his act'.
5. Max Baer's real name is Maximilian Baerhoff.

COLLEGE RHYTHM



Edyth Wright

America's Youth Demands the BEST Dance Music



WHEN you are in doubt about where to find the best music during a visit to the United States, there are two or three certainties. One sure spot is, of course, Harlem. Another is West Fifty-second Street. A third, which has no fixed position, is any college dance.

The letters Alpha, Kappa, and Sigma may be all Greek to you; but such letters as these, combined in the right proportions and placed over the doorway of a private ballroom at a large hotel, may indicate the presence of some of America's finest swing music.

At nearly all the leading college dances there is somebody connected with the organisation who has sufficient knowledge of the demands of American youth to realise that a Lombardo or a Duchin would be slightly out of place at this type of function. True, there are exceptions to this rule; but there are many interesting cases of the rule itself in operation, as, for instance,

a recent dance at the ritzy Astor Hotel, New York, when both Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra and Paul Whiteman's Band were engaged to play for dancing.

Tommy and his gang took the stand first, opening as usual with the delightful *Getting Sentimental Over You*. During the ensuing half-hour it was possible to size up the real rating of this band. The verdict is a favourable one.

Well Trained

Although Tommy took over most of Joe Haymes's old men, this is virtually a new combination, and within the course of a few months he has trained them into a degree of efficiency which, combined with the quality of the orchestrations used, brings them within the range of the first ten white bands in the country.

In addition to some special orchestrations by Paul Wetstein, a young and talented arranger, they have a number of others by Benny Carter, Henderson, and remnants of the old Dorsey Brothers' Orches-



Paul Whiteman—still the tops

tra, all of which help to complete an outstanding library.

Tommy's playing in the sweet and slow numbers is, of course, beyond reproach, but in the faster tempi he is now and then inclined to sound deliberately jazzy. This tendency is reflected in his taste in drumming, which leans towards clinkety-click tap-box effects, on the lines of Ray McKinley, only with less moderation.

In other words, it would be unfair to criticise Sam Rosen, the drummer, as he is simply acting under orders.

The greatest hot solo man in the band is Sterling Bose, whose first name describes his value pretty accurately. Then there is a double bass player who has s-

wonder the overworked and under-swung Mr. T. was glad of this rare occasion to play some real trombone. And Mr. Whiteman certainly didn't deny him the chance, for on this occasion the programme consisted very largely of standard numbers, including such pieces as *Darktown Strutters' Ball* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*, in which Jack was featured as on the records.

Tram Swings

Although it leans towards over-arrangements and sounds a trifle cumbersome, this band can, at its very best, evoke the enthusiasm of

LEONARD FEATHER on Co-Ed Jazz



he will be able to rule them in the iron-hand, schoolmaster-like manner which Tommy Dorsey employs is dubitable.

Do not imagine that Tommy is a tyrant. He is merely the most direct, decent and determined fellow in the business. He knows just what he wants and is determined to get it.

Keen Leader

This much was obvious when, at midnight, Tommy and the boys scaled the bandstand again, this time for their broadcast. A more or less portable transmitting equipment had been quickly fixed up, for, no matter where the band happens to be playing, it is obliged to broadcast at certain times and certain days.

As I say, Tommy's determination was quite obvious during the broadcast. The slightest hint of anything wrong in balance or presentation sent him hurtling to the side of the stand, where the engineers stood ready to consult him. Everything, however, passed off with hardly a hitch.

At this stage a word must be



Tommy Dorsey

added for Edyth Wright, Tommy's nineteen-year-old vocalist, though the photograph accompanying this article should speak for itself. Edyth, after a career consisting of two weeks' work with Frank Daly's Band, was picked from 500 singers at a C.B.S. audition to act as star vocalist with the new Dorsey aggregation. It should be enough to add that even if she were not a good singer I should be prejudiced in her favour!

And so the night wound on, with these two interesting bands alternating every half-hour until four o'clock approached. Within six or seven hours Tommy and the gang would be preparing for a tiring journey to some out-of-town spot, whilst Whiteman and Company would be answering an early morning call for a "Jumbo" matinee.

It's a hard life for the musicians—but it's a great game for the fans as long as there are college dances like this to visit!

Postscript: The Tommy Dorsey band described here has since broken up, though it may be heard on a number of records still to be issued by H.M.V.



SENSATIONAL LAST-MINUTE NEWS FROM THE STATES

Tom Dorsey's Band Breaks ∴ Purvis Jailed ∴ Noble Loses a Man

TUESDAY, February 4, was a terrific night in the history of New York swing, when four important openings took place on and around Fifty-Second Street. Most important of all was Red Norvo's debut at Jack Dempsey's Supper Room, which was so exciting that it really deserves an article to itself.

Amidst an opulent atmosphere and distinctive decorations, Norvo wowed his audience from the first moment. Added to the men he had previously used at the Hickory House was a drummer, a young lad named Maurice Purtil, who is sensational and a few more adjectives. Every one of Norvo's masterly arrangements seemed to have an added sparkle on this night.

The restaurant was crowded with celebrities. Ethel Waters was persuaded to sing "Stormy Weather" and a couple of other numbers; Abe Lyman, Red Nichols, and several famous columnists were introduced; Mildred Bailey was announced as a guest for the evening and sang "Honeysuckle Rose"; Jeanne Burns was introduced, singing one of her own numbers at the piano.

STRAIGHT SAX

Merle Johnson, spotted at a table, was induced to play a saxophone solo—a straight chorus of *Treasure Island*. After he had finished he declared that he didn't know why they had asked him to play when Red Norvo had positively the world's greatest sax man, Herbie Haymer. Herbie thereupon picked up his tenor and played a swing chorus of *Treasure Island*, which had the audience roaring and hammering for more.

From Jack Dempsey's I wandered to the Hickory House, where Wingy had just opened successfully. Wingy made some new records last week of *Please Believe Me*, *Rhythm In My Nursery Rhymes*, *The Broken Record* and *Old Man Mose*. He had his usual men, plus George Brunies on trombone. Brunies, by the way, has decided to go back to Ted Lewis, whom he is to join in St. Louis.

The next step from the Hickory House brought me to the delight and surprise of the evening. Over at the Onyx Club history is being made. Just imagine six rustic coloured boys coming in from Buffalo and creating swing music that is positively slaying the mob of people previously fed on *The Music Goes Round*, by Riley-Farley, at the same establishment. Here is the personnel of this new bunch:—

SWING MEN

Stuff Smith, leader; also singer (combination of Armstrong, Calloway and Stuff Smith), and plays the hottest fiddle East of Joe Venuti.

Elliott Jones, trumpet. A swell man with a unique style.

Rhythm section: Johnny Washington, a splendid drummer, not too noisy; Bobby Bennett, guitar; Mack Walker, bass; and L. Smith, a pianist who has written several solos, one called *Upper Manhattan*, which Frank Froeba likes and may record.

At a rehearsal shortly after their opening I noticed what excellent control Smith has over the boys. They have prepared four numbers to record for A.R.C. Titles include *Don't Put Your Eggs In One Basket*, *Mamma Don't Allow It*, and *With All My Heart*.

After the Onyx opening the night's rounds were completed with a hop across to the Famous Door, where Red McKenzie and Eddie Condon have

opened with a grand star gang: Bunny Berigan on trumpet, Joe Bushkin, piano, Paul Ricci, alto, and a string bass. This means that all these boys will probably be heard plenty on Decca records, where McKenzie has been doing a lot of house work.

News about the big bands is comparatively scarce. Jack Hylton's Band was the guest attraction in a Sunday afternoon broadcast, R.C.A.'s "Magic Key." The band did *She Shall Have Music*, *The Band That Jack Built*, and *Sweet Sue*. Arrangements and execution sounded fine, but there was no get-off solo work except a few bars of trumpet in the last item, which were soon swallowed up in a symphonic arrangement.

DUKE NEWS

Duke Ellington is in town at last, playing the Apollo in Harlem this week. Brunswick still foolishly refuses to release the swell discs Duke made in Chicago (*Farewell Blues*, *Cootie's Concerto*, *Barney's Concerto*), claiming they are not dance records!

Jack Purvis, that most astonishing guy, is in jail, with a variety of lurid charges levelled against him.

Pee-Wee Erwin, after a couple of months of rumours and dicking, is going back to Benny Goodman's Orchestra, replacing Ralph Musillo. His place in Ray Noble's Band will be taken by the excellent Sterling Bose, so Noble will not lose too heavily by the deal.

Sterling Bose hails from the Tommy Dorsey band, which, you will be amazed to hear, has prac-

tically broken up, all the original members save the fourth sax having left.

Tommy is a great fellow, but he makes a hard task-master to work with, and was not very popular with the boys. Two of his former lineup, Andy Ferretti on trumpet and Sid Stoneberg on clarinet, have joined Bob Crosby's swell bunch.

TOMMY TROUBLE

Tommy is stated to be in further trouble in connection with the "purchase" of the band some months back from Joe Haymes, to whom it originally belonged. Joe Haymes, it is said, intends to sue Tommy regarding the sale of the band and of some twenty orchestras.

Talking of Joe Haymes, he has formed another band which is on the up-and-up. They recorded for Melotone last week (*I'm Gonna Clap My Hands*, *Am I Gonna Have Trouble*, *Wah-Hoo*, *That Never-to-be-forgotten Night*). In these discs you will hear Gordon Griffin, who played trumpet in the last Mildred Bailey waxings.

On the Bluebird label, there are some new jam records under the name of Ted Wallace's Swing Kings. Ted being better known as Ed Kirkeby, the Victor recording manager. This date had most of Joe Haymes's men.

Altogether, there is so much recording going on at present that it is pretty nearly impossible to keep track of all the new swing bands which pop up. And yet we have to grumble about good records that aren't released!

29th Feb.

HOME Notes: Val Roaring experimenting with new swing combination consisting of Jack Miranda and three of the Meanderers (Payne, Dodd, Burke), plus Rignold, Galsley, Llewellyn; four commercial numbers already scheduled for March 1. Regal-Zono lists. But the two best sides, not being current tunes, are, of course, held up. . . Interesting sidelight on Hennessey-Richards' "Past Masters" article, January 25 issue: Brunswick's two Classic Swing Albums next month will introduce, for the first time on British records, the late Honore Dutrey and Leon Rapallo, as well as characteristic work by Bix and Don Murray. . . Incidentally, American Decca has been recording Joe Sanders' Band, which was co-directed by the late Carleton Coon in the old Coon-Sanders days.

Fats Waller (Piano Solos), Continental H.M.V., 2s. 6d. Gladys, Valentine Stamp (JF 4); Viper's Drag, Clothesline Ballad (JF 35); African Ripples, Alligator Crawl (JF 41).

All these solos are characteristic Fats. You can trace any influence from Billy Mayerl and Noël Coward to Liszt and Chopin; yet it is all stamped with his own amazing personality, and with a sureness of touch and a sense of form that make each side a gold-mine for the "record tuition" student.

At times, notably in the first pair, he produces corner things than you

would tolerate in a less versatile artist. Viper's Drag, on the other hand, shows the very greatest Fats, with a *misferioso* movement that owes nothing to Peer Gyné, despite its occasional quotations.

—The right hand technique is a great object lesson, with its delicate use of grace notes and spreading of chords, its economy of octaves and ingenious use of thirds.

Don't miss JF 35 on any account, and get the last couple, too, if you can. There are also two new orchestral Wallers: *Somebody Stole My Gal* and *Dinah* on JF 46, and *Sweet and Slow* with Lulu's *Back In Town*, JF 47. The first is orchestrally and vocally weak, but *Dinah*, despite the same deficiencies, must be heard for one utterly entrancing piano chorus. The other couple is grand, *Sweet and Slow*, with a whole piano chorus and even a good vocal, is his greatest drag number since *Oyster In The Shell*.

It is a pity Fats does not find himself a good clarinetist and a better trumpeter; but until he does I shall continue to derive pleasure from the brilliant obbligato he provides for these not very distinguished men.

I think I have made it clear by now that I like Fats Waller.

Leonard G. Feather.

THE FATHER of PIANO PLAYERS

by

B. ten Hove

One of the foremost
Dutch artists of the
modern school, and a
keen rhythm fan.



Earl Hines

ONCE upon a time there was a young Pittsburgh boy who went to Chicago to place his pianistic talent on the market . . . Europe came to hear of him through his partnership with Louis Armstrong in some of the grandest records ever made . . . since then there has been talk of a Hines decline; Teddy Wilson is the name on everyone's lips . . . yet way out in Chicago and throughout the States, the charming, slim, flamboyant personality of Earl "Father" Hines is a national entertainment factor to-day . . . Earl is the "compleat showman" touring with a big revue; singers, dancers, comedians and Kathryn Perry, his wife . . . last month Earl dropped in at his home town and disappeared for a week . . . all his old friends complained he had not looked them up; then they discovered he had been at home with his mother and dad—his best friends . . . Earl is still a family boy . . . and still a pretty swell pianist . . .

MEET THE GIRLS

by
**LEONARD G.
FEATHER**

QUESTION: When is a band not a band? Answer: When it's a beauty chorus. In fact, how can a fellow concentrate on the music in hand when it is being produced by such a fair flock of femininity as the Melodears?

Only on one occasion in my jazz researches have I listened to the sounds of woman-made music with the feeling that it could be dissociated from the purely optical aspect and still remain worth while on intrinsic merit. That occasion was the day I first lent an ear to a record by Ina Ray Hutton and her aggregation of Goldwynesque gorgeousness.

For that reason alone Ina Ray is worth a place in these pages. She is the figurehead of what must surely be the best all-girl orchestra yet produced in modern dance music.

Notice that word "figurehead." I chose it with care, although the accent should be on the figure rather than the head. Ina Ray is not really a musician at heart, nor even a band leader. Like Cab Calloway, she is just a stupendous stage personality with more than the usual powers of audience magnetism.

In fact, her personal capabilities tend more towards dancing than bandleading,

as anyone who saw her in last year's *Ziegfeld Follies* will tell you. But as a vocalist she still shows that sense of natural rhythmic style which characterises her dancing gyrations.

Ina Ray's ancestry gave her a good start, but in rather an uncertain direction. With General Pickett of the Southern Army for one's great-grand-uncle, and Ella Flagg Young, the famous educator, as great-grand-aunt, and with Marvel Ray, a professional pianist, for one's mother, one hardly knows whether to grow up to be a Red Cross nurse, a schoolmistress, or accompanist to a basso profundo. Such was the problem that beset Ina Ray (the Ina rhymes with Dinah) when she entered this world as recently as March 13, 1916, in Chicago.

It is nearly five years now since Ina Ray made her stage debut with Gus Edwards at the Palace Theatre in New York. Since then her career has consisted largely of featured appearances in revues. Hers was the voice that sang *Full Of The Devil* in Lew Leslie's production of *Clowns In Clover*, and hers the provocative nose and big blue eyes that stopped the show on the opening night of George White's *Melody* revue in Philadelphia. It was for her that Sigmund Romberg turned to composing jazz numbers when



he wrote *Never Had An Education* for Ina Ray to sing in the latter show.

In selecting an all-female band to surround "dynamite Ina" late in 1934, Irving Mills conquered what must have been an extraordinarily difficult task. Not only did the usual musical qualifications have to be considered, thus limiting the initially small number of girl musicians to an even smaller selection of really efficient ones, but also it was essential to select really good lookers, and, apparently, lasses who were capable of doubling and redoubling on any number of instruments.

Why this last consideration should have entered into it I can't imagine, but amongst the earlier Melodears Audrey Hall played violin as well as sax and clarinet; Helen Baker played guitar, banjo, zither, mandoline and clarinet; and it was even thought advisable to reveal that Ruth Bradley, of the reed section, could do a dance and play the alto simultaneously.

More interesting is the fact that you have probably seen half of these dames already in the flesh, without realising it, for



The Melodears, with (centre, standing) the Frazee Sisters.

Meet the Girls - - - - - continued

several members of the band have at some time played with either Alex Hyde's all-girl band or Babe Egan and Her Hollywood Redheads, both of which groups have visited England.

The lineup of the damsels consists of Betty Sticht, Evelyn Heaton, Mildred Wilhelm, Nadine Friedman, reeds; Kay Walsh, Virginia Meyers, Estelle Slavin, trumpets; Alyse Wills, Ruth McMurray, trombones; Gladys Mosier and Ruth Lowe, pianos; Marion Gange, guitar; Marguerite Rivers, bass; Lillian Singer, drums.

In the early days the line up included Helen Ruth, whose tenor solos, in *Georgia's Gorgeous Gal* and *Twenty-Four Hours In Georgia* on Brunswick O 1920, and towards the end of *Wild Party* on O 1986, show a real understanding of style and swing.

There were also such people as Ruth Bradley, who takes a charming vocal in *Georgia's Gorgeous Gal* with some discreet but attractive guitar accompaniment, and a muted trumpet in *Wild Party*, which provides one of the few bright spots in a double-sided dud disc.

I am casting no aspersions on the girls in saying that, because this composition and *Witch Doctor* on the reverse are foolishly inadequate material for their talents, and this second couple came as a great disappointment after their promising debut on the all-Georgian record.

In none of the four sides is the arranging really more than mediocre, and I feel that with someone of the Benny Carter calibre working for them these charmers could shatter the musical world.

In addition to these Brunswick records, there are two sides on Victor: *How's*



Rhythm is her business!

About To-morrow Night and *And I Still Do*.

The general tone-colour of the band is similar to that which we associate with some of the better-known Harlem outfits such as Jimmy Lunceford's. The team work is good, and there is no evidence of lack of power in the brass section.

The Melodears have made several musical shorts for Paramount, notably one called *Feminine Rhythm*, and also *Paramount Pictorial No. 3*, released May 27, 1935. All the single reelers give the girls more chances to do their stuff than does *The Big Broadcast of 1936*, in which they are off the screen almost before one has had time to notice how badly Ina Ray's hair is dressed.

Ina Ray declares that she has never, in her life, suffered from stage fright; that she is fond of riding, swimming and tennis, is the proud possessor of three medals for life-saving, and has a kid sister, June, who will, some of these days, become the biggest sensation of the Hutton family.

Ina does not admit or deny the story that she was the inspiration for Mr. Ellington's well-known composition, *Hutton Bothered*.

When she and her covey of lovelies next reach the gramophone studios they must record some really outstanding numbers and get us interested from a purely musical aspect. This will pave the way for a complete triumph of mind over matter—and music over make-up. Besides, any band that can get away with a portmanteau word like "Melodears" deserves to succeed.

Good luck to Ina Ray Hutton, who has put jazz on a sound, high-heeled footing!



Above: The brass section
Right: Ina Ray with the Frazee Sisters

Above: The four piece many - doubling sax team

SUBTLE

RHYTHMIC INTEREST



Lew Davis Trombone Trio (Lew Davis, Ted Heath, Tony Thorpe).

"Three's Company."
"Three of a Kind."

(Decca F 5804.)

THIS record worries me. There just doesn't seem to be anything to say about it.

If you are a trombonist, get it and study it by all means. If, though, you belong to the vast majority who are just plain swing fans, you will probably register little or no reaction at either of these sides.

Three Of A Kind is a pleasant enough sort of number, taken at an easy tempo with good accompaniment. Yet there is not a vestige of excitement from the first bar to the last.

Perhaps the fault lies with the construction of the number. It is put together in its little groups of two, four, or eight-bar phrases, each one ending off neatly with a note to be held over most of the last two bars, and generally syncopated on to the last quaver of the previous bar. Analyse it like this, and you will perhaps find the secret of the record's monotony.

And then again, since there is no subtle rhythmic interest, where is the melodic interest to compensate for it? Where, as the Great British Public would say, is the tune? Regarded as tunes, I find both these efforts totally indeterminate. I do not suggest that there should be something so tangible that you could run around whistling it in your spare time, but there

should be some consistently interesting melodic line to hold the attention while you are listening to the record. Whereas, to this harassed critic, it would be easy to play each side a dozen times and still not remember a note of either.



Val Rosing

The Radio Rhythm Rascals.

"Shine."

"Whispering."

(Columbia FB 1236.)

I seem to remember reviewing something similar a month or two ago by this combination, which is directed by Val Rosing. The same comments, then, go for this new release, which is but mildly entertaining.

The partially successful attempt to swing on a Hawaiian guitar reminds me of the only artist who ever really got

away with it in this country. He was an American Filipino named Harold Aloma, who was over here with Dave Apollon. Remember?

Whispering is not helped by the Crosbyesque scat singing of Rosing. Even Bing is bad at this type of thing, and Val imitating Bing is worse; so I shudder to think what will happen if somebody hears this and starts imitating Val!

Joe Paradise And His Music.

"Memories of You."

"Squareface."

(Parlophone F 380.)

What? Another instrumental novelty? First of all comes Stanley Black with his swing flutes and Val Rosing with his Hawaiian guitarist and Mario Lorenzi

British Hot Records Reviewed

with his hot harp; and now Phil Green places the flaming harpsichord on record.

If Phil had handled his harpsichord passages as well as Stanley Black handled his flutes, all would have been well. As things stand, the solo work sounds rather too much like a florid obbligato to something we can't hear. And the recording, despite the fact that this is reputed to be one of the easiest of instruments for microphone handling, is inclined to be hard and metallic.

Marjorie Steedford copes ably with the big range of *Memories Of You*, delivering a nice straight vocal.

Squareface is inexcusable, for it travesties Gifford's very beautiful record of his own tune. Nobody on this record conveys the remotest idea what the whole thing is about.

Nat Gonella And His Georgians.

"The Music Goes 'Round and Around."

"Sweet Music Man."

(Parlophone F 386.)

What? Another instrumental novelty? Nat Gonella playing the mellophone, huh?

Well, if it isn't great music, it's at least good entertainment and a comparatively novel treatment of the number. In fact,



British Hot Records - - - continued

Gonella can give this type of number the type of treatment that pleases the type of public that buys this type of record.

Con Lamprecht's good tune on the back makes one of Nat's best recent waxings, though there is not much to be said either for the scat singing or for the terribly dramatic choral (?) work behind it.

Mario "Harp" Lorenzi And His Rhythmics.

"Ain't Misbehavin'."

"Ain't She Sweet."

(Columbia FB 1230.)

What? Another instrumental novelty?

The only way for Mario to hit the bull's eye with these records is to follow the straight path. *Ain't Misbehavin'* is practically dead straight. It never tries to be "hot." It therefore manages to be an efficient and inoffensive record.

Ain't She Sweet, on the other hand, can aim only at the audience which considers Sidney Torch "hot" and Harry Roy positively boiling. Directly Mario tries to improvise, he stumbles all over that harp. He will never get to Heaven with it unless he keeps straight.

One interesting point is the vocal in the slow side by Marjorie Stedeford. She, too, can treat a slow straight number rhythmically and with feeling. She has a fine voice and her style has improved in the year she has been in this country. But she still has a long way to go before she will be able to cope with, say, a swing commercial number on the lines of *Yankee Doodle Never Went To Town*. Only an intense study of ladies like Mildred Bailey will give her this extra flexibility of style.

If Miss Stedeford follows this well-meant advice we should have another real jazz singer in this country before many months.

Stephane Grappelly And His Hot Four.

"China Boy."

"St. Louis Blues."

(Decca F 5824.)

This arrived too late for a detailed review, but can be recommended as an improvement even on the recent standards of the French quintet. That they found something new to do with *St. Louis Blues* is creditable in itself. Even if you already

have a dozen *St. Louis Blueses* this will make a lucky thirteenth.

Freddy Taylor And His Swing Men From Harlem.

"Viper's Dream."

"Blue Drag."

(Oriole LV 105, 3/6.)

Once again we have to turn to France for the best European swing record of the month. By now you must all suspect that I am in the pay of the French Government. Actually, I should be only too glad to promote any deserving homespun article to first place; but at the moment we are labouring under the disadvantage of not having such people as the Swing Men From Harlem in our midst.

For these are genuine Harlemites—a coloured unit playing at the Villa d'Este, in Paris. Since this record was made, Taylor himself has left, but the others remain unchanged.

Viper's Dream, in case you do not know it (though, heaven knows, you should by now), is supposed to be the dream of a person under the influence of a reefer cigarette. It was written by Fletcher Allen, who arranged for Louis during his latter days in this country.

The main phrase of the principal movement may confuse you at first, owing to its unorthodox length of eleven bars. When you have the routine of the record sorted out you will find a simple yet bizarre composition, played with great understanding by what appears to be a well co-ordinated and fairly well rehearsed eight-piece swing band.

There is a long baritone solo, which would not be of great interest were it not backed up by such a solid and well-recorded rhythm section. Then follows a drum break, which was hardly necessary or even relevant, after which comes a return to the main movement.

The piano's short solo passage here is a little too obviously sinister, furnishing



a sharp contrast with the four startling and impressive chords at the end. Seldom has a climax been worked up so precipitately and with such success.

The *Blue Drag* on the reverse is not the number recorded by Earl Hines, but another with the same title, already released on Oriole in a charming version by the Reinhardt fraternity. Joe Myrow, the writer, is a talented attaché of the Irving Mills office who devotes himself to every-

thing from revue scores to popular songs and hot numbers. Here he has turned out a satisfactory job which makes at least an adequate vehicle for the Swing Men.

The first chorus provides a lesson for semi-pros in its intelligent and economical use of the melody instruments. There is no trace, either in the main harmonies or in the organ harmony background, of the thinness that might well be expected.

The vocal chorus which follows is neither good nor bad, though I con-

cess that in certain respects it reminded me strongly of Nat Gonella. Yes, seriously! See if you can detect the resemblance, particularly in the way they woll their r's.

Tenor and trumpet are both a trifle careless in the solos that follow, and the chords at the end could have been more together; but these faults are not serious enough to detract from the enjoyment of the disc as a whole.

Three-and-sixpence is a stiff price for the average pocket, but if it comes to choosing between this and, say, a couple of Mario Lorenzis, don't let patriotism or the extra sixpence stand in your way.



Marjorie Stedeford



The Radio Times

this week

is a special

DANCE MUSIC NUMBER

with articles by Henry Hall on the enlarged BBC Dance Orchestra (and his new series of programmes "on novel lines"): Leonard Hibbs on Swing Music: Leonard G. Feather: Roy Fox, Carroll Gibbons, Charlie Kunz, Lew Stone, Billy Cotton, Harry Roy, and many other leaders of famous broadcasting bands on "The Kind of Listener I have in Mind": and a full description by the BBC Variety Director of the BBC's new plans for dance music which begin to operate on March 30. There will be an enormous demand for this number! Buy it today!

on sale now: price twopence

The month's activities start with the South London Championship at the Crystal Palace on the 5th. This is always one of the best of the metropolitan shows, and is a must for all who are interested in the world of the dance.

Championship. The month's activities start with the South London Championship at the Crystal Palace on the 5th. This is always one of the best of the metropolitan shows, and is a must for all who are interested in the world of the dance.

Championship. The month's activities start with the South London Championship at the Crystal Palace on the 5th. This is always one of the best of the metropolitan shows, and is a must for all who are interested in the world of the dance.



TEMPO DI JAZZ: By Leonard G. Feather

Awkward Moments : Three from America : Those Shakespeares

YOU probably know the popular newspaper device of asking readers for stories of their 'most embarrassing moment'. Show-folk in general, and dance musicians in particular, could fill a whole newspaper with them.

There is the case of Stanley Black, twenty-two-year-old jazz prodigy. While working for Lew Stone, he built up a reputation as a very modern pianist and brilliant stylist in orchestration. Imagine his embarrassment, then, when an offer came to join Harry Roy, whose style is admittedly the very antithesis to that of Stone.

Tempted, Stanley fell, vowing to effect a compromise between his real style and the style required by Roy's vast public. In his spare moments he is at work on a complete symphony for full orchestra; he has also prepared a sonata for violin and piano. Doesn't care if they're never performed—he just does it to keep him musically fit!

Another recent 'embarrassing moment' victim was George Elrick, vocalist-drummer with the BBC Dance Orchestra. A housewife wrote two letters: one to her husband, away on business; one to Elrick, admiring his radio work. She mixed the envelopes. George opened his letter and found a lengthy epistle beginning 'My Darling', continuing with the most intimate and private family revelations. What the husband said on receiving a fan-letter about his singing and drumming is not yet disclosed!

Topping both these embarrassing moments is one related by Lou Preager. On his way to Cairo with his band, he was stopped by customs officials at Venice with regard to a bass drum that had been booked straight through to Egypt. Despite Preager's explanations that they were only halting temporarily at Venice, duty of £5 on the drum was demanded. Expostulations by the band were worse than useless, and outraged officers clapped them into jail!

Finally, with their wives sitting in gondolas watching the strange spectacle, Preager and the others were marched out of the prison with an armed escort, accompanied by the bass drum, and were allowed to board their boat.

Two more odd facts before I leave Lou Preager. First, that he is a cousin of Len Bermon, ex-Henry

Hall crooning drummer; secondly, that one of his most ardent radio fans is a Birmingham youth named Lou Preager, whom he has never met.

To save Lew Stone any further embarrassment, I won't mention the occasion when he was late for a show, dashed on to the stage and apologised to the audience, and then found he was in the wrong theatre!

Carroll Gibbons, who has taken over the 'Soft Lights' reins from Austen Croom-Johnson, is one of the memorable triumvirate who sailed forth from the United States in 1924 seeking musical adventure in Europe.

One of the other two, after first working at the Savoy, later played with Jack Hylton and Bert Ralton, then joined Ambrose, with whom he has now worked for nine years as guitarist and general right-hand man. His name is Joe Brannelly.

The third man, after a few months playing the saxophone at the Savoy, went back to America and took to singing through a megaphone. He later extended his talent to the microphone and became quite popular. His name? Rudy Vallee. . . .

Gibbons himself also had many years' experience in the Savoy Havana and other Savoy bands. He became director of light music for H.M.V. in 1928, returned to the States for a while, and then came back here in 1931 to form the Savoy Hotel Orpheans.

During the four years preceding Henry Hall's BBC anniversary on March 16, the band will have broadcast, on an average, four hundred times per year. 'H. R. H.' started in 1932 with simply one trumpet, one trombone, one oboe, two violins, four saxes, four rhythm, one vocalist. Today, with invitations to tour G.T.C.'s theatre circuit in June or July and to travel as Musical Director and guest conductor for the Cunard-White Star Line on the maiden trip of the *Queen Mary* in May, Hall has a company of twenty-seven.

Vivienne Brooks, his stylish girl vocalist, was playing the piano until lately at the Cosmo Club, and had never even considered getting a job as a singer. Same can be said of the Three Sisters, his

girl trio, who came dancing in from the chorus of a Cochran show.

One artist who will not change his medium of musical expression on joining Hall is Benny Carter, the most brilliant rhythmic arranger ever to visit Europe. Carter had to travel nine thousand miles to reach Europe from New York last year. The explanation is simple: on the first occasion, French customs officials would not let him land owing to legal complications. Carter returned to America to straighten these out, then came over again to work with a coloured band in Paris.

William Shakespeare, the trumpet player mentioned in connection with the 'Short and Tall Stories' in last week's 'Tempo Di Jazz' column, is a prominent broadcasting artist frequently featured with Croom-Johnson and lately with Carroll Gibbons.

By the way, of those five short and tall stories, the ones about Shakespeare and Teddy Joyce were the only true ones, though the allegation that Jack Hylton has captained the Arsenal was disseminated freely in the United States on Jack's arrival. The same publicity hounds informed the gullible American public that 'He is one of the best cricket players of Great Britain' and that 'Jack Hylton's string of racehorses has won many famous meets'!

The brazenness of transatlantic Press methods is incredible. Ray Noble and his manager, Bill Harty (who was described as 'a nephew of Sir Hamilton Harty'), are powerless to issue any denial of the fantastically untrue stories identified with them.

Another Shakespeare of jazz will be on the air next week. Friday the Thirteenth may not seem the most auspicious day for any band's first solo broadcast, but with an array of talent that includes Florence Oldham, Gladys Millage, and other featured vocalists, Lloyd Shakespeare has nothing to fear. The 'bard' himself, in addition to leading the band, is noted as a fine cornet player. Another well-known personality connected with the broadcast will be Arthur Lally, well known in the old days as leader of the famous Blue Lyres, who has written several of Shakespeare's orchestrations.

(Continued at foot of page 10)

Above (left to right): Maurice Winnick, Billy Cotton, Jack Jackson, Sydney Lipton, Lloyd Shakespeare, Marius B. Winter, Nat Gonella, Joe Loss, Lou Preager
Below (left to right): Ambrose, Sidney Kyte, Jack Hylton, Carroll Gibbons, Roy Fox, Lew Stone, Herman Darewski, Harry Roy, Charlie Kunz, Gerald



TEMPO DI JAZZ: Continued from page 6

Strange things happen in filmdom. Down at Elstree, in the Cary Grant-Mary Brian feature *The Amazing Quest of Ernest Bliss* (production of which was interrupted by that unfortunate fire), Marjorie Stedford was making her film debut. A song had been selected, but no satisfactory lyrics were forthcoming. Regular song-writers tried their hand; outside men had a shot; but none seemed to catch the spirit of the music.

Up spoke the humblest assistant on the camera staff—the youth who calls out the number of each scene before it is shot. 'I've written some words—would you like to hear them?'

Nobody was more surprised than the tiro lyricist when his efforts were accepted immediately. Just another old Elstree custom!

Harold Holt's all-classical concert by Lucy Adler and Arthur Young, at the Grottrian Hall, draws near. Young has written a special concerto for Larry's harmonica. He and Adler, now staunch friends, make a strange pair: Young, florid, fat, rubicund, and very Chelsea; Adler, small, wiry, dark, and very Baltimore. Kreisler's permission to Adler to perform any three of his works was given when the two met in Birmingham last month. Said Kreisler: 'I've had my works performed on everything from a xylophone to a zither—why not a mouth-organ?'

DOTTED NOTES

Coincidence: when Bruts Gonella joined Ambrose on trumpet last month, his previous employer engaged Chick Smith to take his place. Bruts is a brother of the famous Nat Gonella, and Chick is a

brother of Billy Smith, trumpet with Henry Hall. . . . Aviation continues to predominate amongst musicians' hobbies. Billy Cotton was a fully qualified pilot in R.F.C. at seventeen; Monia Litter, Russian-born pianist with Lew Stone, has an 'A' licence, and even Mrs. Jack Hylton can tell you of her adventures as a pilot. . . . A stranger sideline is that of Ike Hatch, who is part owner and master of ceremonies at a Wardour Street club frequented by both lower and higher strata of society. . . . Recent shock for Sam Galley, guitarist in the Teddy Joyce broadcasts and others, came when he told a friend that his favourite guitarist is Segovia, and was promptly met with the reply: 'Oh, and which band's he with?'

LEONARD G. FEATHER.

INTERNATIONAL



Dutch
 TRUMPET
 in French
 Latest Discs
 stephane
 Records
 WAXWORKS



ENGLAND: Stan Patchett (alias Mr. Paradise) and Ike Hatch are getting together on some vocal-and-patter stuff for Regal-Zono. Amongst the numbers selected is Louis's *Old Man Mose* . . . Claude Bampton's *Promenade*, of which the complete score was published in *Rhythm* this month, has now made its appearance in the Decca lists . . . H.M.V. plans to release two old sides made by Bix shortly before his death. The arrangements are straight, but there are spots of solo work for Bixologists.

FRANCE: Hugues Panassie is busy preparing another issue of his bilingual (Anglo-French) magazine, "Hot Jazz."

Globe-trotting

DENMARK: Baron Timme Rosenkrantz, globe-trotting swing fan and editor of the Danish *Jazzrevy*, comes to London for a couple of months, arriving in two or three weeks' time, on behalf of a Danish national daily.

SWITZERLAND: Coleman Hawkins, still in Zurich, plans to return to London to do just one more broadcast before finally returning to the States. Efforts are now being made by London agents to fix things up for him here.

U.S.A.: Frank Proeba directed his second recording date on March 11, using Bunny Berigan, Herbie Haymer (tenor); Babe Magnolia (vocals); and probably Bernstein, Kress, and Teddy Hill's drummer . . . Adrian Rollini joined Richard Humber's Band at the Paramount Theatre, N.Y., doubling vibraphone and piano. Humber also now has Lou Garcia in the brass section . . . Max Kaminsky (trumpet) has joined Tommy Dorsey's Band . . . Bud Freeman, having broken with Noble,

plans to form his own band, and has booked his first job for March 21 at Glen Island Casino . . . Willie Smith, "The Lion," is forming a small band with Wellman (ex-Ellington) Braud. He hopes to use Sidney Bechet, sax man from Noble Sissie's Band.

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCH.
 (Continental H.M.V., 2s. 6d.)

"MY OLD FLAME"
 "THAT LINDY HOP"
 (JF51)

It is hard to imagine why this coupling should just have been concocted on the foreign H.M.V. lists. *Lindy Hop* is a dull arrangement of a dull tune, with a fair piano chorus by Duke. The reverse has been issued on the ordinary English lists, and, as you therefore know already, is of no special interest.

Mar. 21st.

LATE NEWS ABOUT THE AMERICAN STARS

FATS WALLER just back in New York, after a tour of the South and middle West, where he was stricken by a very bad cold—"Brought on by the complete lack of alcohol in the veins," says Fats. . . . Fats is scheduled to record immediately for Victor, and will appear at Loew's State Theatre in week of March 20. . . . *Cootie's Concerto (Black Misery)* and *Barney's Concerto (Duke's Lament)* re-recorded by Ellington and at last due for release on Brunswick. . . .

HERBIE HAYMER, Red Norvo's brilliant tenor sax star, recorded with an eight-piece gang under Lou Garcia's direction on Victor. . . . Titles were *Swing Mr. Charlie*, *No Greater Love*, *Christopher Columbus*, *Love Is Like A Cigarette*. . . . **SPIRITS OF RHYTHM** made a guest-artist appearance in Paul Whiteman's weekly broadcast. . . . **LUIS RUSSELL'S** Band and Louis Armstrong, recently working together at Connie's Inn, both appeared at the Apollo in Harlem—but on separate

weeks! Russell's act, without Armstrong, included the *Three Keys*. . . .

MILT MESIROW is again recording at Victor, after all these years . . . all popular ditties, however, including *I've A-Muggin'*, the big hit number created and popularised by **STUFF SMITH**. . . . Stuff and his boys at the Onyx continue to prove the swing sensation of the day . . . their first records, on Decca, have just been released and should be terrific. . . .

RUSS MORGAN has really made a name for his new band at the Biltmore, and has gueststarred on broadcasts with Rudy Vallée and with R.C.A. Victor. . . .

JOE HAYMES, one of the best white arrangers, very despondent at the moment and looking for an opportunity to come to England as an arranger. . . . **TEDDY WILSON** and **BILLIE HOLIDAY** both auditioning for engagements in Europe.

DICK C. LANDER

Mar. 28th.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

Melle Weersma and His Red, White and Blue Aces. (Continental Decca, 1s. 6d.)

Honolulu Blues.
Red Indian Chase.
 (F 42022.)

NOT only because Melle Weersma is now arranging with Hylton in Chicago, but also on its own merits, this arrival from Holland is in many ways interesting.

Weersma's treatment of *Honolulu Blues* is original, yet it does not come into the class known as "screwy." Since most European hot arrangers cannot achieve the first quality without the second,

this is already a strong point on the credit side.

The first chorus, with its odd rhythm and ingenious use of clarinets, is the chief attraction of the disc. After a few playings I still find it most satisfying. Later on there comes some clever (but not too intentionally or trickily clever) piano work by the leader. The arrangement partially loses interest towards the end, but finishes off pleasantly enough.

There were moments when I really felt that this side had produced something in the nature of pure European jazz—a slightly different idiom from the natural original practised in the States, yet none the less genuine for all

that. In other words, it is a record with character, and not somebody else's character; for which relief much thanks.

Red Indian Chase is Weersma's own composition. This also has its moments, but is considerably less listenable than the reverse.

New Records In The States:—

Trumbauer's Orchestra on Brunswick in *I Hope Gabriel Likes My Music*, *Breakin' In A New Pair Of Shoes*. With Jack T., Johnny Mintz, George van Eps, Roy Bargy, Stan King, Artie Miller.

Ellington's Orchestra on Brunswick in *Isn't Love The Strangest Thing*, *No Greater Love*. Former has Ivie Anderson.

Jimmy Lunceford on Decca in *Stomp It Off*, *My Blue Heaven*.

Vocalion re-issues of Armstrong's *Fireworks*, *Sugar Foot Strut*, Venuti's *Four String Joe*, *Penn Beach Blues*.

Leonard G. Feather

A TERRIFIC NEW HIT
A
SUNBONNET
BLUE
AND A YELLOW STRAW HAT
SEE PAGE 6
PRICES: F.O. 3/-; S.O. 2/6; Trio 1/8; P.C. 1/-
Extra Parts 6d.
R. FELDMAN & Co., 125-9 Shaftesbury Av., W.C.2

Melody Maker

Vol. XII. No. 149

MARCH 28, 1936

THREEPENCE

THE FOX-TROT BEAUTIFUL

HAWAIIAN PARADISE

IS PUBLISHED BY

THE SUN MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. LTD.,
23 DENMARK STREET, LONDON, W.2.

(SEE PAGE 3)

SPIDER'S WEB: ALL-OUT PLANS

Viennese Beer Garden Development

FREDDY BRETHERTON RETURNS TO TAKE OVER MUSICAL DIRECTORSHIP

Cabaret Policy Inaugurated



FREDDY BRETHERTON.



TEDDY WILSON.

CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF HOT MUSIC

Vocalion Label Revival to Exploit Swing Records



LOUIS RUSSELL.

DETAILS have just come to light concerning the most ambitious and enterprising scheme ever associated with the dance-record industry.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE GRAMOPHONE WORLD, A NEW MAKE OF RECORD IS TO BE PLACED ON THE MARKET, SOLELY AND ESPECIALLY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO APPRECIATE MODERN RHYTHMIC MUSIC.

The history behind this decision, which has now definitely matured from a suggestion into actual fact, is of vast interest. The power behind the launching of this new record is none other than the Crystallite Gramophone Record Manufacturing Co., Ltd., which for many years has been associated with the production of popular records for the general public.

This vast market has naturally taken up all of the company's time, and it was found impossible to deal with such specialised factions as the swing music fraternity. For this reason the Crystallite Company has been the last to enter the field of hot music; but, having finally been persuaded to enter, it will do so in great style.

GEMS IN RESERVE

Apparently the company has at its disposal an important portion of the vast output of the American Record Corporation, and it has been arranged that any swing records available from this source will now be able to appear in this country on the "Vocalion" label under the general heading of "Vocalion Swing Records."

Not content, however, with presenting this grand array of ready-made material, the company has decided to take the plunge and make some special recordings of its own. The first step in this direction is the sensational capture of a famous instrumental star now visiting this country.

Many readers will recall that the name of "Vocalion" was used some years ago in this country, the rights to this trade name having remained with the Crystallite Company. Formerly Vocalion records were associated with very high prices, ranging from 2s. to as much as 6s. 6d.

PACK OF ACES

Now, however, aligning themselves with the modern trend in prices, the new Vocalion Swing Records will be listed at 2s. 6d. At this price will be made available a big and varied assortment of American swing music talent, including a number of the most familiar names, as well as certain promising newcomers whose records have never previously been available to English collectors.

Amongst the names already promised for inclusion in forthcoming releases are Teddy Wilson, featured with a magnificent white-and-coloured band; Luis Russell, favourite of many years' standing, with his most recent band recordings; Henry Allen in some of his best efforts, including some Chicago style numbers in which he is featured with "Fats" Waller and Eddie Condon; and Bud Freeman, who will be heard in some of the recordings of Joe Haymes and

HENRY HALL TO BROADCAST ON OCEAN GIANT

Music on Wonder Liner

THE outstanding event of the week, as far as the general public is concerned, has been the first trip of the giant Cunard-White Star liner, Queen Mary, and it is fitting to announce at this time that Henry Hall has been given the honour of conducting the dance music on the liner's maiden voyage across the Atlantic in May. Although several names have been freely mentioned for the position of guest-conductor on that trip, the MELODY MAKER can now reveal that Henry Hall was invited to make the voyage as far back as last December.

MONSTER BROADCAST

His contract with the B.B.C. had to be considered before any acceptance could be made of the proposal, but the way is now entirely clear and, when the Cunard-White Star directors formally extended him their official invitation on Monday, Henry agreed to go. The fortnight's voyage will be the occasion for one of the biggest dance music broadcasts ever organised, and Henry Hall will virtually be responsible for the musical side of these airings. While details have not yet been

Ivor Mairants Temporarily Tacet

THE profession will learn with much regret that Ivor Mairants, Roy Fox's brilliant guitar exponent, is likely to be out of the game for at least three months, the illness which recently enforced his absence from the band having become aggravated. Last week he was removed to the Middlesex Hospital, where he is under expert care, and has been x-rayed. Internal abscess is suspected, but the news that his condition gives no call for alarm will relieve the scores of his admirers who have phoned to the "M.M." for the reason for his continued absence. Meantime, his colleague, Harry Gold, who fell ill about the same time as himself, has now fully recovered and resumed work with the band. George Gibbs, who sustained a bruised collar bone through a motoring accident, is making good progress. In spite of a good deal of discomfort, he has cheerfully continued his bass-playing, and has taken no time off.

GIVEN REASONABLY FINE WEATHER THIS SUMMER, IT IS A SAFE BET THAT CAR-DRIVING LONDONERS WILL FLOCK OUT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT TO THE FAMOUS SPIDER'S WEB ROADHOUSE ON THE WATFORD BYPASS AT BUSHEY HEATH.

Vast plans are projected which will make this site of most near London roadhouses the complete resort for stylish recreation and amusement and a model for scores of others all over the country.

First, and perhaps foremost, is the reacquisition of Freddy Bretherton as musical director. This brilliant young Lancashire musician, originally a protégé of Jack Hylton, won for himself a national reputation as the leader of the small dance band which played at the Web so signally, prior to two years ago.

LIPTON'S RIGHT HAND

It brought him to the attention of Syd Lipton, who, ever since, has enjoyed his services as pianist and orchestrator-in-chief at Grosvenor House Hotel.

The new developments at the Spider's Web, however, are so important that the offer made to Freddy to return was one which he could not refuse.

Despite his reluctance to let him go, Syd Lipton felt he could not stand in the way of one who had given him such conscientious good service, and there was an extremely amicable termination of the engagement at Grosvenor House.

Freddy's new job will be personally to direct the dance band in the Spider's Web Ballroom, and also the Continental type orchestra, which will be on duty in the new Viennese Garden.

This latter is one of the most important of the extensions, for, in effect, it will be a Continental beer garden in which people may take light refreshments while listening to music, singers, and other acts.

FOURTEEN-PIECER

Set in sylvan surroundings and lit with floods and fairy lights, with iced lager served in steins and rollicking music the keynote, this innovation should make the summer nights more welcome than ever for jaded metropolitans.

The activities in the beer garden will close down at 11.30 p.m., and then the two orchestras will merge into a fourteen-piece in the ballroom for the midnight cabaret.

Freddy will ensure that the acts are beautifully accompanied, and they will change each week, so that there will always be variety for those who would like to take their summer amusement out in the country only some twelve miles from Marble Arch.

DAYS IN THE SUN

There is, of course, a swimming pool at the Spider's Web, and a delightful one it is, too. When it opens, simultaneously with the beer garden on May 2, aquatic attractions will also be introduced. Special facilities for sunbathing and open-air gymnasium will also be provided.

Thus, on any one day, visitors may swim, take the sun and exercise, partake of cool drinks to music in the garden, and dine and dance in the

LEW STONE DECIDES HIS BAND

Café de Paris' New All-Star 10-piece

MUCH relief will be afforded to admirers of Lew Stone when they learn that, consequent upon his acceptance of the resident job at the Café de Paris, the alterations in the personnel of his band are not to be so exacting as was first thought likely.

For instance, the policy of no brass at all has been abandoned. Alfie Nonkes being retained as solo trumpet. This puts out into the employment market those grand performers, Joe Ferris, Bill Mulraney and Tommy McQuater, but certainly not for long, as there should soon be brisk bidding for their services.

Lew will retain also his wonderful sax trio, led by the peerless Joe Crossman, who still, in our opinion, is the finest sax leader in the country.

On second alto is Bill Apps, who recently joined the band in place of Ernie Rittle, and Don Barrigo on tenor, of course.

Monia Litter remains on piano, and the inimitable Tiny Winters is on bass, supported by Archie Slavin, guitarist.

NEW FACES

There are two newcomers in Syd Moran, violin, and Clarence Boulder, drums, the latter being a somewhat Canadian ice-hockey player.

Thus Lew has a nine-piece combination under him which should in no way depreciate his reputation for the highest class dance music, and it seems that the Café de Paris patrons have a fine treat in store for them.

It was reported in the M.M. last week that this combination would be reinforced by additional brass for all recording and broadcasting sessions, but since Lew will not be having to bear stage appearances in mind, we anticipate somewhat that his radio work will lean more and more to that quiet, swingy music which Lew Stone, better than most people in this country, knows a well how to produce.

STOP PRESS

Danny Polo arriving back in England by "Europa" to-day (Friday). Will immediately sit in with the Ambrose Orchestra at The Troxy, Commercial Road.

PETER MAURICE ORCHESTRAL CLUB

HAS THE TWO BIGGEST HITS IN MUSIC BUSINESS!

THE SUNSET TRAIL

EVERYBODY'S HILL-BILLY FAVOURITE!—BIGGEST SINCE "ROLL ALONG COVERED WAGON"!

WHY DID SHE FALL FOR THE LEADER OF THE BAND?

JACK HYLTON'S BIG SENSATION FROM "SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC"—THE HIT OF THE FILM!

CURRENT ISSUES: BIRD ON THE WING (LOVELIEST MELODY OF 1935) TELL ME AGAIN (THE BIG WALTZ REQUEST)

NEW ISSUES: WOE IS ME (FATS WALLER'S LATEST RAGE!) DERE'S JAZZ IN DEM DERE HORNS (SPENCER WILLIAMS' GREATEST SWING TUNE!)

All the Above Great Numbers in Your First Parcel—Send in Now!

16 NUMBERS FOR 10s. AS ISSUED and 2 FREE HOT TUNES

PRICES to Non-subscribers: F.O. 3/-; S.O. 2/6; P.C. 1/- Extra Parts 6d. each. USE THE COUPON NOW

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS USING THIS COUPON—SPECIAL FREE OFFER 2 GREAT NEW HOT TUNES DIZZY GLIDE & NEW ORLEANS TWIST (To non-subscribers 2/6 per single number) Please enrol me as a member of the P.M. Orchestral Club for which I enclose £. NAME ADDRESS Please mark Combination required. M.M. 28/3/36 16 Nos. S.O. 10/- F.O. 12/6 Trio 7/6

PETER MAURICE MUSIC CO., LTD., MAURICE BUILDING, DENMARK ST., LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 3856 (5 lines) Telegrams: MAURITUNES, WESTCENT, LONDON

THE RADIO TIMES



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

THE latest fad to germinate in the world of British jazz is what might be described as 'contingent complex'. This is a tendency which has the hearty approval of jazz addicts, inasmuch as it shows the trend towards a type of performance which can be most economically effective in dance music.

The first seeds of the movement were sown over a year ago, when Ambrose presented a contingent of his orchestra under the name of 'The Embassy Light', featuring modern arrangements of tunes scavenged from the Palaeolithic jazz era.

Since then it has become fashionable among many of the leading orchestras to select six or seven from the regular band, who are allowed to give new life into old tunes by submitting them to the garies of musical improvisation. One of the most delightful products of this style is Lew Stone's rendering of 'I ain't got nobody'.

Another victim of the 'contingent complex' is a Preager, who presents 'The Swingers' two or three times in each programme. And now, to add an air of topicality to this subject, I learn that Billy Cotton is on the air next Friday with 'The Cotton Pickers'.

The popularity of small swing bands is by no means limited to this country. Across the Atlantic you will find that a remarkably high proportion of today's greatest swing-record output is produced by small bands.

If you are seeking a few specific illustrations of an excellent attempt by Leonard Hibbs to define jazz music in the recent Dance Music Number 'THE RADIO TIMES', you will find a perfect example in Benny Goodman's Trio (clarinet, piano, and drums), whose recording of 'Who' and 'Someday, sweetheart' has even been acclaimed by personalities in the world of classical music.

Then there is the work of Teddy Wilson and his eight-piece orchestra. Here again is a natural use of swing, augmented by technical ability which endows the 'collective improvisation' with an aura of spirited assurance. The same fascination can be found in the work of Red Norvo; of Grappelly's amazing French swing quintet; and of 'Fats' Waller in his less ebullient moments.

In studying the music of small bands like these, you can begin to appreciate jazz as an intriguing and unique art form rather than a form of popular entertainment for the masses. The BBC has been helping to propagate this attitude towards good jazz in an excellent series of record programmes in the Western programme (one of which was due to take place last night), under the general title of 'Rhythm Soloists'. Records of this type will certainly help thousands to realize the true interpretation of the perfect tempo di jazz.

The BBC has been helping to propagate this attitude towards good jazz in an excellent series of record programmes in the Western programme (one of which was due to take place last night), under the general title of 'Rhythm Soloists'. Records of this type will certainly help thousands to realize the true interpretation of the perfect tempo di jazz.

Short and Tall Stories

- Which of the following statements are true?
1. Maurice Winnick once drove a racing-car backwards round the Brooklands track at 45 m.p.h., for a bet.
 2. When Carroll Gibbons broadcasts, each of his musicians has a separate cubicle-like studio to himself, as Gibbons believes this ensures perfect balance.
 3. Nat Gonella can play the violin.
 4. One of Charlie Kunz's most faithful fans is an old lady in Lanarkshire who is stone-deaf.
 5. One of the Mills Brothers having died, the bass effects are now sung by their father, John Mills Sr.

KINGS OF TIN PAN ALLEY

Gordon and Revel, one of the star song teams of the U.S.A., are over here on a business visit, and will be broadcasting with Henry Hall next Thursday evening

'IN particular', said Harry Revel, 'I should like you to say how we appreciate the wonderful reception folks have given us. It's been really swell.'

I assured him that I would remember to say so.

It has been said (probably by a song-publisher) that song-writers are all alike. Temperamental, uneducated, conceited, musically illiterate, and generally inimical to society. Harry Revel, who sets the music to Mack Gordon's lyrics, must be the exception to prove this rule. There can be few successful composers less typical of their class than this short, dapper, and eligible young bachelor, English by birth but American by manner.

When the Gordon-and-Revel team arrived a few weeks ago from Hollywood to write the music for Jessie Matthews's new film, widespread attention was drawn to the more obvious facts attending their case: the long list of hits they have written for Paramount pictures; the fact that Mack Gordon weighed twenty stone at fifteen years of age and has been growing ever since; that they receive four hundred letters a week from would-be song-writers, demanding their assistance.

What the Press did not reveal is the noteworthy fact that Harry Revel, although a song-writer, is also a gifted musician; that he is not the mortal enemy of his fellow-writers; and that he does not spend his entire life talking shop. Little did I dream, before calling on him for an interview, that fragments of his story would be given in fluent French, German, Spanish, Italian, and several far more bewildering languages, all of which Revel has mastered in astonishingly short periods—two weeks in Spain, a few months in Paris, and so on.

His lust for travel will take him to Paris, Vienna, and Budapest, before he settles down to work in London. He will have to be back by Thursday next, in order to take part in the 'All-Gordon-and-Revel' performance to be broadcast by the BBC Dance Orchestra in the early evening. I have not seen details of the programme (which, by the way, is to be broadcast to the U.S.A., through the NBC network), but have no doubt that 'Time on my hands', 'Did you ever see a dream walking?', 'May I?', 'College Rhythm', 'Stay as sweet as you are', 'With my eyes wide open I'm dreaming', 'You hit the spot', 'Top of your head to the tip of your toes', and 'Feather in the breeze', will be likely candidates for inclusion.

The prodigious output of hits the world owes to Gordon and Revel started five years ago, after a casual meeting in a publisher's office; they sat together in a dressing-room of the theatre where Gordon worked as part of a comedy vaudeville act. During that evening they wrote nineteen numbers. One, 'Underneath the Harlem Moon', was a sensational hit.

The prodigious output of hits the world owes to Gordon and Revel started five years ago, after a casual meeting in a publisher's office; they sat together in a dressing-room of the theatre where Gordon worked as part of a comedy vaudeville act. During that evening they wrote nineteen numbers. One, 'Underneath the Harlem Moon', was a sensational hit.

Harry Revel (at the piano) and Mack Gordon try over a new number with Bing Crosby and his small son, Gary Crosby

It was not long before Ziegfeld hired Gordon and Revel to write the numbers for his new 'Follies'; Walter Winchell, most famous of American columnists, boosted them continuously in his gossip; then, when the musical-film cycle began in Hollywood, there came a contract offer from Paramount. The pair have worked for that company ever since, and still have nine months more of their contract to run when they return to Los Angeles in four-months' time.

'And you know what pleased us most of all?' said Harry Revel. 'Last year we jumped to second place in the list of song teams' radio

Solutions to the Mixed Doubles in last week's 'Tempo di Jazz': Sam Costa; Oscar Rabin; Evelyn Dall; Jack Nathan; Ivor Moreton; Brian Lawrence; Eddie Carroll; Carroll Gibbons; George Scott-Wood; Mantovani.

totals. Warren and Dubin came first with over 100,000; and our numbers were on the air 95,821 times during 1935.

'Glad to be in Europe? I'll say we are. People have been swell to us, and I want you to say how we appreciate it. It's Mack's first time here, and it's my first time in eight years; I was only twenty-one when I left England for the States.'

The conversation rambled on as he talked of his recent phone call to his mother in California, and of her news that the temperature there is 90 in the shade; of Mack's incredulity on seeing his first pea-soup fog; of the number of people who have asked him whether he is the 'Revel' who wrote *Bolero*; of his views on English radio stars, and his admiration, among crooners, for Danny Dennis and Phyllis Robins; of the Hollywood interest in Ambrose, Stone, Fox, and others, to whom film stars listen on short-wave sets.

'But one thing I do want you to mention', he added emphatically, 'is how we appreciate the reception we've had. People have really been swell to us.'

I assured him I would not fail to mention it.
L. G. F.



Metronome

ENGLISH BANDS, RECORDS, RADIO, REVIEWS

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

LONDON

Rather a quiet month, with more negative news than positive, as a result of the Royal funeral and the ensuing slump in professional activity. During the first few weeks of national morning dance musicians were in a chaotic state, cancellations flowing in from all sides. Dance music was suspended entirely from the air until after the funeral, and even on its return there was a considerable gap before things began to pick up again in the fields of private dances and social functions on which thousands of British musicians depend for their living.

It is believed that next year, towards the Coronation date, there will be a big boom in music which will counter-balance by far the effects of the present depression. His majesty King Edward VIII will certainly take no part in impeding the general celebrations, for he has long been a keen patron of most forms of entertainment. Paul Whiteman, Teddy Brown, Syd Roy and other bandleaders have, in the past, had the honor of playing for him at Saint James's Palace.

It was an American, Brook Johns, who gave banjo lessons to the new king some years back. He was also reputed to be interested in drumming as a pastime; further, he is an excellent dancer, and, becoming interested in tap-dancing, he once took lessons under Jack Buchanan, British musical comedy star.

Naturally, despite the general dullness of things over here, there have been attempts to cash in on public sentiment, and, barely a week after the funeral of the late sovereign, Lawrence Wright has brought out a song entitled *Here's Health Unto Our New King*.

Henry Hall May Visit U. S.

Henry Hall's B.B.C. Dance Orchestra is the focal point of most of the month's news. The band enters on its fifth year on March 16, and will celebrate the occasion by adding two violins, a cello, a vocal act called the Three Sisters (consisting of girls from a Cochran chorus who have never yet sung together professionally), and a nineteen-year-old singer, easy on the eyes and ears, who came for an audition as a pianist and landed a job as vocalist. Her name is Vivienne Brooks.

More interesting still is that Hall has had an invitation to direct the musical organization of the Cunard-White-Star Line, which would involve his taking a band across on the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary*, May 27. It is understood the B.B.C. has no objections. If Hall accepts he will broadcast from mid-Atlantic, and hook-ups may be arranged with networks on both sides of the ocean.

The band would not be able to stay in the States, as Hall is under contract to the B.B.C. for some two years yet.

Benny Carter for London

An even more exciting news item connected with the same band is the plan to bring over Benny Carter, who has recently been playing with Willie Lewis' orchestra in Paris.

Carter's reputation as one of Harlem's finest multi-instrumentalists and arrangers is even greater here than in the States, and Henry Hall expects to make intensive use of him for new

orchestrations. If labor permit matters can be fixed, he will also probably play with the band.

By way of compensation you will have England's most talented colored arranger around soon. Reginald Forsythe plans to broadcast with Whiteman again in New York, as he did eighteen months ago. During his trip the Whiteman office will handle Forsythe's bookings, whilst Irving Mills will deal with the publication of his numbers.

COMING TO U. S.



Henry Hall

Croom-Johnson Will Produce for NBC

By the time you read this there will be another British dance music personality hitting the spots around West Fifty Second Street. He is Austen Croom-Johnson, who paid you a short visit last fall when the "Band Goes To Town" series was organized, featuring Ella Logan and the Onyx Club Boys.

Croom-Johnson, like one or two others, can claim to have had an important part in starting the music that went round and around; in fact, Mike Riley acknowledges even now the fact that he owes a great deal to the ginger-headed Briton for putting him on the air.

Croom-Johnson's plans for his American trip are extremely interesting. He will continue to produce *The Band Goes To Town* and *Soft Lights And Sweet Music* for N.B.C. with musicians and vocalists of his own selection, and will also produce musical sustaining shows such as *Melodies Out Of The Sky*, *Two Friends In Harmony* and others.

"Ginger" is a brilliant arranger and pianist with a wealth of ideas which will appeal to musicians, and all the above programs should be watched for with interest.

Shorts

Two bands in search of a band-leader: the JACK HYLTON band continues to tour the English music halls while its director leads an American group in Chicago; and BERT AMBROSE, busy with various plans for his future, has let his band go on tour without him, featuring an alluring American warbler, one EVELYN DALL, and comedian-

drummer MAX BACON. Bert himself will probably visit New York to explore possibilities, and, if this writer isn't mistaken, will be doing a Ray Noble before the year is out.

LARRY ADLER, whose harmonica work has wowed British Islanders for fifteen months now, is a best-seller on 25c records and cleans up some \$750 weekly in the vaude houses. Family is with him, and may remain indefinitely, though Larry will return home for a while on the first voyage of the *Queen Mary*. . . . BENNY GOODMAN Trio records on H.M.V. are outselling every swing record in months. . . . BILLY MERRIN, Nottingham bandleader and B.B.C. favorite, had to form a brand-new band at a moment's notice following internal strife. . . . LEW STONE and ROY FOX on the road with their Grade A outfits, the latter fea-

BAND REVIEWED



Lou Praeger

turing an amazing Scottish kid, Mary Lee, who sings and swings better than most English girls of twice her age. . . . *Music Goes Round* just missed being a furor over here, partly owing to interruption of national mourning, and partly because the British sense of humor didn't react quite so strongly to the type of number. . . . WILBUR HALL, whose last visit occurred in 1926 when Paul Whiteman brought him over, is taking his violin and trombone comedy act around the halls.

IVOR MORETON & DAVE KAYE, England's clankiest but best-selling pianists, split with their leader HARRY ROY and opened as an individual act. Roy replaced them with a brilliant youth named STANLEY BLACK, and NORMAN YARLETT. . . . LEW LESLIE has a new Blackbirds show going around the halls. The music could be worse, but atmosphere counts for a lot in shows of this kind, and there's a world of difference between the Chiswick Empire and the Apollo in Harlem!

Late News

Ambrose, Britain's most famous music maestro, has taken over the running of London's famous Café de

Paris. Plans are not yet completed regarding the band, but probability is that Ambrose's own orchestra will open the reorganized restaurant.

Howard Jacobs, American saxophone virtuoso who has led an English band for many years, departs shortly for Australian Broadcasting Commission to direct house-band for Australian radio network.

RECORDS

From time to time records appear in the British catalogs which, though they have never been released in the States, may be of great interest to American record collectors. These consist chiefly of (a) recordings by American artists in Europe, (b) recordings by European artists in Europe, and even (c) recordings by American artists in America. In this section it is hoped to deal with the more important of these releases.

The most remarkable experiment of recent years in British dance music recording took place recently at the Parlophone studios, where a so-called "British Artists Rhythm Style Series" was recorded. This consists of twelve sides by small British pick-up swing bands, mostly featuring some special soloist.

The results give a far better idea of the English musician's capabilities than any commercial record or broadcast. Following are the details:

Jack Miranda & His Meanderers—*Bread & Jam* and *Ida*, Parlophone R 2149. Hugo Rignold (Violin & Viola)—*Calling All Keys* and *Poor Butterfly*, R 2150. Arthur Young (Piano & Rhythm section)—*Blind Man's Buff* and *Aint Misbehavin'*, R 2151. Lew Davis (Trombone)—*Swing Me Sweetly* and *I Never Knew*, R 2152. Freddy Gardner (Sax & Clar.)—*Duncan Whyte* (Trumpet)—*China Boy* and *Hummin' To Myself*, R 2153. The Black Hand Gang—*Lamhouse Blues* and *Entr'acte*, R 2154.

These are sold separately or complete in an album with a very verbose booklet about the performances.

The most interesting side is *Entr'acte*, an original composition by Stanley Black, who directs the band on piano. The combination includes three flutes, which are very skillfully worked into the score. There is also some swell tenor blowing by a young man rejoicing in the name of Buddy Featherstonhaugh (check that spelling, printer!), and on the reverse, also an interesting piece of work. Black takes a pleasing little solo.

Bread And Jam is a British swing record with guts and attack. It is as attractive as many American records of this type, and rises above the recent standards of Prima and Mamone.

It will be highly interesting to see the views in the "Impressions In Wax" columns of American readers who buy this album. Undoubtedly some of the records will cause a great deal of heated discussion.

There are only three main recording companies, Brunswick and Decca are affiliated in England, so that a record released on Decca in the U. S. may happen to appear on Brunswick in England, or vice versa. Brunswick now has all its dance records at 2/6d. (60c), while Decca specializes in 1/6d. (35c) discs. The same company has a 25c label, Panachord.

(Turn to page 26, please)

And in this issue the METRONOME takes a big jump eastward—over to England. From there each month will come exclusive correspondence from the great English musical authority, Leonard G. Feather, telling us just what our musical cousins are thinking and doing.

Mr. Lord asks: "Couldn't you find space to review a few foreign jazz recordings—especially British? I mean some of Harry Roy's works for Parlophone, for instance, which are definitely worthwhile." (cf. Leonard Feather's English Page.)

English Reviews, Etc.

(Continued from page 19)

Affiliated to each other through the Electrical and Musical Industries combine, though separately controlled, are Parlophone, Columbia and His Master's Voice or H.M.V. (Victor) which have popular dance records at 35c and special swing records (except Columbia) at 60c. This group also controls Regal-Zonophone at 25c, drawing occasionally on the Bluebird catalog for material.

The third important firm is Crystalite, which has the corner on the cheap record market with its chain-store records: nine-inch Crown at 12c in Woolworth's, and 25c Rex records, using American masters from the Perfect-Melotone supplements.

One remarkable angle on the situation here is that many great American dance records have been issued which were never released in the States. For instance, there are fourteen swell sides by Spike Hughes & His Negro Orchestra on English Decca at 35c, made in New York with Henry Allen, Benny Carter, Hawkins, Chop and a terrific all-star gang. Then Brunswick have some repressings of old Gemmett masters, while on Parlophone a swing series has just started, featuring records made under John Hammond's supervision specially for English release.

The average total sale of a successful swing record in Great Britain is from 2,500 to 7,500, best sellers being Ellington, Benny Goodman and Teddy Wilson. A commercial dance record sells about twice as well, but, of course, generally at the lower price. *Music Goes 'Round* by the Onyx Boys has touched 20,000.

Following are the companies for which the leading bands record: Decca—Ambrose, Al Collins, Geraklo, Sydney Lipton, Lew Stone. Panachord—Sydney Kyte, Lou Preager, H. M. V.—Jack Hylton, Roy Fox, Columbia—Henry Hall, Carroll Gibbons, Parlophone—Nat Gonella, Harry Roy, Regal-Zonophone—Billy Cotton, Rex—Charley Kunz, Jack Payne, Crown—Mrs. Jack Hylton.

BAND REVIEWS

There are only two main radio stations in the whole of England, dispensing National and Regional programs respectively. There are also subsidiary Regional Stations (Western, Midland, etc.), but the bulk of the British listener's programs emanates from the main studios in London, where only two alternatives are available.

All programs are, of course, non-commercial, and are planned by the B.B.C. There are also many programs broadcast in English from Continental stations, mostly through the auspices of the International Broadcasting Corp. These are recorded in England and shipped abroad. Stations using these transmissions include Luxembourg, Normandy, Poste Parisien, and E.A.Q., Madrid on short waves.

London dance music usually starts on the Regional network each evening around 10.30 p.m. (5.30 E.S.T.), linking up around 11 p.m. with the National network.

Regular programs are approximately as follows: Henry Hall plays Thursday one week and Saturday the next, also every weekday afternoon. Ambrose has the alternate Saturday nights and Charley Kunz the alternate Thursdays. Lou Preager plays every second Tuesday, Harry Roy every second Friday. Other air bands, frequently but irregularly, include Joe Loss, Sydney Lipton (Grosvenor House), Billy

When the band attempts numbers of the *Showboat Shuffle* class this becomes increasingly apparent. However, there is a good lead trumpet in the person of Clinton French (yes, that's the way it's spelled) and a hot solo man, Garner.

Reeds have suffered by the loss of Freddy Gardner, Britain's star alto, now in hospital with serious throat trouble. Replacing him is newcomer Gilbert, a promising lad, though inclined to lose himself on solo work.

Rhythm section is up to the British standard, excepting possibly the drummer, whose efforts to show off in fast numbers sometimes have drastic results. Preager himself is featured in accordion solos which are strictly commercial.

Vocals are generally satisfactory to

English audiences, though American would expect a higher standard of distinctive personalities. Marjorie Stedeford is an Australian who landed here last year and has earned widespread popularity for her frequent broadcasts and recordings. She has had a more thorough musical training than most English girl singers, but lacks a feeling for swing.

A few entertaining minutes are inserted into each broadcast when some of the boys, under the name of "The Swingers," jam *Sweet Sue* and similar standard tunes. If there is no great inspiration shown, the results at least have the merit of sincerity, and will give American listeners a typical earful of what happens when a British band tries to get off.

*** Henry Hall and his B.B.C. dance orchestra.

Line-up: 1st Trumpet, Charlie Price; 2nd Trumpet, Billy Smith; 3rd Trumpet, Freddy Mann; 1st Trombone, Tony Thorpe; 2nd Trombone, Eric Tann; 3rd Trombone, Freddy Welsh; 1st Sax, Burton Gillis; 2nd Sax, Freddy Williams; 3rd Sax, Jack Halsall; 4th Sax, Eddie Cromar; 1st Violin, Joe Hitchenor; 2nd Violin, Herbie Powell; 3rd Violin, Eric Cuthbertson; Piano, Bert Read; Guitar, George Dickinson; Drums, George Elrick; Bass, Theodore Farrar.

Vocals: Dan Donovan, George Elrick, etc.

Chief Arrangers: Bert Read, Andy Hodgkiss, Burton Gillis, Paul Fenhoulet; Freddy Williams (comedy numbers); Geo. Dickinson (guitar feature numbers); Phil Cardew, Ben Frankel, Ronnie Munro (choir & concert arrangements).

Broadcasts: Every week, alternating Thursday and Saturdays, 5.30-7 p.m. E.S.T. Also frequently 12.14-1 p.m. Signature tunes: *It's Just The Time For Dancing* (opening); *Here's To The Next Time* (closing).

Records: Columbia (60c).

History: This band was formed to replace Jack Payne's in March, 1932, as house orchestra at the B.B.C. Hall originally started broadcasting in 1924 from the Gleneagles Hotel in Scotland. At one time he played a number of instruments, and in addition to being an all-round musician he has written a number of commercial songs. The band has made one or two appearances in public, but at present confines its work exclusively to radio and recording.

Comment: Nothing will give you a more representative idea of a British dance band than the Hall outfit, which has all the features of the present-day good class local combination.

Their musicianship and accuracy of interpretation is unquestionable, owing largely to Hall's intensive training and rehearsal of the boys. The six-piece brass section is an asset to the arrangers, and the recent addition of Tony Thorpe, formerly with Ambrose, should prove valuable.

Since the outfit works exclusively on the air, its repertoire has to include a number of corny specialties, lower grade waltzes, and other superfluous growths, in order to please every section of the public. Hall, though, being a real musician, does not neglect the real fans, and has been the first to exploit material by such British composers as Reginald Foresythe and Spike Hughes.

The main difficulty in the execution of numbers of this kind is the inability of the boys to busk (English for jam). In common with a large percentage of British musicians, their brilliance fails them when it comes to improvising a chorus. The only men who appear to

(Turn to page 62, please)

Cotton, Roy Fox, Sydney Kyte, Maurice Winnick, Jack Jackson. This covers most of Britain's best bands, excluding one (Jack Payne's) which recently threw up broadcasting on the grounds that payment, \$200 per session, is absurd, and the studios inadequate. The B.B.C. has issued a refutation of Payne's claims, but sympathy in the profession is all against the Corporation.

RADIO

(Maximum Marking: Four Stars)

** Lou Preager and His Band. Shining in variety.

Line-up: 1st Trumpet, Clinton French; 2nd Trumpet, Cyril Garner; Trombone, Miff Smith; 1st Alto, Les Gilbert; 2nd Alto, Harry Hunter; Tenor, Alan Yates; Baritone, Jack Clapper; Piano, Reub Silver; Guitar, Albert Harris; Drums, Johnny Marks; Bass, Doug Lees; Accordion Solos, Lou Preager.

Vocals: Ronald Hill, Gerry Fitzgerald, Marjorie Stedeford, Miff Smith.

Chief Arranger: Reub Silver.

Broadcasts: Twice monthly, approx. 5.30-7 p.m. E.S.T. Next broadcasts: March 3rd and 17th. Signature tune: *Dancing Time*.

Records: Panachord (25c)

History: The body of this band was formed in March, 1933, to play Ciro's Restaurant, London. It was there that the new King, Edward VIII, then Prince of Wales, complimented Preager, declaring that his tango music was the finest he had ever heard. Preager was subsequently invited to play for the Prince at Windsor during Ascot week. The band was at Romano's in the Strand for some time, but lately has been doing music hall work.

Comment: Credit for the efficiency of this band as a good-class commercial outfit must go strictly to the arranger. Despite the difficulties of writing for only three brass against four reeds, pocket-sized Reub Silver, the talented pianist, has nevertheless managed to infuse life and variety into the orchestrations, almost all of which are left in his hands.

If you happen to pick this outfit up on the short waves, you will notice the brass deficiency in question.

England-Bands, Etc.

(Continued from page 26)

be at all gifted in this direction are Billy Smith, the promising new trumpet find, Bert Read and possibly George Elrick.

Most of the best arrangements, too, are the work of Bert Read. They include *The Broken Record*, *The Music Goes Round*, and an interesting Hoagy Carmichael selection. The band also features stock arrangements of pseudo-hot tunes such as *Hobo On Park Avenue*.

Hall is a pleasant personality whose clean-cut "Englishness" would appeal to Americans in the event of a Transatlantic trip. His localized comedy features, such as *A Thick, Thick Fog In London*, would also sock U. S. audiences; but the band as a whole would find itself up against stiff competition.

INTERNATIONAL



Dutch
TRUMPET
stephanne
in French
Records
Latest Discs
WAXWORKS



by Leonard Feather

TWO literary surprises of the month:—

In a new left-wing cinema monthly, *World Film News*, appears an article on film music by one "Spike" Hughes.

In the April issue of America's increasingly massive *Esquire* comes an article, entitled *Some Like It Hot*, by Charles Edward Smith, wherein hot musicians and records, and the cult of hot music in general, comes up for a lengthy, well-informed, and entirely unpatronising discussion.

Can it be that the Press at large is becoming aware of the real jazz?

New sessions, New York:—

Stuff Smith, the coloured violinist, of whom you will hear plenty during the year, made four more numbers for Brunswick: *How'm I Doin'*, *After You've Gone*, *Tain't No Use*, and *I Don't Wanna Make History*, *I Wanna Make Love*.

Blue Rhythm Band did *Tormented* and *Love Is The Reason*.

Red Norvo has made six recordings for Champion 25c. (1s.) list, under the name of Ken Kenny, in which he plays piano instead of xylophone. Mostly popular songs, such as *You*

Started Me Dreaming, *Let Yourself Go*, *What's The Name Of That Song*.

The Ramblers (Dutch Decca, 1s. 6d. to order).

By *The Shalimar*.

Alabama Swing.

(P 42011).

The first chorus of *Shalimar*, probably inspired by Nichols' record, gives an impression of ten baritone saxophones against one tiny, struggling muted trumpet. In the second chorus a rather flowery alto solo is set off by a melody ensemble. The final chorus, with its heavy down-beat accent, leads to a neat and effective coda.

On the reverse is what sounds dangerously like a local opus. It is played much too fast (naturally), and the arranger saves much valuable time by letting the saxes play unison passages. Why must the trombone feature that jumpy staccato, like a cat on hot bricks? He and the over-leagato violinist should effect a compromise.

Don't be discouraged. The record really has plenty of good points, and measures up to the Ramblers' general standard.

BENNY CARTER INTO HIS STRIDE!

Recording Development

AS was indicated last week in these pages, the company responsible for the launching of the Vocalion "Swing" records in this country has not been slow in considering the possibilities of recording in England, and it can now be revealed that it has already signed up no less a person than Benny Carter.

Benny will thus be heard himself playing alto, trumpet, and other instruments in some of his own brilliant orchestrations.

He will be supported by an all-star British (and apparently half-Scottish) combination, the exact personnel of which will be published within the next few days. Several of Ambrose's boys are expected to be included.

In addition to his recording contract Benny has signed an agreement with the Peter Maurice Music Co., with whom he is to place six of his compositions.

Benny's hosts of admirers will, therefore, have a welcome opportunity of

studying, and themselves playing, some of the arrangements which he will have made famous on records and on the air.

A third interesting news item concerning Benny is that of the three other numbers on which he is now working for Henry Hall, one is written by Leonard Feather, and is entitled *I've Got Two Lips*.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

MAURICE WINNICK, who furnishes the late-night dance music next Thursday, has built his policy round a signature tune, 'The Sweetest Music this Side of Heaven'. It was not until after he had taken up this tune that he discovered that it was written by Guy Lombardo, his American musical prototype.

Whatever your views may be on the Winnick style (and, frankly, this is not my musical diet), there certainly is a considerable public for what has variously been termed 'sweet', 'sugary', and 'treacly' dance music, or what the Americans describe more expressively as 'schmalzy' jazz. In Manny Marron, his star saxophonist, Winnick has a man with the velvet tone and smoothness of style required to put over this class of material.

After travelling eighty-four thousand miles, directing dance bands on Transatlantic liners, Winnick settled down in England in 1928. He adopted his present style while playing at the San Marco last year. Not having any resident job at present, he will be heard next week with a special broadcasting band composed of the following stars: *Saxes*: Ernest Ritte, Manny Marron, Percy Winnick. *Trumpets*: Harry Owen, J. Strachan. *Trombones*: Lew Davis, Miff Smith. *Piano*: Alec Blackford; *guitar*, Fred Watson; *bass*, Don Stutely; *drums*, Bert Jackson. *Chief arrangers*: Peter Yorkie, Stanley Black.

Vocal work will be in the hands of his own original discoveries, Sam Costa and Julia Shirley; there will also be the trio known as Jack, Jack, and Jimmy, whose anonymity is a useful cloak for changes of identity.

A newcomer to the British air-waves next week is Howard Baker (Thursday, 5.15). Musicians call him 'the gig king', which, in English, signifies that Mr. Baker devotes his time to lucrative single-night engagements, such as society functions. There are so many bands controlled by him, and bearing his name, that there may be some doubt as to whether Howard Baker is a living person or just a mythical trade-name. Certainly he was not able to direct in person all the seventy-five bands for which he secured engagements last New Year's Eve; yet there seems to be little doubt that a flesh-and-blood Howard Baker, born in 1902 in this city of London, was practising trumpet at his home as long ago as 1917, and renounced his intentions of becoming a surgeon as the musical urge grew stronger in him.

Just to prove his existence, Howard Baker may exchange his baton for a trumpet next Thursday in one number—the Post Horn Gallop. 'If I don't play the Post Horn Gallop', he informed me 'I shan't play at all.'

Last week's 'Short and Tall Stories' included only two true statements. It is the father who sings with the three remaining Mills Brothers; and if Nat Gonella does not play the violin publicly now, he was at least known to be dividing his time between violin and trumpet in Manchester in 1919. At that time he was a member of a band run by Bob Dryden, who now plays drums in Gonella's own band.

America Is Again To The Fore With A Real Nutty Song

TRY "34-UH! 39-WOOF!" IN YOUR BATH

WHILE New York's song publishers are hunting around for a song that can justify the description of "another 'Music Goes 'Round,'" there are two songs already rapidly infecting the American public which, in their way, show signs of becoming similar overnight sensations.

One, like *The Music Goes 'Round*, originated at the Onyx Club. It is called *I've A-Muggin'*, and has been featured by Stuff Smith, the coloured violinist already mentioned in these pages.

This is nothing more than a sheer nonsense song, the "chorus" being shouted instead of sung. It simply consists of counting numbers up to seventy, substituting "Uh!" for every multiple of seven or number ending in seven, and "Woof!" for every multiple of ten.

To push one's way into the Onyx Club and hear the crowd roaring ". . . Thirty-four, Uh! thirty-six, Uh! thirty-eight, thirty-nine Woof! forty-one . . ." really conveys the impression of a madhouse; yet all America is playing this infantile game.

THE LAW AND "1492"

The other hit number, which is more limited to the swing bands and fans, but is nevertheless becoming very, very popular, is variously known as *Christopher Columbus* and *1492*. It has this much in common with *The Music Goes 'Round*, namely, that there will probably be several lawsuits concerning the true authorship.

The opening strains of this fascinating little melody, which Fletcher Henderson has adopted as his signature tune, date back to at least a year ago, when "Choo" used to play them while sitting in with the band at Dickie Wells' Club.

At that time both "Choo" and Roy

Eldridge, trumpet, were with Teddy Hill's Band, which featured the number. Since then both of them have joined Fletcher Henderson, who has been using the strain with altered lyrics and slightly changed music.

The question now appears to be whether Teddy Hill, "Choo,"

BROADWAY PRATTLE by DICK C. LANDER

Eldridge or Henderson can claim royalties. It may be one of them, or it may be all of them.

In any case, Teddy Hill is recording it as *1492* for the Amer. Record Corp. This, incidentally, will be the first recording date by this great band since over a year ago. Other titles to be waxed include *Tormented*, *Swingin' For The Lindy Hoppers* (tentative tag) and *Uptown Rhapsody*, Hill's signature tune.

One footnote on *1492*: if you listen to Ellington's *Dallas Doings*, you'll discover that Duke came first with a theme that is strangely similar. . . .

The most important event in months for swing music fans here was a radio "jam session" over WOR recently. The station convoked Marshall Stearns (writer of the "Swing Stuff" column in *Variety*) and the Rockwell-O'Keefe office, telling them that they wanted to put a programme over the air which would give a definition of "swing."

SWINGERS

Owing to the Rockwell-O'Keefe angle, Stearns had to make one or two concessions regarding the personnel. The inclusion of both Bud Freeman and Bill Harty was expected to cause trouble, owing to the differences between these two, but finally Stan King replaced Bill.

The programme opened with an explanation by Stearns and K. K. Hansen of the musical, spiritual and

other aspects of swing. Featured artists included Gordon Jenkins as conductor, Teddy Wilson, Joe Marsala, Bunny Berrigan and George van Eps.

Mixed between speeches and explanatory remarks were *Bugle Call Rag*, *Old Man Mose*, *Whispering* (as played by Whiteman in the old days), and *Basin Street Blues* as a theme number.

MUSIC BATTLE

Joe Haymes and Clyde McCoy with their orchestras have been assigned to a week's "battle of music" at the Roseland Ballroom, N.Y.C. Joe is a musician of taste, and McCoy's *Sugar Blues*, played about ten times nightly, is confidently expected to drive him crazy.

Haymes recorded at A.R.C. on March 11, two of his selections being the *Christopher Columbus* number and *I've A-Muggin'*, both mentioned above. He also did *No Greater Love* and *I'll Stand By*. Charlie Bush has replaced Jack Malsel on drums.

Bernie Hanighen, writer of several song hits in conjunction with Johnny Mercer, is now musical supervisor at A.R.C. He has some great ideas, and should do well if not interfered with.

By the way, Teddy Wilson has again signed up with this company to record for the Brunswick label.

HOME TALENT DOES WELL

Claude Bampton and his Bandits.

"Promenade."

"Double Check Stomp."
(Decca F 5891.)

AFTER Claude Bampton's excellent analysis of his own composition in these pages last month, there is very little left for a poor critic to say.

One thing, however, which Claude was too modest to mention, is that here we have a rare example of a British composer working out a bright and original piece, and producing the maximum of effect by performing it with a seven-piece orchestra.

Recording and balance, particularly in the case of the three-piece rhythm section, help to enhance the effect, conveyed by Claude's orchestration, that this seems a much larger band than it really is. The general standard of the performance is very high, there being no ragged moments save in the introduction.

The piece itself consists of a sixteen-bar phrase on familiar chord sequences, into which is interwoven a four-bar phrase strongly recalling the original introduction to Spencer Williams' *Shim-Me-Sha Wobble* (cp. Red Nichols' recording).

Easy Execution

The solos were all written by Claude himself, though this is not uncomfortably apparent in the execution. Norman Low's alto combines nice style with a clear, healthy tone. Al Morter, on baritone, suffers from the heaviness of the accompanying figures. Claude Bampton, on piano, is a trifle too fond of the middle of the piano, though this is less noticeable here than on the reverse. Players like Sullivan and Froeba, you will notice, spend a large proportion of their time with the right hand way up at the top of the keyboard in numbers of this type.

Tommy Cryan, despite a slight tendency to hurry some of the phrases and give inaccurate time values to the written notes, does a neat job on the muted



"Double Check Stomp"

British Hot Records Reviewed

by

"SWING HIGH"

trumpet solo. Ken Oldham's tenor work just before the final ensemble chorus is very satisfactory.

Double Check Stomp performs admirably what it sets out to do; indeed, there is nobody, with the exception of Freddy Bretherton, who has managed to make such a good job of an Ellington number

with only seven men at his disposal. The brassy effect achieved during the chorus of string bass breaks is typical of Claude's careful juggling with instrumental permutations.

Gerry Moore (Piano Solos)

"If It's True."

"I've Got My Fingers Crossed."

(Parlo. F 403)

Gerry Moore is very unfortunate in having been obliged to record all his material as "strict dance tempo" stuff; for this means that the least deviation from an elementary four-thumps-per-bar routine will be branded as too rhythmically advanced and reviled in the dance magazines as "unsuitable for dancers."

Gerry has more than once shown signs of breaking these fetters of rigidity, and in *If It's True* we have his best record to date. In his Wilson-like tremolo, his slight but subtle deviations from the melody, and his intelligent choice of this pleasant Don Redman tune, he shows musical taste that rises above the British pianistic average.

The record is by no means a masterpiece on its own merits, but should enjoy the support of musicians in order that Parlophone may realise they can sell

Gerry's stuff without being tied down to the "strict-tempo" public.

Fingers Crossed is more commercial, but has most of the merits of its backing. There is a change of key just in time to avoid monotony—a small point that many experienced buskers often overlook.

Nat Gonella and his Georgians.

"Singin' the Blues."

"Junk Man's Blues."

(Parlo. F 392.)

"Just a Crazy Song."

"You Rascal, You."

(Parlo. F 393.)

Singin' The Blues is Nat Gonella's best record in months. It consists almost

entirely of muted trumpet solo work, interrupted by Harold Hood's agreeable piano solo. What I like about this side is the absence of that vulgar and rowdy manner so often adopted by the Georgians to the detriment of their music. Here we have a grand old number tastefully played, reminding us of the days when Nat catered to the musicians instead of the great wide world.

Junk Man's Blues is an imitation of Red Nichols'

record, with a good chorus by Hood. Nat's other two titles were also originally recorded (and, in fact, paired) by Red Nichols on Brunswick.

Amusing Touches

Rascal has some amusing touches in the treatment, particularly in the built-up vocal chord; but the ideas wear thin by the twelfth or thirteenth chorus. Pat



"Junk Man's Blues."

Idol of the Month



LEON "CHOO" BERRY

BORN twenty-six years ago in West Virginia, Choo first became interested in the saxophone when he heard Hawkins in 1924. He then took up alto for a time, and changed to tenor on joining Sammy Stewart's Band.

His fortune dogged Choo when the band broke up; his next job, with Cecil Scott, came to the same conclusion; his next, with Benny Carter, again fell through with the band. Then came Hughes to New York. Determined to show the world that Hawkins was not the only oyster in the stew, Spike pitted Bean and Choo against each other in his American records, and Choo became a name to English fans.

Round, genial and ambitious, Choo now works with Fletcher Henderson, for whom he composed signature tune Christopher Colombo, soon to be a hit swing number.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1936

GRAMOPHONE

By
Christopher Stone

**Some April
• Records •**

★
Teddy Wilson in a piano solo "Rosetta," and, with his orchestra, in "If You Were Mine." Brunswick O 2160, 10-inch, 2s. 6d. The "swing" record of the month, as explained elsewhere.

So far as dance records are concerned, I have invited two acknowledged experts, Edgar Jackson and Leonard Feather, to choose for me the outstanding "swing" record of the month, and in selecting a specimen of the young coloured pianist, Teddy Wilson, in a solo and with his orchestra, they have cast their votes for style rather than display. "Most of the musicians in the orchestral side," they say, "are coloured."

"The ensemble work is entirely improvised, and the soloists, including Billie Holliday, the vocalist, extract every ounce of value from the harmonies of what might ordinarily sound like just another commercial tune."

★

"KING" CARTER

**Now orchestrating for
HENRY HALL and the
B.B.C. Dance Orchestra**

by

B. ten Hove

One of the foremost Dutch artists of the modern school, and a keen rhythm fan.

AFTER "King" Coleman Hawkins enter Benny "King" Carter from Manhattan, via Montmartre... a short, slightly plump figure (but declares he's slimming), with a large package of arrangements... Benny continues playing alto best, but likes playing trumpet best... Paris was a big bringdown—and after seven months of it London seemed all the friendlier... especially with Henry Hall's welcoming hand, and the chances of orchestrating for any other English bands he chooses... Benny misses his wife and eight-year-old daughter, but maybe he'll bring them over from Paris later... No time wasting about this trip... within twenty-four hours of sighting Victoria Station he'd got a load of the B.B.C. Band, fixed himself a swell recording contract, sat at the piano playing the blues, sat in an arm-chair chatting to Hughes, then settled down to serious writing... Here's hoping it'll be a long and successful stay... Gentlemen, the "King!"



British Hot Records Reviewed - - - continued

Smuts doubles (or should I say "dabbles"?) on clarinet for a change.

More records like *Singin' The Blues*, please, Mr. Gonella.

Joe Paradise and His Music.

"Moonglow"

"Whispering."

(Parlo. F 406.)

Moonglow was a poor choice for Joe Paradise. There is really nothing new to do about this hackneyed tune, as it is certainly not the type on which one can base hot choruses. Marjorie Stedeford sings.

Whispering starts off with a corny arrangement (accent on second and fourth beats of each bar), though the chords are pleasantly original. Piano and guitar solos seem to lack any advanced sense of phrasing.

When Paradise started out, I was prepared to enthuse, despite the fact that the whole idea of the group was blatantly lifted from Reinhardt. To-day, with all the goodwill in the world, I can only say that the records currently being made are anaemically inoffensive. They offer less and less of interest to the swing fan, and, until something is done about their arrangements, and about some of the personnel, these conditions will remain unaltered.

Dinah Millar.

"Porgy."

"Rhythm In My Nursery Rhymes."

(Parlo. F 407.)

Since her debut last September, Dinah Millar has improved; but her vocal timbre and her accent are still a little queer, and the tap-dancing in the fast side rather gums up the works. Accompaniment is provided by five of Roy Fox's boys—Nathan, Mairants, Gibbs, Burman and Owen.

On the reverse we have Garland Wilson's favourite song, *Porgy*. The eviscerated Harlem of Miss Millar is strangely ineffectual.

Joe Daniels and his Hot Shots.

"Dinah."

"I Ain't Got Nobody."

(Parlo. F 405.)

Joe Daniels on drums is accompanied by Max Goldberg, Harry Hayes, Cecil Norman, Joe Young and George Senior. Gaudy, but not neat.

Scott-Wood and His Six Swingers.

"A Little Bit Independent."

"Georgia Rockin' Chair."

(Regal-Z. MR 2009.)

"Eyeful of Heaven."

"I'd Love to Take Orders."

(Regal-Z. MR 2008.)

The Six Swingers leave me uneasy. As renderings of commercial songs, their records are preferable to most of the big bands' versions; yet there are faults and more faults in every side. . . . *Georgia Rockin' Chair*, the best number of the four, somehow misses being the best record. The trumpet whines, stabs uncertainly and strains unpleasantly. The vocal, by a young copyist in Scott-Wood's office, shows ideas, but along with these comes a lack of experience and uncertainty of pitch that make one feel sorry the record was released.

The main trouble with the other three sides (apart from Sam Costa's indifferent warbling) seems to be the insertion of unnecessary bridge passages where it is required to change the key. I do not suggest that the stuff would benefit by never changing key, but at least the switch should be effected a little less obviously.

Of the soloists, the alto puts up the best show. The others never sound really inspired. The last chorus of *Orders* in jam style is enjoyable. It is my belief that Scott-Wood would be better advised to let the boys play as they feel, instead of writing every hot solo out for them note by note. Spontaneity is the primary requisite of music of this sort.

Billy Cotton and His Cotton Pickers.

"After You've Gone."

"Doing the New Low Down."

(Regal-Z. MR 2028.)

Billy Cotton's small hot contingent starts off *After You've Gone* in slow tempo. "This," said I to myself, "is too good to last." Sure enough, there followed an appalling alto lead-in to a faster tempo, a vocal which was way behind the 1929 Armstrong which it copied, and a muted

trumpet who, though not uneasy on the ears, would have sounded better if he had borne the chords of the tune in mind rather than the melody. The finale, headed by a long lip-trill, is the best moment in the record.

The reverse has very little to offer but Ellis Jackson, singing and tap-dancing for an almost indefinite period. What is the object of this month's terpsichorean epidemic? Is it a prelude to a new deal in jazz, whereby tap-dancers will replace drummers in every rhythm section?

PARLOPHONE "STUDIES IN SWING" SERIES

Personnel:—

Nat Gonella (*Solo Trumpet*) Freddy Gardner (*Solo Saxophone*) Cecil Norman (*Piano*) Albert Harris (*Guitar*) Jock Jacobsen (*Drums*) Dick Escott (*Bass*)

R 2188 (No. 1) "Tiger Rag" Quick-Step (Trumpet Solo).

R 2189 (No. 2) "The Japanese Sandman" (Alto—doubling Baritone and Clarinet).

R 2190 (No. 3) "When You're Smiling" (Trumpet Solo).

R 2191 (No. 4) "Baby Won't You Please Come Home" (Alto Saxophone Solo).

On one side of each record you hear the above solos. On the obverses you hear the rhythm section only, and fill in the solos yourself.

Not being a sax or trumpet player, I made the following observations on these records: That it is weird to hear the first choruses played dead straight; that the "purposely under-recorded" rhythm section in the solo sides is actually quite normally recorded; that for the first time in years a baritone solo has been properly balanced, in *Japanese Sandman*; that the rhythm section is better than most of those which played in the British

Rhythm Style Series; and that the solo parts by piano and drums both contravene the very first unwritten law of hot playing—namely, that a good hot solo can never be played the same way twice.

Your inspired artist plays a spontaneous solo and then forgets it; then next time he plays something different but equally good. In these records the piano and drum solos heard on the "accompaniment" sides are identical with those heard on the solo sides.



"Dinah."



"I Ain't Got Nobody."

TEMPO DI JAZZ... By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

THESE are sad days for British jazz. A glance at the past month's news shows the very foundations of our home dance-music world being swept from under our feet.

Ambrose's Band, without Ambrose, and Hylton's Band, without Hylton, continue to tour the music-halls with depleted personnel. Jack Payne is in South Africa and Howard Jacobs in Australia; neither will return for at least two or three months.

Now comes Lew Stone's decision to take a resident job at the Café de Paris, resulting in the formation of a new band on far more modest lines. There is at least one sop of consolation: Stone will augment for broadcasts and records.

While the fate of so many favourites remains in the balance, there must be others waiting for their permits to enter the hall of jazz fame. One who appears to have applied for a pass recently is Joe Loss, whose Astoria Dance Salon band provides the late dance music next Monday.

Despite the passing of the years, Joe persists in remaining the youngest important West End bandleader. Small, sleek-haired, twenty-five, and very much of a Londoner, he has had a hard time reaching the top. I am not talking of the old days, when a bunch of schoolfellows buttered his violin bow prior to his first public performance at the age of eight. Nor do I refer to the period when he had to give violin lessons at a shilling a time, nor yet to his subsequent theatre engagements with two colleagues at the fantastic fee of half-a-crown per man per job. What was really hardest for Joe Loss was the crossing of the frontier between earning a living and earning a reputation.

The reputation began to spread only after his first broadcast, in December, 1933. Since then, through expansion and patient rehearsal, Joe Loss's

Band has entered the charmed circle of really first-class outfits.

Next Monday he will introduce a newly formed vocal trio, the Blue Notes. They comprise two Ayrshire boys, Chick Terry and Jimmy Mack, and Bob Howard, from Kent. Joe Loss invites your comments on their rendering of 'A Little Bit Independent'.

Now meet the band: Bert Collier, Harry Latham, Clem Stevens, trumpets (Latham being the hot solo man); Joe Cordell and eighteen-year-old Wolfe Phillips, trombones (Wolfe, also a talented arranger, is a brother of Sid Phillips, star arranger for Ambrose); Eddie Pratt, Danny Miller, Reg Brewster, saxes (Reg on tenor); Harry Kahn, piano and arranger; Sam Gelsley, guitar; Jack Greenwood, drums, and Reg Richman, bass. The chief vocalist is Chick Henderson.

Finally there is Joe Loss himself, still leading on violin, and still the musical paradox of the moment; he is the only small Loss to make big profits.

Short and Tall Stories

Which of the following statements are (or is) true?

1. Django Reinhardt, France's most brilliant swing guitarist, limits his style mostly to single string work because he is paralysed in two fingers of his left hand.
2. Henry Hall speaks fluent Hindustani, and on two occasions did the announcing in this language for special short-wave Empire transmissions.
3. Joseph Szigeti, though he takes no interest in popular dance music, is a great 'swing music' enthusiast.
4. Elsie Carlisle was featured with Lee White and Guy Lefevre in *Back Again* at the Ambassadors Theatre in 1918.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

by Leonard G. Feather

SIDNEY BECHET, soprano saxman, who toured Europe with Noble Sissle, bobbed up at Victor on Mezz Mezzrow session. . . . Frank Froeba, recovered from serious illness, recorded *Hanging On To A Star, Sweet Lucy Brown, Just To Be In Carolina, It's Nobody's Business*, for Columbia. . . . Artie Shapiro, with Wingy on string bass, replacing Sid Weiss. . . . Bud Freeman's Band plans seem to have fallen flat, but you can hear him in Paul Whiteman's Sunday night airings if you wait up till 2.45. . . . Bob Crosby's excellent band recorded for Decca *Christopher Columbus, You're Toots To Me, It's Great To Be In Love, Ain't She Sweet*.

New U.S. Records

Two Old Maids In A Folding Bed and Rhythm For Sale (Swing Shop Swing), by Monette Moore and her Swing Shop Boys, Decca.

Mutiny In The Parlor, Gonna Clap My Hands, by Gene Krupa's Swing Band (with Goodman, Eldridge, Choo, Stacey, Allan Reuss, Israel Crosby and Helen Ward) on Victor.

Much Too Much and Garbo Green, Bob Howard's Orchestra, Decca.

Rambling with Hawk

Coleman Hawkins and the Ramblers. (Dutch Decca, 1s. 6d. to order.)

"Hands Across The Table."

"I Only Have Eyes For You." (F42050.)

Up in Holland the Ramblers may be quite an important band; yet it seems remarkable that, on securing Hawkins for a recording date with them, they should have let him have so little of the precious time to himself.

These two sides are worse in this respect than *After You've Gone*, made at the same session, which has appeared in the regular English lists. Both contain female vocals which I will describe euphemistically in Dutch as *zeer slecht*.

In the first title the lady is preceded by an ensemble chorus, and it is not until after this that Bean makes his appearance. His chorus is really beautiful, as is his obligato to the finale chorus, but even he cannot make a silk purse out of this sow's ear.

The reverse starts with a pediculous piano intro. Hawk again puts up a brave show.

Tenor sax players who have missed their diet of Beans in the record lists of recent days, may find this pairing just worth their 1s. 6d.

MANHATTAN PRATTLE

News of the American Stars by Dick C. Lander

AUSTEN CROOM - JOHNSON assembled a terrific line-up for his WJZ programme entitled "What Is This Thing Called Swing?" Amongst those scheduled to take part were Red Norvo, Mildred Bailey, Stuff Smith, Adrian Rollini, Ray Noble, Carl Kress and Dick McDonough, and Benny Goodman's Band!

Talking of "This Thing Called Swing." Goodman has had an order from a well-known publishing company to write a book with this title. At the moment Goodman has other things to worry about, with Joe Harris, his star trombonist, rumoured leaving very shortly.

BILLIE HOLIDAY has been doing theatre dates with Jimmie Lunceford's Orchestra. Her place on the last Teddy Wilson date at Brunswick was taken by ELLA FITZGERALD, charming warbler from the Chick Webb outfit. Chick had to have an operation recently for an abscess on the arm.

EADIE LANG, a sister of the late Eddie Lang, has been making a name for herself as a radio guitarist. . . . HOAGY CARMICHAEL was married recently; an all-star band, including BUD FREEMAN and EDDIE CONDON, played at his wedding reception. . . . WINGY MANNONE, in addition to

his nightly work at the Hickory House, is playing for cocktails (or rather, playing for money, during cocktails) at the Stork Club, rendezvous of the society set. . . . RAY NOBLE is reported to be taking out naturalization papers.

BOB CROSBY, whose orchestra is undoubtedly one of the best hotel out-



fits in New York, is proving highly popular at the New Yorker, where his contract has been renewed. The reed section includes GIL RODIN, EDDIE MILLER and MATTIE MATLOCK; RAY BEAUDUC is on drums; the leader and vocalist is, of course, the familiar brother of Bing.

The band features some excellent arrangements by DEANE KINCAID, who has a peculiar mania for writing orchestrations while riding in trolley-cars (trams). Once, when the boys received a wire informing them of bookings in Indianapolis, Deane jumped for joy. "Gee," he said, "they got the best trolley system in the world!"



On a Monday evening I was one of well over a hundred people along at the No. 1 Rhythm Club to hear Leonard Feather's recital of hot plates culled on his second U.S. trip. So good was the general standard of the waxings that ordinarily it would have been difficult to single out plates for special mention, but two of them were truly sensational, and when I use this overworked and misapplied adjective I mean it unreservedly. Both are different from anything heard before (and quite different from each other), but their claim to notice lies deeper than this. Not wishing to have "Disc-course" on my track (both pieces are to be released over here), I will attempt nothing in the way of a review, but the titles and artistes are "Honky Tonk Train Blues," piano solo extraordinary and descriptive by coloured Meade Lux Lewis, and "Blues of Israel," made by an all-star bunch under the leadership of Gene Kruppa and featuring a sixteen-year-old bass picker, Israel Crosby, whose playing is a revelation. At the Rhythm Club, when "Blues of Israel" had run its grooves, there was an awed



hush that was more eloquent than any spontaneous applause could have been. My headgear is shot aloft to John Hammond, who was responsible for this pair of transcendent intaglios being made, and to Leonard Feather, who made their advance hearing possible.

I can hardly close these notes without mention of the effort on behalf of "Radio Times" to produce a Dance Band Number. Leonard Hibbs, Leonard Feather and Henry Hall aired their views, also Eric Maschwitz, while nearly all the leaders who regularly broadcast told us how and why they compile their programmes. Most interesting reading and very B.B.C.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

The second annual general meeting of this club was held on Sunday, March 1st, at the Hotel Victoria. Guests present were, Bert Read (President), George Evans, Reg. Southon, Ed. Spencer (vice-president), Mr. and Mrs. George Elrick, Billy Smith and friends, and Miss Vic. Faes. Owing to other engagements, Len. Feather and Len. Bermon were unable to be present, but their best wishes were passed on to members by the president and secretary respectively.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about Radio personalities in the world of dance music

ANNUNZIO MANTOVANI ("Monty" to the initiated) is proud that he is due to give five successive Sunday broadcasts; prouder still that his National programme from Edinburgh tomorrow will be followed by another from Glasgow on the following day; but proudest of all that he is being allowed to confine his Edinburgh programme to ordinary dance music.

Having built up its reputation as a 'typical' orchestra, which may be broadly interpreted as 'versatile', Mantovani has been obliged to limit the band's programmes to a variety of foreign speciality numbers. Now at last he will show how, with his unusual instrumentation, he can offer a programme of straightforward popular tunes.

It is unjust to picture Monty as a reformer, trying to rid jazz of brass instruments and make the world safe for sweet music. If every leader followed his example, by composing his band of six violins, two cellos, harp, accordion, baritone sax, and five rhythm men, Monty would probably come out with something entirely different. He knows the value of originality. Nevertheless, besides claiming that the accordion replaces many of the usual brass effects, he assures further variety by using three violinists who also play viola, and three who double on clarinet.

Last week I met this slight, pale young fellow they call Monty. His London accent never betrays him, off-stage, as a great Italian violinist who has taken the place of de Groot in the public's affections.

In the manner of a Press hound interviewing a centenarian, I asked him to what he attributed his success. My own guess was that his musical ancestry and Venetian birth, combined with twenty-six years in commercial-minded England since his arrival here at the age of four, might be responsible.

"It's technique, that's all," he confided. "Technique gives me adaptability of style, which helps me to play anything from classics to jazz. Do you know how I got my violin? It originally belonged to a Russian princess, who presented it to my father. He was an orchestra leader, and he told me I could have the instrument when I could play the Paganini Concerto perfectly. . . . Well, when I was eighteen I played the Concerto at Queen's Hall—on the violin."

Yes, he told me, he has done a little composing; you will hear his tango, 'Rano De La Noche', in a medley. And yes, he writes many of the orchestrations; but so also does Ronald Binge, the accordion player. And would I please ask the listeners to watch out for 'Poor Little Angeline', which will be a special novelty, treated as a musical fairy story.

There will be Monty's vocalist sister, Stella Nelson, in addition to George Barclay and the male vocal trio. Among the star instrumentalists are Jack Moir (fiddle, sax, clarinet, and viola) and Jack Stanger (harp).

If you are one of those who obstinately demand 'Typically what?' on learning the full name of Mantovani's Orchestra, it will not take more than a careful hearing of two or three programmes to provide a solution. The answer is, in effect, that Mantovani is 'typically everything', thereby fulfilling a very remarkable ambition.

Last week's 'Short and Tall Stories', strange though they may have seemed, were all sober truths with but one exception. Henry Hall does not speak Hindustani.

Technical Test Paper

1. Into what instrumental sections is the modern dance band divided? Which instruments constitute the typical rhythm section?
2. Is the saxophone a brass instrument? (Give reasons for answer.)
3. Give examples of the use, in jazz records or broadcasts, of (a) flute, (b) bassoon, (c) harpsichord.
4. What are (a) Zildjians, (b) Tympani, (c) Strohdiedels?
5. What two familiar dance-band instruments are named after their inventors?

TEMPO DI JAZZ By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

SURELY there cannot be many band-leaders who have had the task of visiting the police court every Monday morning, to undergo reading, writing, and arithmetic tests before securing a working permit. Yet this is an authentic episode from the interesting life story of Jay Wilbur, whose band makes its broadcasting debut next Tuesday from 6.30 to 7.30 in the Regional programme. The story dates back to the days when he was acting in an early Seymour Hicks play; for, being only eleven years old, he had to prove to the authorities that he was not neglecting his education while touring with the company.

We next find him, at fourteen, singing and clowning on the music halls in *Casey's Circus*, in which Charles Chaplin was just an ordinary member of the cast in his pre-Karno days. Wilbur's singing career came to an abrupt end when, after his voice had broken down irreparably in the middle of a show as a result of overwork, he found himself jobless and stranded. He desperately accepted work as relief pianist for one night in one of London's earliest cinemas, although, unable to read music and acquainted with only four tunes, he had to play for four and a half hours without a pause! But a few years later he had become one of England's first jazz arrangers.

After leading a band through most of the countries of Europe, he decided to settle down in a lucrative technical job at a recording-studio. For the past six years he has been associated with one of our largest gramophone companies.

Aside from the issuing of American swing records, Wilbur is interested in the talents of British musicians in this direction; so, in his broadcast, he will add his name to the list of band-leaders who have presented a contingent of seven or eight of their boys in a special swing number.

'Just like a melody out of the sky', the signature tune, will epitomise the general style of the pro-

gramme. A unit organ, played by Charles Stuart (late of London's Plaza Theatre) will be used as an integral part of the orchestrations. In the band will be such well-known West End stars as Ted Heath (trombone), Hugo Rignold, and Reg Leopold (violins), with orchestrations by Heath and Wilbur.

Last week's technical test paper should not have offered many difficulties. The modern dance band consists of brass, reed, string, and rhythm sections, the last-named usually consisting of piano, guitar, drums, and double-bass. The saxophone belongs to the reed section, not the brass, as it is not the body of the instrument, but the method by which the sound is produced, that classifies it.

Three flutes were used by Stanley Black in his recorded jazz work, 'Entr'acte', and by Spike Hughes in his Negro Orchestra. Reginald Forsythe has included a bassoon in the scores of 'Wealthy Widow', 'Dodging a Divorce', etc., and Frank Trumbauer frequently recorded on bassoon. Austen Croome-Johnson played harpsichord at the opening of his 'I've got to have Music' broadcasts.

The Zildjian is a kind of cymbal that has been made exclusively for 600 years by a family of that name in Constantinople. Tympani are tuned drums or 'kettle-drums'. Strohdiedel was an early form of xylophone. Saxophone (Adolphe Sax) and Sausophone (John Philip Sousa) are named after their inventors.

Mixed Doubles

Rearrange the following to form the names of ten dance music personalities. Bogy time: 90 seconds.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Arthur Croome | 6. Judy Davis |
| 2. Bert Hildgarde | 7. Albert Bryce |
| 3. Joy Young | 8. Teddy Hall |
| 4. Henry Austen | 9. Bobby Johnson |
| 5. Shirley Harris | 10. Joyce Ambrose |

"SWING MUSIC"—April 1936

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

TOMMY DORSEY, white trombonist band-leader. Born Shenandoah, Pennsylvania; taught various brass instruments by his father from age of eight. Father and son later played many local band engagements together through the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Tommy's professional career began on a large scale when he joined Jean Goldkette's Band in Detroit in 1924. A year later he went with the California Ramblers, then with Roger Wolfe Kahn, Vincent Lopez, Eddie Elkins and Paul Whiteman.

Tommy made early radio appearances with Sam Lanin and Freddie Rich. Eventually he organised his own band and appeared with success in the Broadway musical show "Everybody's Welcome."

After the split with Jimmy last summer, Tommy took over Joe Haymes's old band and appeared at the French Casino, New York. Lately he has been doing one-nighters and out-of-town engagements. He played one night last month opposite Chick Webb at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem.

Tommy signed up with Victor on forming his new band, the first important releases being several sides accompanying Eleanor Powell, and "Wear My Blues" by the band on its own. A contingent from his band, under the name of Tommy Dorsey's Clam-bake Seven, has made four sides which are top sellers on the Victor lists.



Tommy's signature tune is "Getting Sentimental Over You." His record of this has been unaccountably held up by Victor together with another fine swing recording, "I've Got A Note."

Tommy is thirty years old, 5ft. 10 1/2 ins.; black hair, glasses, genial though brusque manner. Lives in an eighteen-room Colonial style house on twenty-two acre farm in New Jersey, complete with wife, two children, horses, cows and poultry. Here he is with one of the children.

Melody Maker

APRIL 11, 1936

Vol. XII, No. 151



Ella in the role of smart sophisticate.

SUCCESS STORY

WHAT HAPPENED TO ELLA LOGAN?

moment, the little girl from beyond the Tweed is earning just about ten times as much as she ever made in her greatest days in England.

The first inkling that she had by no means lapsed into obscurity was afforded by a few Rollini records released on Brunswick a couple of years ago. Though she was neither in good voice nor very well recorded on that session, Ella at least proved that there she was, alive and well, in the United States, and apparently still engrossed in singing as a career.

She Can and Does!

Do you remember that original and charming *Dinah* which she made on Decca many years back, with Len Fillis and Arthur Young? Or the quiet little duets with Al Bowly? Perhaps you wondered, after hearing the Rollini records, whether Ella Logan can still sing that way. Well, she can; but she doesn't always do so. The fact is that when you go to the States advertised as a "wee lassie fra Scotland" (or something equally atrocious) you are expected to sing dialect numbers with a naive accent and manner.

Only through realising that this was what the public wanted did Ella Logan ever become the big drawing card that she is to-day in the States. Without that touch of local colour, without those hotted-up Scottish folk songs as a finale to

AND whatever became of Ella Logan?"

This is the sort of query that is liable to arise in a discussion for and against British vocalists. Fans who remember the swift rise to fame and glory of a little Scots girl who had rhythm and something more may wonder why their Ella has apparently vanished from the world of music.

The fact is that, at this

by
LEONARD
G. FEATHER



Ella Logan, Scottish girl, who had to go to America to make good.

her act, she might have been just another stylish vocalist, one of the scores available to radio talent-hunters in New York City.

Last autumn Ella was playing at the smart Riviera Club in Fort Lee, New Jersey. Austen Croom-Johnson came to the States and built up a fifteen-minute radio programme, starting off with *I've Got To Have Music* in the familiar manner. Ella Logan, featured artist in the show, was surrounded by the Onyx Club Boys, directed by Eddy Farley and Mike Riley.

Since then the Onyx lads have found themselves famous as the creators of *The Music Goes 'Round And Around*, America's biggest song furore in ten years. But Mike is still glad to admit that he owes a debt of gratitude to Austen Croom-Johnson and Ella Logan, who started him and his song off by putting them on the air.

Gradually, during the last six months, Ella Logan has become a name to value highly in radio programmes. Her featured broadcasts with Joe Venuti every Wednesday, in the company of such stars as Miff Mole and Phil Napoleon, further enhanced her value.

Keeping Busy

When the Onyx Clubbers stepped out of the weekly programme, which bears the title, "The Band Goes To Town," they were replaced by Wingy Mannone, who added a pianist (Horace Diaz), a trombone (George Brunies), and a drummer (Al Sidel) to his regular quartet. Ella, plastered in theatrical make-up and tugging rhythmically at the big black bow on her little white coat, sang *The Broken Record* and *I Used To Love You* and *Who's Sorry Now*. Wingy, with the noticeable aid of Brunies, took us back to Dixieland with *Farewell Blues* and *Swinging At The Famous Door* and *Nagasaki*. It was New

Year's Eve, New York's biggest night of all—just the right time to start a new programme like this. Audiences liked it.

Within ten minutes Ella Logan was backstage at Loew's State Theatre preparing for her sixth performance that day in Ed Sullivan's revue. Yes, the money's big in America, but they make you work for it!

The week at Loew's State was an exciting adventure, possibly the most important undertaking since Ella's arrival in America. A great deal depended on it. There was some doubt as to whether the show would be just right for a convivial New Year audience.

Record Breaking

A few days later the box-office reports came through. Years ago, during the height of Jack Dempsey's fame, the theatre took \$41,369 in a record-breaking week when the boxer made a personal appearance on the stage. This week, in January, 1936, the figures showed \$41,867.

No wonder Ella Logan felt she had a right to sing *The Broken Record!*

And that, for the present, completes the success story of this pert young brunette who has accomplished something no English girl singer ever accomplished in the United States before. Surmounting any number of difficulties, including an unsuccessful marriage, Ella has won through magnificently.

Of the various relations whom she now has to support she points with pride to a little niece who, she is sure, will one day be as big a hit as Shirley Temple. And there is another strong interest in her life in the person of Ramon Ramos, tango band leader at the Rainbow Grill. Security, happiness and success are hers; and one day she will come back to England, to be acclaimed with an enthusiasm that was never accorded her before she went to make her name three thousand miles away.

Foreign
Records
Reviewed

INTERNATIONAL



Dutch
stephanne
Records
in French
Latest Discs
AMERICAN MUSIC
TRUMPET
Cuba
Famous American Band
AVILA
Pittsburgh
PA
1921



by
Leonard
G.
Feather

WAXWORKS

BANDS across the sea. The Six Blue Chips, recording combination gathered together for a date with American Decca, consists of Frank Signorelli, piano; Carmen Mastren, guitar; Sid Weiss, bass; Stan King, drums; Joe Marsala, clarinet; George "Pee-Wee" Erwin, trumpet.

Titles: *Steel Roof* and *Cheatin' Cheech*.

Teddy Wilson's Orchestra on his last Brunswick session consisted of Wilson, piano; Truehart (Chick Webb's Band),

guitar; Cozy Cole, drums; Stan Fields (Erskine Hawkins' Band), bass; Frank Newton (Charlie Johnson's Band), trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Jerry Blake (recently with Willie Lewis in Paris), alto; Gordon McCrea (Chick Webb), tenor.

Titles not yet announced, but the records will be distinguishable by the presence of Ella Fitzgerald, replacing Billie Holiday on vocals.

Surprises in the English lists:—

Search through the recent Panachord catalogues and you'll find some pretty good value for your shillings. Tucked away under such pseudonyms as Lou Herman, Jack North, Ted Russell, are to be found some of the old gang—McKenzie, Berigan, Rusin, Paul Ricci, and most of the house men at American Decca.

Titles included in these hidden treasures are *Envy Meeny, I've Got My Fingers Crossed, Broken Record, Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter*.

Last-named is also featured in another good bobsworth, this time on Regal-Zonophone by Ted Wallace (Ed Kirkeby) And His Swing Music. This is a contingent from Joe Haymes' Band, featuring Gordon "Chris" Griffin, trumpet; Mike Michaels, trombone; Freddy Fellenaby, tenor; Leo White, clarinet; Bill White, piano; Brick Fleagle, guitar; Felix Globbe, bass; Jack Maisel, drums.

★ ————— ★

Apr. 18TH.

May 2nd.

Apr. 25TH.

INTERNATIONAL



Dutch
stephanne
Records
in French
Latest Discs
AMERICAN MUSIC
TRUMPET
Cuba
Famous American Band
AVILA
Pittsburgh
PA
1921



WAXWORKS

by Leonard G. Feather

Svend Asmussen (Danish H.M.V., 2s. 6d. to order).

"Tiger Rag."

"My Blue Heaven."

(X 4570.)

THIS is the first Danish-made swing record. There are several great points of interest. Svend Asmussen is a young amateur who is studying dentistry and makes a hobby of violin-playing. Though his melodic line in *My Blue Heaven* is not exciting, his tone and phrasing are commendable, and his chord work on the reverse is really easy on the ears.

Kai Ewans, the clarinettist, is well known in Denmark as a band-leader. He is currently visiting London, and has been auditioning for a young English girl vocalist whom he needs for an engagement at the smart Nimb Restaurant in Copenhagen. Ewans' solo work in this record reminds me in some ways of Fud Livingston. I really think you will like his style; he establishes a pleasant atmosphere, with the

aid of the guitarist, at the opening of *Heaven*, and seems quite unperturbed when joined by the trumpet (Oluf Carlsson) in a jam ensemble passage.

The three melody instruments produce a smooth, satisfying tone colour which is emphasized by the three-piece rhythm section (Hans Ulrik Neumann, guitar; Nils Foss, bass; Erik Kragh, drums), in which one never misses the piano. The bass is good: one can smile tolerantly at the first chorus of *Tiger*, in which it appears that he and the drummer got together on one of those Max - Bacon - drumming - the - strings stunts.

Tiger is taken at a fast but well-controlled tempo, and, like the other side, manages to finish off cleanly. The only important faults are a tendency to corn in the verse (almost inevitable nowadays with this number) and a trumpet solo in a rhapsodic style that doesn't come off at this tempo—in fact, to put it baldly for the simple-minded, it "doesn't swing."

But I should like to hear some more of this Danish swing music.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

by

Leonard G. Feather

FRANCE: Double trouble for Hugues Panassie. Proud father of twins, Henri and Therese.

ENGLAND: On no account must you miss a new Paramount short recently shown in London, entitled *Rhapsody In Black*. Written by Duke Ellington, it is alleged to tell a "story of Negro life" in music, but its main interest lies in the performance by Duke and his Band of several well-known recorded works as well as some original material, all welded into one suite. Excerpts from *Merry-Go-Round, Jive Stomp* and *Ducky Wucky* are included.

Settings and direction are above the average for this type of picture, and added interest lies in the appearance of an anonymous and attractive lady who sings *Saddest Tale*. May we lift the veil of anonymity and tell you that she is none other than Billie Holiday.

In one long-shot the band appears to be about thirty strong. This is merely a pictorial effect, the Blue Rhythm Band having been dragged in as a sop to the American mania for doing everything on a big scale. All that you hear on the sound-track is Ellington's ordinary band—and that's good enough for anyone.

U.S.A.: Wingy Mannone seems to have realised the futility of hogging the wax in all his records; at his last session he augmented with a unit from the Bob Crosby Band, with Eddie Miller, tenor; Ward Silloway, trombone; Gill Bowers, Hilton Lamare, Ray Bauduc and Bob Haggard; also Marsala on clarinet as usual. Results show great improvement.

★ ————— ★

ENGLISH BANDS, RECORDS, RADIO, REVIEWS

Swing Records Sensation In England

Vocalion Label Revived Especially for the Jazz Fans
By LEONARD G. FEATHER

THIS month has been the most important in years in the British swing record world. Following the release by Brunswick of their two Classic Swing albums (mentioned elsewhere) comes the ten more sensational news that a new record is to be put on the market which will devote itself entirely to swing record releases!

The reason for this unprecedented and ambitious step is that the Crystalate Gramophone Record Co. owns the rights to release a large number of first-class swing records released in the States on the Perfect, Melotone and other labels.

In view of this, and observing the ever-increasing interest in good jazz amongst the younger generation in this country, the company has decided to establish the famous "Vocalion" label on the market, having always had the British rights to this trade name. At present it is planned to release two or three records each month, together with explanatory pamphlets giving full personnel, photographs and so on.

This news should give American recording companies an idea of the feel with which the demand for good swing records is increasing—not only in this country, as a matter of fact, it throughout Europe. The launching of Vocalion Swing Records, as they will be called, means that any future swing records turned out on the Perfect and Melotone lists will be automatically assured of a release in Great Britain.

Excitement both inside and outside the profession is naturally intense, and it is prophesied that, provided they can keep up to the high level set by their first releases, the company will make a success of the venture. The initial output consists of two well-sold sides by Louis Jordan and The Jods (featuring Teddy Wilson); two discs by Luis Russell, one by Benny Goodman and one by Wingy Manone.

London Lowdown

The big news of the month concerning the "dance music reform" adopted by the British Broadcasting Corp. coming into force March 30, turned out to be far less sensational than was anticipated in musical circles.

The only change of much importance is that in future there will be no extra dance music sessions some time in the early evening (generally corresponding with around 2 or 3 a.m. E.S.T.) from either the National or the Regional transmitter. Early programs from 12.15-1 p.m. E.S.T. will continue on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Late night dance music will be offered from 5.30 to 6.30 from Regional, and dance records from 6.30 to 7 on National.

A number of new bands will be set out, those scheduled for April being Howard Baker, Frank Bifford and Gerhardt.

It is also reported that, for the first time in the history of the B.B.C. dance music will be allowed on a Sunday. There is no official confirmation of this; nor is there any announcement concerning the rates of pay for dance bands, about which leaders have been squawking for years. Payment is purely nominal, amounting to such sums as \$200 per ninety-minute session!

MR. AND MRS.



Harry Roy and the Mrs.

BAND REVIEWS

(Maximum Marking: Four Stars)

***Lew Stone and His Band.
Touring in variety.

Line-up: Trumpets: Alf Noakes, Tom McQuater, Trombones: Bill Mulraney, Joe Ferris, Alto: Joe Crossman, Billy Apps, Tenors: Don Barrigo, Oscar Grasso, Piano: Motia Litter, Guitar: Archie Slavin, Drums: Harry Wick, Bass: Tiny Winters.

Vocals: Helen McKay, Joe Ferris, Joe Crossman (Hill-Billies), Noakes, Barrigo, Winters (comedy), Lew Stone (specialties).

Chief Arranger: Lew Stone.

Broadcasts: Twice monthly, approx. 5.30.7 p.m. E.S.T. Signature tune: *Oh Swannak*.

Records: Decca.

History: When Roy Fox left the Monseigneur Restaurant in Oct., 1932, Stone took over the leadership of his band, at first directing from the piano. Al Bowly, Bill Harty, Nat Gonella, Stanley Black and other stars became famous in the Stone aggregation, which has now been touring for over a year and has suffered many changes of personnel.

Comment: A year ago Stone had a band that was the equal of any in the country. His exceptionally good musical taste, his own brilliance as an arranger, and his amazing line-up of star names made his broadcasts really important to British swing fans.

Even now, this bunch tops all the others in its combination of showmanship and musicianship. All the orchestrations, at present, are either partially or wholly Stone's work. The rhythm section, which at one time was the biggest kick in the country, still has a solid foundation in Tiny Winters and Monia Litter. Both feature a very heavy attack which seems to get over. Guitar and drums are newer men not quite up to the former standards.

Brass, now only four-piece, does well within the numerical limitation, with occasional good get-off work from McQuater, who, with Barrigo, shines as one of the band's outstanding solo men. Barrigo, who has studied his U. S. counterparts so deeply that he is even getting to look like Bud Freeman, is a swell tenor man and a good comedian. Featured in the act is his chorus of *Tiger Rag*, which he plays on two tin whistles simultaneously, balancing a newspaper on his nose. This comes so easily to him now that he even does it on broadcasts.

New to the reed section is Grasso, who doubles violin. Saxes seem to lack character and crispness at times. Crossman is noted for his alto tone, also producing some nice rhythm effects on baritone; but his clarinet solo stuff is muddled and lacks cohesion.

For some years Stone ruled all girl canaries out of the act; now comes Helen McKay, attractive redhead with average vocal qualities. Vocal department is the weakest in the band, with too much labored comedy.

Presentation of the band is good by our standards. Stone himself, very short, dark-complexioned, is better on personality than on appearance, and sings a duds comedy number which would register big with American audiences. Broadcasts usually feature an encouraging proportion of standard and special numbers with commendable avoidance of inferior commercial and waltz productions.

**Nat Gonella and His Georgians.
Touring in variety.

Line-up: Trumpet, vocals: Nat Gonella, Tenor, clarinet: Pat Smuts, Piano: Harold Hood, Drums: Bob Dryden, Bass: Charlie Winters, Guitar and straight vocals: Jimmy Messin.

Broadcasts: Irregular. Signature tune: *Georgia*.

Records: Parlophone.

History: Gonella became famous with Lew Stone's Band as trumpet-and-singing Armstrong imitator. He then left to form a small jam band of his own, which has become a great commercial success in vaude halls and on its many recordings.

Comment: This is the only organized small British swing band, parallel with the outfits of Prima or Mansone. As a trumpet player, Gonella once had the attention of genuine swing fans; his tone was fine and his style seemed to be developing from the mock-Armstrong state into something original. Since then the plaudits of the ickies have made Nat forsake the real spirit of improvisation, with the result that most of his work sounds stilted, lacks spontaneity (his solos are prepared note by note), and have lost any of their former sincerity.

A diminutive, fair-haired youngster, with a strong London accent,

Gonella certainly sells his stuff to the public at large, even to his grindstone-voiced refrains. Co-ordination and swing are at a discount in the ensemble work; even Harold Hood, a promising and very youthful pianist, has been led into the habit of thumping with excessive vigor. Pat Smuts at his best can be an interesting tenor stylist, but the limitations in tone-color of trumpet and tenor as the only melody instruments makes for monotony.

Some of Gonella's best work can be heard in earlier records such as Ray Noble's *Tiger Rag* or Nat's own *Basin Street Blues*. Of his recent productions *Strange Blues* stands out.

That the Gonella act has now established itself in the affections of the British public is now beyond question. His potentialities for the American market may, of course, be an entirely different consideration.

Gordon and Revel in London

Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, Hollywood's ace song team, arrived recently to write numbers for Jessie Matthews' new picture at G.B. Revel is English-born, though it is eight years since he was last in this country, and consequently the publicity given to the couple has been enormous. Mack Gordon, on his first visit here, wandered around bewildered by his first English "pea-soup" fog. Henry Hall has arranged to present the pair (Home Office permitting) in an "all-Gordon-and-Revel" broadcast with the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

"Chant of the Weed"

Consternation was caused amongst a number of British musicians by the attack launched in the *Melody Maker* against the smoking of reefers in England. The drug is, of course, illegal here, but supplies are known to have been taken in by two or three members of at least one famous British orchestra. There was thus a panic amongst those who were afraid that their names would be dragged into the disclosures.

Marijuana is known to be obtainable, according to the news story, at "a certain underground club in Soho, recently raided by the police." Whether it will be so easily obtainable since the publication of these facts, and whether the habit will spread much further, is questionable.

Ambrose and Hylton in British Pictures

Ambrose's Cafe de Paris deal, reported last month, seems to have fallen through at the last moment, with the bandleader's plans still indefinite. Three important brass captures for the band have been made: Bruts Gonella, brother of Nat, has joined up on trumpet, also Teddy Foster, trumpet and Armstrong-vocal man from Billy Cotton's Band. Foster is replaced in the Cotton outfit by Jack Doyle, a similar type of showman. Third Ambrose capture is Eric Breeze, trombone from Jack Hylton's aggregation. Hylton has also lost Dave Shand, star sax man, who has gone over to Sid Lipton at Grosvenor House. Hylton's Band continues to tour the halls awaiting its leader's return.

(Turn to page 35, please)

English Bands-Records-Etc.

(Continued from page 23)

The Hylton picture, *She Shall Have Music* (Twickenham) is a bright affair competently produced, which should have a market in the States. Story is built thinly around the welter of musical items, but serves its purpose. June Clyde gets her first good English film role; Brian Lawrance is fair in the juvenile lead. Hylton and the band have plenty of opportunities, with comedy interludes by Freddy Schweitzer.

Ambrose's venture into pictures is entitled *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* (British Lion). Here there is no story or attempt at continuity at all, the results being best summed up as financially safe, musically fair and artistically nil.

European Records

This month has produced yet another remarkable experiment in the shape of two "Classic Swing" albums released by English Brunswick, consisting of ancient treasures rescued from the extinct Gennett Company, recorded between 1920 and 1925. Since it seems that these records have not been re-issued in America, despite their great interest to jazz students, it would therefore be of interest to detail the contents of these albums, which have been marketed at \$5 for each album of seven records.

Firstly there are six sides by King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, with the early and great Louis playing second trumpet. Despite the recording deficiencies, these are of extreme interest to anyone wishing to trace the evolution either of Armstrong's style or of Negro jazz styles in general.

Then follow six sides by the Wolverines, one by Hitch's Happy Harmonists, with Hoagy Carmichael on piano, and one by Bix and His Rhythm Jugglers. Bix-lovers (including this reviewer) will rave for years about his work in the Wolverines' pioneer waxings.

Another great white band of the early twenties, the Friars Society Orchestra or New Orleans Rhythm Kings, is represented in no less than twelve sides. The remaining two sides present Bix, Tram, Miff Mole, Vic Moore and Rube Bloom in another couple of classics.

Whether the issue of the albums will prove financially successful is uncertain, but from the prestige angle this is the biggest thing the company has done.

Those of you who are wondering what has happened to Coleman Hawkins should be glad to know that the colored tenor sax king made several swell records during his wanderings through England and France. On Parlophone R 2007 he did *Lullaby* and *Lady Be Good* accompanied by a four-piece English rhythm section, and on R 2041 are *Lost In a Fog* and *Honeysuckle Rose*, accompanied by Stanley Black, British pianist.

Four excellent sides, made in France, are on H.M.V., namely *Avallon* and *Stardust*, X4496, and *Blue Moon* and *What a Difference a Day Made*, X4497. The accompaniments are uneven, but there is some good work by Arthur Briggs, a colored trumpet star residing in Paris, and by Django Reinhardt, ace French guitarist.

All the above records are priced at 2/6 (60c.)

The Metronome, April, 1936

Shorts

Andy Hodgkiss, former trumpet with B.B.C. Dance Orch., died in London hospital. . . . Jack Harris and Band appearing with Fay Marbe in three-week stage show. . . . Also in the show is British piano-team, Arthur Young and Reginald Foresythe. . . . Foresythe leaves for Paris March 31, then to New York for Whiteman. . . .

Billy Mason, once big-time leader of Cafe de Paris Band, now playing with small jam band in underground night club catering to colored clientele. . . . kid sister, Kathleen Mason, made air debut this month; considered a potential star. . . . Ben Davis, big chief of Selmer sails for States in May on business. . . . Ben recently published piano instruction book by Bert Read, pianist of B.B.C. Band. . . . Prince Edward Theatre, dark for many months, virtually reconstructed for new cabaret presentation on lines of N. Y. French Casino. . . .

Lawrence Wright, British publisher, threw huge party at Covent Garden Ballroom dedicated to his new hit song, *Lights Out*. . . . Irwin Dash back from New York with new American songs, and full of enthusiasm about Stuff Smith. . . . Music Goes Round dying after a long but never sensational run. . . . John Hammond's special recordings for Parlophone, including the Meade Lux Lewis solo, fixed for release commencing April 1. . . .

Spencer Williams looked in from Paris; sold new number, *Dere's Jazz In Dem Dere Horns*, to Peter Maurice. . . . latter also has three British numbers which clicked in States—*Isle of Capri*, *Red Sails* and *Dinner For One*. . . . PAUSE!

Goodman Carries On in Florida

Just about to begin the new series of the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air program (CBS Sat. eve.), Al Goodman got pneumonia. Upon recovering, his physician ordered him to Florida for a month to avoid a breakdown.

Having made the auditions and completed his organization, the chief arranger carried on the work while Al was convalescing. The job of completing the music for a one-hour show where every number is routined according to a carefully planned script within the short time of three days can be imagined. Each score for the large orchestra takes from four to eight hours to complete, then it has to be extracted.

Upon hearing the program each week Al would wire his staff from Florida his okeh. Al did not know, that upon a few occasions his boys had to rebuild the whole show between the Friday dress and the Saturday rehearsal. He is back waving the baton now and according to Kenn Sisson, his chief arranger, "he is welcome to the job."

Goodman's technical staff includes Tom Jones, Joe Weiss, Dick Becker, Fred Neff, Earl Sisson, Frank Hermon and Sam Sniedman. His contractor and concert master is Irving Praeger. Al also takes a hand in the arranging but spends most of his time at detail work and conducting.

2 FAMOUS TUTORS

BY STARS OF

RAY NOBLE'S BAND

LET BILL HARTY HELP YOU!



MODERN STYLE SINGING ("CROONING")—by AL BOWLLY

This famous singer has written an invaluable guide for professional and amateur performers before the "mike." The difficult art of crooning is clearly explained.

\$1.25 post free

This standard work, written by a player famous on both sides of the Atlantic, embraces the whole range of Drumming in a comprehensive manner never before attempted.

\$1.75 post free

Obtainable Direct from

H. SELMER & SON LTD.

Davis Building

Moor St. London W. 1, Eng.

WORLD'S LARGEST STOCK OF RECORDS



THE HOME OF MUSIC

96, Regent St., London, W. 1, England

Est. 1890

RECORDS DISPATCHED ANYWHERE

SPEEDY SERVICE CAREFUL PACKING

SELLING IN GREAT BRITAIN

Britain's Largest Distributors of MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

commanding the most comprehensive selling organisation are prepared to consider suggestions from American Manufacturers of first class products who are desirous of extending sales in Great Britain, also

MUSIC PUBLISHING HOUSES Specialising in Instrumental Publications



JOHN E. DALLAS & SONS, LTD.
6, 10, BETTERTON ST. LONDON, ENG.

The Boss and some of the boys



Isham Jones.



Howard Smith.



Eddie Stone.



Saxie Mansfield.



Chelsea Queeley.



Sonny Lee.

MR. JONES goes to TOWN

The Best White "Name Band"

by

LEONARD G. FEATHER

dollar dinner, and listen to Isham Jones and his Orchestra. Your dollar will not be wasted. This famous old-timer of the business, still only in his early forties, has kept an aggregation of excellent and well-trained men, and what is no less important, the band has a swell library of arrangements.

Against a background of velvet curtains you see them ranged out—four brass, four reeds, three strings, and five rhythm, including both brass and string basses.

The Arrangers First

The arrangers deserve individual mention even before the soloists. First comes Gordon Jenkins, who scores many numbers for the band, and is also the composer of such hits as *PS. I Love You* and *Blue Prelude*. In the latter he collaborated with Joe Bishop, the band's tuba player.

Jiggs Noble is another talented arranger whose *Sweet Sue* and *I've Found A New Baby* came out in the Decca catalogue. One of Jones's very finest numbers, featuring some brilliant work by the reed section, is *Christmas Night In Har-*

lem, which was arranged by Nic Hupfer, one of the violinists.

The string section does not interfere in any way with the swing or ensemble tone of the band. Aside from that, these fiddlers are useful men altogether. In addition to the orchestrations of Hupfer one must give credit to Eddie Stone, who also plays violin with the orchestra and acts as Jones's right-hand man. Eddie is deputy conductor, a great guy and a good vocalist, as witness his chorus in *The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea*.

When you are making a special feature of such numbers as *Sugar Foot Stomp*, *I Never Knew*, *Showboat Shuffle*, and Fletcher's arrangement of *King Porter Stomp*, it follows that you will need some pretty remarkable solo and ensemble men to give these pieces the understanding treatment they deserve. Isham Jones is not lacking in such men.

One of the greatest of all is Sonny Lee, a bald-headed, elderly-

looking fellow, who plays the most astonishingly low-down trombone somewhat in the "smeary" tradition perpetuated by Tommy Dorsey in the coda of the Dorsey Brothers' *St. Louis Blues*.

Another star man is Howard Smith, the pianist, who has a burlesque "icky" chorus of *Nola*, which will give any musician a big chuckle. Howard can also play beautiful blues piano upon a little persuasion, and on one recent occasion was induced to jam in with Red Norvo at the Hickory House. The results were amazing—in Mildred Bailey's words, the best piano playing this side of Teddy Wilson.

An important force in the reed section is Saxie Mansfield, whose solos you have also heard on records. Then, on second trumpet, there is a man whose name will recall great memories to many: our old pal Chelsea Queeley, whose work at the Savoy with Fred Elizalde will not easily be forgotten.

Since his return to the States,

Chelsea has had many ups and downs, including a serious reverse in health. He played for two years with Benny Pollack, in the East, and also on the coast in California. He has now been with Isham Jones for just a year. One of his fairly recent appearances on records was the Mesitrow session on Victor (*Apologies*, etc.), in which he played second trumpet. He did not appear in the *Four Or Five Times* and *Jimtown Blues* session with Jones, which was recorded before his arrival, and featured Pee-Wee Erwin on trumpet.

Country Gentleman Trumpeter

Chelsea has developed into an iron-gray-haired, country-gentleman type, but retains his old enthusiasm and looks like being far from finished with the game as yet.

As you see, then, this band has a general line-up of musicians and orchestrations which make the results well worth your serious attention. Despite the sweet society aura which surrounds his name, and despite the typical hotel atmosphere in which he plays, Mr. Jones can go to town with the best of them.

SOMEONE recently asked Johnny Hammond which he considered to be the five best "name" white bands in the United States. For nearly five minutes he was stumped. The fact is that, owing to the restricted musical policy of most of America's large paleface orchestras, it is more than difficult to appraise their exact value.

After you have appointed Benny Goodman to the logical position on top of the list, then

whom have you left? Whiteman, probably, because he has two or three star men; Bob Crosby, who took over the old Pollack band; the Casa Loma, perhaps, because their programmes are at least rhythmically interesting. But one band which might easily be overlooked, although it should really rate amongst the leaders of its class, is that of Isham Jones.

At the Lincoln Hotel, New York, you can sit in a large and quietly-lit room, in a lounge suit, eating a

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

SO much printer's ink has flowed in the discussions of the BBC Dance Orchestra's instrumental and vocal expansions that the most important change of all in the band has been virtually overlooked. Musicians will guess at once that I am referring to Henry Hall's enterprising decision to add Benny Carter, the famous American arranger, to his orchestrating staff.

Extra strings, new singers and enlarged choirs may be big events to the 'listener-in-the-street', but inside the band all the excitement is centred around the really wonderful arrangements that Benny Carter has been producing. Henry Hall's catholicity of taste embraces a partiality towards swing music; to see him in the control room, beaming from ear to ear as he listens to Carter rehearsing the band in one of his new numbers, is to be convinced of his sound musical judgment.

As for the boys themselves, even George Elrick, who has been called on for so many vocal choruses lately that he is afraid everyone will forget he is a drummer first and foremost, has been given drum parts which, in his own enthusiastic words, 'really mean something to the music!'

Naturally, what the band is really waiting for is the day when Benny will be able to take part himself in playing these arrangements. He is known equally well as an alto saxophonist, trumpet player, and clarinetist, but at present has no permit to do permanent work as an instrumentalist.

One night in London's miniature Harlem, the Shim-Sham Club (run by Ike Hatch), there was a 'jam session' that will live long in the memory of every musician who was there. A 'jam session' is an informal gathering of musicians, playing improvised jazz, not for money, but because they like to play. Not a note of written music is used on these busmen's holidays. On this occasion Carter played sensationally on several instruments, while the band that had assembled with him comprised one member from each of six famous groups, including Ambrose's, Roy Fox's, Harry Roy's and Lew Stone's.

Fortunately such fleeting moments as these are not all that will be heard of Benny Carter during his sojourn here. Curiously enough it was Jay Wilbur, the subject of this column last week, who took the initiative of recording him, and last week Carter and a twelve-piece band committed several numbers to wax, amongst them being 'Swingin' at Maida Vale' and 'Nightfall', which you have heard on the air.

Benny Carter is so popular with the BBC band, and has altogether proved such a pleasant and invaluable person to have around, that it is to be hoped he will remain long in our midst. London presents many charms, no colour problems, and big opportunities for him, and as long as he can turn out such work as those treatments of 'Indiana' and 'Blues In My Heart', I feel sure nobody will regret his presence.

M.M. May 2nd.

"Evergreen King" Williams Comes To Town

Negro Jazz Composer May Settle In London

UNKNOWN TO THE THOUSANDS OF MUSICIANS WHO BUSK HIS SONGS REGULARLY EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, SPENCER WILLIAMS, "KING OF THE EVERGREENS," HAS BEEN IN TOWN LATELY, WITH EVERY INTENTION OF MAKING LONDON HIS PERMANENT HOME.

Tall, sturdily built, and deep-voiced, the composer of *I Ain't Got Nobody*, *Everybody Loves My Baby*, *Shim-Me-Sha Wabble*, *Basin St. Blues*, *Royal Garden Blues*, *I've Found A New Baby*, and a score of other consistent royalty-pullers, first came to Europe three or four

years ago with Fats Waller, with whom he teamed up as a two-piece act.

Since then he has lived in Paris, writing a number here and there, but living quite comfortably simply on the quarterly royalties that still rush in on such old tunes as those mentioned above.

NEW SONGS

Now he is here, with plenty of business on the map. Peter Maurice is putting over several of his numbers in a big way, notably "Dere's Jazz In Dem Dere Horns," and amongst others "Got Gratitude," "Buskin' At The Beale St. Ball," and "Harlem Hokum Blues."

Laffeur have also taken one number, the title of which is *I've Lost Confidence In You*.

Spencer's lyricist-collaborator, Pat Castleton, who wrote the words for *Drippin' Tide*, is also here with him.

In his rapid-fire voice, at a pace that is difficult to follow, Spencer told us the tale of how it was that he and Fats never fulfilled the many excellent engagements that had been negotiated for them in London in 1933.

"Fats went out on a jag one day, took it into his head to buy a ticket home, and, before the hangover had set in, they told me he was on his way to America—without a word of warning!"

Spencer ended with a guffaw that interferes with almost everything he says. Nothing seems to upset his good humour.

We could laugh, too, if we'd written just one song like any of his. . . .



Spencer Williams examines one of his records in the editorial offices of the "M.M." To give you three pictures for the price of one, we include two photos on the wall—of Freddy Bretherton (left) and Geoffrey Clayton.

Transatlantic Test Paper

1. With what bands, and on what instruments, do the following play?

Jack Teagarden
Jack Higginbotham
John Kirby
Joe Venuti
Jess Stacy

2. Who are the two brothers, one of whom is a crooner and the other the leader of one of New York's finest bands?

3. Who composed 'The Music goes 'round and around', and why?

4. Who are known as 'The Lion of the Piano', 'Radio's Harmful Little Armful', 'Choo', 'The Father of the Blues', 'His Highness of Hi-de-ho'?

The solutions to last week's Mixed Doubles are:—Bert Ambrose, Austen Croom-Johnson, Bryce Davis, Henry Hall, Albert Harris, Hildegard, Bobby Joy, Teddy Joyce, Judy Shirley, Arthur Young.

GRAMOPHONE

By Christopher Stone

MAY 6TH.

THE ERA

"SWING" COMES INTO ITS OWN

Re-enter Vocalion Records

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

THIS has been the most exciting week for years in the domain of "swing music." After a lapse of many years the Vocalion record label has been revived especially to exploit the increasing market for records of intelligent jazz.

To judge by the first releases, which are already on sale, the

standard of the output is going to be extraordinarily high. In the first place the company has taken the initiative of signing up Benny Carter, that superb arranger and multi-instrumentalist from Harlem, whom Henry Hall recently brought to London to act as special orchestrator to the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. Though Carter's arrangements have been a consistent feature of every recent Henry Hall broadcast, his permit has not enabled him to take part himself in playing them, so the opportunity to hear him toying with saxophones, clarinet, trumpet and other instruments on records is an even more welcome one.

The first Carter release is "Nightfall" and "Swingin' At Maida Vale" (the latter dedicated to the B.B.C.), on Vocalion Record No. 4. On the first side Benny takes his first recorded solo on tenor sax. Even for those who are usually opposed to "hot jazz," "Nightfall" is such a delightful piece that I believe the record will prove a commercial success.

Of the other three records my preference goes to No. 1, which presents Taft Jordan And The Mob, a coloured-and-white combination, in an exquisite rendering of "If The Moon Turns Green," backed by "Night Wind." This is good jazz at its best—the type of dance record of which one can never tire.

Luis Russell and his orchestra offer a grand example of blues playing on No. 2, which belies its grotesque title "Ghost Of The Freaks." Record No. 3 brings Benny Goodman's Modernists in "Solitude"—a fine record which, however, would have been more appreciated had it been issued before this Ellington tune became so hackneyed through over-plugging. The other side of No. 3 offers "March Winds And April Showers," by the Harlem Hot Shots, featuring our one-armed trumpet-playing friend, "Wingy" Mammone, at the top of his somewhat variable form.

"Vocalion Swing Records," as they are now called, deserve every success in their venture. If all their records are as well worth our half-crowns as these first issues, they will have nothing to fear.

IF you have five minutes to spare listen to a piano solo, "Honky Tonk Train Blues," played by Meade Lux Lewis, and to "Barrelhouse," played by Jess Stacey (piano), with Israel Crosby (sixteen-year-old negro, string bass) and Gene Krupa (drums) on Parlophone R 2187 in "The 1936 Super Rhythm Series."

Edgar Jackson and Leonard Feather think the world of it. "Lewis is a natural musical genius," they say. "A sheet of music is just so much Chinese to him, yet this blues record has driven Teddy Wilson, Joe Sullivan and other American pianists wild with excitement."

Another swing maniac, John Hammond (U.S.A.), was fascinated by a cracked and worn record of "Honky Tonk Train Blues" that was made in 1925 and was too old to be recorded like some of the records in the recent Brunswick albums.

Did he flinch? No, he spent ten of the valuable years of his youth wandering about America and Europe, like de Quincey searching for Ann in London, and it was not till last summer in Chicago that he found anyone who could take him to Meade Lux Lewis, who was discovered washing motor-cars for a living.

The middle-aged negro, who had not played the tune for ten years, was hanked off to a recording studio and made the record which you can now listen to and purchase, if you will, for half a crown.

I AM NOT CONFIDENT that you will like it as much as the connoisseurs do; but at least you have a romantic story, liable to any amount of embroidery, to tell your friends when you play it to them.

May 16K M.M.

MORE RAY NOBLE CHANGES

Manhattan Prattle from Dick C. Lander

RAY NOBLE has suffered several further severe losses in his band. CHARLES SPIVAK, trumpet, CLAUDE THORNHILL, piano, and GLENN MILLER, trombonist and arranger, are all reported leaving immediately. The names of their successors are not yet known. Miller is virtually a corner-stone of the band, and his loss will be a grave one.

After their recently reported disagreement with the local Union, Rockwell-O'Keefe have now had their agency licence restored.

PAUL WHITEMAN, GUY LOMBARDO and FRED WARING have combined interests in Words and Music Inc., a new music publishing firm which will start operations immediately, and may show that these three band-leaders are capable of creating hits on their own radio programmes and exploiting them personally.

DON REDMAN has at last made some new records, at A.R.C., probably for Melotone release. BUD FREEMAN'S recording debut with the Tommy Dorsey band, of which he is now a member, took place recently in a number called *At The Codfish Ball*. BOB CROSBY has recorded a magnificent blues entitled *Dirieland Shuffle*.

Benny Goodman is reliably reported to have arranged for MEAD LUX LEWIS to make some blues records with him for the Victor label.

Meade Lux now has a regular night club job in Chicago for the first time in his life, and for the first time also has joined the Union.

EDDIE CONDON is out of hospital and due back at the Famous Door. . . . CAB CALLOWAY almost broke the house record at one of New York's biggest theatres, Loew's State. . . . BUNNY BERIGAN has signed a contract with American Record Corp. . . .

Dave Kapp, touring the South discovering talent for Decca, recorded an unknown trumpeter in New Orleans who is said to be a top-notch and who bears the incredible name of SHARKEY BONANO. . . .

The national musicians' poll, conducted to decide who are the bandsmen's favourite bands, brought sensational results. RAY NOBLE heads the "Best sweet band" list with 1,866 votes against LOMBARDO'S 1,288, followed in order by HAL KEMP, WAYNE KING and ISHAM JONES.

"Best swing band" by an enormous majority is BENNY GOODMAN'S, the next four places going to CASA LOMA, JIMMY DORSEY, LUNCEFORD and ELLINGTON. "Favourite band of all" again brought BENNY GOODMAN romping home, pursued by CASA LOMA, RAY NOBLE, PAUL WHITEMAN and HAL KEMP. The prestige and publicity value of this poll for Goodman and Noble is incalculable.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

THIS column is frequently devoted to discussions of the men who lead the broadcasting bands. This week, for a change, I should like to tell you a little about the man who controls all the bands at once—unknown to them!

Maurice Brown is a genial young Oxford man who, deciding that he preferred music to biology, transferred his attentions from the latter interest to the former. The year 1933 saw him in a position at the BBC, where he is still engaged in charge of gramophone-record programmes.

Now that there is a half-hour record recital at 11.30 p.m. on five nights of the week, and at least two other forty-five minute programmes, the gramophone combines with radio to provide dance-music fans with an appreciable quantity of their broadcast entertainment. So much work is involved that there is a staff of assistants, each specialised in some department of music (Leslie Perowne, for instance, takes care of the itemisation of dance-music programmes), but all the arrangements are subject to Maurice Brown's supervision. It must be his catholicity of musical taste that qualifies him for such an onerous task.

Each month a minimum of 600 new discs must pass through his office into the files, about forty per cent. of them being dance records. The popular jazz stuff, though it satisfies for a while, causes very little correspondence, most of the letters received by the gramophone department being pleas for recitals of specialised subjects. However, despite their transient value, even the dance records are kept in the library for at least three months, after which they are in many cases distributed to hospitals. The library retains permanently one specimen of each important popular tune, as well as the majority of swing or hot jazz records, which do not 'date' rapidly like ordinary dance music. Incidentally, four out of five record programmes from the Regions emanate from London.

Last week's Transatlantic Test Paper must have proved a little wearing for some of you, though there are hundreds of rabid Rhythm Club hardies to whom it was doubtless mere child's play. Here are the solutions:—

1. Jack Teagarden plays trombone and sings with Paul Whiteman. Jack Higginbotham, trombone with Lucky Millinder. John Kirby, bass with Fletcher Henderson. Joe Venuti, violin, own band. Jess Stacy, piano with Benny Goodman.

2. Bing and Bob Crosby were the two brothers.

3. 'The Music goes round' was invented (not composed!) by Red Hodgson as a comedy chorus of 'Dinah', with which it is harmonically almost identical.

4. 'The Lion of the Piano' is the coloured pianist and composer, Willie Smith. 'Radio's Harmful Little Armful', Fats Waller. 'Choo' is Leon Berry, tenor saxophonist. 'Father of the Blues' is sixty-three-year-old W. C. Handy, writer of 'St. Louis Blues' and 'Memphis Blues'. 'His Highness of Hi-De-Ho' is Cab Calloway.

Short and Tall Stories

Which of the following statements are true?

1. George Elrick has a microphone rigged up in his drum kit to enable him to take vocal choruses with the BBC Dance Orchestra.

NEWS CHRONICLE, FRI. MAY. 1ST.

Once more the swing music enthusiasts have a thrill this month. They have persuaded the Crystalate people to issue some of the excellent American dance records that are in their control; such as Benny Goodman's rendering of "Solitude," Luis Russell's "Ghost of the Freaks" and, better still, Taft Jordan and the Mob in "Night Wind" and "If the Moon turns Green."

This last is No. 1 in the Vocalion Swing Series, resplendent in scarlet and black label and envelope (2s. 6d.), and it is the No. 1 swing record of the month in the estimation of Messrs. Edgar Jackson and Leonard Feather,

who point out that the Mob includes Teddy Wilson on the piano, Ray Noble's clarinettist, Chick Webb's trumpeter and other celebrated coloured and white instrumentalists.

For those who prefer vocal jazz these experts recommend particularly Mildred Bailey singing "Willow Tree" and "Honeysuckle Rose," two old Fats Waller tunes, Parlophone R 2201 (2s. 6d.), in "the gentle, relaxed style that places her in a unique position among the white song-stresses of jazz."

Well, I have tried these records and tried to admire them; but the quality that makes them outstanding from dozens of others of the same genre is as far beyond my depth as the quality that makes Dr. Albert Schweitzer's Bach-playing or Schnabel's Beethoven-playing pre-eminent in the ears of musicians.



WHEN you hear the Taft Jordan record be sure to ask for the leaflet that describes it as "perfect swing music from start to finish" and gives details that will help your judgment.

Personally I prefer Henry Hall's latest recruit to the orchestrating staff, Benny Carter, "the greatest all-round jazz musician in the world," who writes the tunes "Swingin' at Maida Vale" and "Nightfall" records them with his orchestra on Vocalion No. 4 and plays alto sax, clarinet and tenor sax himself.

2. George Robey makes violins as a hobby.
3. George Gershwin is admired most among swing music fans for his composition 'I Got Rhythm', and least for his 'Rhapsody in Blue'.
4. George Hodges, Henry Hall's manager, also occasionally plays celeste in the orchestra.

'Newman and his Band', the official designation of next Thursday's newcomers to the air, covers the identity of another of those busy outfits who spend their time playing at hunt and county balls and private receptions. They have made four consecutive annual visits to the Lord Mayor's Ball at Guildhall. Max Theodore Newman, their director, has been a pianist-cum-bandleader ever since the war. The broadcast will feature a twelve-piece band, consisting of four rhythm, three violins, one trumpet, and three saxes, of whom one doubles on accordeon, Tangos, paso dobles, and waltzes will be the order of the afternoon.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

by Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

NEXT week's new band, the Masterkeys (Thursday, 5 15), has the most noble and complicated pedigree ever borne by a dance orchestra. In a manner of speaking, it is the great-grandson of the famous Dance Band led by Jack Payne.

Perhaps this manner of speaking needs a little explanation. The present Masterkeys are an offshoot of the original Kit-Cat Masterkeys, of which only one member remains. The original Masterkeys were a branch who developed after the break-up of a band known as the Barnstormers, which, in turn, sprang from the dissolution of the orchestra that was directed by Jack Payne.

The curious part is that neither Payne's present team nor the present Masterkeys bears



Jack Sheehan

the slightest resemblance to the old Payne outfit. However, the latter group is entering broadcasting in the sumptuous style of its ancestor by offering no fewer than twenty-two artists in the company: six brass, four saxes, three strings, four rhythm, accordeon, vocal trio and solo vocalist. Normally it is just a ten-piece group which has lately been doing

'gigs', i.e. private engagements. Jack Sheehan, thirty-three years old, short and rather quiet, is half-owner of the band. He will probably be too busy organising the broadcast to take his usual place behind the tenor saxophone; but Dick 'Gibraltar' Escott, his co-director, will pluck the string bass as usual in the rock-like, precise style that earned him his nickname in his old days with Ambrose's band.

Once again an evening of late-night dance music is to cross the border from Scotland to entertain Londoners. Joe Kirkham and his Band have been enjoying a successful season at a popular dance hall in Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, and although their engagement there ended on May 2, they are staying up north, busily rehearsing for the broadcast next Tuesday. After that, Kirkham will probably take a seaside engagement for the summer.

Talking of Scotland, it is curious what a large number of the best British musicians had from across the Tweed. Teddy Joyce's Band is composed almost entirely of Scotsmen, in addition to which Teddy has just formed a boys' band which will be all-Scottish.

* Even limiting oneself to West End musicians in London, one could easily form a great all-star band entirely of Highlanders:—Tommy McQuater, Duncan Whyte, Billy Smith, trumpets; Don Macaffer, Freddie Welsh, trombones; Boddy Featherstonhaugh, Benny Winestone, tenor saxes; Andy McDevitt, Dave Shand, alto saxes; Billy Mann, Arthur Young, pianos; Alan Ferguson, guitar; Doug Lees, bass; George Elrick, drums; Mary Lee, vocals.

There is no explanation of the Scots' superior rhythmic instinct, unless it be the inbreeding of reels and hornpipes through the centuries; however, the phenomenon is recognised, amongst the more discerning and unbiased English musicians, as an accepted fact.

Tempo di Jazz

For goodness sake do not let Mr. Leonard G. Feather assume that Scotsmen are all Highlanders, or vice versa. Or that there is anything Scottish in a hornpipe. In a recent article he gave a list of names composing a band; there is not one real Highland name in the lot. Plenty Lowland, Ulster, and one Palestine—what a 'Highland' collection! —R. A. Chrystal, London, S.W.1.

THE BARRELHOUSE BARON

Danish Nobleman Swing-Disciple Is In Town

LAST week, London musicians and fans welcomed the Continent's most interesting swing music personality to their midst, for Baron Timme Rosenkrantz suddenly arrived in town by air from his native Copenhagen.

Denmark's "Barrelhouse Baron" is visiting this country on behalf of *Poltiken*, the famous daily paper for which he works.

He will also, however, be attending to his musical interests, for Timme is one of Europe's keenest swing fans, and is an intimate friend of the hundreds of New York musicians whose acquaintance he made during a year's stay in that city.



Baron Rosenkrantz

In addition, he is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and hopes shortly to publish an illustrated album of his peregrinations through Harlem and Broadway. Many of the photographs will be culled from the Danish magazines, *Jazzrevy* and *Jazz*, both of which Timme finds time to edit and run almost single-handed.

Descended from one of the oldest families in Denmark, the Baron also boasts Scottish ancestry, one great-grandparent having been named Mackenzie; but, despite his red hair, he is not to be confused with the Red McKenzie from Mound City!

M.M. MAY 16 TH.

Benny Winestone's inclusion in the above list is quite intentional. Now working with Tommy Finigan, he claims to be one of the only two Jewish Scotsmen ever to have made good in the London jazz world. The other is Max Abrams, drummer with Carroll Gibbons. If you still doubt me, you should hear Benny's accent!

Last week, in the 'Short And Tall Stories', the George Robey and George Gershwin statements were correct.

Jazz History Exam

1. Which was the song that made Irving Berlin famous? In what year?
2. Who were Jim Europe's Hell Fighters?
3. What was Paul Whiteman's first record, and in what year was it issued in England?
4. Which were the first two famous blues tunes? Give the respective years of publication.
5. Who was the writer of 'Tiger Rag', and with which pioneer jazz orchestra did he play?



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

AFTER the attempts of so many dance bands to present rhythmic interpretations of the classics, it seems only fair that Peter Yorke should introduce a retaliatory element by forming his band round a 'straight' string quartet. The orchestra, which you will hear next Friday evening (May 22), is completed by one solitary trumpet, a clarinet, and the usual four-piece rhythm section; but the separation of the two factions will be so complete that for the broadcast (though this may sound like a Tall Story) a separate microphone will be used around which the string coterie will for-gather in dignified exclusiveness.

These four are all frequent broadcasters, but do not usually like to be associated with dance music, and would be startled to see their names in print in this department. It is in no condescending spirit, however, that Peter Yorke himself, leader and orchestrator of this aggregation, will enter into the nether regions of dance music. The memory of Jack Hylton's Band, with whom he remained as pianist and arranger from 1926 to 1931, is still a vivid one; more vivid, indeed, than the early days when he was trained as a church organist. Before the six years with Hylton he worked for Percival Mackey and several other leaders.

Since the boom in British pictures, Yorke has profited by the increasing demand for good arrangers and conductors in the field of synchronised music. These activities have kept him comparatively shielded from the glare of publicity; but he is altogether an unassertive type, with his benevolent, bespectacled face, rather bald head and projecting upper lip, this last feature giving him the air of a trumpet player rather than a pianist. 'I don't look glamorous enough for a dance band leader', he told me.

Staccato Notes

JACK PAYNE arrives back in England on June 22, after a £1,000-per-week South African tour... HARRY ROY has again formed a cricket eleven, and will be glad to hear from anyone who can arrange fixtures for Sunday charity matches... Two of the Scotsmen mentioned in last week's column have taken over new jobs: BENNY WINESTONE, tenor sax star, has joined LOU PRAGER since the latter inaugurated his new 'swing style' policy, and BILLY MUNN is the new pianist with Sydney Lipton... SUZANNE BOTTEBELL, vocal star of the future, recently sang on the air with LIPTON, AL COLLINS, and LEW STONE, all in one week. Perhaps this news will quell the complaints that 'all these crooners sound the same'... MAURICE BURMAN, Roy Fox's drummer, and STANLEY BLACK, Harry Roy's pianist, are both practising the trumpet as a hobby—and will both curse me heartily for revealing their guilty secret!

Solution to last week's 'Jazz History Exam.'

1. 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' made Irving Berlin famous in Britain (1912).
2. Jim Europe's Hell Fighters, a wartime coloured band of A.E.F. men, were among the first to play ragtime in Europe. Lieut. Noble Sissle, their vocalist, has since become a prominent band leader himself.
3. Paul Whiteman's first record was 'Whispering' and 'Japanese Sandman' (1920).
4. The first two great blues tunes, both by W. C. Handy, were 'Memphis Blues' (written 1909, published 1912) and 'St. Louis Blues' (1914).
5. D. J. 'Nick' la Rocca, who retired on the royalties he earned from 'Tiger Rag', now plans to revive the Original Dixieland Jazz Band with which he made the tune famous.



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

IT is a journalistic tradition that 'Man Bites Dog' is the epitome of news. This week, however, there is a 'Dog Bites Man' story that defies this unwritten law; for the dog in question was the property of Dick McDonough, one of America's jazz guitarists, and the man whose diminutive snub nose it bit was Johnny Mercer, the lyric-writer, who has arrived in London with a bandaged nose as a result of this encounter on the eve of sailing.

Johnny Mercer, who is here to write the numbers for the forthcoming *Blackbirds* revue, was born twenty-six years ago in Savannah, Georgia, and went on the stage at eighteen. Two years later, when he was applying for a job, he found that there were no vacancies for an actor, but a song-writer was required. Since then he has written the lyrics for hundreds of commercial hits, one of the biggest being 'Lazybones'.

Occasionally he has written the tunes in addition to the lyrics; for example, the new Bing Crosby film number from *Home On The Range*, which has the promisingly mordant title 'I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande' (Homage to Constant Lambert!). And now, with a year's work for R.K.O. in Hollywood behind him, Johnny Mercer is preparing some hits of which you will certainly hear more when the *Blackbirds* show opens next month. 'You're my necessary evil', 'Dixie isn't Dixie any more', and 'Americana' will be among those featured.

Also in town, collaborating with him on these numbers, is Rube Bloom, a composer well known to rhythm fans through some of the early *Venuti* records on which he acted as pianist and vocalist.

From dogs who bite men to men who run horses may seem an irrelevant step, but the subject of animals inevitably brings to mind 'Pinfire', the racehorse which, I am assured, is all set for a brilliant future under the ownership of Roy Fox.

It is amazing how Roy finds time for such hobbies as these now that his *Variety* engagements take him out of London for five weeks out of six. Another of his occupations at the moment is the reading of film scenarios, for he is seeking a story that can be built principally round Mary Lee and will serve as a 'vehicle' for the band.

Mary's versatility is astonishing; she now joins in the tap-dancing routines with Earl and Eddie Franklyn. By the way, although the latter pair hold a trombone and a violin respectively when they are not dancing, the instruments are, like Denny Dennis's guitar, seen but not heard—a favourite old ruse amongst stage bands to give dancers and vocalists something to do. The actual and complete line-up of the instrumentalists is as follows: Sid Buckman, trumpet (and a few vocals, e.g. 'Wild Mustang'); Les Lambert, trumpet; Geo. Rowe, Jock Bain, trombones; Art Christmas, Rex Owen, Hugh Tripp, Harry Gold, saxes; Harry Balen, violin; Jack Nathan, piano and almost all orchestration; Ivor Mairants, guitar; Maurice Burman, drums (and writer of 'Congo'); Geo. Gibbs, bass; Bobby Joy, vocal and accordion.

Bon voyage to Henry Hall, who sails with Mrs. Hall on Wednesday on the *Queen Mary*, leaving his band in charge of Burton Gillis and George Hodges until his return on June 10. 'H. R. H.' wrote the words and music of 'Somewhere at Sea', which will be the signature tune of his broadcast from mid-Atlantic with one of the ship's bands.

Also aboard the Brobdingnagian boat will be Larry Adler, homeward bound for four months' holiday; Eve Becke, whom America hailed last year for her work with Jack Hylton; Frances Day; and a whole firmament of other stars.

May 9th.

THE MELODY MAKER

HARLEM PARADISE

by
Leonard G. Feather



Charlie Johnson

ON the very last night of my recent trip, accompanied by Milton Mesirov, who knows Harlem better than any other ofay and as well as most spades, I went to Paradise—Mr. Small's conception.

Small's, if you wish to get there, is situated at 135th Street and 7th Avenue. During the week it is not very full. The premises being located in a basement, there is an appropriately dark and smoky atmosphere about the place, though it is larger than most clubs of this kind.

The floor show is merely Connie's Inn downtown on a smaller and less interesting scale, so my comments must be limited to the orchestra, which is directed at the piano by Charlie Johnson.

Line-up was Gus McLung, 1st trum-

pet; Frank Newton, hot trumpet (since departed to Teddy Hill's band); Henry Goodwin, growl trumpet; Joe Britton, trombone; Ben Williams, tenor; Clarence Frederick, Ben Whitted, reeds; Bobby Johnson, guitar; George Stafford, drums; Lewis Thompson, bass; Amos Barnes, vocalist.

Charlie Johnson wrote the music of the floor-show, and is the author of *Fat And Greasy*, recorded by Pats Waller, and of *Viper's Dream*.

The band was remarkable only in one way, namely, by dint of its trumpet soloist, Frank Newton. I had already heard the tall, baby-faced, smiling Frank at the first jam session of the United Hot Clubs of America, and was vastly impressed by the individuality of his style. At Small's the impression was again confirmed that, as in the case of Red Allen, here is a man whose work can be recognised after a few hearings; not because of any limitations or overworked tricks, but because he has personality as well as the ability to express that personality in his style on the instrument.

You would get the idea of this better if Frank Newton had made any solos on records, but, alas, his work is, to my knowledge, limited to a few accompaniments on Bessie Smith records.

Small's Paradise is worth a visit if you have time to spare; but if it means giving up the Savoy or a good show at the Apollo, you will have to exercise a great deal of discretion.

May 23rd

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

★ André Ekyan and His Orchestra.

St. Louis Blues.

You Rascal You.

(Ultraphone AP1545).

Limehouse Blues.

Moonglow.

(Ultraphone AP1546).

THESE are the other two records in the "Anthology of the French Hot Club." Ekyan is a star alto and clarinet man who worked for some time with Hylton's Band.

The first three sides are all pretty much alike—grimy-toned solo work reminiscent of Cecil Scott, and a general "quintessence of gut-bucket" atmosphere. Towards the end of each side comes a little idle riffing by ensemble; the usual formula, producing rather trite effects in *Rascal* and *Limehouse*. In *St. Louis* the results are more successful, and the medium tempo is well chosen.

Limehouse Blues is really a complete

kyan outing. He himself wrote the arrangement (what there is of it), and plays a great deal of alto solo work. The first solo chorus is a little under-recorded.

Inevitable Choice

Moonglow (why does everybody choose *Moonglow*?) is an alto solo. Somehow it seems difficult for any artist to do much that is new with a number that does not lend itself to much variation in treatment, and Ekyan's solo, therefore, succeeds only within his self-imposed limitations.

In the second chorus he sounds as though he himself has realised the task with which he is confronted, and, in an effort to make things interesting, he begins to indulge in one or two arpeggi and little technical tricks that have neither the swing nor the academic interest with which he probably hoped to invest them.

The best part of this side is the coda; not because one is glad to reach the end, but because the accompanying band suddenly strikes out into an unexpected couple of bars which put a moment of life into the dying disc.

L. G. F.

ENGLISH BANDS, RECORDS, RADIO, REVIEWS

Hylton Band Dismembered M. C. A. Opens London Office

Benny Carter Signed by Vocalion
By LEONARD G. FEATHER

AFTER over a decade of triumphs, the band that has done more than any other in the cause of British dance music has disbanded. Jack Hylton's prolonged absence in America, and his recently signed Real Silk contract in Chicago, made the situation very unsettled for his English band, which continued to tour for some time with a deputy conductor, Sonny Farrar.

The almost inevitable result was a break-up of the famous organization, many of the men having already found themselves new jobs. Sonny Farrar will lead a large band, on Frank and Milt Britton lines, on a tour of the Paramount circuit.

Coincident with the news of this debacle comes the decision of Lew Stone to cut down his band and take a resident job at the Cafe de Paris. The line-up mentioned last month has thus been reduced so that only Crossman, Apps,

reeds, Max Goldberg, Duncan Whyte, Tom McQuater, trumpets; Ted Heath, Bill Mulraney, trombone; Pat Dodd, George Elliott, Rennie Gubertini, Al Burke, rhythms.

Benny played alto, clarinet, trumpet and some really swell tenor—the first time he has recorded on this instrument. Titles waxed include *Night-fall*, *Swingin' At Maida Vale*, *These Foolish Things*, *Big Ben Blues*. They are available through Perfect and Melotone for American release, and should be worth your quarters.

Coleman Hawkins Reappears

One again it seems that a famous American musician is on his way here via the Continent. Britain's No. 1 Rhythm Club has cooperated with Leonard Hibbs (editor of *Swing Music*) on a plan whereby Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax wizard who has been languishing in Holland and Switzerland for a year and a half, will return to England for a concert under the auspices of the Rhythm Club, to be followed by a series of recitals throughout the country.

If the plan works out as intended, Hawk's European jaunt will end in a blaze of glory, and he will then return to the States in the full flush of fame.

Top Songs in England

The following brief survey, though it does not attempt to give an exact idea of relative sales values, will help to show just how many months behind we are with American songs over here.

Top three numbers at present are all Transatlantic—*Alone* (F. D. H.), *Feather In The Breeze* (Victoria), *I'm Shootin' High* (F. D. H.). Principal locally written numbers are *Why Did She Fall for the Leader of the Band* from the Jack Hylton picture (P. Maurice), *Sunset Trail* (P. Maurice), *Old Ship o' Mine* (Dash).

Numbers which are okay on mechanicals and fair on sheet music include *Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes*, *Write Myself a Letter*, *Moon Over Miami*, *Every Meeny Miney Mo*, *You Hit the Spot* and Jack Hulbert's new hit, *Where There's You There's Me*.

"Rhythm on Record"

Record collectors and personnel hunters will be able to indulge their passion for musical knowledge in a big way now that Hilton R. Schleman's impressive omnibus volume, *Rhythm on Record*, has been published by

Melody Maker Ltd., 21 Tudor St. London E. C. 4.

This book surveys every important jazz record made since 1906, the index to artists containing no less than 4,000 names. The data regarding records and personnel must have involved some super-human research work during the three years devoted to its compilation. Naturally the majority of the space is given over to American recordings, and, though the author has never crossed the Atlantic, he appears to have made his information as complete as could possibly be expected.

The book is not one to plod through at one sitting, despite the numerous biographies and the hundred illustrations. It is neither poetry nor prose, but plain hard facts set out in a manner that will serve many writers as an invaluable source for plagiarism. At 7/6d. (\$1.90) it is a sound investment.

British Song Laments

"I'm just a cold-blooded business man," declared Irwin Dash to an audience of bewigged and solemn administrators of the laws of Great Britain.

This soul-baring confession of faith was just one amusing episode in a law case that has attracted much attention in the daily papers. Dash has sued Michael Carr, the song writer, claiming that at the time when Carr sold a song called *Cocoboy* to the Peter Maurice Company, Carr was under contract to the Dash company and had no authority to dispose of the song elsewhere.

The attempts to define such technical expressions as "No. 1 plug song," though vastly entertaining, have so protracted the case that after several weeks no conclusion has yet been reached. In the meantime the costs are mounting up on both sides, so that if it is alleged that there's no money in the song business nowadays we can at least answer that there's plenty of money going out of it!

European Records

One of the unsolved mysteries of the record world is the problem of why Spike Hughes' American records were never released in America. Possibly Local 802 had something to do with it, for Spike is a young Irish composer (since turned journalist) who achieved his life's ambition by crossing the Atlantic to have his compositions recorded by an all-star colored band under his own direction.

For these sessions Spike took over Benny Carter's Orchestra, with certain additions. The line-up included Hawkins and "Choo", Red Allen, Dickie Wells, Sidney Catlett and a great gang of other stars. The fourteen sides all came out on English Decca, and at 1/6 (35c.) are all worth your money. Details are: *Nocturne*, *Someone Stole Gabriel's Horn*, F 3563; *Pastoral*, *Bugle Call Rag*, F 3606; *Fanfare*, *Arabesque*, F 3639; *Donegal Cradle Song*, *Firebird*, F 3717; *Music at Sunrise*, *Music at Midnight*, F 3836; *Air in D Flat*, *Sweet Sorrow*, F 5101; *Sweet Sue*, *How Come You Do Me*, F 3972. The last pair were jam titles with a smaller band, in which Spike himself played string bass. Of the other twelve titles, all but two are his own compositions.

Arabesque is one of the most successful. It is a fine piece of writing beautifully interpreted, most of the wax being taken up by Hawkins. On the reverse is a traditional type of Blues. The only fault here is the one which appears in practically all these

records; namely, the lack of sparkle in the brass section, which never properly gets going, on account of the clipped style of phrasing in the written parts.

Firebird is another work with character and charm, featuring clever exploitation of the flute playing of Wayman Carver. *Gabriel's Horn* has a vocal by Carter, and is generally the weakest of the fourteen sides. The two jam sides, apart from Dickie Wells' solos, are excellent.

For first choices from the above selection I would advise F 3639, then F 5101 and F 3972. Whichever you choose, they will show you that we once had a young man in these isles who could really teach Americans a thing or two about jazz.

BAND REVIEWS

(Maximum Marking: Four Stars)

***Joe Loss and His Band. Astoria Dance Salon, London.

Line-up: Trumpets: Bert Collier, Harry Letham, Clem Stephens; trombones: Joe Cordell, Wolfe Phillips; altos: Eddie Pratt, Danny Miller; tenor: Reg Brewster; piano: Harry Kahn; bass: Reg Richman; drums: Jack Greenwood; violin: Joe Loss.

Vocals: Chick Henderson, Clem Stephens, Blue Notes Trio.

Chief Arrangers: Harry Kahn, Stan Bowsher, etc.

Broadcasts: Irregular. Next on May 4th, 5.30 p. m. EST. Signature tune: *I Want to Dance*.

Records: H.M.V. (Victor).

Films: British Lion shorts.

History: Joe Loss has been playing at London's Roseland Ballroom, the Astoria, for many years, with one brief interval at the Kit-Cat. He has made very few vaudeville appearances, and only made his air bow some two years ago. His policy on the stand and on broadcasts is "Dancing time for dancers".

Comment: With so many of the leading London bands either in disintegration or in the throes of partial disbandment, Loss has a chance of becoming one of the real big-timers. Although his appearance is not strongly in his favor (he is short and dark, with racially characteristic features), it may be reasonably argued that Ambrose's face has never stopped Ambrose from reaching the top.

The fact is that, catering to dancers who demand strict tempo and a minimum of presentation and showmanship, Joe Loss has established a polished, clean ensemble which has few equals in this country. The tonality of the brass is smart and pleasing; of the soloists, Letham does best, the trombones being strictly ensemble men. Wolfe Phillips is the eighteen-year-old brother of Sid Phillips, star reed man and arranger with Ambrose, and has already turned in some swell orchestrations for Loss, *Wabash Blues* being an example.

In synthetic hot numbers of the *White Heat* type, the spotlight man fixes some simple but effective presentation tricks. For tangos, three men double on accordion with Loss' own straight violin playing in the lead. Loss avoids the use of microphones when playing violin, and makes it quite clear that he does not need any amplification.

Of the rhythm section the bass calls for most praise, producing a light, clear tone on the lines of Kirby or (Turn to page 39, please)

English Band Reviews

(Continued from page 27)

Bernstein. Drums are inclined to monotony at times, and the pianist seems to lack ideas. Guitar is not used except for recording and broadcasts, when Sam Gelsley is generally used.

Henderson, the straight vocalist, has a satisfying manner and delivery, his range enabling him to cope very well with such numbers as *Alone*. The other vocalists are on the debit side.

After becoming so closely identified with the Astoria it seems that Joe Loss may never go any further; yet there are possibilities, with a band of his calibre, that are too good for him to overlook.

* * *

****Harry Roy and His Band.** Palladium Theatre, London.

Line-up: Trumpets: Bert Wilton, Tommy Porter, Alf Horton; trombones: Jack Collins, Dick Boothroyd; saxes: Nat Temple, Joe Arbiter, Harry Hayes, Harry Goss; pianos: Stanley Black, Norman Yarlett (Norman White); banjo: Tommy Venn; drums: Joe Daniels; tymps: Bill Currie; bass: Arthur Calkin; leader, alto, clarinet: Harry Roy.

Vocals: Harry Roy, Bill Currie.
Chief Arranger: Stanley Black, Ronnie Munro.

Broadcasts: Afternoons only (about noon EST), mostly on Saturdays. Signature tune: *Bugle Call Rag*.

Records: Parlophone.

Films: Royal Romance (Joe Rock).

History: Roy was first noticed as a member of his brother Sid's band. He then branched out individually as a personality showman-leader, and has been helped in his rise to fame by a terrific publicity build-up following his marriage to Princess Pearl of Sarawak, who played in his picture and has made records and frequent public appearances with him.

Comment: Whatever a mere reviewer finds to say regarding the musical qualities of Roy's band, Roy will continue to be one of the most sensational forces in British show business. Undoubtedly the success of the band is due almost entirely to the personality of the leader. On records his voice and manner are unmistakable.

As a vocalist he is what is generally described as "peppy"; he puts plenty of synthetic zest into his work, with exclamatory "hot-cha-chas", a little trick of slurring down a whole tone on to accented notes, and other corny effects. Now and then he also plays alto and clarinet, and, though he sounds like a combination of Boyd Senter and Fess Williams and is fully aware of his own deficiencies, the public falls for it hook, line and sinker.

The secret of it all is something more than this reviewer can fathom. Heartlessly analyzed, Roy's performance is one of forced showmanship, of unconvincing pseudo-spontaneity and a few mannerisms that rapidly become tiresome.

The band itself has very little chance to show its paces. Originally the star men were Moreton and Kaye, the "Tiger-Ragmuffin" pianists. They have now been replaced by Black and Yarlett. The former is such an all-round musician and fine arranger that it is pitiful to hear him rushing through such meaningless, flashy duets as *Piano Madness*, which are played because they correspond with the ickies' idea of "hot music."

The brass section is workmanlike and no more, an irritating feature being the inclusion of trumpet duet and trio choruses which sound thin and unmusical. Reeds have one or two good men, notably Harry Hayes.

Joe Daniels, a drummer with very advanced technique, has earned such popularity with his noisy, flamboyant individual displays that it is impossible to ascertain whether or not he could be a good swing percussionist.

In the current revue, *All Afloat at Oxford Circus*, at the Palladium, the most musical part of Roy's show occurs in the accompaniment to a dance routine, when the band plays *Smoke Rings* really well, showing that they might be capable of interesting the fans if they were given a chance. However, their audience at present is so large, and pays so well, that one can hardly blame them for not paying attention to minorities.

Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

HIS LAPSE WAS GOLDEN

Fortune smiled when words failed Cab Calloway, the famous band-leader and crooner.

By LEONARD G. FEATHER.

CAB CALLOWAY, the 28-year-old uncrowned king of "hi-de-hi" and "ho-de-ho," master of the art of "scat-singing," owes his fame to a lucky accident.

Calloway, who is a Negro lawyer's son, had given up his law studies in favour of an entertainment career, and had a modest job in a cabaret show in a famous Chicago night club.

One night, Adelaide Hall, the star of the show, was prevented from appearing owing to sudden illness, and young Cab stepped into the gap at the last moment. In the middle of a song he



Here's Cab Calloway, the "Hi-de-ho" singer.

was dismayed to find that he had forgotten the words.

This was no time to hesitate, and straight away Cab plunged into a string of phrases which, though they meant precisely nothing, had a curious fascination which acted like magic on the audience.

"Hi-de-hi!" sang Cab. "Ho-de-ho!"

Thus it was that Cab's peculiar style of "scat-singing" made its public bow—and before long the whole United States decided that they could not have too much of it.

But there is a more serious strain in Calloway's character which surprised New York last winter.

Cab and his orchestra were asked to give a special Sunday evening recital at the Broadway Temple Methodist Episcopal Church, which has one of

the biggest white congregations in the city.

The band played spirituals such as "Standin' In the Need of Prayer," and, finally, Cab himself astonished the congregation by singing the colourful "Go Down, Moses" as reverently and devoutly as it has ever been sung.

But it was that "hi-de-hi" day that made all the difference in Cab's career, and started one of the most curious musical vogues of the century.

NEWS-CHRONICLE, May 22nd.

CHEER up. Forget for the moment the snags and think of the advantages of the gramophone record.

For instance, Messrs. Edgar Jackson and Leonard Feather recommend very highly as a "swing" record, "I'm gonna clap my hands" and "I hope Gabriel likes my music," as played by Gene Krupa's All-Star Swing Band (on N.M.V. B 8429, 10-inch, 2s. 6d.); and in doing so point out that this band was composed of some members of Benny Goodman's Orchestra (white) and Fletcher Henderson's Band

(coloured), both of which were playing in Chicago at the same time.

These players could not have joined forces on the bandstand; but in the recording studio racial barriers are down, and the result is a most valuable co-operation between white and coloured dance musicians.

Among them, by the way, was Leon "Choo" Berry, the saxophone player, who is credited with the invention of the short phrase which is the basis of "Christopher Columbus," the "rhythm cocktail," which is the rage in swing circles. It drives me mad.

NEWS-CHRONICLE, May 29th.

Selected Records

★
Joe Venuti (violin) and the late Ed. Lang (guitar) playing "Stringin' the Blues" and "Black and Blue Bottom," Columbia Super-Swing Series DB 5001, 10-inch, 2s. 6d. Out of fifty "swing" titles in the June Lists Messrs. Leonard Feather and Edgar Jackson have chosen this for me—and it was recorded nine years ago. It is full of discreet excitement.

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

by Leonard Feather

COMPLETE list of titles recorded by Benny Carter and Orchestra for Vocalion is as follows:—

- Nightfall.
 - Swingin' At Meads Vale.
 - These Foolish Things.
 - Big Ben Blues.
 - I've Got Two Lips.
 - Just A Mood.
 - Swingin' The Blues.
 - When Day Is Done.
- First four titles had a twelve-piece band (plus Benny), consisting of E. O. Patton, Andy McDevitt, Buddy Featherstonhaugh, reads; Max Goldberg, Tommy McQuater, Duncan Whyte, trumpets; Ted Heath, Bill Mulraney, trombones; Pat Dodd, piano; Geo.

Elliott, guitar; Al Burke, bass; Ronnie Gubertini, drums.

Second four sides had eight men, plus Benny: McDevitt, Featherstonhaugh, McQuater, Whyte, and rhythm section as before.

It was only in *Nightfall* that Benny played tenor. *Foolish Things* featured him on alto, trumpet, and clarinet; *Big Ben* provided him with a short vocal.

Alix Combelle (tenor sax and clarinet), with Hot Club Quintet.
Crazy Rhythm.
The Sheik O' Araby.
(Ultraphone AP 1544)

The Ultraphone company recently

changed hands, and the records may be difficult to get, but for some time I have been intending to put in a few words for this disc and others.

Here we have one of a special series of French-made hot records waxed at the suggestion of the French Hot Club. Reinhardt and his boys play a subservient rôle as accompanists to a celebrated French tenor man who, if never very distinguished, plays good gut-bucket stuff in the accepted night club style. His tone is more than dirty; it is downright filthy, but in this type of music the ground's the limit.

After the opening chorus of *Sheik* he makes a quick change and presents a

nice clarinet solo. Django comes into the limelight in the next chorus with a simple guitar riff, which is answered by the tenor. This is effective stuff, working up to a good climax.

The reverse is less successful, because Combelle attempts one or two unnecessary tricks, such as sustained notes and whips, which sound as though they should have been played on trumpet. Accompaniment is okay, bass being quite notable on this side.

Alix Combelle is no genius, but the record certainly has sufficient points to show that he "knows what it's all about."



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

HAVING heard that Bram Martin, leader of the increasingly popular Holborn Restaurant Orchestra, comes from a Lisbon family, that his real name is Bramwell Martinez, and that he played 'cello under Bruno Walter, I was prepared for a colourful and glamorous story in our interview.

Certainly the appearance of this dapper, fair-moustached figure of average height did not augur anything unduly exotic. My first question, "What part of Portugal are you from?" brought an initial disillusionment. "Oh, I'm London born."

"But you studied abroad?"
"No—I learned the 'cello with Warwick Evans of the London String Quartet. My father gave me some of my early instruction too; he was a fine amateur performer."

Determined to find a glamorous twist to the story, I asked what careers Bram Martin embarked on before entering the music profession in the hope that he would reveal himself as a former stoker, engineer, taxi-driver, bus-conductor or bank-clerk, in the manner of other celebrities in the dance music profession. Here again came a disappointment. "I stepped straight into music twenty-two years ago, at the age of thirteen."

"And your first dance music job?"
"Jack Hylton's Band at the Criterion in 1922. I played the banjo."

"Less and less romantic!"
"And later, with the same band, I believe I was the first to introduce the guitar into British dance music."

"Do you ever play the 'cello nowadays?"
"Occasionally. Recently I played in Stanelli's Bachelor Party!"

Next, at long last, came a touch of colour. Of all London's 'cellists, he was selected to play the solo part in 'Le Cygne' at the Pavlova Memorial Concert.

Finally I demanded: "What is your chief hobby?" expecting at least that this might reveal a love of bull-fighting or even a secret passion for pelota. This time, however, every hope of a glamorous story was shattered with the reply: "I get home from work at 1.30 a.m., change into flannels, have breakfast, read the paper, and then, at about 4.30, I go out fishing. I hold the Thames record for the biggest roach caught, weighing over 24lb. The only times I miss my fishing are Wednesday and Saturday nights, when we all stay at the restaurant rehearsing from 1 a.m. to 7 a.m."

Since it was clearly useless to attempt any further dramatisation of the Martin career, the next step was the compilation of a personnel of the orchestra as you will hear it on its future broadcasts:—

Paddy Harlow, Stanley Roderick, trumpets; Alec Dawson, trombone and arranger; Harry Lewis, first alto; Harold Geller, second alto; Manny Winters, tenor; Rex Blake, baritone; Tommy Benton, piano and arranger; Albert Fleet, guitar; Monty Lipner drums; Joe Woolnough, bass, and Albert Moroni, violin. Bram himself, despite his foreign origin, has been congratulated as almost the only bandleader to do his own announcing with complete success. He also sings in certain numbers, though officially the vocalists will be Helen McKay, formerly with Lew Stone's Band, and Jimmy Leary.

Jazz-Word Puzzle

Each of the following clues indicates a bandleader's surname. All the solutions end in the same three letters. The clue to the keyword forming these three letters is 'A measure of weight.'

1. Pianist-leader.
2. Violinist-leader.
3. Motorist-leader.
4. American girl-leader.
5. English girl-leader.
6. Coloured leader in England.
7. English leader in U.S.A.
8. Leader who died in S. Africa.
9. Former 'semi-pro' king.
10. Coloured jazz king.

★ ————— ★

INTERNATIONAL



Dutch

AMERICAN MUSIC TRUMPET

stephane

Latest Discs

WAXWORKS



★ ————— ★

Garnet Clark And His Hot Club's Four.
(French H.M.V.)
Rosetta.
The Object Of My Affection.
(K. 7618.)

THIS can only be obtained direct from France, and is for expansive pocket-books exclusively; but, even if you cannot obtain it, I think it is a record worthy of mention.

Garnet Clark is a young, temperamental and eccentric pianist who arrived in France from Harlem with Benny Carter last summer. With him on this record are Bill Coleman, trumpet (featured in many recent Fats Wallers), George Johnson, clarinet; Django Reinhardt, guitar; and June Cole (ex-Fletcher Henderson), bass.

Despite its numerous faults, this is one of the most interesting records made in France. Clark is obviously a person of considerable talent who has modelled himself on Hines. With the rhythm section accompanying him it

is difficult to tell whether he has any left hand. What one can appreciate, though, is his delightful manner of trampling over the keyboard in simple phrases, grabbing an octave here and there, and later on butting into the ensemble work just as Hines does nowadays, yet with some qualities that the new Hines hasn't got. You can almost hear him saying, "I may not be good, but, by heaven, I'm different!"

The other two melody instruments are very variable; it is as if the session was rushed, and better results could have been obtained with a little patience. Johnson's chalumeau stuff in *Rosetta* hits the spot.

Coleman shows right from the start of *Object Of My Affection* that the tempo is beyond him, and in his vocal chorus it is clearer still that he would have been happier at twenty fewer bars per minute. As a vocalist he sounds a little like Prima, but is blessed with occasional original ideas and sings in tune throughout.

The trumpet highspot is his break before the last eight bars. The ending on this side is very rough; yet the record as a whole has an undeniable personality. Harlem in Montmartre seems a little more colourful than Harlem in London.

L. G. F.

★
May 30th

June 6th

★ ————— ★

INTERNATIONAL WAXWORKS

★ ————— ★

Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
(Continental H.M.V., 2s. 6d. to order).
"G" Blues.
Tail Spin.
(X 4431)

IF you enjoyed *Announcer's Blues*, by Trumbauer, this month, "*G*" Blues will have a similar attraction for you. It is also a Tram composition, with the author in the rôle of featured soloist.

As you might suspect, the piece is built around the dominant of the key of C, cleverly interwoven into the orchestration. I do not mean "clever" to be taken as a derogatory term here. Many rhythmologists shy away from cleverness like rabbits from a greyhound; yet it is possible for cleverness to be put to useful ends. Tram's solo here is a clever one, almost entirely in semitones, and verging on the corny, while the piano which follows it goes right over the verge.

There is also a disappointing violin solo, presumably by Malneck, after which Teagarden offers an agreeable but far from typical contribution. The rhythm section plays better than usual,

and the entire record has personality, in a slightly starchy manner.

The reverse is a joint composition of Tram and Jimmy Dorsey. This time the old master goes himself one better by playing a solo in triplets! Neither the rhythm nor the composition maintains the standard of *G Blues*.

Several surprises have again turned up in the new lists; not the least of these being an allegedly commercial pairing by Joe Venuti and His Orchestra on Columbia. *Stop, Look And Listen* has just enough of Joe's solo work and just enough excellently scored and played ensemble to convince us that Joe has really found himself a good swing band this time. Ruth Lee's vocals are fair.

Two sides of the Lou Garcia session mentioned recently have turned up on Regal-Zono. *Christopher Columbus* and *It's Great To Be In Love Again* introduce that remarkable newcomer, Herbie Haymer, from Norvo's Band, playing some swell tenor. Garcia himself plays trumpet, Marsala clarinet, and Morey Samuel trombone. The rhythm section, which could have been improved, has Rollini on piano and Wingy's guitar and bass.

Leonard G. Feather.



A remarkable composite photograph of Earl Hines and his band

typical Hines act will help to give an idea of how he achieved popularity with Young America.

The scene is the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. White folks from downtown have joined the sepian throng to wonder at the king of the ivories in his first visit to the Big City for many moons. Earl and the gang open up to the strains of *Deep Forest*, the signature tune written for him by Reginald Foresythe. Then follows a little gambling scene in Monte Carlo built around the number *I'm Shootin' High*, and next *I'm Gonna Clap My Hands*, the new Riley-Farley hit, complete with dance routine.

The band act proper, as opposed to the rest of the revue supporting Hines, opens up with *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, which is sung by Arthur Lee Simpkins, with hoarse interpolations

by the Armstrongesque Walter Fuller.

The next band item is an old favourite, *Just You, Just Me*; then—hold your breath—a Spanish medley for a dance routine. Dusty Fletcher comes out for an alleged comedy scene with Earl Hines. Earl seems to fall flat as a personality and showman, though it is in these rôles that he particularly fancies himself.

Mrs. Hines, on the other hand (better known as Kathryn Perry), makes a really good job of her two numbers, *Good For Nothing Joe* and *Alone At A Table For Two*. After her turn, Earl sits down at the piano (at last!) and what does he play? He plays *Red Soils In The Sunset*.

Sailing Redly

After he has sailed redly in the sunset, Earl jumps up and sings *Sweet Sue*; then Walter Fuller, Bud Johnson and Omer Simeon sing it as a trio number, and, finally, the whole band sings and/or plays it.

After yet another dance routine, the band plays Choo's increasingly popular swing number, *Christopher Columbus*.

The final three items are *Underneath The Harlem Moon* by Dusty Fletcher, *Spreadin' Rhythm Around* by the whole band, and the customary *Deep Forest*.

There you have a typical Hines presentation; this is the show that would greet you if, in your eagerness to see the playboy of the keyboard, you dashed to America and hid yourself to the theatre where he was being featured.

What? You'd rather stay at home and listen to his records?

Well, don't spread it around, but, candidly, I have a strong suspicion you're perfectly right. . . .

★
built around the dominant of the key of C, cleverly interwoven into the orchestration. I do not mean "clever" to be taken as a derogatory term here. Many rhythmologists shy away from cleverness like rabbits from a greyhound; yet it is possible for cleverness to be put to useful ends. Tram's solo here is a clever one, almost entirely in semitones, and verging on the corny, while the piano which follows it goes right over the verge.

There is also a disappointing violin solo, presumably by Malneck, after which Teagarden offers an agreeable but far from typical contribution. The rhythm section plays better than usual.

HINES still SHINES

MONOMANIA is a serious disease liable to attack unprotected critics. Its musical symptoms consist generally of a deep concentration upon one particular artist accompanied by an aggravated neglect of all the others.

To come down to cases, let us not overlook, in our all-enveloping admiration for Teddy Wilson, that there are still other pianists worthy of our very serious attention, and that Earl "Father" Hines is still one of them.

Hines, it is generally conceded, was peerless among jazz pianists when he recorded with Armstrong in 1928. He was that *rara avis*, the jazz pianist with something more than a swing in the left hand and style in the right. He tied both his hands into rhythmic knots, and untied himself with the deftness of a Houdini.

Escape Me Never

The complaint laid against Earl Hines' playing to-day is that he still gets tied up, but forgets how to untie himself.

You have probably read of the reprehensible and conceited showmanship that characterises a typical Hines performance of the last few years, and of the raggedness of his band as a whole. That Earl is immensely proud of himself seems beyond all doubt, but one must also give credit to him for being able, on occasion, to hold our interest both individually and orchestrally. On records, strangely enough, his band sounds better than it actually is.

On this page you will find a list of Earl Hines' recordings. Several sections of the list require explanation. The Q.R.S. Company went out of existence some time ago, and the records are extremely difficult to obtain. The Victor band records, of which only a selection have been listed, are mostly mediocre and poorly recorded, featuring a band that sounds greatly inferior to that with which Hines started recording on Brunswick in 1931.

Doubling Titles

In 1934 Hines transferred from Brunswick to American Decca, though his new recordings continued to be released in England on the Brunswick label. This means that he recorded several titles twice, first for Brunswick and later for Decca. In these cases it is the earlier (Brunswick) version that has been released in England.

For many years Hines' band has been an established favourite at the Grand Terrace Café in Chicago. During his recent tour, which took him to New York during February,

*A Glimpse of the King of the Ivories
with his present-day band*

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

* Released in England.)
LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S HOT
FIVE (Okeh), 1928.

"Fireworks"
"Knee Drops"
"Monday Date" (*Parlophone)
"Muggles" (*Parlo.)
"No" (*Parlo.)
"Skip The Gutter"
"Squeeze Me"
"Sugar Foot Strut"
"Two Deuces"
"West End Blues" (*Parlo.)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S
ORCHESTRA (Brunswick), 1928.

"Melancholy" (*)
"Wild Man Blues" (*)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S
SAVOY BALLROOM FIVE
(Okeh, Parlophone), 1929.

"Basin Street Blues" (*)
"Beau Koo Jack" (*)
"Heah Me Talkin' To Ya" (*)
"No One Else But You" (*)
"St. James' Infirmary" (*)
"Save It Pretty Mama" (*)
"Tight Like This" (*)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
(Trumpet Solo) (Okeh, Parlo-
phone), 1930.
"Weather Bird" (*)

JIMMY NOONE AND HIS
ORCHESTRA (Vocalion).

"Apex Blues"
"Four Or Five Times"
"Sweet Lorraine"
"Sweet Sue"

EARL HINES, Piano Solos
(Okeh, Parlophone), 1928.

"Caution Blues" (*)
"Fifty-Seven Varieties" (*)
"I Ain't Got Nobody" (*)
"Monday Date" (*)

EARL HINES, Piano Solos
(Q.R.S.), c.1928.

"Caution Blues"
"Chicago High Life"
"Chimes In Blues"
"Just Too Soon"
"Monday Date"
"Off Time Blues"
"Stowaway"

EARL HINES AND HIS
ORCHESTRA (Victor), c.1930.

"Everybody Loves My Baby"
"Grand Piano Blues"
"Sister Kate"
"Sweet Ella May"

EARL HINES, Piano Solos
(Brunswick), 1931.
"Down Among the Sheltering
Palms" (*)
"Love Me To-night" (*)

EARL HINES AND HIS
ORCHESTRA (Brunswick),
1931-3.

"Blue"
"Blue Drag" (*)
"Bubbling Over" (*)
"Cavernism" (*)
"Deep Forest" (*)
"Harlem Lament" (*)
"I Love You Because I Love
You" (*)
"I Want A Lot Of Love" (*)
"Julia" (*)
"Just To Be In Caroline"
"Oh You Sweet Thing" (*)
"Rosetta" (*)
"Sensational Mood" (*)
"Take It Easy"
"We Found Romance"

EARL HINES AND HIS
ORCHESTRA (Decca), 1934-5.

"Angry"
"Blue"
"Bubbling Over"
"Cavernism"
"Copenhagen"
"Disappointed In Love"
"Fat Babes" (*Brunswick)
"Japanese Sandman"
(*Brun.)
"Julia"
"Maple Leaf Rag" (*Brun.)
"Rhythm Lullaby" (*Brun.)
"Rock 'N Rye"
"Rosetta"
"Wolverine Blues"

he was replaced at the café by Fletcher Henderson.

The present Earl Hines bunch is remarkable (one might well say "notorious") for its versatility. Currently, of the fourteen men no less than ten work with the group in at least two different capacities. Wallace Bishop (the drummer), and Lewis Taylor, Kenneth Stuart and James Young (the trombonists), are the four exceptions who do not double. Incidentally, there have been several personnel changes since the tragic car smash in May, 1935, when Cecil Irwin (the

arranger) was killed outright and others were badly injured.

The brass section is now completed by George Dixon (1st trumpet), who doubles on sax; Warren Jefferson (2nd trumpet and arrangements); and Walter Fuller (3rd trumpet and vocals).

First alto, doubling clarinet, is Omer Simeon. Second, Darnell Howard, doubling on violin. First tenor is James Mundy, who also doubles on fiddle and is a talented composer and arranger (*Cavernism*, *Take It Easy*, *Fat Babes*, etc.). Second tenor, also clarinet and

arranger, is Albert "Bud" Johnson.

Guitar, Lawrence Dixon, is no relation to the trumpet player who shares his surname. Just to keep up the doubling tradition, Lawrence also plays 'cello! String bass, Quinn Wilson, is another of the band's roster of composers and arrangers, one of his recorded works being *Harlem Lament*. Lastly, of course, there is "Father" Hines himself as director, master of ceremonies, comedian, vocalist and even pianist.

The following brief description of a

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

By LEONARD FEATHER

ISHAM JONES (the "i" as in "Brighton"), leader of one of America's finest white bands. Born in Ohio; played string bass from a high chair at the age of five. Later learnt the use of eight instruments and led a small ensemble in church concerts. Worked in coal mines during day, wrote music and practised at night. Fell asleep at work one day, got fired, took up music for good. One of his early compositions, *Soldiers Of The Sea*, won first prize in a band concert and encouraged him to write further. Wrote *You're In The Army Now* while in a training camp during the War.

Soon after the War, organized a band and played at College Inn, Chicago night spot. Recently at New York hotels. Best-known song hits include *I'll See You In My Dreams*, *It Had To Be You*, *Spain*. Tall, red-headed, slightly bald, rugged and elderly, Jones leads his men well, and has a star bunch, with outstanding solo men, such as Sonny Lee, trombone; Saxie Mansfield; Howard Smith, piano; Chelsea Quealey, trumpet. Has made hot records for Victor, and more recently for American Decca.

VAN EPS: Name of a famous American family of musicians. Fred van Eps, father of the present celebrities, was one of the best-known banjoists of his generation. His son, Fred van Eps Junior, is a first-class trumpet player who has also done a great deal of arranging, including some work for Ray Noble's Orchestra.

Bobby van Eps, another of the four young brothers, is a brilliant pianist who was heard in the Dorsey Brothers' records on Brunswick shortly before that fraternal partnership dissolved.

John van Eps plays tenor saxophone. Until recently he was with Joe Haymes's Orchestra, and when the body of that band was taken over by Tommy Dorsey he started working under the Dorsey wing, and is currently touring with that band.

Probably the most magnificent musicians of all the family is twenty-two-year-old George van Eps, guitarist with Ray Noble's Orchestra. Nine years ago George was playing in a band led by his brother Fred; then, after periods with the Harry Reser Brunswick Junior Artists' Show, the Dutch Master Minstrels, Smith Bellew, Freddy Martin and other organisations, he worked with such famous name bands as Red Nichols' and Benny Goodman's. He also recorded in the *Davenport Blues* session by Rollini on Brunswick, and with Glenn Miller's Orchestra on Columbia. Very fair-haired; rimless glasses; cultured manner; considered by Noble to be one of the greatest assets of his band, and featured in solo parts in several of the arrangements recorded and broadcast by Noble.

"SWING MUSIC," May 1936.

"GUIDE & IDEAS", JUNE 6TH.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MADE



Mary Lee, the school-girl crooner.

She Beat Four Hundred Crooners

There's magic in her voice and music in her soul.

By L. G. Feather

her money to go to the local cinema, where she could sometimes see Ruth Etting, Bing Crosby, and her other musical idols.

Her enthusiasm grew, and it soon became clear to her parents that her heart and soul were in music and singing.

So they allowed her to enter for a crooning competition which was to be held in one of Glasgow's largest department stores on the occasion of one of Roy Fox's flying visits to Scotland.

Roy came along to judge the contest, and was a little bewildered to find there no fewer than 400 contestants!

But when it came to Mary's turn to sing, there was soon no doubt as to who would be the winner.

Without the slightest trace of stage fright or hesitation, Mary sang her song, in a pure American accent, and with all the natural style of the transatlantic favourites.

"There's the singer for me!" cried Roy Fox—and wanted to sign her up right away!

Then came the snag. Mary was only 13 and a half at the time, and

had to await her fourteenth birthday before she could obtain a permit to earn her living on the stage!

The intervening six months were spent in feverish practising and study of radio favourites. Then, little Mary McDavitt—adopting the easier stage name of Mary Lee—was ready for her debut at a Brixton variety house.

Since then, here is a name to "top the bill," and life to Mary is now just one long round of musical happiness.

So here's the moral to the story. If your little girl shows talent which may mean a professional future at singing, dancing, acting or whatever happens to be her particular bent, don't curb her activities.

She may be a potential star.

YOU have all heard her on the air.

Her broadcasts with Roy Fox and his band were one of the musical sensations of 1935.

So meet Mary Lee, the 15-year-old girl vocalist.

A year ago this bonnie Scots lass was just Mary McDavitt, of Glasgow, a typical schoolgirl with mischievous eyes, and a voice full of personality.

Mary's parents did not possess a gramophone, and never encouraged their daughter's musical inclinations; but Mary, undaunted, would save up

C**HICK****W****EBB****Stomping at
the Savoy**

THE world uptown gesticulates
and cries

LAUGHING at life, and whirling
restless feet

AROUND the dim-lit room where,
on his throne,

ARHYTHM king gives out the
pulsing beat;

AMIDGET amongst men, a giant
of jazz

DIMINUTIVE, yet ever dominant

TRaversing every mood with
lightning speed

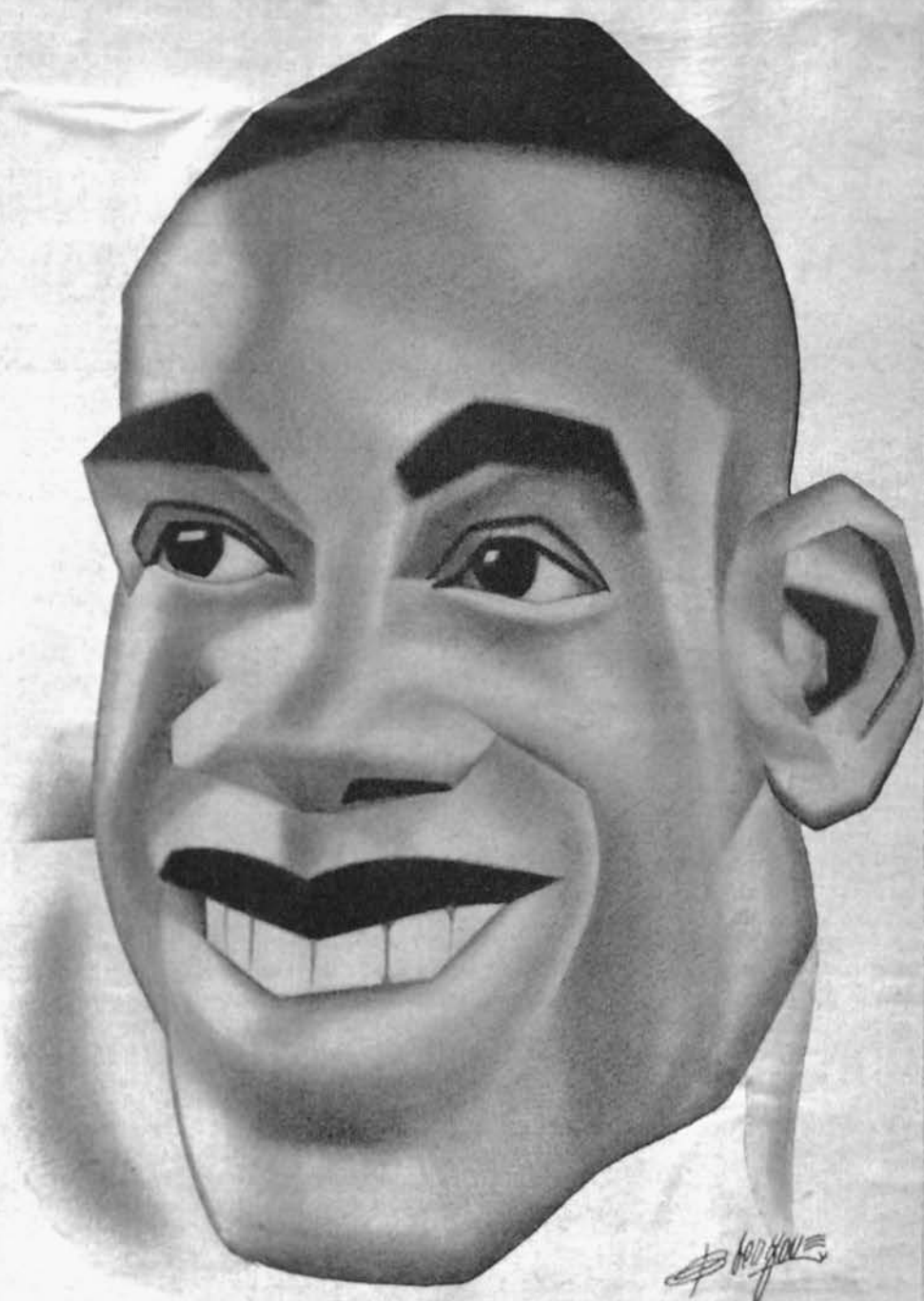
STARK, unrestrained, yet somehow
elegant.

HARLEM vibrates in concord with
each note

DRINKING the spirit of unbridled
joy;

WHO knows, that has not seen
it for himself

THIS ecstasy, this world of the
Savoy!





By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

LEADING a dance band nowadays presents an opportunity for pursuing any of three or four different careers. This may appear contradictory on the face of it; yet there is a vast difference between the lives of the band-leader who accepts a hotel job, the one who decides to go on the music-halls, and the one who prefers single-night private engagements.

Though some achieve greatness after deliberately selecting one of these spheres, it more often happens that their fate is thrust upon them. Lately there have been so few residential engagements available for England's most famous dance bands that the majority have sacrificed a settled London life in favour of the lucrative temptations offered by the Variety stage.

The firmest of all exceptions to this rule is Sydney Lipton, who, in the four years he has presided at Grosvenor House, has endeavoured to safeguard the 'exclusivity' of his band, in every sense of the word, by eschewing all stage appearances, save for a few Sunday concerts last year. Lipton and his henchmen will confirm that the life of a hotel band is in many ways comparatively easy; their rehearsals can virtually be conducted while they are 'on the job', since they can all sight-read any new orchestration. It is a placid and undisturbed life, with only a fortnightly broadcast (there is one next Monday at 10.30) to vary the routine.

Lipton is nevertheless far from inexperienced in touring, having played violin with Billy Cotton's Band in London and the provinces some years ago, before he worked with Ambrose in a similar capacity. He still leads on violin in most items. The band now comprises a three-piece brass section (unusually small in a band of this kind), four saxes and four rhythm. Ted Heath is the trombonist; Max Goldberg and Archie Craig are the trumpets, the latter being a diminutive twenty-year-old Glaswegian. Even he, though, is a year older than George Evans, tenor sax, arranger, and baby of the band. Dave Shand, another Scotman, plays first alto; Harold 'Chips' Chippendall, second alto, and George Pallat, tenor sax and violin. In the rhythm section are Jock Cummings, drums; Jack Llewellyn, guitar; Will Hemmings, bass; and the newcomer from Jack Hylton's disbanded English orchestra, Billy Munn, a great pianist and arranger who, after so long on the road, is particularly appreciative of the advantages of a hotel engagement, though at present he has one serious worry on his mind—he recently settled down in a new flat in London, plugged his A.C. radio into D.C. mains, and at present has no radio, though the noise of the impact still rings in his ears!

Syd Lipton has been experimenting with various new vocalists. In the band his vocal talent includes 'Chips' and George Evans. The three T's are always added for broadcasts, and recently Suzanne Botterell gave way to Doris Hare, an actress and comedienne with a pleasing personality.

Do not think, by the way, that because this band has not yet become a stage act you will never have an occasion to see it. There are plans for a film appearance which may materialise in the near future, and as soon as the news comes through I shall be one of the first to take pleasure in heralding it.

Last week's 'Jazz-Word Puzzle' would appear to indicate that to ensure success in the jazz world, it is only necessary to have a surname ending in 'ton'. Solutions were: Freddy Bretherton, Syd Lipton, Billy Cotton, Ina Ray Hutton, Ennis Hylton, Roy Peyton, Jack Hylton, Bert Ralton, Claude Bampton, Duke Ellington.



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

NEXT WEEK brings a unique figure back into the world of music: Patrick C. Hughes, alias 'Spike', the cynical young Irishman who made some of Europe's few serious contributions to jazz.

The story of 'Spike' is a strange one indeed. Despite his Cambridge education and the time he gave to studying music in Vienna and Berlin, his original approach to jazz was that of the ordinary dilettante. After adopting the double-bass as his musical medium (for no better reason than that a friend left one at his house one night), he worked with the Cambridge Nightwatchmen at the Café de Paris and in France. He then conceived a burning desire to make some 'hot' records, and in 1930 the first Spike Hughes orchestra was born.

The Author of 'I Scream Too Much'

From his career on records it is easy and instructive to trace his changes of outlook on jazz. In these early, simple recordings, such men as Jack Jackson, Bill Harty, Val Rosling, and Eddie Carroll would join in care-free improvisations of popular tunes. In the ensuing years, after Hughes had written arrangements for Ambrose and played bass in a Cochran revue, he started to arrange compositions of his own, and built up a bigger recording band to play them. Five of his works were combined to form the ballet *High Yellow*, presented by the Camargo Society in 1932.

Having thus gone as far as he could with his music in this country, he sailed for New York in January, 1933, and there, with the aid of Benny Carter, formed an all-star coloured orchestra to interpret his work. Those who have heard the lovely 'Arabesque' or the wistful 'Pastoral' or 'Nocturne' will testify that Hughes was the most sincere and genuine of British rhythmic writers.

On his return to England, finding that there was no higher rung to climb in the ladder of his achievements, Spike Hughes retired from music into journalism, took up the violin as a purely private hobby, and for the past two years has been engaged as reporter and music critic on a national daily paper. He is married, and there is a certain Miss Angela Cairns Hughes, five years old last month, who hopes to be quite a violinist one of these days.

Next Tuesday and Wednesday evening Spike's musical satire will serve to remind us not only of the acute sense of humour that characterises his writings, but also of how he can express that sense of humour in music. There will be a deliberately 'corny' commercial tune entitled 'Make Up and Kiss'; and another number called 'Ridiculi Ridiculi'. Naturally Spike has written the whole musical score; in addition, he may enact a small part himself. There is a rôle in the script marked 'Young Man in Gallery', three or four lines in length, which he believes will constitute a suitable outlet for his Thespian talents.

It only remains now for someone to lure him back into jazz. I am working to that end myself at present, and promise to leave no stone unturned.

Short and Tall Stories

Which of the following statements are true?

1. Sam Costa, the vocalist, has five brothers, all but one of whom are in the musical profession.
2. Harry Robbins has just invented a new twelve-octave xylophone on which the notes are made of glass instead of the customary wood.
3. Mrs. Jack Hylton's band consists of the English musicians who worked with Jack Hylton before he departed to form an all-American band in the U.S.
4. Sydney Kyte cannot read a note of music.
5. The current tune, 'Christopher Columbus', was originally written in 1896 as a march, emanating from South America.

ENGLISH BANDS, RECORDS, RADIO, REVIEWS

British Television Progress— Ambrose Gets Commercial

Johnny Mercer and Rube Bloom Writing New Blackbirds Show

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

AT LAST the British public is beginning to hear some concrete news about the television plans which are scheduled to come into operation during July or August. Experiments made at the Alexandria Palace headquarters, with the system perfected by Electrical & Musical Industries (E.M.I.) indicate that television will be a successful commercial proposition before the end of the year.

In view of the decision to start regular programs in the near future, several staff appointments have already been made. These included a musical director, namely Hyam "Ronnie" Greenbaum, a musician of wide experience in various musical fields, who will be well suited to the manifold tasks that this position will involve. Amongst his duties will be the formation of a resident television orchestra with a very adaptable style. Auditions have already begun.

Ambrose for Lifebuoy Soap Program

A big news item that shows which way the wind is blowing in our radio world is the announcement that Ambrose and his orchestra have been signed for a series of twenty-six half-hour programs sponsored by the Lever Bros. Co. (Lifebuoy Toilet Soap). These programs will be electrically transcribed in London, exported to Luxemburg and broadcast from there at 1 p. m. E. S. T. every Sunday.

Ambrose is commercial radio's most important capture in Europe. This virtually means the severing of his connections with the B. B. C., for whom he had a broadcast booked during May which was subsequently cancelled. Although there is a press boycott against Luxemburg in England, it has been established that a large majority of listeners in this country tune in to Luxemburg's English-language programs, particularly on Sundays. However, as long as the B. B. C. remains Government-controlled, it will continue to operate on the present non-commercial system.

Lew Leslie Lining Up New Blackbirds

Two of the most important arrivals in England last month were Rube Bloom and Johnny Mercer, who have been teamed to write the numbers for Lew Leslie's new Blackbirds show, scheduled to open Manchester on June 1st, moving to London two weeks later.

Many of Mercer's numbers, such as *Good-Goody*, *Eeny-Meeny*, *If You Were Mine*, have been in the hit class over here, and Mercer is also well known to record fans for his vocals with Teagarden on some of Whiteman's records. Mercer arrived with a bandaged nose (Dick McDonough's dog bit him the day before he sailed), but has been putting it to the grindstone, and has already produced a number of songs for the show, including *Love Is a Merrygoround*, *Dixie Isn't Dixie Any More* and *Americana*.

Rube Bloom was last in England eight years ago, but his name has been well in the musical public's eye since *Truckin'* and *Cotton* hit this country.

Lew Leslie has assembled an interesting cast for the new show, including Peg-Leg Bates, Lavaida, Maude Russell and the J. Rosamund Johnson Choir,



Roy Fox

Transatlantic Rhapsody

Amongst the many names associated with the celebrations of the *Queen Mary's* maiden voyage, that of George Posford stands out. Posford earned the distinction of being commissioned by Eric Maschwitz, variety director of the B. B. C., to write a special suite in commemoration of the sailing. The work, which runs to twelve minutes and consists of five movements, is entitled *Transatlantic Rhapsody*.

The *Rhapsody* takes the form of a musical description of the journey: Scene at the dock; Open sea; Conflict between great forces of sea and engines; Life aboard, Night in mid-ocean. Frank Black's orchestra is to broadcast the opus on the night of the ship's arrival in New York (June 1). In addition to covering the NBC network, the broadcast will be relayed to Great Britain.

Posford is a cultured young man who studied law at Cambridge, and music at the Royal Academy of Music. His first success as a writer was the result of his collaboration with Eric Maschwitz, who is well known as a lyric writer. Posford has written the music for many radio plays and for British pictures. Amongst his greatest successes are *Goodnight Vienna*, *Lazy Day*, *Three Wishes* and *You're My Decline and Fall*.

As exclusively forecast in these pages last March, Henry Hall will sail on the *Queen Mary* as guest conductor of one of the ship's bands. He will remain in New York with Mrs.

Hall until the ship sails again on June 5, and his time during this brief stay will be devoted to "looking around" from the musical aspect. In other words, you may run into him along West 52nd.

Another celebrity on board the Ocean Queen will be Larry Adler, who, after nearly two years of unflagging success playing his harmonica on the British variety stage, now returns for four months. He will revisit England in September to start his own road show.

Also on board are Frances Day, noted English comedienne, and Eve Beeke, whom you will remember in the Jack Hylton act in Chicago last year.

Signature tune on the Transatlantic broadcast will be *Somewhere at Sea*, with lyrics and music by Henry Hall.

Teddy Joyce for South Africa

Teddy Joyce, the quickfire M. C. and a showman-leader who arrived here two or three years ago, hailed as "America's Stick of Dynamite" (he is actually Canadian-born), has been given a Government contract to take a seventeen-piece all-British band to South Africa for the Jubilee celebrations next August. At least seventeen weeks of the trip will be spent in Johannesburg at the Empire Exhibition.

This will be the second British band to make the trip this year, for Jack Payne and his band have been on an extensive South African tour and are due back in London on June 22.

Another plan of Teddy Joyce's is the formation of an all-Scottish boys' band. A promising twelve-year-old vocalist and other stars have already been lined up.

Shorts

BILLY MUNN, former Hylton pianist, now with SYD LIPTON at Grosvenor House. . . . FREDDY BRETHERTON, whose place he has taken, has formed his own band at the Spider's Web, a combined roadhouse and Viennese beer garden twelve miles out of London. . . . JAY WILBUR scored a hit on B. B. C. airing with all-star pick-up. . . . AL BERLIN now being managed by popular DAVE TOFF, former manager of BILLY MERRIN. . . . SPENCER WILLIAMS settling down in London, having sold several more numbers to Peter Maurice, including *Got Gratitude, Muskin' at the Beale St. Ball*. . . . PHILIP BROWN, former band-leader, appointed on B. B. C. staff; officially to select and control dance band broadcasts, and unofficially, so they say, to prevent song-plugging on the British air. . . . According to B. B. C. edict, no number is supposed to be allowed more than one plug per day. What a hope! . . . SPIKE HUGHES, retired local boy who made good as a jazz writer, now ensconced in pastoral surroundings writing record reviews and a new burlesque radio play, "I Scream Too Much." . . . FRED ELIZALDE, another promising youngster who left the jazz world too soon, came into the news again last month when his *Sinfonie Concertante* was performed at a Barcelona musical festival. . . . SIX SWINGERS, English jam band, transfer from Regal (25c.) to Columbia (35c.) label, because some English record fans, not believing anything can be good at 25c., have neglected the records at the lower price!

BAND REVIEWS

(Maximum Marking: Four Stars)

***Roy Fox and His Band. Touring in variety.

Line-up: Trumpets: Sid Buckman, Les Lambert; trombones: George Rowe, Jock Bain; violin: Harry Balen; accordion: Bobby Joy; reeds: Art Christmas, Rex Owen, Hugh Tripp, Harry Gold; piano: Jack Nathan; guitar: Ivor Mairants; bass: George Gibbs; drums: Maurice Burman.

Vocals: Mary Lee, Bobby Joy, Denny Dennis, Sid Buckman.

Chief Arranger: Jack Nathan.

Broadcasts: Usually twice monthly, 5.30 p. m. E.S.T. Signature tune: *Whispering*.

Records: H.M.V. (Victor).

Films: On the Air; The Radio Pirates.

History: Roy Fox was born in Denver, spent most of his life till 1930 in Los Angeles, and played trumpet with Abe Lyman, Earl Burnett and Henry Halstead. Later he had a staff job with Fox Films in Hollywood, after which he came to London, hailed as the "Whispering Cornetist," and took a flop at the Cafe de Paris. In 1931 he opened the *Monsieur Restaurant* with a bigger and better band. Subsequently he had to leave owing to ill-health; the band was taken over by Lew Stone, and, on his return, Fox formed a brand new outfit which has worked at the Kit-Kat and Cafe Anglais and has lately been touring the halls with great success.

Comment: When Roy Fox originally arrived in this country he was known as a solo instrumentalist. Today, all that is left of that old reputation is his signature tune; Fox is known now as the smart, debonaire leader of an all-star band of British musicians, and, since his ill-health, trumpet playing is a thing of the past with him.

As a show band this has rapidly risen to the front rank in Great Britain. Fox has a quiet, charming manner, a mild American accent and a personality which never thrusts itself on the audience.

The band is an enthusiastic and friendly bunch, not outstanding in any way, yet well suited to its purposes. The brass section is the weakest both in the quality and the quantity of its members; there seems to be very little bite in their playing, even in the most fiercely-written passages.

In the reed section Harry Gold on tenor and Art Christmas on clarinet, occasionally take a pleasing solo or two, but, as with the brass section, there is nobody who could challenge comparison with the soloist in a correspondingly American outfit such as, say, Bob Crosby's or Isham Jones'.

One of the best individual artists in the group is the guitarist, little Ivor Mairants, who has made one or two excellent duet records with himself heard to advantage with the Fox band. The rest of the rhythm section is workmanlike, Jack Nathan being a reliable arranger and a capable pianist. Maurice Burman, the drummer, has written one or two interesting Cuban numbers and specializes in Rumba rhythms.

Undoubtedly the star of the band though, is the fourteen-year-old Scottish vocalist, Mary Lee. Mary is the discovery of the year—a naturally brilliant kid who, like so many Scots, has

(Turn to page 30, please)

English News

(Continued from page 20)

more natural rhythm in one sinew than most Englishmen have in their entire torso. When she straightens out her Scottish-American accent, which sounds a little involved at present, she will be a Grade A singer; and her dancing and personality in general are the top, too.

The other child, Bobby Joy, is a deadpan little kid who moans such ballads as *It's My Mother's Birthday Today* and grinds out the tunes on an accordion. Very commercial.

Denny Dennis, the adult vocalist, is England's nearest approach to Crosby. He is blessed with a genuine voice and a fine sense of style; in his rasher moments he has even been heard to imitate Billie Holiday with

astonishing accuracy, which must certainly prove something.

Generally there is a very little attempt to elaborate presentation in Roy Fox's act. The public likes it so long as it is sprinkled with lengthy medleys, corny ballads, a little old-fashioned comedy and the suave announcing of the leader himself. On the whole this is one of the few English outfits that would not appear totally ridiculous to an American visitor, and, as such, it certainly merits the three-star classification.

* * *

Top Songs in England

Following is an approximate list of the twelve leading sheet music sellers in London for mid-May:

1. *Alone* (Frances Day & Hunter).

2. *Poor Little Angelina* (Peter Maurice).

3. *Saddle Your Blues* (Peter Maurice).

4. *Feather in the Breeze* (Victoria).

5. *Alone At a Table for Two* (Irwin Dash).

6. *Why Did She Fall for the Leader of the Band* (Peter Maurice).

7. *Swing* (Victoria).

8. *Where There's You There's Me* (Cinephonic).

9. *Old Ship o' Mine* (Irwin Dash).

10. *Solitude* (Lafleur).

11. *Sunset Trail* (Peter Maurice).

12. *Beautiful Lady in Blue* (Chappell).

Solitude, after remaining steady for over a year, has crept up in the past month to the best-seller class. Others which seem to be coming up for next month are *Touch of Your Lips* (Campbell Connelly), *Glory of Love* (Peter Maurice), *Every Minute of the Hour* (Southern), and a number which has had the distinction of being banned by the B. B. C., *I'm Nuts About Screw Music* (Southern). A new set of lyrics has now been concocted and everybody is happy.

Christopher Columbus is just beginning, with several records due for release. *I've A Muggin'* doesn't mean much in a country where the title is absolutely meaningless to almost every-

one.

(Turn to page 39, please)

English News

(Continued from page 30)

London's First Theatre-Cabaret

The Prince Edward Theatre, London, long known as a notorious jinx house, seems to have pulled itself out of the red at last in its almost unrecognizable new form. Redecorated and rebuilt at a cost of £75,000, it has been renamed "The London Casino" and now offers a complete show plus dining and dancing, on the lines of the French Casino and similar spots in New York.

The converted theatre is an impressive sight inside, with long rows of armchairs and tables ranged out in front of a large circular dance floor extending from the stage. Up to the present the Casino has been filled each night with good-class crowds gladly paying the \$4.50 minimum.

The establishment offers employment to two regular bands, one of which accompanies the show and does not enter the province of this review. The other, which plays for dancing under the direction of Jack Harris,

can scarcely be reviewed in the ordinary manner, as it serves a somewhat different purpose. Dancers at this type of resort demand a smooth rhythm and an undisturbing background for dancing, plus a leader who knows everyone personally and smiles charmingly when they pass by the stand. Harris provides this, and if musicians can grumble that such stars as Lew Davis (trombone), Harry Karr and Johnny Raitz (reeds) should be permitted to obscure themselves in an outfit of this kind, then the answer is that the London Casino wasn't opened for musicians.

The show, somewhat incongruously described as "Folie Parisienne, direct from New York," is a lavish affair which, English censorship being what it is, gets away with plenty on the nudity angle. The main shortcoming is the lack of aural talent, a vast proportion of the revue being given over to choreographical display. There is practically no dialogue stuff, and the singing is limited to some very weak comedy by an uninteresting comper with a heavy foreign accent. The producer, Clifford Fischer, would have been better advised to take one or two ideas from, for instance, the Connie's Inn show, where dancing is only one of a number of attractions.

Nevertheless, the venture has proved a success, and provided the expenses of changing the show frequently do not prove too heavy a burden, it seems likely that the London Casino will turn out to be a landmark in the history of English show business.

NOBLE ACHIEVEMENT OF RAY

If you are one of the millions who have listened or danced to the tuneful strains of Ray Noble's music, perhaps you have wondered what combination of talent and good fortune set this gifted British composer on the road to fame.

Well, the story begins in Brighton, the birthplace of this blonde-headed son of a surgeon. At the age of eleven he set down his first composition on paper, and later at Dulwich College his studies were always centred around the writing of straight music.

In fact, Ray still has a drawerful of works in the classical vein, which he never attempted to sell—because he has learned that dance music is more popular and commercial!

A Lucky Win

It was a lucky day, ten years ago, when Ray's eye was caught by an announcement in a musical magazine that a competition was to be held to discover a new British music arranger.

The requirements were simply orchestrations of popular jazz tunes. Ray sat down, removed all thoughts

of classical music from his mind, and got to work.

Next month he opened the paper and found his name in bold print as a winner of a £10 prize in the arranging competition! From that time on his name was made.

Offers to make further arrangements poured in, and finally Ray secured a job as musical director to the H.M.V. Record Company, for whom he conducted hundreds of popular records and supervised the recording of every type of music.

In Charing Cross-road, the home of song hits, he played over one of his new tunes for a publisher.

"It's good," said the publisher, "but what's it called?" Ray Noble thought rapidly.

"How about

'Good - night, Sweetheart'?" he suggested.

One thing led to another.

Famous as song-writer, arranger, pianist and conductor, Ray attracted the interest of the American public.

A year ago he went to New York and formed an all-American band to play at the Rainbow Room, smart and beautiful night club sixty-four storeys above Broadway. Already his is one of the biggest names in the U.S. musical and radio world.

Perhaps if he hadn't made the momentous decision on that auspicious day, when he entered for the jazz competition, he might even now be struggling for recognition!

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

"GUIDE AND IDEAS" JUNE 12TH.

NEWS-CHRONICLE, FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1936

GRAMOPHONE NEWS

By

Christopher Stone

NEW MUSIC MODE IS CALLED "SWEET-HEAT"

THE Americans have given us a lead once more. They invented "jazz" and "hot rhythm" and "sweet music" and "swing music"; and now two of their song-writers, Messrs. Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, have invented a new name for swingy music.

They call it "sweet-heat," meaning "hot jazz built on a structure of sweet or melodic music."

Clever, isn't it? The next stage, I suppose, will be to telescope it into "swot" music or even "sweat" music.

Or was that the earliest stage, lost in the mists of Harlem, from which sweet and hot were evolved? You might think so if you listened to a record called "Boogie Woogie Stomp" (Brunswick 02187, 10-inch, 2s. 6d.), played by a six-piece coloured band from a small Chicago night-haunt, according to Messrs. Edgar Jackson and Leonard Feather, who are my authorities in jungle lore. "The mental appeal of it is hardly advanced," they admit, "yet to one who has been steeped in jazz for years its emotional or physical appeal is exceptionally strong."

Quite so. There is something elemental about the doggedly persistent rhythm of this stomp by Albert Ammons' Rhythm Kings, but it is not exactly the stuff for our nice boys and girls to go crazy over.



CHICK WEBB

THE complexity of the factors that can sway a critic's opinions is never more keenly sensed than in the art of appreciating music at a distance. Not even the most highly developed critical faculty can cope with the circumstances that stand in the path of a fair assessment, in England, of music that is made in America.

Such music can only reach this continent through two imperfect media: short-wave radio, which usually offers its share of exasperating interference, fading and inconsistency; and gramophone records, which are often made in acoustically inadequate studios, in early morning after a hard night's work, and under the supervision of engineers to whom algebraical formulas mean far more than musical manuscripts.

This elaborate preamble will perhaps explain why, after being so neglectful of the work of Chick Webb's Orchestra in the past, I have suddenly been brought to the realisation that there is probably no finer swing band in the world.

For nearly a month, at the beginning of this year, it was my intense pleasure to travel uptown on any evening I pleased (and I pleased on a large number of evenings) to hear Webb's music in its right atmosphere at the Savoy Ballroom, Harlem.

Dark World of Jazz

Amid that dark world of Lindy Hoppers, of laughter and light ale, of low lights and swing music, of fellowship and fights, the arrangements of Chick Webb and His Chicks stood out like the Aurora Borealis in a sullen sky.

There is here something more than the pure, unalloyed swing and naïveté that have been admired in the work of the early Armstrong, in Oliver and other septa jazz pioneers. There is the sophistication (in the better sense of the word), the artistry and painstaking

STOMPING at the SAVOY

with Chick Webb and his Band

rehearsal, the brilliant orchestration combined with the loopholes for grand improvisation, combining to make the perfect swing orchestra of 1936.

Chick Webb is clearly no ordinary bandleader. Picture him, his diminutive figure seated in the line, alongside the reed section, left hand beating out the side-drum rhythms, right hand crossed over above it and working fire and fury out of a cymbal. He is possessed. Gradually his cheeks bulge out into an infectious, satisfied grin. Unconscious of anything but the solid mass of sound that surrounds him, he is the principal cog in the great machine he has created. A little giant amongst drummers, a king of bandleaders.

"Man, It's
a Feelin'"

The terms in which Chick expressed his philosophy of swing to an American newspaper reporter savour strongly of his own straightforward line of thought rather than the fanciful elaboration of a sub-editor's rewriting. "Man, it's a feelin'," he is alleged to have said. "It's like lovin' a special girl, and you don't see her for a year, and then she comes back—it's something inside you. When I'm at the drums, an' I feel the band thick and strong around me, we're swingin'. The crowd feels it, and they're swingin' too. Give a good man a hot chorus of eight or sixteen bars, and if he's a swing man he learns it and then forgets it, and plays it better his own way; then we swing."

Very recently Chick Webb was rewarded for the unlimited patience and rehearsal with which he and his men are identified. He was given an important thirty-minute weekly broadcast which, with any average short-wave set, you can pick up through Schenectady. Entitled "Gems Of Colour," the show includes several acts in addition to the band itself, but there will always be enough to give you some idea of what Chick and the boys—and Ella—mean to swing music, and what swing music means to them.

The magic ear of the radio is not enough. There should be a magic carpet to take you to the Savoy Ballroom on a Saturday night,



EDGAR SAMPSON.

Cultured, polite, rimless-spectacled. The power behind the band. On alto, has few peers; witness first chorus of Brunswick Blue Minor, second chorus of When Dreams Come True. As an arranger, beyond all praise; responsible until very recently for every orchestration used by Webb.

First came to prominence with Charlie Johnson at Small's Paradise, with whom he played violin and made a few Victor records. Then with Fletcher Henderson (played that fiddle solo in House Of David, 1931); and moved to Chick's Band four years ago. Has a row of brilliant compositions to his credit: Soft And Sweet, Why Should I Beg, When Dreams, Blue Minor, Don't Be That Way, Are You Here, Facts And Figures, I'll Chase, Lonesome Moments, Stomping At Savoy.

Recommended to students of Sampsonian scores: Reed section trills in last chorus of Don't Be; unusual chord changes and grand use of unison in Stomping; solos in When Dreams and coda of Rhythm Man; brass in Rhythm And Romance.

Edgar has arranged Indiana, World On A String, Stomping, for Benny Goodman.

Played alto and clarinet with mixed band under Berigan on recent Hammond session for Parlophone. Says he would like to take up fiddle again some day, but is badly out of practice. Would like to come to Europe, too; but so would every American musician.

ELLA FITZGERALD.

"Please, Mr. this number?" Audacity of watching-eyed clambering on stand, making collar the immediate leap to known amateur membership of as featured act broadcasts. Ella is a ruffian whose in Sampson arr. tolerated, even open ears.

dance. Be Apache dat wide-sweeping ments that a world of form the au foot-stampin' revellers. C mixed couple the evening there are altogether, is called up asked to sell pany the d

Nine out to give the tion, and naturally e Chick Webb Together. about two couple have paces to e It is not us

when the Lindy Hoppers join in the weekly dancing contest, and the excitement is almost part of the music.

Lindy hopping is no formalised

★ THE REST OF THE RECORDS ★

by
"ROPHONE"

THIS review will not attempt to act as a personnel guide (the "Personnelities" see to that), but is intended to help you pick the plums from the increasingly fertile monthly orchard of swing records.

It is already too late to catch up on the formidable pile of June 1 issues, but one or two of them particularly call for comment. Bud Freeman's Windy City Five in *The Buzzard* (Parlo. R2210, 2s. 6d.) is only fair, owing to poor co-operation between Bud and Berigan; but whereas this side brings out the very worst in Mr. Freeman, he wins back his good name with the reverse, *Tillie's Downtown Now*, not only on tenor, but with some clarinet work in genuine barrelhouse vein.

Tune Not Recognisable

The tune started out as *Boots And Saddle*, but even the composer wouldn't know it; that's why Bud changed the title and collared the credit. Berigan sounds so delightfully doleful that we can forgive him his fluffs. Bouquets for the solid backing of Condon and Cozy Cole. Claude Thornhill shows how to play piano without moving a muscle in either hand. Try copying this solo yourself, if you want to see how easy it is to play effectively with a minimum of technical effort. But Claude's solo in *The Buzzard* misses the mark completely.

On H.M.V. there is another superb example of how to convert newcomers to swing music: Fats Waller and Co., in *Sugar Rose*, on BD 5062, 1s. 6d. No matter how commercial his material or how superficially corny his pianistic tricks, Fats generally has something attractive to offer. Besides, you can always tell by his singing that he doesn't take the whole thing a bit seriously, and doesn't intend you to. The people who find Fats' commercial formula depressing are the people who have no sense of humour.

Treated Gently

Never-To-Be-Forgotten Night, the backing, is treated gently and with restraint, thereby again proving my favourite old adage: Discretion Is The Better Part Of Waller.

Bob Howard's vocals vary from the unexciting to the frankly appalling in *Give Me A Break, Baby*, and *Wake Up And Sing* on Bruns. 02192, 2s. 6d. Th-

This new feature will deal with all those hot discs which the wayward "Mike" doesn't review but which ought to be reviewed. Our contributor will be "Mike's" other half—hence his name

former has a fairly nice Froeba chorus; but in these days of bulging catalogues it will take more than a single chorus to coax your half-crowns out of repose.

Because the theme of Trumbauer's *Announcer's Blues* is built on the famous broadcasting interval chime,

there will be a chorus of cries of "Pretentious!" and "Artificial tricks!" Actually there is nothing at all pretentious about either this or *Flight Of A Hay-Bag* on the reverse, and Tram's C-melody work has something of his pristine charm. The last ensemble passages are quite infectious.

Hay-Bag starts with a chorus of Frankie's old tune, *I Like That*. There are some oddly extraneous whistling noises, presumably to indicate the hay-bag flying; but this side also has its moments. George van Eps, Art Miller, Johnny Mintz and the twain Teagardens are all present. (Bruns. 02197, 2s. 6d.)

HENRY ALLEN'S SURPRISE

The Rest of the Month's Records

Reviewed
by
"ROPHONE"

HENRY ALLEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA in *Rug Cutter Swing* and *House In Harlem* For Sale on Vocalion No. 8, provide the surprise of the month. Since he joined the woolly Millinder outfit, Red Allen has had few chances to make the sort of records he likes to make, but this must be chalked up as the very best Allen in recent years—the type of disc we hear all too seldom nowadays.

Rug Cutter Swing starts with Horace Henderson's favourite lick, before branching out into a succession of choruses on the usual chords. I suspect that this, rather than Smack's, must have been the original *Rug Cutter* recording, for it has more freshness and a more natural, suitable tempo than the other version.

Delivering the Goods

Jefferson's alto chorus is wearing out rapidly on my copy. Buster Bailey delivers the goods in grand fashion. Red himself, with the mild, resigned style of his last few

bars, brings a sense of unexpectedness and almost of humour.

House in Harlem is a bigger treat still. Red in a minor key, pouring out his heart on the trumpet, can be very touching when you are in the mood; and Buster's solo harmonises admirably with that same mood. The only guy to disappoint here is Keg Johnson, who flounders about most unpleasantly on the trombone, but fortunately only for eight bars. As for the rhythm section, with Horace, Elmer James, Lucie, and Walter Johnson, there is all the swing you would expect, and more.

Put this one right at the top of your "must" list.

It is good to see that the Vocalion folks are doing their best to follow up "Mike's" suggestion that the British public is not sufficiently blues-con-

scious. In my colleague's own words: "If all the numbers, all the compositions jazz has produced, were lost, and only the blues remained, I should not be at all upset." Me, too!

Since starting off with Luis Russell's glorious *Ghost Of The Freaks*, Vocalion have had one twelve-bar blues on each release so far, and the latest to come to light is the new Benny Carter record, *Big Ben Blues* (Vocalion No. 7).

To my mind, this is the first genuine blues record England has produced. Buddy F. and Andy McDevitt, taking the first two solos, seem to be more inspired by this slow, simple theme than they could ever have been by, say, *Whispering* or *Nobody's Sweetheart*. It is my opinion that these two are among the few British musicians who feel the blues when they play it.

Effective Vocal

Benny's little vocal, ably supported by Duncan Whyte, is the most effective he has yet sung on wax. The McQuater chorus, with its rich, full tone, is as attractive as we expected. Then Benny's entry on alto, with exquisite supporting harmonies, builds up the thrill of the record until, with an unexpected modulation, there comes a final chorus by ensemble.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

ALL over England there must be thousands of rank-and-file musicians who have coveted the responsibility of leadership. Many of them have perhaps branched out to form their own bands, in which case the words of warning appended here will come too late to help them. For those who still retain their status of commoner in the musical *noblesse*, the experience undergone by Bert Read early this month will serve as an object lesson.

During the fortnight's absence of Henry Hall himself, the task of directing and rehearsing the BBC band was left to Burrton Gillis, the 6ft. 3½in. saxophone man who has been Hall's right-hand man for over seven years. On the very morning of Hall's departure came the news that Gillis had succumbed to tonsillitis and would be absent for at least ten days. His place at the head of the reed section was taken by Freddy Gardner, while the deputy-leadership fell upon the shoulders of Bert Read.

As a pianist and arranger Bert is one of the best in the country; but never, since he started eleven years ago at the age of sixteen, had he had any experience as a band-leader. With Victor Vorkzanger at the East Ham Palais, with the old Criterion band in which Joe Daniels played, and with Jack Payne and Jay Whidden in 1926 and 1927 respectively, he acted simply as a first-class solo and ensemble worker. Even with Ambrose, for whom he played from 1928 until Henry Hall engaged him in April, 1934, the only occasions when he took charge were those on which his own orchestrations were being rehearsed.

Consequently this new assignment came as a shock. One of the first problems to beset him was the selection of programmes. In an average broadcast by the BBC Dance Orchestra there is time for, say, fourteen items. Each of the six vocal acts—Vivienne Brooks, Bert Yallett, Dan Donovan, George Elrick, Elizabeth Scott, and the Three Sisters—must be represented at least once. Slow and fast numbers must be carefully juxtaposed, and a score of other principles adhered to in order to give variety to the performance.

Now that the band is giving so many broadcasts, it is also found necessary to select and rehearse as many as five new numbers a day on five days every week, each number requiring at least half an hour's preliminary rehearsal and another 'run-through' just prior to the performance. Furthermore, some of the arrangements (such as 'Juba') are Bert Read's own, and the business of dashing backwards and forwards from the keyboard to the front of the band, acting two parts at once, thus becomes an even greater responsibility.

To add to the troubles in this particular instance, not only did Freddy Gardner have to sight-read the vast Hall repertoire at very short notice, but, owing to a previous arrangement to broadcast with the Six Swingers, he, too, had to miss one broadcast, when a new substitution was therefore effected in the person of Dave Shand from Sydney Lipton's Band.

By now you will appreciate that Bert Read found band-leading a completely thankless task!

Last week's 'Short And Tall Stories' provided a good test of your credulity, for I regret to say that all five statements were entirely without foundation.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard S. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

ON an uncomfortably hot evening in New York last summer I penetrated the smoky veil of an underground night club not far from Times Square. In the corner of a small room sat four musicians from Harlem, playing the first real jazz I had ever heard on its native soil. Not the least important contributor to the incantational rhythm fuses was a dark, quiet young man strumming a guitar. His name was Bernard Addison.

At that time both Addison and I would have laughed at the suggestion that within a year he would be visiting London as part of the Mills Brothers' act; yet the fact is that, since the death of John Mills, who played guitar and sang the bass effects with the Brothers, Addison has been in his place as guitarist. The vocal part of the job has been taken over by John Mills Sr., father of the boys, who once earned his living as a barber. The five performers are currently touring to London audiences there, with the additional attraction of Addison's advanced guitar technique and style, their act is greater than ever.

There is another ex-barber in the combination. It is said that Herbert Mills, the eldest brother, who is now 21, once gained quite a following by cutting customers' hair in rhythm. Harry, who sings the trumpet effects, used to shine shoes, while Donnie, the youngest, aged 22, spent much of his time taking French leave from school in order to practise singing with his brothers.

Comb-and-Paper Up to Date

In the early days the four boys employed those infernal machines known as kansas, which are nothing more than the old comb-and-paper trick brought up to date.

According to a story about the inception of their present act, they were giving a performance in Piqua, Ohio, their home town, when Harry found he had forgotten to bring his kansas. To cover his confusion he faked the effects with his hands to his mouth. Within a few days all the kids had discarded their kansas (fortunately) and begun the instrumental imitations which have put them in the thousand-pounds-a-week class.

Only one of the four can really play any of the instruments whose sounds they imitate. Though he does not read music, Herbert has possessed a clarinet for just over a year and practices two or three hours a day strictly for his own amusement.

The Mills Brothers are the foremost product of a mechanical age. They owe their success in a large degree to the efficiency of modern microphones, without which their performances could never have the same vitality. The bass notes which portage the tuba parts so realistically can only be achieved by singing very quietly and very close to the microphone. If you happen, then, to be one of the many who congratulate trying out a Mills Brothers' act on your friends, you must reckon with heavy expenditure on amplification. Or, better still, just give it up and leave it to the Mills Brothers themselves. Nobody will ever beat those 'four boys and a guitar'.

Dotted Notes

Complete the following by filling in the missing words—

(1) In April 1935 George Elrick was playing with band at a night club called the

(2) now a band-leader in his own right, once played the violin in Howard Jacob's Berkeley Hotel Orchestra.

(3) the two American girl band leaders, are respectively the sister and cousin of the male band-leader

(4) According to a national American musicians' poll conducted recently, has the greatest swing band and the greatest 'sweet' band.

(5) Bing Crosby was once a member of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys Trio, the other two being and

The REST of the RECORDS

DUKE ELLINGTON and his Orchestra in *Echoes Of Harlem* and *Clarinet Lament* on Brunswick 02222 prove conclusively just where Duke stands to-day—right at the summit of the jazz Olympus.

Both these sides have been on my turntable almost continuously all the week. Owing to the slightly unusual form of both compositions, it takes two or three hearings to make the full acquaintance of either side. The original titles (changed by order of someone who was stupid enough to think them uncommercial) were respectively *Cootie's Concerto* and *Barney's Concerto*.

The latter has one of the most striking introductions I have heard in a jazz record. You might describe it as a fanfare in instalments. Gradually, after this, the ensemble comes in, playing four times one of Duke's original licks which has been copied the world over. Then there is an ethereal twelve-bar movement by Barney, with exquisite accompanying figures. Next is a thirty-two-bar

by "ROPHONE"

movement in a-a-b-a sequence, the "a" phrase being that of *Basin St. Blues*. Throughout this, the mood and tone-colours are strongly reminiscent of that epic period of Duke's recording career which produced *Dragon's Blues* and *Saddest Tale*.

Bigard's work, no matter how many frills and arpeggii he introduces, has a bewildering fascination. In the final twelve-bar movement he hits on one conception that will live starkly in your memory when most of his work is forgotten.

Unadulterated Ellington

The reason this record succeeds in being unadulterated Ellington is that while it is based on simple themes, Duke alone has the power of making these themes transcend their ordinary boundaries. An example is the twelve-bar closing movement, in which the

entire harmonic routine is doctored up to sound completely and beautifully fresh. Thus the basic simplicity of jazz, which was so painfully absent from *Reminiscing In Tempo*, is still retained here without ever necessitating a descent into the commonplace.

Cootie's Concerto opens with an amazing trumpet chorus accompanied at first by, I believe, two string basses and piano in unison.

In this side, as on the reverse, the string bass work is prominent throughout, reminding one of the early Victor phase when the band at times became virtually an accompaniment to Wellman Braud.

Cootie's control and inspiration in his wa-wa solo performance are equal even to the work of the late Bubber Miley.

If ever your mind was in doubt that Duke is still the genius we have so long believed him to be, this record will soon banish such perfidious notions.

Bob Howard as an entertainer, in person, is a treat; or so I would judge from the one occasion when I saw him. But on records as a vocalist he misses fire, and, in his debut as a pianist accompanied by Gubertini, in a selection of the more hackneyed Evergreens on Brunswick 02230, he is even less successful. The loud pedal seems to have been depressed throughout the record—and, I need hardly add, so was I by the time the record was over.

JULY 4TH.

"ROPHONE" On Benny McCarter

Benny Carter and his Orchestra.

"Just A Mood."

"When Day Is Done."

(Vocalion Swing, No. 11.)

BOTH sides of the new Benny Carter record are played by the nine-piece band, consisting of Benny and the rhythm section plus McQuater, McDevitt, McWhyte, and McFeatherstonhaugh. Neither of these numbers suffers at all from the reduction in size of the band, a fact that does additional credit to Benny's arranging.

Just A Mood is, of course, the little sixteen-bar piece used by Willie Lewis as his signature tune in his broadcasts from Paris when Benny was over there with the band. If you ever listened in on one of these Saturday nights you will know just what to expect of the record: the only difference is that Benny here plays clarinet, which he never did in Paris.

Recognisable

I believe that by now I could recognise Benny anywhere if I heard him playing alto or trumpet; but on clarinet there is an elusive charm and inconstancy about his style which makes him far less easily distinguished. Compare his solo here for instance, with the one in *Swingin' at Maida Vale*. Granted the numbers are entirely different, nevertheless the contrast goes beyond this superficial distinction.

When Day Is Done has no clarinet by Benny, but there are sixteen bars

by Andy McDevitt at his best, as well as Benny's alto work and remarkably accurate trumpet climax. Altogether, Benny has turned out another thoroughly enjoyable record.

Wingy Mannone and his Band.

"Tormented."

"You Started Me Dreaming."

(H.M.V. B.8451.)

This is one of Wingy's first recordings under his contract with the Victor Company. Although he has made several standard titles, H.M.V. has seen fit to issue two commercials.

Wingy has become a much-maligned person, though, truth to tell, there is nothing so downright bad in his music. Wingy is still admitted to be one of the best trumpet players in New York, and the boys from Bob Crosby's gang who play with him here are by no means third-raters.

The trouble lies in the fact that this is not music to record. What is vigorous and engaging when you hear it in person becomes forced and heavy on the wax. It is the type of transient music which is best forgotten about as soon as it is played, and to make a permanent record of it is merely to pile up the evidence against it.

Wingy's vocals are long and boring, particularly on the second side, which introduces one of those unbearable stooze singers (probably Hilton Lamare) who interrupt in the most childlike and unnecessary fashion. There are a few bars of Eddie Miller's good tenor here, whereas *Tormented* has no such redemption. It is all Wingy from beginning to end, and the end, I might add, is about the most banal that could possibly have been conceived.

JULY 3RD.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

TO find a musician named Al Saxon who leads his band on a saxophone naturally leads one to suppose that his name is a result of his profession. On the contrary, Al Saxon, whose band makes its debut in the 5-15 programme next Thursday, has had that name ever since birth.

Since he entered the musical world thirteen years ago at the age of nineteen, Saxon has had a colourfully varied career. He studied the violin as a boy, but secured one of his very first jobs by playing the soprano saxophone one day, purely as a joke, when he had possessed the instrument just forty-eight hours. An agent offered him an audition; he turned up nearly an hour late (a habit that usually riles agents beyond control) and still managed to get the job.

Later he took up the tenor saxophone, played it for five weeks, and joined a band which succeeded Jack Hyton's at the Queen's Hall Roof. During the ensuing years, in addition to playing saxophones and violin, Saxon acted as comedian-vocalist and showman, appearing with such personalities as Ben Blue and Mrs. Jack Hyton, with whose band he took part in the very first broadcast from Ireland.

He was also a member of the orchestras of Sid Bright, Charlie Kunz, the Ritz Hotel, and the Hungaria. Then a leader named Maurice Kasket arrived from America. Al Saxon, after joining his band, worked up a vocal trio, with whom he was rehearsing one day, when a young saxophonist named Harry Langman stood by making bass vocal noises like the tuba-tuned Mills Brother. Al insisted that Langman should join the act, and thus was formed the Modernique Quartet, the first of its kind to imitate the Mills Brothers in this country. They toured, broadcast, and recorded as an individual act, and all four of the original Moderniques are in the Saxon band which you will hear, the remaining two being Rube Helfond (saxophone) and Sam Gelsley (guitar).

Now engaged at Murray's Club, where he has been playing for fifteen months, Al Saxon does not belong to the supine or 'laissez-faire' type of leader. He will play the violin, sing, and announce on his broadcast, instead of letting others do all the work. In private life he is no less active; an excellent swimmer and all-round gymnast, he at one time ran a football team which included Lew Stone, Pat Dodd, Ben Oakley, and other well-known musicians.

In the band, which will be augmented to thirteen (including the leader) for the occasion, there is a new trombonist discovery from Canada, Bruce Campbell by name; a drummer, Lou Galkin, who toured the Continent with Lud Gluskin and Marek Weber; a popular accordionist, Bill Brownas, who will also play the piano; and two musicians who are undertaking most of the orchestrations, namely Norman Impey (tenor sax) and Norman Maloney (alto sax). The remaining four men are Al Bowes and Tommy McQuater, trumpets; Mill Smith, trombone, and Pat Riley, bass.

• • • • •

Solutions To Last Week's 'Dotted Notes': (1) Buddy Featherstonhaugh's Band at the Cocomat Grove. (2) Sydney Kytic. (3) Blanche Calloway, Jean Calloway, Cab Calloway. (4) Benny Goodman, Ray Noble. (5) Al Ranker, Harry Barris.



By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

THE return of Ambrose and his Orchestra to late night broadcasting tomorrow night will bring us an opportunity to study the effect of the many changes that have taken place in this organisation during the past few months.

The fact that he has decided to settle down once more at the May Fair, his Dutch trip cancelled and his American plans indefinitely postponed, has been a relief to those who feared that his departure might involve the disruption of one of Europe's greatest dance bands.

Ambrose himself is English-born, though the years of his youth spent in the States have had many fans to make him for an American. There is, however, a brilliant American instrumentalist in his band: Danny Polo, star of the saxophone, flute, and clarinet, who caused consternation by precipitately packing his bags and returning to the U.S.A. last December. Shortly afterwards he returned again.

Here are a few notes on the rest of the present Ambrose personnel:—

Sid Phillips (saxen, clarinet, and arranger): a leader who began his career by winning an amateur band contest with a six-piece group including his two brothers, Ralph and Harry.

Joe Jennette (saxen, clarinet, flutes): born in Dublin. Served in the early 1920's in the orchestra of the Governor of Bombay (later Lord Lloyd). Eric Breese (trombone and trumpet): a Manchester boy who began with Paul Richardson's Band, spent four and a half years with Jack Hyton, and joined Ambrose this year. Leslie Carver (trombone and vocalist) is another ex-Hytonian.

Don Macrafer (trombone and trumpet) is a Scots boy who played for some time with Lew Stone, as did Clinton French (trumpet). Teddy Foster (trumpet and vocal) is the American improvisator who featured his husky vocals with Billy Cotton until recently.

There are two pianists: Bert Harrow, who also arranges, and Jack McCarthy, the singer. On guitar is Jack Cooper, the vocalist, recently stricken with serious eye trouble and obliged to retire temporarily from the band. Joe Brannolly, Ambrose's right-hand man and supervisor, also occasionally plays guitar with the band. On bass is Dick Hall, who boasts the distinction of having been born in a fire station.

The latest addition to the rhythm section is Jack Simpson, to be featured on xylophone, sraphone, and maracas, also replacing Max Bacon on drums when the latter comes forward to do his comedy turns.

The case of Max Bacon offers yet another proof that the position of drummer in a dance band always seems to be a means to some other end. Both Bacon and George Ehrick are better known today as vocalists than as percussionists. Bill Henry, when he left for America with Ray Noble's, branched out as the latter's manager. And several former drummers have become well-known journalists.

The explanation must surely be that, after so many years of the monotony of a job of this sort, it is necessary to find a release in the shape of some extra occupation.



CARTER RINGS

THE BELL

● **Benny Carter continues his record-making success, to the delight of "Swing High," who finds the rest of British Hot Records a sorry bunch.**

Benny Carter and His Orchestra.

"Big Ben Blues."

"I've Got Two Lips."
(Vocalion Swing No. 7.)

"Just a Mood."

"When Day Is Done."
(Vocalion Swing No. 11.)

LAST month three of the four Benny Carter sides were played by the twelve-piece band, and the other by an eight-piecer. This month the positions are reversed, and it is the single remaining title played by the large band, *Big Ben Blues*, which I like best of the new releases.

Although it has the same twelve-bar foundation as *Swingin' The Blues*, this record differs in many respects. The tempo is slow and easy, so that the two records contrast cleverly two moods of the blues. Then there is the slight change in the harmonies here (C7th instead of E flat in the eighth bar). This is a chord sequence much beloved by Mezzrow, and

used by him in the record of *Apologies*, which Benny made with him on H.M.V.

The solos by Buddy and McDevitt both please me enormously here. McQuater's trumpet, though entirely original, has much in common with Berigan's great work in *Squareface*. Duncan Whyte's obbligato to Benny's vocal is the best thing he did on the whole session; and Benny's alto work, particularly in the ensemble chorus at the end, is as perfect as his glorious solo in *These Foolish Things*. So altogether *Big Ben Blues* really strikes home.

Two Lips is a more heterogeneous performance. Duncan's solo would have sounded better had it been backed up by some section figures. A better solution still would have been to give the chorus to Tommy McQuater, whose solo in the final chorus is all too short. The record's brightest moments come at the beginning, with Benny's clarinet interjections fitting perfectly into the blank spaces conveniently left by the tune.

The second record offers a well-balanced pairing. *Just a Mood*, with its sixteen-bar chorus and very simple movements up and down in semitones, is representative of the basic simplicity of Carter's invention. The real beauty of the number lies in the chords, as was the case with *Solitude*. As a result, I can foresee that the tune may have the same popularity as Duke's opus; the chords will be simplified for the masses, and the number will become hackneyed. Better buy the record before this tragedy occurs.

An interesting point regarding *When Day Is Done* concerns the middle part of the last chorus. Apart from these eight bars, no jam ensemble work was allowed in the entire eight sides. This is only reasonable, when you consider that Benny is an arranger and has no great love for collective buskology; but I do find these eight bars quite attractive.

As for Benny's solos, I like the muted trumpet chorus and regretted the fluff at the end; the alto lifts the whole record to a higher plane from the first bar; and the open trumpet coda in cadenzas, though perhaps not up to Benny's usual standard of good taste, is excellently done withal, showing that his tone and range are still improving.

Scott-Wood and His Six Swingers.

"Handel In Harlem."

"My Sweetie Went Away."
(Columbia FB. 1405.)

Starting with a church organ effect and then lapsing into rhythm, *Handel In Harlem* will seem sacrilegious to many. To others it will be an ingenious reflection of the spirit which permeates all hot jazz. To me it is an amusing comedy number.

Particularly impressive is Freddy Gardner's excellent solo. Less impressive are the solos by trumpet, trombone and piano, and the entirely pointless and very trite fade-out mechanism.

Much as I admire George's versatility as a musician, it must be emphasized that swing piano playing is not his strong department. Those octaves adorned with semitone grace-notes are old-fashioned now. So, too, are drum breaks such as we hear in *My Sweetie Went Away*. Even Krupa cannot make a percussion solo sound interesting.

The Dixieland chorus in this side is lively enough, but the plodding rhythm



Tommy
McQuater

Carter Rings the Bell - - - - - continued

behind it detracts from the good impression.

With the added sixpence (and the consequently added prestige), the Swingers will continue to swell the pockets of their sponsors. But dare we suggest a real swing number once in a while, with no arranging and no vocal chorus?

Nat Gonella and His Georgians.

"His Old Cornet."

"Kicking the Gong Around."

(Parlophone F. 463.)

"I'se A-Muggin'."

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

(Parlophone F. 462.)

I should like to dismiss the first three sides quickly, thereby leaving space to talk about the fourth. *Old Cornet*:

comedy number à la *Goofus*; four-bar vamp by Smuts is all I like. *Goodish* cod stuff. Curious effect of brass bass throughout. *Kickin' Gong*: Gonella hit from old Roy Fox days. Good Chinese talk (by whom?). Instrumental part crude. *Muggin'*: novel treatment, with band playing (instead of talking) except for "uhs" and "woofs."



Having thus thrown my rough notes at you, I should like to talk about young Harold Hood and his performance in *Yes, etc.* Although he opens with two bars lifted *in toto* from Hines' *57 Varieties*, and despite his compliments to Teddy Wilson and Cleo Brown in his solo chorus, it is clear that this lad is on the right track.

The truth must be that our chief hopes for genuine British swing band lie with youngsters and newcomers, who have entered the business on the crest of a swing-wave, and who have started out without any false concepts of the jazz idiom.

Hood has the enthusiasm and the receptivity of youth, and the path he has to follow in his studies is lit up by the glare of publicity. Ten years ago, when hot records and hot music were as rare in this country as the people who knew anything about it, he might have floundered in the dark and grown up to be a Charlie Kunz. But, fortunately, ten years ago, Harold Hood was only seven.

The Dixie Devils.

"Poor Butterfly."

"Sweet Sue."

(Regal-Zono. MR. 2102.)

This disc is utterly negligible. It is not



Willie Lewis

even actively bad. The material is old and hackneyed, the treatment is unoriginal, and the name of the band offers no attraction to the public. It is, indeed, a mystery why Regal-Zonophone should have wasted their money recording such stuff when they already had available dozens of far superior records, both American and English, which have been withheld from release.

The Krakajax.

"Christopher Columbus."

"Counting Crotchets In My Sleep."

(Parlophone F. 468.)

"Babs."

"Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do."

(Parlophone F. 469.)

Christopher is such a purely orchestral number that it was a vain mission to



Nat Gonella

dissect it and deliberately mess around with it in this way. The solo vocalist gives the impression that the pitch and range of the ordinary tune were too much for him, so he sang a tune of his own. On the reverse is another novelty, complete



with tap-dancing and 1926 vintage xylophone.

I have heard several semi-pro bands that could put up a better show than do the Krakajax in their first chorus of 'Tain't Nobody's Business.

Willie Lewis and His Orchestra.

"Star Dust."

(Columbia DB. 5002.)

After the battering it has received at the hands of one or two other critics, I cannot find much that is new to say about this unfortunate affair. The arrangement may have been good in the first place, but it is so raggedly played that judgment on this performance would hardly be fair.

It is said that the record was made at the end of a particularly long and tiring session, which offers some reasonable excuse; also, in case the broadcasts of this band had led you to expect something outstanding, it should be added that the personnel is always augmented, and the discipline considerably better, on the air dates; so perhaps we had better leave it at that.

"Melody Maker—Rhythm" Accompaniment Records.

"Avalon."

"Limehouse Blues."

(Brunswick 02184.)

"Sweet Sue."

"Bugle Call Rag."

(Brunswick 02185.)

A friend who happened to walk in while I was playing one of these records provided an interesting new viewpoint. After listening in silence, and without it being explained that it was a "melody-less" record, on being asked what she thought of it, she replied "Quite nice." In other words, for the layman to whom jazz is all rhythm and no melody anyway, these records make quite a pleasant sound by themselves.

Naturally, the more initiated listener will jump to the fact that there is something missing, and will perhaps oblige with a vocal solo to fill the gap. Whether it be for singing or playing, they all furnish a good, solid background, with some first-class string bass playing by a new name to me, one Wally Morris.

Notice the remarkable similarity between *Avalon* and *Sweet Sue*. The accompaniments are almost interchangeable.

I am waiting keenly for *Nagasaki* in this series. The chords have always had a fatal fascination for me, and, bereft of the tune, they should provide me with some good harmless amusement.

JULY
4TH.

MR. JORDAN ROLLS ON

High School
to
Trumpet Fame
in
Six Years

TAFT JORDAN has one very exclusive claim to distinction. He is the only vocalist and trumpet player during the last two years who has been mistaken, by a competent critic, for Louis Armstrong.

The occasion was the issue of a record by the Washboard Rhythm Band, on Columbia, entitled *Ghost Of A Chance*. "I will eat my hat if Louis is not playing," declared the critic in question. "His trumpet playing seems as unmistakable as his singing. . . . Apart from Louis's vocal chorus and his few bars of trumpet at the end, there is not much to be said for *A Ghost Of A Chance*."

Credit, however, must be given him for his wary postscript: "And now I suppose the next thing I shall hear is that it is not Louis at all but someone who has sprung up overnight in Oshkosh and found out how to play and sing just like him."

Taft Jordan was not, strictly speaking, born in Oshkosh, but the other details of this last statement are exact. Moreover, at the time the above review was written, Taft was only a beginner in the game. There is not much of a life-story to tell about him, owing to his extreme youthfulness.

As recently as 1930 Taft was attending High School, and it was here, in the school band, that he first took lessons in trumpet playing. The lessons lasted three months (Taft doesn't seem to place much significance in the fact that he cannot read music very fast), and before long he was working in Ben John's Band in Norfolk, West Virginia, his home town. The band played a number of gigs in and around Norfolk during 1932, though as far as is known they never touched Oshkosh.

On to
Chick

In 1933 Doc Heyder, leader of a favourite out-of-town ballroom band, annexed Taft to his organization. From here the next step took him to Chick Webb's band, where he remained from 1934 until early this year. *Ghost Of A Chance* was his first recording.

Amongst Taft's outstanding recordings for Chick is *On The Sunny Side Of The Street*, in which he did an Armstrong act on familiar lines. He made similar appearances in *Why Should I Beg For Love* and



It's Over Because We're Through.

Since these Armstrong impersonations are invariably popular with his audiences, and since he does them far better than most of the other imitators, there is no reason why Taft should be restrained in this direction. The fact remains, nevertheless, that in reality he is

supervised by John Hammond, and an all-star gang was gathered together, including Teddy Wilson, Johnny Muenzenberger (Mintz) from Ray Noble's band, and Kirby on bass.

On With
the Voice

by . . .
**Leonard
Feather**

something more than a shadow of Louis. Like Henry Allen, he has developed his style beyond the impersonation stage. In the words of Charles Edward Smith, writing on "that New Orleans Horn," Taft Jordan has "assimilated much that was good from Armstrong's work, and revealed an individual talent of merit."

"My first electric impression that Taft Jordan was estimable on his own merits," added the writer, "came when Chick Webb was playing the Apollo in Harlem. . . . Jordan jammed chorus after chorus, neither high of note nor particularly complicated in technique, yet mighty fine music all the same. . . . The future looks bright for Taft Jordan."

Probably the most important day in Taft's career to date came when he was assigned the direction of a session in New York. The date was set by the Irving Mills office and

There are two interesting inside stories on this session. One is that two sets of records were made; one with vocals by Taft, and one in which he only played trumpet. It was originally intended to build him up as a new personality record star, and singing had to be part of this build-up. Eventually it was found that the instrumental records were so obviously superior that the vocal versions were shelved!

The other story concerns the trombone player. In the record you hear a white player, Ward Silloway. That he puts up a highly satisfactory show is all the more remarkable when you consider that he had been called in at the very last moment, and was fully aware that he had replaced the one and only Higginbotham, who had been offered the date but had failed to show up.

The titles made were *If The Moon Turns Green*, *Night Wind*, *Devil In The Moon*, and *Louisiana Fairy Tale*. The first two were selected by Vocalion to inaugurate the "Vocalion Swing" series, and the other couple have also been scheduled for early release at the time of writing.

The success of this first Jordan session has been so emphatic that it is quite possible he will be given further dates under his own name in the future. Incidentally, Taft left Chick Webb's band a while ago to join up with Willie Bryant, but is now back again with Chick.

So, as Mr. Jordan rolls on to bigger and better successes, we shall be able to add yet another name to the list of trumpet stars who graduated from the Armstrong.



TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

NEXT Thursday afternoon at 5.15 you will have another of those rare but welcome opportunities to hear a band that in one respect at least is unique. This is Oscar Rabin's Romany Band, the only really successful orchestra ever to have been run on an entirely co-operative basis.

Before going into details of the system by which the band is organised, I should like to point out that the term 'Romany' is something of a misnomer. If you expect, on going to see the orchestra in person, to find a collection of swarthy, suspicious-looking characters in colourful costumes, playing tangos, Romany airs, and other exotic specialities, please allow the radio to disillusion you first. As you will hear, they feature ordinary popular dance music, their name being derived from an old tune called 'Romany', which they featured with such success many years ago that the number became identified with them.

It was on September 19, 1922, that Oscar Rabin, then in the Army at Aldershot, gathered together a group of enthusiastic young musicians who agreed to join forces in an orchestra that would share and share alike on all wages received. In most dance bands the leader runs the organisation as a business, and pays fixed salaries to the musicians, who act simply as his employees.

It was on September 19, 1935, the thirteenth anniversary of the band's inception, that the Romanies made their broadcast debut. They were responsible for the introduction on the air of Dinah Millar, the twenty-year-old London coloured girl who has since made a name for herself as a solo vocalist.

The master of ceremonies and announcer for the band is Harry Davis, the guitar player and vocalist. Rabin himself plays bass saxophone and violin. Also on saxophones and violin is the arranger, Johnny Swinfen. The rest of the boys comprise Raymond Doughty, second alto sax, second accordeon and vocalist; Sydney Brown, tenor sax and piano; Alf Caplan, piano, 1st accordeon and arranger; Harry Davis, guitar and vocals; Cecil Walden, drums; Hamish Christie, trombone; Bill Nichols, the 'singing page-boy', and Bob Hutchinson, trumpet.

It was this last artist who took the central part in the drama of Oscar Rabin's sensational move last January in paying a 'transfer fee' of a hundred guineas to Alan Green, another band-leader, for the acquisition of Hutchinson's services. This amazing application of Association football tactics in the dance-band world caused controversy amongst musicians, most of whom are in favour of the continuation of this system.

In any case, Rabin's initiative in paying this fee helped to prove that the Romany Band is one of the most extraordinary dance-band organisations in the world.

Mixed Doubles

Rearrange the following to form the names of ten dance music personalities. Bogey time: 90 seconds.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Dennis Hutchinson. | 6. Helen Rignold. |
| 2. Raymond Leslie. | 7. Eve Plant. |
| 3. Jack Becke. | 8. Bill Lloyd. |
| 4. Suzanne Hemmings. | 9. Hugo Currie. |
| 5. Will Shakespeare. | 10. Denny Botterell. |



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

LAST month a happy crowd of some two hundred people might have been observed steaming down the Thames to the strains of carefree and exuberant music of a type that one seldom associates with the raucous tin pianos of a pleasure boat.

The occasion was the grand summer outing of England's principal rhythm club.

To thousands of RADIO TIMES readers the term 'rhythm club' may convey little or nothing; yet these organisations, of which there are over a hundred throughout the country, merit sympathy and attention, if only because they have an artistic end in mind and are not formed for the purpose of commercial gain.

The object of the rhythm clubs, which began on the Continent four years ago, spread to England in 1933 and to America only last year, is to encourage the production and appreciation of the better class of jazz: that which has come to be known as swing music.

As a sociological or even anthropological experiment, I would advise you to visit your nearest club on its next meeting. You will find a knot of people grouped around a radio-gramophone, listening intently to the latest hot records, a recital of which, with analytical commentary, is being given by one of the members. There is no suggestion of any desire to dance to the records; indeed, the theory that jazz is a utilitarian musical form is anathema to these students.

If the club is a large or influential one, you may find that a jazz celebrity who happens to be in town will drop in with a few other musicians and, without payment, will play a few numbers for the fun of the thing. Chancery Lane, the home of No. 1 Rhythm Club, has resounded to the music of many famous personalities. The club counts Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Fred Elizalde, Spike Hughes, Benny Carter, Garland Wilson, and Reginald Foresythe amongst its distinguished visitors of the past. Bill Elliott, a young bank clerk who is the keen and progressive secretary of this club, tells me that the attendance reached nearly three hundred one-day last month despite the warm weather.

Jack Jackson and his Band, who will be on the air again from the Dorchester next Wednesday, have been the subject of several enquiries. I have received concerning personnel. The complete line-up of the band should therefore be of interest: Jimmy Lonie, trumpet; Stan Andrews, trumpet, saxes, and violin; Ed Peterson, trombone; 'Poggy' Pogson, Alan Warren, Jack Shields, saxes; Charles Tude, Harry Rubin, pianos; Chappie d'Amato, guitar and vocals; Jack Hunter, drums; Clem Lawton, bass.

Other vocalists besides 'Chappie' are Harry Shalson, Fred Latham, and little Jean Dillon from the Dorchester Follies.

Solutions to last week's Mixed Doubles: Helen Raymond, Denny Dennis, Leslie Hutchinson, Lloyd Shakespeare, Will Hemmings, Suzanne Botterell, Jack Plant, Bill Currie, Eve Becke, Hugo Rignold.



GERRY GETS OFF

British Hot Records Reviewed

by "SWING HIGH"

Gerry Moore (Piano Solos).

"Gerry Building."

"May Write Blues."

(Parlo. R. 2223.)

SINCE this is the only British record of the past month that merits any critical attention at all, may I be pardoned for spreading myself very expansively on the subject of these two sides in particular, and Gerry Moore in general.

Gerry Building and *May Write Blues* were not composed. They were completely improvised one day when Gerry was granted permission to make a test for a Rhythm Style record, as a change from the strict tempo material which has made it so difficult to judge his work in the past.

I had better state forthwith that, although I want you all to buy this record, I do not, personally, find it completely satisfying, because I know how much better it could and should have been. Having had no time to consider his plans beforehand, Gerry produced two pieces which are quite formless. They both change tempo most unnecessarily, thus completely destroying any hope of homogeneity. Gerry brought in the tempo changes because he was afraid that otherwise the records might have been rejected by the company on the grounds of monotony.

In other words, he made a commercial concession, which seems paradoxical in reference to what is obviously his first non-commercial pairing.

Next time Gerry does a swing record—and I am assuming that there will be a next time because you are all going to buy this record, thereby showing Parlophone that they have not been wasting their money—he should be given every possible facility for ensuring the complete success of his efforts. He is a sensitive artist,

deeply engrossed in the study of his work, and, through his careful assimilation of the styles of great recording artists, and coloured pianists whom he has heard here in person, he has become so finely appreciative of his own limitations that he realises every possible factor must be brought into play to give his playing the atmosphere of the real thing.

This means, in effect, that he is more than usually careful about his choice of piano, quality of recording, and time for rehearsal, to say nothing of the permission to waste a few waxes if necessary. If the recording folks pander a little more to what they may describe as his eccentricities, the results will more than justify the extra trouble.

The main thing I like about *May Write Blues* (the other side is less typical, and need not even be considered for the purpose of this discussion) is that it shows so clearly that its creator has the genuine jazz spirit to a degree scarcely ever found in this country. The introduction may be plain Joe Sullivan, and many of the effects here and there will recall Earl Hines, but the body of the record is just good Gerry Moore. Except, of

course, when he goes into the fast tempo.

His technique is deficient in some respects, but, fortunately, he knows the value of simplicity. Probably if he had worried less about making a special number of it, and had simply played a slow twelve-bar blues from start to finish, the record would be better than it is.

Some of Gerry Moore's playing in *May Write Blues* would earn great respect for him amongst the pianists in Harlem; and that, however smugly some of our West-end plonkers may jeer, is an achievement of which he can be proud.

Nat Gonella and His Georgians.

"Bring 'Em Back Alive."

"Who Stole The Tiger's Rug?"

(Parlo. F. 485.)

"Get Hot."

"Makin' A Fool Of Myself."

(Parlo. F. 486.)

Each month I try, oh, so hard, to find something good to say about Nat Gonella's new records, because I know I shall be blue-pencilled for profanity if I don't.

Get Hot is Gonella's attempt at an original composition. The delayed note effect of the main phrase puts one in mind of an old war-time rag. There is a good chorus by Pat Smuts on tenor. Towards the end the whole thing degenerates, landing finally in the tritest coda of the year.

Makin' A Fool Of Myself promises very well at first; but then Jimmy Messini steps in with one of those heart-breaking vocals, and the rest is darkness.

F 485 is such a dull pair that even Harold Hood loses all inspiration.

Come to think of it, I wonder what



You can't dodge our photographer—as Gerry Moore found out!

Gerry Gets Off - - - - - **continued**

these records are doing in this review at all? Next month I will try to pass them on to "Swing Low."

The Four Crotchets (Vocal)
 "Chinatown, My Chinatown."
 "Limehouse Blues."
 (Regal-Zono. MR. 2111.)

As I am a little tired even of the Mills Brothers themselves by now, the perpetrations of their many imitators mean less than nothing to me. Still and all, I am glad to note that the Four Crotchets sing more in tune here than they did on their last record; and if both these sides are crammed with old Mills riffs, I suppose that is what is required; so, as I always say, what is my opinion against so many?

Dinah Millar (Vocal.)
 "Lost My Rhythm."
 "I'm A Fool For Loving You."
 (Parlo. F. 496.)

One thing I can say about Dinah Millar's records. I do not approach them in that apprehensive manner from which, in certain other cases, you can read all over my face that I am only listening because

have to. She very seldom turns out a job that is actively offensive to the ears.

All the same, I wish she wouldn't tap-dance. It's a novelty sales angle, I know, but it isn't very good, and I could do it just as well myself by tapping on a match-box in front of the microphone, anyway. Any offers?

Billy Cotton and His Cotton Pickers.
 "Nobody's Sweetheart."
 "Basin Street Blues."
 (Regal-Zono. MR. 2119.)

Although the band has a fancy title and the number concerned has been used for swing records . . . *Nobody's Sweetheart* is really little more than an ordinary record by a commercial dance band. A great deal of it, including the synthetic vocal, is done on more or less straight lines, for those who like the tune (and, personally, I have never liked it save when Red

Basin Street is a great deal better. Amongst the more pleasing aspects are the nice ensemble tone in the first chorus and the atmosphere in the last ensemble passages. The tenor soloist, coming in a little sluggishly, plays as if he finds the tempo too slow for him. The trumpet seems, like the majority of British instrumentalists, to suffer from limited harmonic imagination in his improvisation—if improvisation it is. The cadenza in the coda is something of a commonplace nowadays.

The Music Makers (From the B.B.C. Dance Orch.)
 "Apple Blossom."
 "Buffoon."
 (Col. FB. 1384.)

This reed-and-strings contingent makes quite a pleasant noise out of the old Venuti tune. But it seems a shame that the B.B.C. Orchestra, from which the contingent contingens, should delve into the past for material when their own Benny Carter material, new and exclusive, has gone unrecorded with one exception. But I suggest that if the Music Makers were asked to con-



Billy Cotton, his band, and the Palladium Girls in the film "Variety"

Nichols' Five Pennies played it very slowly and beautifully).

And there is some trumpet playing in the second chorus, one or two bits of which are so poor that they might almost be a burlesque of an old-fashioned rooty-rooty hot chorus.

ceive an original number, instead of coming in to-day with something that was done rather better eight years ago, they would be at a loss.

Buffoon, which comes more into the novelty number class, despite a tendency to swing every now and then, is somewhat outside my sphere, as the goldfish said when it jumped the bowl. But I predict a considerable, if vicarious, success for the Music Makers.

"ROPHONE"

On Brilliant Girl Pianist

Mary Lou Williams (Piano Solos).

"Clean Pickin'."

"Swingin' For Joy."

(Col. DB5003.)

HERE is a record that is so staggeringly good as to leave very little opportunity for criticism. From the one solo and occasional Andy Kirk band records previously released I had gathered that Mary Lou was in a class by herself amongst pianists of either sex, and was certainly way ahead of Cleo Brown and her other feminine contemporaries.

Whether it is the aid of bass and

anyone else. On the contrary, when we become more acquainted with her knife-like accuracy and metallic touch, her subtle effects with staccato notes, we may arrive at a stage where other pianists will be described as playing in Mary Lou Williams' style. In short, Mary Lou is individual.

The first side, aptly titled when one considers the clean precision of the performance, gains a slight lead over its fellow, but even then this is no reflection on *Swingin' For Joy*, which, with its slower tempo, but equally incisive manner, is hardly less delightful.

Surface Noise

The piano seems to be just the right type for jazz playing, and the only possible complaint about the record is the one that can be applied to several of the other new Columbias—a peculiar surface noise and tendency to crackle, as if the disc were made from a faulty master. I hope this can be looked into before the next set of issues.

Andy Kirk and His Twelve Clouds of Joy.

"I've A-Muggin'."

"Until The Real Thing Comes Along."

(Col. DB5004.)

Coincident with the Mary Lou solo comes a record in which she is heard to a slight degree as a member of a rhythm section. The new Kirk coupling cannot be ranked with last month's, but, oddly enough, the better side of the two is *I've A-Muggin'*, which has none of the ineffably boring arithmetical routine that ruined every other version of this number.

The solos are all either good or very good, and the ensemble no less clean and spirited than the arranging.

Wasting Effort

On the reverse is a tune with lyrics that remind me strongly of another old number called *When The Real Thing Comes Your Way*. Whether it reminded me of anything or not, this would in any case be an insufficiently strong foundation for a record by this band, for we hear them so seldom that it is sinful for them to waste their time on second-rate commercials.

More particularly is it sinful when a large quantity of the valuable wax is occupied by one of those singers whom I would take great pleasure in drowning. 'Nuff said.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

IF you were to form the finest dance band in the world, place it in a sound-proof room and there let it play for a year, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the brilliance of the band would go unrecognised and totally ignored.

This was the thought that occurred to me in the course of a chat with Felix Mendelssohn, king of dance-band publicity men. However amusing the publicity stunts of these 'space-hounds' may appear to the initiated, it is clear that exploitation is nowadays essential to success.

Felix Mendelssohn is well qualified for a niche in the musical profession. A great-great-grandson of the famous composer, he has himself earned some recognition as a writer of music, though his field is a more popular one. His best-known composition is 'A Photograph Of You'. As publicity manager to Harry Roy, Mantovani, and others, he had some interesting revelations to make regarding this branch of the business.

Personal Appearances

'Personal appearances', he told me, 'are one of the best sources of publicity. It is nothing for a band-leader to have to open a flower show, to sign his records in shops, to attend radio celebrity balls, charity concerts, and bathing-beauty contests, and to play in cricket matches, all in the course of a few weeks' vaudeville tour.'

'Another important source is photography. Pictures taken of the leader at home, in his car, with his wife, playing golf, rehearsing, swimming (to coincide with the papers' need for "summery" pictures), and any number of other subjects, involve an expense of from £30 to £50 every three months for photographing, printing, and distributing. And I send out publicity stories regularly to 250 newspapermen in this country and 75 abroad.'

Wedding Hitch

Roy's wedding brought an unexpected last-minute predicament. After five months' work ensuring that every editor and every news-reel man would be present, Felix was approached an hour before the ceremony by a police officer who informed him that no filming would be allowed. A wild dash to Scotland Yard to secure permission saved the situation just in time.

Publicity is much more easily obtained in the provinces than in London, he tells me; and women are generally more easily publicised than men.



HARRY ROY
as Bond sees him

Jazz Examination

Who are the composers of:—
St. Louis Blues, St. James's Infirmary, Star Dust, Sweet Sue, Solitude?

What are the nationalities by birth of:—
Fred Elizalde, Rudolph Dunbar, Reginald Foresythe, Howard Jacobs, Irving Berlin?

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

THE problem of how, why, and where to make a song popular, and how to make money out of it, has always been a puzzling one to the man in the street. Perhaps this week you would like a peep at Charing Cross Road.

Imagine that you have a song to sell and (as is always the case) that you firmly believe it to be capable of sweeping the country. You arrange an interview with a publisher and eagerly await his verdict. Hundreds of factors may sway his decision. If you happen to have offered him a cowboy song, it may be just the wrong time of year for a cowboy song, or perhaps the rival publisher across the way has a good one that would swamp yours. Possibly the lyric is too sophisticated or too hard to pronounce; it may contain too many long words, or too many 's's', which will sound bad through a microphone.

As for the melody, it must be sufficiently commonplace to make it easily remembered and whistled but not sufficiently to justify a lawsuit for plagiarism. You must visualize the type of consumer at which your product is aimed: the sort of unsophisticated person who will be attracted by the melody on the radio, buy the sheet music and worry the neighbours with it for a few days, wear out one particular record of it, and then in three weeks forget it and begin humming something else.

Assuming that you have achieved the miraculous by producing a number that conforms with all these requirements, you will now be handed a contract, but no money. If you become famous, later on, you may receive advance royalties for your songs; but, as a beginner, you agree to wait for your royalty of, say, 7½ per cent. or 10 per cent. of the retail price on all copies sold. The piano song copies mostly retail at sixpence.

In addition, if your number is recorded, you may receive approximately a half-penny for every record sold. You will be lucky if you make £75 or £100 altogether.

The publisher, you must realise, is taking a gamble too. The design for the music cover, the engraving of plates for the printing of the song copy, and the printing itself, cost from £5 to £10 for the first print of one or two thousand copies; if the cover is in two colours, the cost may run to £15. Printing orchestrations, which comprise about thirty pages of music, costs another £50, plus the fee of about £10 if a special orchestration has to be made.

Some tyro song-writers believe that the safest way to embark on a successful career as a writer is to approach a band-leader and ask him to put the number on the air. This will probably leave you between two stools. The band-leader may say that he cannot afford to make a special orchestration of a number that may never be published, but that if the number is published he will gladly play it for you. The publisher will say that if you can get the band-leader to play it, to give him an idea of how it sounds, he may consent to publish it.

Solutions to last week's Jazz Examination

'St. Louis Blues', Wm. C. Handy; 'St. James's Infirmary', Don Redman (from a traditional air); 'Star Dust', Hoagy Carmichael; 'Sweet Sue', Victor Young; 'Solitude', Duke Ellington. Fred Elizalde comes from Spain; Rudolph Dunbar from British Guiana; Reginald Foresythe is English; Howard Jacobs comes from the U.S.A.; Irving Berlin from South Russia.

The Rest of the Records - - - - - by "ROPHONE"

BLUE-BLOWN ODDITY

Red McKenzie and The Celestial Beings.

"You Rascal You."
(Col. DB5007.)

IT is strange to see this oddity turning up in the lists after all these years. It is the fourth side of a session made, I believe, in the summer of 1931, and released in America under the name of the Mound City Blue Blowers. The other three sides, *Georgia, Darktown Strutters' Ball* and *I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me*, were released here on Parlophone, while this remaining item was rejected owing to the poorness of the recording.

Despite all its faults, I am glad that Columbia has issued the record. I have possessed a test pressing for many years, and know it pretty well; but since it is quite a formless affair there is nothing to say about it unless one goes into a chorus-by-chorus analysis of the eleven refrains.

Whether you like the first two

choruses, which are blue-blown, depends on whether you can take it. During the two vocal choruses that follow, you will hear the sinister banjo-guitar effects of Condon and Bland making their mark, with Frank Billings' loud drumming helping them along. Then there are a couple of good choruses by Jimmy Dorsey, whose clarinet tone and phrasing reveal him here at his best. Red comes in for another vocal, allowing himself this time to drop almost a bar behind the band.

Emancipated Style

Jackie Rusin's piano solo sounds like an emaciated Sullivan style, but it is not too bad. Hawkins' chorus is fine. Muggsy then grows away in a manner you may hitherto have associated with Max Kaminsky, after which he leads the ensemble to a hectic finish.

The backing is an ancient Trumbauer disc which has not come to hand at the time of writing, but should at least be worth hearing.

AUG. 1ST.

AUG. 15TH.

The REST of the RECORDS by "ROPHONE"

Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra.

"Grand Terrace Swing."

"Stealing Apples."

(Brunswick 82238.)

THE first side should really be *Big Chief De Sola*. Since Andy Razaf wrote lyrics for it with that label it has become a popular swing number in the States, in succession to *Christopher Columbus*.

The record is rather sad. Fletcher still has a good band, despite a certain amount of internal strife and a roughness that may be accredited to slipshod rehearsal. But in this arrangement all the worst in the aggregation seems to come out. The rhythm section does not appear to be quite at ease; Buster Bailey is not at his best; the last half-inch consists of a monotonous repetition of the main phrase, which is in itself too monotonous for comfort.

On the other side Fletcher takes

an old Fats Waller tune which, except for the slightly unusual middle eight bars, is just a commonplace chord sequence, affording opportunities for some good solos. A fairly good record, but still not representative of what Henderson could really do; and the recording scarcely brings out that brilliance that one expects from the better coloured brass sections nowadays.

Chick Webb and His Orchestra.

"I May Be Wrong."

"Chase The Blues Away."

(Brunswick 82249.)

Here is another great Harlem outfit which does not reproduce at its very best on records. Chick's is really the equal of any band in the world from several standpoints, but you would hardly suspect it here, despite the excellence of Edgar Sampson's arrangements.

The better side is *Chase The Blues Away*, though even here I suspect I may be prejudiced through having seen Ella Fitzgerald work.

JULY 18TH.

TRAM RE-ISSUE

Rest of the Records by "ROPHONE"

Frank Trumbauer and his Orchestra.

"Somebody Loves Me."
"The Mayor of Alabam."
(Brunswick 02232.)

EVEN though his standards have not yet reached the mighty level of the old Okeh-Parlophone days, it is agreeable to see Tram yet again under his own name in the new issues. This time he has assembled an interesting personnel which, however, is only partially successful owing to inadequate material.

Somebody Loves Me is an arrangement with very little swing or imagination. It ploughs through a first straight chorus in which there is apparently not even a rhythm section to sustain our interest.

Teagarden's vocal, were it just an ordinary chorus in a commercial record, would come as a delightful surprise; but, because we have heard so much of T's best work in the past, we have perhaps learned to expect too much from him in the present, and it cannot be said that his work here will work you up into such an advanced state of the jitters as did *Texas Tea Party* or *Beale St. Blues*.

Mayor Of Alabam is another of Tram's own novelty numbers. For Nat Gonella it might be suitable material, but it seems unnecessary to "sell" an artist like Jack T. with this sort of light comedy. Nevertheless, this is by far the better side of the two; Jackson infuses more spirit into his singing, and there is some nice clarinet work by Artie Shaw, as well as Tram himself, on the C melody. The arrangement, though full of clichés, is better than that of the reverse.

Defends Swing.

Leonard Feather, British music critic who is in this country surveying the swing situation, does not agree with the opinions of band

leaders Lyman, Lopez and Little which appeared in these columns several weeks ago. In his estimation the success of swing music is emphasized in the prosperity the swingsters are enjoying at present. An argument offered against swing was that it could not last because the public did not understand it. This point he readily grants to a certain extent. He claims that it is not necessary to know the harmonic mechanisms of a Ravel suite or Brahms Symphony to thoroughly appreciate its music. By the same token radio should not be looked upon as a passing novelty because 90 per cent of the population does not understand its intriguing parts.

In conclusion he says, "One thing could be said: that the American public was too slow in appreciating the tempos of swing music. For years, Europe has been fascinated with American swingsters whose reputations have been built only through the medium of phonograph records. Such names as "Red" Norvo, Fletcher Henderson, Teddy Wilson, Joe Haymes, and a host of others could double their incomes if permitted to play on the Continent. No one can predict its future, but statistics gathered in ball-room attendances, theaters and phonograph record sales, attest that there is no indication that swing music is on the downpath."

JULY 25TH

Twaddle About the Negro and His Music

Luis Russell and His Orchestra.
"Primitive"
"Ol' Man River."
(Vocalion Swing No. 13.)

Luis Russell and His Orchestra.
"Saratoga Shout."

Clarence Williams and His Orchestra.
"I Found A New Baby."
(Parlophone R2225.)

ALTHOUGH I have coupled these records because Luis Russell is their common denominator, they have comparatively little to do with each other.

Primitive and *Ol' Man River* are played by Russell's new band, as it was just before Rex Stewart left to join Ellington; and the Parlophone side is one of the very old ones, with Red Allen and Co.

Of the Vocalion pair, *Primitive* is decidedly the better side. Rube Bloom wrote the number, but how much of the credit is due to him and how much to the arranger it is difficult to say. Possibly Rube himself was responsible for the orchestration, in which case the whole matter is simplified, and he takes the credit.

The Rest
of the Records
by
"ROPHONE"

There is something more than mere manuscript attractiveness to the record, though. The whole performance is colourful in a most peculiar way. The introduction which sets the breakneck tempo; the little recurrent lick in the manner of *I Got Rhythm*; these are two features amongst a number which give the piece an effect of strange and intriguing originality. Rex's solo, too, though the acme of simplicity, is ingenious and melodically fascinating.

The reverse doesn't get going until the bringdown vocalist, and the exhibitionistic display or virtuosity by Rex, have been disposed of. After that there is enough Charlie Holmes and enough terrific swinging section to compensate for what has gone before.

Saratoga Shout proves the old adage that you can't go wrong with the right gang. Red, Higg, Pop Foster, Holmes

and the others are infallible at this sort of stuff. There are little bits of arrangement here and there, including a very taking passage in the middle which I still have on the brain. Albert Nicholas plays blues very satisfactorily, and to close the proceedings Higginbotham tears his trombone apart savagely. Altogether an excellent example of the old Luis Russell style.

The backing is, alas! all too typical of the Parlophone "Race Series" to which it belongs. All this twaddle about "The Negro And His Music" will do a great deal of harm when attached to crude music of this sort. If this were the only sort of music the Negro could produce, the white jazzists would no longer need to fear any competition.

Fats Waller and his Rhythm.
"Cabin In The Sky."
"All My Life."
(H.M.V. BD5077.)

Whether you like this record depends rather on how often you hear Fats. If you were a critic, receiving at least two sides every month, you would find this new couple just a little too ordinary to have any interest for you. *Never-To-Be-Forgotten Night* last month was pleasant for all its sweetness, but *Cabin In The Sky* just goes over the borderline of sweetness and tumbles into the saccharine category.

ENGLISH NEWS

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

ONCE again Ambrose heads the news on this side of the water. Britain's jazz monarch has been the focal point of an astonishing battle of words involving plenty of press publicity, some of which Ambrose would gladly have dispensed with.

The trouble started with a front-page story in the *Daily Express*, to the effect that Ambrose planned to leave for America, because British audiences do not appreciate good music, and he had had enough of their dumbness. To appear before a British audience again, after such statements had been read in the press, would have been highly unpleasant, indeed fatal, for the band leader, and the same evening another paper carried a contradictory story to the effect that British audiences are just swell. The *Daily Express* next day carried a half-hearted apology, quoting some further and entirely different comments by Ambrose.

The Ambrose office states that it has taken out a writ against the *Daily Express*. The only facts which are clear now seem to be as follows: Jules Stein of M.C.A. has the words "Bert Ambrose" somewhere on a dotted line in New York, and Bert will follow the dotted line just as soon as he cares to, receiving a personal fee of £3,000 weekly, and bringing with him Evelyn Dall, his American vocalist; Max Bacon, drummer and comedy vocalist; Sid Phillips, reeds and arranger; Bert Barnes, piano and arranger; Joe Brannelly, guitarist and right-hand man; and possibly Ronnie Munroe, another arranger. Around this nucleus will be formed an American band.

If a London engagement materializes to keep him here, Ambrose's American trip will be postponed indefinitely. The May Fair is dickering to get him back following Harry Roy's departure, though it is said that Joe

Loss is also in the running for this booking.

Stein is now looking round for a commercial sponsor to put Bert on the air, and there is also the probability of a resident job such as the Rainbow Room.

Harry Roy's Round Trip

At the end of July Harry Roy, the Ted Lewis of this hemisphere, completes a three-year engagement at the May Fair which began with a contract for three months. He will tour Great Britain and the Continent with his band, bookings having already been concluded up to November next.

Vague stories have been floating around to the effect that these excursions will be followed by the longest round trip of Harry's career—a round-the-world journey to fulfill engagements in South Africa, Australia and the United States.

The Empire plans are in actual fact at least a year off yet, and may never materialize; but the fact about the American rumor is that Standard Oil have been dickering for his services on a commercial. Harry talked business with Jules Stein of M.C.A. recently, and it seems as though you may find him in New York by the New Year if the money offered is big enough. If he comes, Roy will stay for three months, following footsteps of Hylton and Noble, forming an all-American band, but keeping his English combination intact during his absence.

Canadian Invasion in London

English musicians are squawking about the ease with which Canadian immigrants manage to grab the important London jobs which should be given to native musicians. The booking of Bert Bissett's fourteen-piece Canadian outfit for the Savoy Hotel, replacing Carroll Gibbons, has caused local hats to demand that reciprocity be established in the shape of the admission of English musicians into Canada on the same basis.

Not-So-Original Dixieland

An amusing situation has arisen regarding the alleged re-forming in London of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band under the direction of one Billy Jones, who states that he played with that classic group in the old days of its European visit. The new unit has been launched with the figure of Julius Verley, ex-musician and now musical magazine editor, prominently in the background. Verley's plans went forward unabashedly even when the *Melody Maker* carried as a splash front-page story the news that the real Dixieland Band may be reorganized by Nick la Rocca in New Orleans.

The Billy Jones outfit, which boasts a personnel strangely different from the original Original band, had a broadcast this month and has made one record on Parlophone, but the reception has hardly been sensational. What will happen if la Rocca really gets going remains to be seen, but the confusion should provide some few works.

Shorts

Leving Mills due in town at present time. Object unknown, but possibly *Una Ray Hutton* will be booked for England. *Mills Brothers* also here for Palladium variety and provincial tour. *Bob Howard* whose singing on records was despised by rhythm fans, has been guest of honor at several Rhythm Clubs since his arrival over here! All England seems pro-band championship, won by *Patricia McCarty* and band, preceded a surprise vocalist, *Tom Waring*. McCarty's guitarist, who was immediately snapped up to replace *Jack Cooper* in Ambrose's band during Cooper's illness.

Tom Combs of Rhythm Sisters vocal trio, killed in car smash, and the other two girls slightly hurt. Columbia Records here have at last fallen in line with public demand by starting a swing record series. *Swing Music*, sole English monthly devoted to that subject exclusively, couldn't make it pay and has gone quarterly. *Swingtime Jazz Information* of 38a George St., weekly news sheet giving record news and personnel, continues to scribble the stories.

Nicholas Brona here to star in Blackbirds show, opening at the Palace July 1. *Billy Cotton*, bandleader recently stricken with rheumatic fever,

recovered sufficiently to dash from sick-bed, win second place in a car race at 100 m.p.h., fly to Manchester, play two shows, and end up with a broadcast! . . . *Metronome's* English correspondent, *Leonard G. Feather* (that's me), arrives in Manhattan on the *Manhattan* July 9 for another glance at your quaint old country, taking in Chicago as well this time. . . PAUSE!

BAND REVIEWS

Maximum Marking: Four Stars
****Sydney Lipton's Band.** Grosvenor House, London.

Line-up: Trumpets: Max Goldberg, Archie Craig; Trombone, Ted Heath; alto, Dave Shand and Chips Chippendall; tenor and violin, Georges Pallast; tenor, George Evans; piano, Billy Munn; guitar, Jack Llewellyn; drums, Jock Cummings; bass, Will Hennings; leader and violin, Sydney Lipton.

Vocals: Chips Chippendall; George Evans, The Three Ts; Doris Hare.

Chief Arrangers: Arthur Lally, Billy Munn, George Evans.

Broadcasts: Every other Monday, 5.30 p. m. E.D.S.T. Signature tune: *Get Rhythm in Your Feet* (opening), *The End of a Perfect Day*.

Records: Decca.

History: Lipton played violin with Billy Cotton's band and later with Ambrose. He formed his own combination in 1932, opened at Grosvenor House and has remained there ever since, playing no outside engagements except a few one-night concerts.

Comment: For unrealized possibilities Lipton should take the palm amongst English bands, for he has managed to collect a line-up of some of the country's very best men, yet the band never sounds as distinguished as it looks on paper.

Owing to the class of patronage for which Grosvenor House caters, Lipton has been afraid to go all the way with a strikingly impressive band, preferring to stick to a steady policy of better class "background music." Thus the impression, after listening to them for any length of time, is that the boys are holding on where they should give full rein to their talents. The same might be said of the work of the arrangers, all of whom have talent which seems to go astray quite often, and of the vocals by Chips Chippendall, who has a good voice which is nevertheless content to stick rigidly to the melody and phrasing as written.

Chips is not the only one afraid to let himself go. Billy Munn, the ex-Hyltonian recently captured by Lipton, also holds back and offers the type of piano solo work that could be done just as well by lesser artists.

The brass section again reflects the leader's policy. If it were increased to four or five pieces, there would be more point in retaining the services of such superior men as Goldberg and Heath. Horns do not suffer from numerical deficiency and at present seem to represent the orchestra's best feature. Dave Shand is a good lead man, while the others work in and blend pretty well together. George Evans, the tenor player, is probably the most versatile member of the whole line-up. As well as arranging and singing, he shows up very well in every class of solo work, having recently scored an individual hit on the air with an untitled composition of his own.

A little more abandon, and a little more imagination in the arranging, would easily convert this into one of London's best bands. And Heavens knows there are few enough outfits to qualify for that category at present.

NOW READY
Special
Orchestra
Arrangement by **JIMMY DALEY**

A Great
Arrangement
BY
A great arranger*

12th ST. RAG

Price
75¢
(POST PAID)

Obtain from any Music Dealer or Publisher

PUBLISHED BY
JENKINS MUSIC COMPANY,
Kansas City, Mo.



Christmas Double Number

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN by Gilbert Wilkinson

Fiction

	Page
SPORTS MODEL, by Christine Jope-Slade ..	12
<i>Illustrated by Greenup.</i>	
TEA AND TOAST, by Richmal Crompton ..	21
THE MAN WHO SOLD THE GULF STREAM, by Lord Dunsany	22
<i>Illustrated by Clive Upton.</i>	
ALFRED OF THE X-RAY EYES, by Barré Lyndon	35
<i>Illustrated by Illingworth.</i>	
THE PERFECT WIFE, by Pearl Buck	45
<i>Illustrated by Chandler.</i>	
TYPIST'S ISLAND—A Novel—by Alan Le May	55
<i>Illustrated by Ronald McLeod.</i>	
FAST TRAIN FROM PARIS, by Leslie Beresford	70
<i>Illustrated by W. Dobell.</i>	
ASKING FATHER, by Dudley Hoys	76
<i>Illustrated by Bertram Prance.</i>	
DICK AND DAN, by S. L. Bensusan	84
<i>Illustrated by W. J. Turner.</i>	

True Life Stories

SPEEDWAY ROMANCE	64
THE GIRL IN BLUE RAGS, by Rosita Forbes	94

THERE can be few, who looking back into childhood, do not see a Christmas tree. The magic of that first glimpse of the starry candles and tinsel with its fairy glitter is not easily forgotten. Nodding old men in the chimney corner think of such things when the world has left them to journey with only their own memories as companions of the road. At this season, babes in their cradles go to sleep with visions of Christmas filling their heads.

The strangest fact about the festival of Christmas is that, while ages come and ages go, nations rise and empires totter, Christmas endures.

Looking into the distant times ahead, little can be discerned, yet out of the shapes one surely must stand out clear. Through the darkening afternoon the gyroplane skims like a ghost among the feathery fall of snow. Radio directed, it sinks to the roof-aerodrome above the huge block of living apartments.

Strange creatures in the shape of men and women climb out of the machine and disappear down the lifts. These people are electrically fed; warmed by etheric waves; they see and hear across continents. They are the children of our children, but we should scarcely recognise our descendants, so greatly has science changed the face of the world. . . .

But, wait! This day is December 25, and as they enter their home we hear what they say to those who are awaiting their return.

"A Merry Christmas!" they say, and by that we know them for our own.

Articles

THE FIRST BRITISH CHRISTMAS, by N Mitchison (Picture by F. Matania)	
MAN WITH A MIRACLE—MARCONI, by F Jacot and D. M. B. Collier	
JAZZ JUBILEE, by Leonard G. Feather	
CAVALCADE OF XMAS COINS, by W Passingham	
KEEP IT OLD-FASHIONED, by Gracie F	
CEREMONIOUS MARQUIS (Private Lives)	
HOLLY IS UP IN THE HOSTELS, by S Moorhouse	
TOYMAN TALKS ABOUT CHILDREN, by Benedetta	
MISS SUGAR AND MISS SPICE, by He Leslie	
ALL WRAPPED UP, by Oliver Johns ..	
THE FASTEST GAME, by A. A. Haydon	
THEY DELIVER THE GOODS, by L. G. B	
BE A MAGICIAN THIS XMAS, by Maskelyne	

Features

CURIOSNAPS	
THE WORLD OF TO-MORROW	
LAUGHTER	
WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU	
PASSING SHOTS	
CROSSWORD	
YOU'RE TELLING US	
PASSING SLIPS	

"Oh Thank You!" They'll Say this Christmas...and mean it...if you choose
PARKER THE FINEST GIFT



THE VACUMATIC - PARKER'S NEWEST PEN

*The Vacumatic—
 A Sacless, Pistonless Pen with
 Visible Ink Supply, Two-Way Nib and 102% More
 Ink—is a new and individual Gift.
 As For the Parker Duofold, so many know of its Beauty
 and Dependability and Want This Famous Pen
 More Than Any Gift in The World.*

THIS YEAR Parker's brilliant gift range will ensure rapturous appreciation from the lucky ones who notice a Parker gift on Christmas morning!

For the modern-minded there's the VACUMATIC, Parker's miracle pen. Here is an utterly new kind of pen, basically different, marvellous in performance, wholly exclusive in style—a sacless, pistonless pen that fills by vacuum, that won't run dry because it holds 102% more ink and shows when to refill.

Its streamlined unbreakable barrel has all the shimmering beauty of laminated Pearl and Jet, yet when held to the light the "Jet" becomes translucent—showing the column of ink inside. And the special Jetting the column of ink inside. And the special Jetting the column of ink inside. And the special Jetting the column of ink inside.

Remember, too, there are Parker's medium-priced ranges—as eminently efficient and beautiful and incorporating so many Parker improvements as to make them worthy gifts where price is a consideration. Any Accredited Parker Retailer will gladly show you his range of Parker gifts—Pens, Pencils, Duette sets and Penstands—and help you make your selection.

HOLDS 102% MORE INK

Visible ink supply

Writes two-ways



THE FAMOUS DUOFOLD

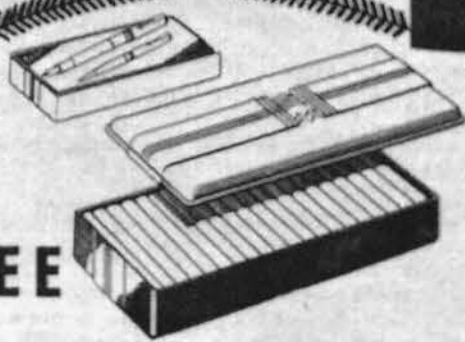
Leverless

UNBREAKABLE STREAMLINED BARREL

Jewel-smooth Nib

GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

FREE



with every VACUMATIC or DUOFOLD Duette Set (Pen and Pencil together) a silk-lined Jewellers' presentation case or this attractive Plaskon Case which the owner will find handy as a cigarette or trinket box.

Parker
 FOR GIFTS

THE PARKER PEN CO. LTD.,
 BUSH HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

MAXIMA PEN 40/- (Fitted with Two-way Nib).
 MAJOR PEN 30/- (Fitted with Two-way Nib).
 HONOR PEN 25/-. STANDARD PEN 20/-.
 Pencils to match all Pens 12/6. Oversize Pencil 17/6.

DUOFOLD-de-Luxe Pens 42/-. 35/-. 27/6. Pencil to match the Pen 15/-. DUOFOLD Pens 30/-. 25/-. 21/-. Pencils to match all Pens 12/6. Premiere Pens 17/6. Pencils 10/6. Moderne Pens 12/6. Pencils 7/6.

Parkette-de-Luxe Pens (Lever Filler) 10/6. Pencils 7/6. Parkette Pens 7/6 (Lever Filler). Pencils 5/-. Parker Pens are British made in Canada by British Craftsmen. Pencils made in Canada and U.S.A.

Billionaires Will Give VACUMATICS—But So Can You!

The
Center
Theatre

THE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
PLAYHOUSE

The Center Theatre

PROGRAM

Lew White at the Grand Organ

Center Theatre News

Santa Claus

A revival of two Walt Disney Silly Symphonies.
"Santa's Workshop" and "Night Before Christmas."
These two favorites have been combined into one film.

EUGENE O'NEILL'S

"Ah Wilderness!"

Starring

WALLACE BEERY

Directed by Clarence Brown

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Sid	WALLACE BEERY
Nat Miller	Lionel Barrymore
Lily	Aline MacMahon
Richard	Eric Linden
Muriel	Cecilia Parker
Tommy	Mickey Rooney
Essie Miller	Spring Byington
Mr. McComber	Charles Grapewin
Arthur	Frank Albertson
Wint Selby	Edward Nugent
Mildred	Bonita Granville
Belle	Helen Flint



**JOY FROLIC
FUN**

AT THE

SAVOY

THIS

XMAS

Breakfast Dance!

CHRISTMAS EVE *Tues. Dec. 24th*

featuring The International Star



LOUIS

ARMSTRONG

WORLD FAMOUS TRUMPETEER

and his

CONNIES INN ORCHESTRA

Also

CHICK WEBB

and SAN DOMINGANS

Savoy

— WORLD'S FINEST BALLROOM — LENOX AVE. *at* 140 ST.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

RAY NOBLE, with his drummer-manager, Bill Harty, and his vocalist, Al Bowly, have been over here lately on a brief respite from their unremitting hard work in America. The rest was well-needed, for on October 1 they move back into the violent tempo of Manhattan's metropolis, opening with Ray's band at the Rainbow Room in Radio City.

Their last resident engagement before leaving the States was, they tell me, a far more reposeful one. They were at the Hollywood Dinner Club in Galveston, Texas, right on the Gulf of Mexico. During their six-weeks' stay the hours were easy, and much of their spare time was spent bathing in the shark-infested waters. ('But the sharks don't come very close to the shore!' Bill Harty assured me.) After their contracts with the song sharks of Tin Pan Alley, I imagine the Mexican waters can have presented few difficulties to them. . . .

By now Ray is more or less hardened to the methods and madnesses of commercial radio in the United States. It appears, however, that there are still certain handicaps for the New York broadcasting bands, which partially counteract the advantages of the amazing studio facilities.

In the first place, the commercial sponsors are frequently people who know little or nothing about how to entertain the public. Yet they try to interfere with the artistic side of the programmes, and the bands have to choose their tunes and write their arrangements in a manner that will suit the sponsor rather than please the public.

A band that has suddenly acquired prestige amongst musicians in this country is that of Sydney Kyte. For years he has been plodding along quietly at the Piccadilly Hotel; but recently, with his incursion into variety and the addition of a number of star men to his outfit, fresh attention has been drawn to him.

One of his outstanding new soloists is Andy McDevitt, the Scots clarinetist. The remainder of the reed section consists of Les Gilbert, Len Conley, and Izzy Duman, the last-named being a comedian as well as a star saxophonist.

Jimmy Redmond, Freddie Wood, and Freddie Brooks play trumpets; Miff Smith, Andy Dawson, and Tommy Henry, trombones; Jack Rankin, violin; and the rhythm section consists of Bobby McGee on piano, Sam Gelsley on guitar, Barry Wicks on drums and Mike Cassidy string bass. Jack Plant and Dinah Miller supply the vocal numbers.

A recent 'National Musicians' Poll' in the United States has produced an extremely interesting list of names representing the voters' choice of an 'ideal swing band'. No money could buy the imaginary band that was compiled by these votes. Eight white musicians and six coloured men earned places, the line-up being as follows:—

Bix Beiderbeck, Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, trumpets; Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, trombones; Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey, Coleman Hawkins, 'Choo' Berry, saxophones and clarinets; Joe Venuti, violin; Teddy Wilson, piano; Eddie Lang, guitar; 'Pop' Foster, bass; Gene Krupa, drums.

I need hardly add that I agree with the majority of these elections; but the scheme is a little impractical, to put it mildly, for two of these musicians have been dead for several years. . . .

The REST of the RECORDS by "Rophone"

Willie Bryant and His Orchestra.
"Ride, Red, Ride."
Stew Pletcher and His Orchestra.
"The Touch Of Your Lips."
(H.M.V. B8452.)

ONE of the greatest embarrassments of the past year in swing music was the Columbia sales sheet in America, which placed an abomination called *Ride, Red, Ride*, by Lucky Millinder's Orchestra, at the top of its best-seller list for about six months in succession. This tribute to the public's bad taste is still further enhanced by the news that Willie Bryant, who has not even a musician named Red in his band, was nevertheless persuaded to record this same number.

From the ghastly trombone groans at the commencement, right through the gluey-toned tenor chorus, where the soloist gets right off the beat through trying to squeeze in too many notes, and on to the final passages, where soloists and arrangers are so lacking in inspiration that there are quotations from everything, ranging from *Goody Goody to Steamboat Bill*, this record is simply an appalling noise. Enough.

Sounds Like A Schoolboy

Stew Pletcher's gang consists of the members of Red Norvo's Swing Sextette; but, instead of Norvo himself, there is a young pianist from Willie Bryant's band, known as "Ram" (or, to the authorities, Roger Ameres), who plays well enough throughout the record to compensate for the absence of Norvo's xylophone.

But the tune is deadly for this type of band, and Stew's vocal sounds like a schoolboy trying out the mike for

fun. Herbie Haymer on tenor, and Dave Barber on guitar, have a few swell moments, but the only spot where one has a glimpse of the real Swing Sextette, as it was in its full glory at the Hickory House, is in the last two bars. A most inadequate quota.

Clever White Arranger

Bill Staffon and his Orchestra.
"Lost My Rhythm."
Boots and his Buddies.
"Riffs."

(Regal-Zono. MR 2125.)

Bill Staffon, a clever young white arranger, whose band looked in at New York's Roseland Ballroom last winter, turns in a mixed but partially enjoyable job on *Lost My Rhythm*.

The Bennett Sisters, a vocal trio, manage to sing more or less in tune, which, though it does not altogether excuse their appearing in the record, is at least a quality for which one must be thankful, and for which we look in vain on English recordings.

The main interest of this side lies in the clarinet work. There is a really good chorus, for which the responsible party may quite possibly be Joe Dixon, who recently went over to Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra. The bass backing to this solo, supplied by Ray Woodman, is also more than efficient.

Riffs, played by a band of which I know nothing save that it is coloured, starts with a boisterous ensemble featuring plenty of drums. There is a strident but fairly good trumpet chorus, after which comes some second-rate arranging none too well played. The chorus ends with a few bars of good piano.

The whole thing never becomes more than passably interesting.

AUG. 8TH → AUG. 22ND →

TEMPO DI JAZZ: by Leonard G. Feather

DANCE MUSIC IN THE U.S.A.

THE past couple of weeks have been eventful, and fast-moving ones for me. In the grip of the United States' worst heat-wave for many decades, I have been endeavouring to carry on another first-hand inspection of America's music.

English music and musicians have never been more in the limelight 'across the pond' than they are today. Ambrose, Roy Fox, and Billy Cotton are on the best-seller lists in the records sales-reports, while Eric Maschwitz's 'These Foolish Things' recently became America's No. 1 song, achieving the amazing total of no fewer than forty-seven broadcasts from the three greatest New York stations within a week.

Practically every musician to whom I spoke told me of his heated desire to come to England, and wanted to know when this would be rendered possible by the lifting of the ban on alien orchestras. Their anxiety was no source of surprise to me, for the working conditions amongst even the leading American bands are far from ideal. It is impossible for a musician to lead a settled life in a permanent home. Over there, even the best hotel or restaurant job usually lasts for only two or three months, after which the band may have to go on a wearying tour of one-night engagements, travelling perhaps four hundred miles a day, and wandering in this fashion all over the States. When I told some of these fellows how long Jack Jackson has been at the Dorchester or Syd Lipton at Grosvenor House, they gasped. America demands constant changes.

There is a happier side to the situation there, in the shape of the 'swing' craze, which has infected the entire population in the past few months. Although swing music (previously known as hot music) is as old as jazz itself, and has always represented the better things in jazz, the transatlantic public has suddenly seen fit to grasp hold of the word 'swing' and make a fad out of the music, just as it happened previously with diabolos, the yo-yo, 'handies', and other nine-days' wonders.

Whether this will work out to the ultimate advantage of jazz I cannot say, but at present the result

is extraordinary. Band-leaders who have previously ignored swing music are suddenly giving definitions of the term 'swing' to newspaper reporters; ill-informed debates on swing, by people who know nothing about it and care less, are being hurled over the air; and musicians like Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, Tommy Dorsey, and Bunny Berigan, after years of comparative obscurity, are nothing short of deities in the eyes of the many.

Norvo has helped largely towards dispelling the common belief that 'swing' denotes something very fast and very loud. The quiet charm of his orchestra is unique in American jazz; and Norvo himself, leading the combination on the xylophone, is the only artist capable of making this sound like a musical instrument rather than a vehicle for technical exercises.

Strangely enough, the other great white band in New York at present is the one with which Mildred Bailey, Norvo's wife and the queen of all girl jazz singers, recently made one of her rare appearances on the stage; to wit, Bob Crosby's Orchestra, who introduced her last month at a leading New York theatre. This band has earned so much attention on its genuine merits that its sponsors have ceased to mention, in advertising it, the fact that the leader is Bing Crosby's brother. In any case, Bob's singing is so amazingly similar to his brother's that there could hardly be any doubt about the relationship.

Another indirect outcome of the 'swing fever' is the re-formation, after fifteen years, of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band which helped to lay the foundations of present-day dance music. 'Nick' la Rocca, the cornet-player, who is gathering the band together again, proudly showed me a Press cutting dated 1917, in which it is stated that the band produced 'Gingery, swinging music'. He also told me that his most famous composition, 'Tiger Rag', was patterned after an aria from a Spanish opera; but he didn't tell me which aria or which opera. That ought to keep you busy until next week!

CHICK WEBB BOMBSHELL

AUG. 8TH



Edgar Sampson

Edgar Sampson Leaves

LEONARD FEATHER'S HOT NEWS FROM THE STATES

THE most sensational news of the week concerns Chick Webb's Band. Edgar Sampson, corner stone of this great organization, handed in his notice last Saturday.

The importance of this news cannot be overestimated. It is like saying that Duke Ellington is leaving Ellington, for, besides being a wonderful alto player, Edgar has for years been the star arranger of the band, and is the writer of Stomping At The Savoy, Blue Lou, and scores of other numbers.

Edgar has thought out his move carefully and feels sure he is acting for the best by deciding to become a free-lance arranger. He has already made important contacts with Teddy Hill and with Richard Himber, the latter having collaborated with him on a number called Goodbye To Swing.

Edgar will also devote much of his time to serious study of arranging and will also once again take up his violin, which he has not been practicing for some time.

NO 'ND AND ROUNTERS

Another important piece of news—rather a sad item—is that the excellent little band I told you about, playing at the Hickory House under Joe Marsala and Eddie Condon, will have to break up, for the most inadequate reason that the Hickory House has decided to put in Farley and Riley.

Condon's plans are uncertain, he and Bushkin and Stulmaker are at present without an evening job.

Marsala has been asked to join the Riley-Farley gang, and is rehearsing with them with a rhythm section which includes Fulton McGrath, Artie Bea and Stan King. On broadcasts the band will also use Herbie Haymer, tenor, and Jimmy C'Anis, alto.

Otis Johnson, the coloured trumpet player, whose success with this Marsala band seemed to augur well for possibilities of a mixed band in this country, has taken a temporary job in Saratoga, after fulfilling which he will probably go with Willie Bryant, Don Redman, or Lucky Millinder.

Duke Ellington made four sides at Brunswick, and, strangely enough,

both Brunswick and the Mills offer have passed them for release—but not until one of the Mills master mops can think up two "commercial" titles for Rex's Concerto and Lawrence Brown's Concerto.

The other two sides made were *Shoe Shine Boy* and *It Was A Sad Night In Harlem*.

A comparatively little known but somewhat promising Harlem band, Erikine Hawkins' Orchestra, made its debut at the A.R.C. studios last week to do four titles for the Vocalion label: *It Was A Sad Night In Harlem*; *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*; *Fifteen A Shadow Of Doubt*; and *I Just Escape From You*.

Palmey Dandridge had a date for Vocalion, too, but only got two sides done, both of which are said to be pretty poor.

GOOD MEN AND TRUE

Line-up comprised one or two good men, however, with Charles Francis on reeds; Wallace Jones on trumpet; "Ham" on piano; Arnold Adams, guitar; Mack Walker, bass; Wilton Jones, drums. Numbers were *Cross Patch* and yet another *Three Facial Things*.

Joe Haymes, whose band makes so many records for the Perfect and Melotone 25 cent labels, few of which do him justice, has at last had a really good session. Yesterday he made eight sides—yes, all in one afternoon!—including four standards: *Just Louis Blues*, *Juster Kate*, *That's A Plenty*, and *Should I*.

Red Nichols is appearing at the Paramount Theatre here this week, with Signorelli and one or two other celebrities in the combination. However, New York remains calm. . .



Reginald Foresythe.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MADE

PHONE CALL CHANGED HIS LIFE

by Leonard G. Feather

A few words over the wire connected him with Fame

MUSIC was not always his profession. After leaving a seaside school in Essex, he commenced to study languages enthusiastically.

Then, equipped with a knowledge of half a dozen languages, he went to London to run a translating bureau.

After business hours, like thousands of other spare-time musicians, he would do a spot of semi-professional band

work, more as an amusing pastime than anything else.

Then one morning the telephone rang at his flat. It was a call from Paris; at the other end of the line was Zaldée Jackson, the popular singer.

A Pianist Wanted

SHE was just about to open a new night club in the gay city, she said, and was in need of a pianist. She had rung him up to see whether he would accept the engagement.

Impulsively the young musician said "Yes."

The net result was that he left translating behind him for ever, in favour of

a musical career that has won him international fame.

The young man was Reginald Foresythe, the coloured English-born musician, whose work is becoming increasingly popular on the radio and on gramophone records.

His performances with an orchestra, which excludes trumpets and trombones and introduces the hitherto unpopular bassoon to dance music, have been the talk of two continents, and now his piano duets with Arthur Young are attracting keen interest.

Perhaps Reginald Foresythe sometimes wonders what might have been the course of his career if he had happened to be out when the telephone call came through that day.

LA ROCCA ROUNDS UP THE OLD DIXIELANDERS AND PLANS VARIETY TOUR

Red Norvo Loses Battle with Heat Wave

Leonard Feather's Hot News from New York

NICK LA ROCCA is all set to go with his Original Dixieland Jazz Band. With Sbarbaro, Edwards, Larry Shields and Robinson, he will form the cornerstone of a twelve or fourteen-piece band which has now gone into rehearsal and should be ready for a tour very shortly.

La Rocca, who is now forty-eight years old and started playing trumpet thirty years ago, has not been actively engaged in the music business for ten years.

He will blow his own horn with the new band, and, of course, *Tiger Rag* and *Skeleton Jangle* and all the others will be brought up to date with new orchestrations.

The blow has fallen. Even Red Norvo could not draw crowds into a room that wasn't air-cooled, so the heat-wave has brought his three-months' sojourn at the Commodore Hotel to an abrupt end.

Nothing is set at the moment, but I.C.A. are giving him some one-nighters for a while, and will fix a total spot for him in September. Meanwhile, Red has been dickering with Brunswick for a contract to include himself and Mildred Bailey with the band. This would be their first time together on a record label.

Brunswick has been very slow to act in the matter, and there is a danger that they may let Red go slipping through their fingers.

Red has commissioned Edgar Sampson to do a couple of arrangements;

he ran through the first one (*I'll Chase The Blues Away*) to-day, and the result was a real success. Edgar is now working for him on *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie*.

The Sampson chair in Chick Webb's band is to be taken, Chick tells me, by Hilton Jefferson, formerly with Claude Hopkins.

Duke Ellington's last session produced three excellent pieces: *Jam Session*; *Exposition Swing* and *Black Out*. Ben Webster came in to play a spot of tenor on the first two sides. The two bassists took it in turns, Taylor playing the first side, Alvis the second and Taylor the third.

There would have been a fourth side (*Black Butterfly*, another of Duke's own), but for the fact that, just as the boys were ready to rehearse it, an astounding incident occurred.

Somebody walked in with orders that Duke was to make a popular tune. Faced with these instructions at a moment's notice, Duke was wise enough to rebel against the idea of doctoring up a commercial score, and in the resultant confusion nothing was done at all, so that Brunswick ended up the session with only three sides on the wax. This bungling of arrangements on



Duke Ellington who, rather than record a pop. number at a moment's notice, didn't record anything.

recording dates is all too typical of the incompetence with which certain sessions are handled. Lucky Millinder is seldom told until the last minute what

titles he is to make, with the result that orchestrations are done in a hurry, the records sound bad, and outsiders wonder why.

There has already been trouble at the Hickory House, where Riley and Farley opened last week. A bandsman who developed a habit of arriving every night unfit for work had to be replaced in a hurry; and Joe Marsala, to whom all this comedy and showmanship is anathema after the freedom and swing of the little band which he himself ran in the Hickory House just previously, states that he will probably leave at the end of the week.

By the way, he and Eddie Condon joined forces with Red Allen again on a Putney Dandridge vocal session this week (*Here Comes Your Pappy* and three other titles).

Mezz Mezzrow has another date with the Victor studios shortly. Mezz is talking of forming a mixed band to place in one of the Fifty Second Street night clubs, featuring himself on the clarinet and one or two talented newcomers he has discovered.

← AUG. 15TH
↓

LOUIS TO FILM WITH BING

CHICAGO is, almost literally, a veritable hotbed of swing music at the present time. **FLETCHER HENDERSON**, who plans to remain at the Grand Terrace, favourite night club of the coloured quarter, until at least the end of September, still has a fine aggregation, though the news that he has let out Sidney Catlett and engaged Walter Johnson on percussion has been received with dismay by a number of his fans. Horace Henderson sits in on piano during the cabaret. Smack has secured a valuable booking at New York's Paramount Theatre in October, and has plans which will keep him busy in and out of Chicago for the next year or so.

LOUIS PRIMA is moving in here shortly with an enlarged group, replacing Joe Sanders' adequate orchestra at the Blackhawk Café.

ART TATUM has left the Three Deuces, the little swing fans' club which he has inhabited for more than a year. He is now on vacation in Cleveland, his home town, but it is hoped that he will return here shortly. Another interesting pianist from Raymond Nance's Band, Spect by name, has taken his place temporarily.

ZUTTY, the ace Chicago drummer, who used to work at the Three Deuces, had a job with Carroll Dickerson's Band at Dave's Café until early this week, but the hot weather has closed it down and Zutty has joined the ranks of the unemployed.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG is playing a week at the vast Oriental Theatre with Luis Russell and the whole act, including the usual galaxy of bringdown vocalists.

After a couple of one-nighters, Louis then leaves for the Coast where Para-

CHICAGO CHATTER from LEONARD FEATHER

mount has arranged for him to take an important part in Bing Crosby's new picture, "Pennies From Heaven." The Russell Band will tour on its own during the making of the picture, and it is not yet decided what band will accompany Louis in the film.

DON REDMAN, billed as the "Don Juan of Rhythm," looked in for a one-night stand at the Savoy Ballroom here, which is a larger version of the famous establishment of the same name in New York. The band was in its right atmosphere, and the boys really went to town with the aid of some magnificent orchestrations by Don himself and Herman Stein, a nineteen-year-old Philadelphia prodigy. Don expects to make

one or two changes in the trumpet section shortly.

One evening, about a month ago, vocalist Harlan Lattimore failed to show up on the stand, and nobody has seen him ever since, which is not causing too many tears among the fans. The vocals are now handled by Don and the trombonist, Quintin Jackson, in addition to which Don may take on a girl singer in the act.

Leonard Feather LONG-DISTANCES From New York

TRULY, I am in no mood for reminiscing, in or out of tempo... New York's hottest week in history has made writing, or working in any way, a sheer impossibility. Yet while the thermometer soars above the hundred mark, the city's music keeps apace with it.

Hot jazz continues to thrive along West Fifty Second Street, where Wingy Mannone's Band at the Hickory House has now been replaced by a surprisingly effective little jam group illustriously labelled "Joe Marsala and Eddie Condon's Chicagoans."

With Mort Stuhlmaker on bass and Joe Bushkin on piano, this group, led by a remarkable coloured trumpet player named Otis Johnson, who had been out of work for some time, is truly exciting.



RED ALLEN

Much more exciting were the first two nights, when Red Allen opened at the head of the group. Unfortunately, he was obliged to return to the Mills Blue Rhythm Band, but this week the latter group is out of work, and consequently Red has been sitting in at the Hickory, creating noises the quantity of whose volume is equalled and surpassed by the quality and perfection of his style.

One well-known musician is said to have refused a job with this band on the grounds that he did not wish to play with a coloured musician. Fortunately, the precedent set by mixing colours in a downtown establishment has made a good impression amongst less prejudiced parties.

The band will record this week, and Joe hopes to use Red Allen. Another interesting session, set for Friday, is one by DUKE ELLINGTON, who is in town at Loew's State Theatre, bringing the house down with Cootie's Concerto.

Duke tells me he has written new concertos for Rex and Lawrence Brown.

A disgraceful news item is the announcement—or rather the unofficial disclosure—that Duke's *Farewell Blues* and *Jumpy* were shelved by Brunswick.

BENNY GOODMAN, out in Los Angeles, is filming in the "Big Broadcast of 1937." A proposition was put to him to use the Trio in the film, but to show Jess Stacy on the screen while Teddy actually did the playing off-screen. Whether Benny or Jess will agree to such a suggestion is not yet known.

MILDRED BAILEY opened July 15 at the Paramount Theatre, N.Y., with BOB CROSBY'S Orchestra, the second best white band in New York. (The other one is directed by Red Norvo at the Commodore Hotel.)

Crosby's boys, with arrangements by Bob Haggard (the bass player) and Dean Kincaid, are simply amazing. They have taken a new man in the reed section, Noni Bernardi, replacing Kincaid, who now concentrates exclusively on arranging.

Another great vocalist, BILLIE HOLIDAY, had her first solo recording session at Brunswick last week. With Joe Bushkin on piano, Dick McDonough, Cozy Cole, Pete Peterson, Art Shaw and Bunny Berigan, she was to wax four commercial tunes: *Did I Remember*, *No Regrets*, *Summertime* and another; but when a little trouble cropped up over the fourth side, Bernie Hanighen, that most remarkable and swing-minded recording supervisor, suggested making the blues. So the blues it was.

IN BRIEF

Irving Goodman, one of Benny's many brothers, is now playing trumpet with Charlie Barnet's good band at Glen Island Casino... Adrian's Tap Room, after becoming emptier and emptier, has closed, but may reopen at the Plymouth Hotel... Noble Sissle is recovering, the report of his death having been grossly exaggerated... Helen Oakley, charming swing connoisseur and writer from Chicago, is in New York to join the Irving Mills' staff... John Hammond is around, playing a lot of golf... The Cotton Club, which closed in Harlem some time back, is to reopen at a downtown spot where Connie's Inn, recently shut, used to be situated... Cab Calloway will supply music and Bill Robinson will entertain... opening set for some time in September.

Teddy Hill and his Band left the Savoy Ballroom... Valaida is leading Kaiser Marshall's Band for a week at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem... Lucky Millinder has an excellent new alto sax and arranger, name of Tab Smith, who has improved the orchestra somewhat... Benny Carter's English records are to receive the compliment of a release in America through the American Record Corporation...

Stuff Smith is suing his manager for alleged misappropriation of funds... Stuff has made an amusing recording of *Woolly Wagon*... *Foolish Things* is a riotous success over here, with recordings by Goodman, Wilson and many others.

NURSERY OF THE STARS

Joe Haymes and his Band



Top left: The trombone duo, with Mike Michaels on left, serenades the mike.

Bottom left: Jane Dova, band's charm department.

Above: Sax team Myron Timkin, Sol Pace, Fred Fellensby and Les Cooper, stand up for a chorus.

with Tommy Dorsey; Pee-Wee Erwin, trumpeter, and Johnny Mintz, clarinetist, both of whom became Noble stars; Dick Clark, now playing tenor with Benny Goodman; Ward Silloway, trombonist on the Taft Jordan records and now playing with Bob Crosby; Charles Bush, drummer, who for some time managed Tommy Dorsey and is now back with Haymes. In addition there was the pianist, Paul Mitchell, who, after a while with Dorsey's band, returned to Missouri to re-enter the grocery business.

Not Packing Groceries

But look at that list of men who haven't returned to the grocery business, and who were unheard of until Haymes brought them to town. You begin to understand?

With this first group, Joe Haymes made many records for Bluebird, a few of which appeared here under divers pseudonyms on Regal-Zonophone.

Then his great love for arranging gripped him again, and he turned over his orchestra to Buddy Rogers, for whom he became arranger. The next scene shows Joe, Charlie Bush, and Spud Murphy, another fine white arranger, in Pennsylvania with 500 dollars between them. Resolution: that these three form a new orchestra. Soon Joe was at a smart New York hotel, with Spud Murphy heading a splendid reed section which in-

by
LEONARD G. FEATHER

cluded Bud Freeman, Paul Ricci (recording now with Decca), Toots Mondello (later to join Benny Goodman); also Sterling Bose, the trumpet player who has now become one of Ray Noble's corner men.

Most of these boys were on some of Joe's first titles for the American Perfect and Melotone labels, such as *Squeeze Me*, *On The Alamo*, *Goblin Market*, and *Swingin' For The King*.

The Urge of the Pen

Yet again the urge to stick to arranging became too strong for Joe. This time it was Tommy Dorsey who profited by the opportunity to take the whole band over. Haymes kept busy working on scores for Casa Loma, Vallée, Lennie Hayton, and Dorsey, but the vicious circle revolved once more and soon he found himself surrounded by another new band.

This time there was another talented newcomer who has since



Above: Cliff Weston, lead trumpet.

Left: Charlie Bush, drummer, needs no wine.

departed to become a house man with the Columbia Broadcasting System. He is Gordon "Chris" Griffin, known to you through the last Brunswick discs by Mildred Bailey and through Joe Haymes' record of *Christopher Columbus*, released here in the Vocalion Swing Series.

Even to-day the personnel seems to fluctuate frequently, but quite recently the line-up was as follows (note the number of men who have left Dorsey to come back to Joe): Les Cooper (alto); Fred Fellensby (tenor); Sol Pace (clarinet); Myron Timkin (reeds); Zeke Zarchey, Lee Costaldos, Cliff Weston (trumpets); Mike Michaels, Frank Llewellyn (trombones); Bill Miller (piano); Max Cheikes (guitar); Charlie Bush (drums); Henry Miller (bass).

USUALLY it is considered doubtful journalistic etiquette to refer to a personality as "the discoverer of so-and-so," inasmuch as it reflects on the discoverer if he has not yet been notably "discovered" himself. In the case of Joe Haymes' Orchestra, though, it is safe to describe this amazing organization as the "cradle of the stars," because the real implication is that every Joe Haymes band consists of a swell bunch of newcomers.

Before starting to analyze this theory it might be wise to give a few details of the Haymes career. Born twenty-eight years ago in Marshfield, Mo. (I forget for the moment what Mo. stands for), he started his musical career as bass drummer in a circus band; then took to teaching himself piano and arranging; persuaded Ted Weems to try out one of his orchestrations, and was taken on by Weems as staff arranger. After leading a secondary Weems band, Joe soon struck out on his own and brought a band to New York's famous Roseland Ballroom.

Now begins the "nursery" story. The boys that Joe brought to New York with him included Bud Freeman, who later found himself a niche with Ray Noble and then

SECOND THOUGHTS about Jimmy Lunceford

first side is a year
second about four
t does prove the
vement Lunceford
ut in his organisa-
ld days. It makes
se that some of the
I have passed off
"not at all bad"
good.

s change, and there
he game of judging
ss of past perform-
be granted that
as a magnificently
a. some good solo-
ally swell arrange-
by Eddie Durham,

istic rrangements

ments have char-
n. If you tuned
and heard that
My Blue Heaven,
se at once that
be anything but
Not that it is
all in the usual
ng choruses; but it
lly. And the char-
gthy bridge pass-
oruses which this
feature are often
The stuff is florid
ry seldom lapses

dispensed with the
Take The South,
n the solo vocal;

Hot Records Reviewed by "ROPHONE" deputising for "MIKE," now holidaying

The following note was left by
"Mike" before he went on holi-
day:

I seem to remember that
holidays at school brought hor-
rors called 'holiday tasks' with
them. I think it would be a
good thing if some of the readers
did one or two during my holi-
day—like getting to know what
atmosphere is, for instance. Or
finding another word for jazz.
'Swing' has gone on long enough,
don't you think? It's daymoyed
already. The public knows about
it.

Anyway, they might listen to
one or two records which are left
over on my shelves.

Names:
Benny Carter's "Scandal In A
Flat" (Vocalion 14).

Benny Goodman's Orchestra,
"When Buddha Smiles" (H.M.V.
B8461).

Taft Jordan and the Mob,
"Louisiana Fairy Tale" (Voca-
lion 15).

Jess Stacy and his Piano,
"The World Is Waiting For
The Sunrise" (Parlophone
R2232).

Red Nervo and his Orchestra
"Lady Be Good" (Brunswick
02255).

Holiday task is for readers to
make up their own minds why I
think it would be a good thing if
they listened to these records
while I'm away.

Love "MIKE."

but the latter is made interesting
by a swinging accompaniment and
a muted trumpet obbligato. The
vocal trio, too, is good of its kind,
with a fair guitar obbligato; then
there are nice solo bits of trumpet
and clarinet, and a typically busy
ending.

The solitary bringdown on *Blue*.

Heaven is the short and uninspired
piano solo. Here again the trio does
quite nicely, thank you, and behind
it can be heard some good work on
fiddle. As you see, the record has
a little of everything—perhaps too
much—but both sides are, on the
whole, quite distinguished.

Next time I receive any records by
my pet aversions I shall lend a
scrupulous ear before making any
decisions. Lunceford may not be
the only one to have gone and
reformed on me.

Benny Carter and his Orchestra.
"Scandal In A Flat."
"Accent On Swing."
(Vocalion 14.)

Although I know this has been
said before in several other
places about Benny's previous
records, pardon me if I re-
assert that this is one of the
greatest jazz records ever made in
this country. That seems to be the
only adequate way to describe the
difference between these Carters
and anything else we have had
since the last English records by
Hawkins and Spike Hughes respec-
tively.

Scandal In A Flat is a beautiful
slow mope, with a few bars of de-
lightful tenor playing by Benny.
The reverse is my favourite of all
Carters at the moment. For one

thing, there is a movement for the
reed section which sounds like the
Carter of old—and with Benny,
Freddy Gardner, McDevitt and
Featherstonhaugh there is little
reason why it shouldn't. Rhythm
section, recording and reeds, the
three r's which needed a little
polishing up on previous discs, are
all beyond reproach here. Con-
gratulations to everyone — but
chiefly to Benny.

Taft Jordan and the Mob,
"Devil In The Moon."
"Louisiana Fairy Tale."
(Vocalion 15.)

If you bought the Mob's renderings
of *Night Wind* and *Moon Turns Green*
there is not much left to say. The
new couple is pretty nearly as good,
despite the inordinate quota of fluff.
Strange how the attraction of a swing-
ing rhythm section and good soloists
can blind your eyes to such faults, for
Ward Elloway and Taft really commit
some solecisms. Teddy Wilson is his
usual brilliant self.

Jess Stacy (Piano).
"The World Is Waiting For The Sun-
rise."
"In The Dark."
(Parlo, R2232.)

The first side, which is accompanied
by bass and drums, is a tragic example
of how a good record can be ruined by
bad reproduction or recording. Whether
the fault occurred in recording, press-
ing or in some other technical depart-
ment, I do not know, but, as was the
case with *Barrett's*, the bass seems
to have been so heavy that the record
is just a series of booms and scratches.
I have tried it on three good electrical
machines with a new needle, and each
time produced the same result, so what
it will sound like on a small portable I
hate to think. It will probably wear
out altogether after very few playings.

The other side is a piano solo of two
old Dix pieces played just as Dix would
have wanted them played. They are
in the same ethereal vein as *In A Mist*,
and have musical qualities that I can-
not describe. It is a great thing that
these long-lost compositions have been
recorded at last.

Red Nervo and his Swing Sextette,
"Lady Be Good."
"I Got Rhythm."
(Brunswick, 02255.)

A super-record, and, in fact, the only
coupling which will really convey to
you the full glory of Nervo's little band
as it was at the Hickory House. With
the addition of Howard Smith, an ex-
cellent pianist from Isham Jones'
Band, everything is perfect—rhythm,
solo and the snuff-like arrangements.
Red, Herbie Hayner, Dave Harbour,
New Fletcher and Don McCook all
cover themselves with honour.

If you want to know how to swing
quietly and how to arrange for a little
band, don't miss this.

August 22, 1936



DARK
HIGH-
LIGHTS
of
HARLEM

Left: Blanche Calloway, band-leader in her own right.

Below: Benny Morten, swing trombone ace of Redman's Band



Jimmie Lunceford and His Orchestra.

"MY BLUE HEAVEN."
"YOU TAKE THE SOUTH."
(Brunswick 02244.)

THIS record has been a real lesson to me. It has proved to me the fallaciousness of getting any fixed ideas into your head about an artist.

When Jimmie Lunceford appeared on the musical horizon, we learned to accept him as one of the super-bores of jazz; a fellow to be ranked with Calloway and the like, whose music was flashy and boring. During the early period, when those H.M.V. records were made, this was right enough. But the effect of all this was that, ever since, on being faced by a Lunceford disc, we have

approached it holding our noses, prepared to find fault wherever possible, and probably to condemn it on principle without bothering to listen to it. Now this Lunceford issue is not

brand new (the old and the new months), but an amazing improvement has brought about since the time, for one, real records which patronisingly are really darn

You see, there are no rules in jazz music. Regardless of precedents, it must be what Lunceford now has trained orchestras, and some records (probably the trombonist.

Character

These arrangements are character—and for in your radio first chorus of you would see it could hardly a first chorus straight and manner of open just fits in perfectly characteristically leagages between c arranger seems very fascinating at times, but ve into bad taste.

We could have corny verse in Y and perhaps w

SATCH' MO

Louis Armstrong

by B. ten Hove

A LITTLE orphan boy who plays a horn
Goes marching in a N'Orleans street parade ;
A whole town lauds the music that is made
As every sparkling, golden note is born.

THE boy, grown up, with added brilliance shines,
Filling with life the old Sunset Café ;
Turning Chicago's night time into day,
Spurred on by Johnny Dodds and "Father" Hines.

THE story of his triumph spreads abroad,
"Who is this Louis Armstrong ? Is he 'hot' ?"
Of course, if he plays *West End Blues* they're bored,
But to hear *Old Man Mose* they'll pay a lot . . .

YET even now there's music in his heart,
Louis and jazz—these two can never part.

G.M.



"YOU'VE GOT LEONARD FEATHER ALL WRONG!"

DEAR JOHN,—Much as I enjoyed reading the Shavian preface to the record review in last month's RHYTHM, I can't help feeling that it was rather a waste of space; that you've got Leonard Feather all wrong.

Neither Leonard nor any other intelligent reader of RHYTHM or *The Melody Maker* is so loonie as to think that either you or "Mike" is bored with jazz.

It doesn't make sense.

For the purpose of this letter, I'll not drag in "Mike" too much. But he is a swell writer about jazz because he is a swell journalist. He has the knack of infusing into dull newsprint his own personality. He can get right into the atmosphere of a record—without even discussing it directly. He puts down on paper the way he personally feels about a record. But he doesn't give a tuppenny damn whether people are bored by, or disagree with, his reviews.

As a reviewer, he writes articles which give a valuable insight into what he expects from swing music; but when he does deign to discuss a particular record, he reviews the sounds that emerge from his radiogram, and not the performance he may imagine took place in the studio.

European disc critics have that one tremendous advantage over you. They can listen to records with ears and minds free of prejudice. To be quite frank (after all, this letter is simply a statement of my own point of view), I don't think that anybody imagines you are bored with jazz. If Leonard gave you that impression, it was because he was letting you down lightly. He would have been much nearer to the truth if he had said that, to many of us, you were boring.

And for many reasons.

The first is that you are too close to your canvas. You appear to be losing your sense of perspective.

You appear to have forgotten that you are writing primarily as an adviser to those who would know which of the new records they shall buy. Your readers want to know whether they shall buy the record or that—and why. They want to know whether the record is representative of good swing music, and they look to you as the man on the spot to tell them with greater authority than any other critic not resident in those United States.

An Open Letter to
John Hammond
from
LEONARD HIBBS
Editor of "Swing Music"



Leonard Hibbs

But they quite obviously don't want to be told that So-an-so is a damn-fine-splendid horn blower outside the recording studio, whereas, in the studio he is nothing but the showy shadow of his real self.

You say that "records of bands like Kirk, Henderson, Chick Webb, occasionally Teddy Wilson, Lunceford and innumerable others, give us only a pale imitation of the original." I can well believe that you are right. It has always been a mystery to me that we ever get anything approaching a good swing record from so unemotional atmosphere as a recording studio.

Nevertheless, I am sure that you are on the wrong track when you go on to say that you "do not think it fair to talk only about the finished record in judging the artist's capabilities. In the future I am going to emphasise these points even further in my reviews, in order that the foreign reader may be better able to

Cable received from John Hammond as we close for press: "Just returned California your cable forwarded too late my copy missed last available boat please give my apologies to readers will make up next month with feature article and longer record review—John."

understand the successes and failures of recorded improvisation."

In making this decision you have set yourself a stiffer contract than I think it is possible for anybody to make. Surely the first essential for sound record criticism is to talk about the actual record and assess its value to your readers as a performance that is finished and issued for sale in record stores?

When you have a batch of records for review, we'd like to think that you take them back to your apartment, and—even if you had been present on the session—judge them purely as recorded performances.

If you tell us that, for example, Henderson has a swell band, but that the boys just could not get into the groove because of the oppressive aura of some "snotty supervisor" you are merely repeating yourself. A record criticism is a criticism of records—not of artist's capabilities.

Let's face it.

A review is only the reflection of the personal opinions of the reviewer. You do not burst with enthusiasm over the current output of Waller, Armstrong and Ellington, but Panassié does about Waller; Ballard does about Armstrong; and I do about Ellington.

You see, John, you've got yourself into a frightful jam. On the one hand, you have been responsible for more worthwhile experiments in jazz than any other one person; on the other hand you endeavour to write critically and sincerely about those experiments.

You complicate the situation even further by making your review a platform to air the strength of your thinly-veiled feelings about the crying need for social reform in your country. Believe me, we, over here, do realise the deep sympathy you feel for your coloured fellow citizens. We know and respect the laudable work that you have done in their cause.

But by attempting to cover too much ground in the space of two pages, you do not adequately cover any one subject. So, please John, just review records in future. The constant repetition of accepted truisms about recording conditions should be levelled at those who have the power to remedy those conditions, for, as you say, it becomes "tiresome to the reader."

Yours, in sincere friendship,

LEONARD HIBBS.



HOT GOSPELLEA OF RHYTHM

Introducing
BENNY CARTER
famous saxophonist
and arranger

HAVE you noticed a gradual and indefinable improvement in Henry Hall's B.B.C. Dance Orchestra during the last few months? Did you ever pause to wonder why the playing sounds crisper and cleaner, the saxophones more mellow, the brass more brilliant than ever before?

The answer to the first question is probably "Yes," but to the second a negative is likely. However, if you had taken the trouble to wonder what it is that has brought about this metamorphosis of one of Britain's favourite bands, your reasonings would all boil down to one name. The name of Benny Carter.

Bennett Lester Carter arrived here in March to write special orchestrations for H.H.'s boys. His work has a character and a spirit that rarely seems to be captured by British arrangers. Benny can take a banal, everyday tune, dress it up in subtle and charming harmonies, adorn it with unfamiliar tone colours, and turn it into a work of art. And the Rhythm Club fans will tell you that his arrangements "swing."

The advent of Benny Carter at the B.B.C. was a tremendously significant event in the march of superior jazz.

Good Jazz and Bad Jazz

Recently it has become a fetish in our daily papers to talk about "swing" as though it were a special ingredient of jazz which is either inserted or omitted at will—just as one might talk of "quick-starting" properties in petrol or "non-ladder" stockings.

Actually there is no hard-and-fast line between jazz that swings and jazz that does not. To students of this type of music there is merely good jazz and bad jazz. Both swing music and non-swing music can fall into either of these categories. The salient fact, though, is that the individual musician in this country cannot, in the majority of cases, bring a natural sense of swing into his playing. It is a matter of environment, national characteristics, rather than a racial problem.

In America there are hundreds of musicians, both white and coloured, who possess that innate flair for "swinging." Instead of using printed parts for their solos, they improvise their own ideas. Since British musicians in general are not born with a silver swing in their soul, so to speak, it is necessary for somebody to write down music for them in such a manner that it is bound to swing when they play it.

BENNY CARTER, the brilliant coloured musician and arranger, has already had a tremendous influence on our dance music although he has not been in this country very long. In this article he and his work are discussed by Leonard G. Feather.

George Elrick, Best Read and "Guv'nor" Hall himself will tell you with glowing faces how Benny Carter's arrangements "swing by themselves," and how this American genius has improved the band almost beyond recognition.

By now you will be asking just what this elusive quality is that pervades Benny Carter's orchestrations, and how it is going to affect the future of dance music in this country. "Swing" is a term almost impossible to define, and I shall make no attempt for the moment.

Modernising Their Bands!

As to the effect these swing orchestrations are having, I feel sure that Henry Hall's precedent will soon have other bands looking to their laurels. They, too, will try to modernise the style of their performance, to bring it in line with the example the B.B.C. Band has set them.

There have been considerable repercussions already in the record industry. The day after he arrived in London, Benny Carter was signed up to inaugurate the new Vocalion Swing Records, and the public, gladly paying half a crown to listen to Benny himself playing, have shown that swing music is a rising market for the gramophone trade.

A sign that there are already some musicians in England who can vie with America's best will be found in such records as Benny's *Swingin' the Blues*, in which two or three British artistes play a series of extemporised solos which almost bear comparison with the magnificent alto sax and trumpet solos by Benny himself.

Here, by the way, is another indication of which way the wind is blowing. When the musicians are so gifted that they do not need manuscripts to read from, both time and trouble are saved, as well as money; and, since the presence of too many solo instruments would result in a clashing of the various improvised melody parts, bands of this type are generally quite small, which again helps on the financial side.

By **LEONARD G. FEATHER**

There is thus a fashion amongst recording companies nowadays to form small swing bands (also known, for some obscure reason, as "jam" bands) to provide a pleasant and economical contrast with the big orchestras.

Members of these small groups enjoy themselves so well that you may often hear impromptu "jam sessions" at some obscure night club in the very small hours, when members of larger bands come along to take a busman's holiday by joining in the fun.

One night in Soho not long ago, there was a memorable "jam session" at which Benny Carter played trumpet, saxophones, clarinet and piano to a deliriously enthusiastic audience. In the band which swung with him were one member of Ambrose's Band, one of Harry Roy's, and one each from the bands of Lew Stone, Roy Fox and Henry Hall!

It is at an informal gathering of this kind that you really begin to appreciate the spirit of true jazz; worlds apart from the elaborate symphonic arrangements of Whiteman and Hylton, or the dull succession of over-plugged commercial ballads which constitute the routine of the average English band.

Famous "St. Louis Blues"

At these "jam sessions" no written music, no tunes at all need be used; just any old sequence of chords on which to found the solos. The best-known of all is the "twelve-bar blues" sequence, typified by the chorus of *St. Louis Blues*. In Harlem I have heard the traditional blues theme played for half-an-hour without a pause. It is second nature to these artistes to play the blues.

Naturally the day has not yet arrived when English improvisation (or "busking") will reach the heights of creative talent displayed across the Atlantic; but both musicians and fans can learn more about jazz than any words can tell, simply by studying the best American records.

Don't be scared by your first reaction that hot music is just a lot of noise. Perhaps you found port wine very unpleasant until you cultivated an appreciation for it, or maybe you were ill after smoking your first cigarette.

Swing music is an acquired taste. For your first taste listen to Mildred Bailey, the greatest living white jazz vocalist, singing *Willow Tree* on Parlophone R2201, with Teddy
Please turn to page 29

AUG. 1ST.

Leonard G. Feathers, the London music critic, is in town and registered at the St. Claire. He's here to get material for a London mag.

MUSICAL NEWS: September

Swing music expert, Leonard Feather, in and out of U.S.A. . . . Covered quite a bit of country during his two week stay . . .

CHICAGO DEFENDER

JULY 25TH - GUIDE AND IDEAS

What a Difference a Day Made



Larry Adler plays to one of his own gramophone records.

THE MOUTH-ORGAN VIRTUOSO

HIS GREAT INCENTIVE WAS HIS MOTHER

By L. G. FEATHER

WHEN an eight-year-old spectacled youth in Baltimore won a mouth-organ contest, nobody suspected that he was paving the way for one of the biggest musical crazes of the mid-nineteen-thirties—a craze which was to lead mouth-organ manufacturers to increased prosperity.

The lad called himself Lawrence Adler in those days, but it was as "Larry" Adler that I met him in London, and I was at once impressed by the dynamic personality of the quick-witted, nervously agile musician.

shows as the Florenz Ziegfeld revue, "Smiles," and another show called "Flying Colours."

He was still an unknown quantity, however, as you can guess by the terse criticism which appeared in a New York paper on the occasion of one of his early appearances in that city.

"There is also a lousy mouthorganist named Larry Adler," was all the writer said!

One day news came through that Larry's mother in Baltimore was seriously ill and an operation was urgently needed.

"This," thought Larry, "is the time to start making big money. No money—no operation!"

And, with the thought of his sick mother constantly in mind, Larry set out after bigger and better work with a determination that had never before possessed him.

It was an interview with the one and only "Roxy" that finally did the trick. After several big triumphs in New York Larry was transported to Hollywood to fulfil a film contract. Successes came thick and fast, and then, back again in New York, he was heard by G. B. Cochran, who needed a new star for his show "Streamline." You know the rest!

Larry's mother, strong and well again, joined her son in London a few months ago, with Mr. Adler, senior, and brother Jerry Adler to complete the happy family party.

So Larry's mother's unfortunate illness proved to be a blessing in disguise!

SEPT. 5TH

What a Difference a Day Made

SUCCESS CHASED HIM 3,000 MILES

GARLAND WILSON, featured pianist with Jack Payne's band, found the way to fame in a curiously roundabout fashion. It was not until somebody had heard his playing 3,000 miles away that his genius was properly recognised!

It happened like this.

Garland, who is now 27 years old, had studied piano, organ, and harmony at the Howard University in Washington, but found it very hard to make a name for himself.

New York, where he played, was simply teeming with musicians looking for a job, and Garland had to content himself with the paltry sums that were offered for his services by the owners of obscure Harlem night-clubs or "gin-mills."



Fame twice came to Garland Wilson.

Big Contract Followed Visit

To a Recording Studio

However, a small minority of the people who came to hear him play really did realise his unique talent and promise. Someone persuaded him to visit a recording studio one day, and make some private records for his own use.

The friend who arranged this came on a visit to England the following summer.

armed with one set of the records, of which there were only a dozen copies in existence.

Christopher Stone heard the recordings, and was so impressed that he decided to use them in a special broad-

cast of "hot" records one evening from the London studios. Nobody could have been more amazed at the result than Garland Wilson himself.

Word flew across the Atlantic that his records had been on the air, and hundreds of people were writing in to the B.B.C. asking where they could be obtained! As a result, Garland secured a big recording contract, and he found himself a celebrity!

In November, 1932, Nina Mae McKinney engaged him as her accompanist for a lengthy tour in this country; then, when Nina Mae returned to the States at the end of the tour, Garland went to Paris.

One evening Jack Payne heard him playing in a Paris night-club, and brought him to England as a permanent member of his band.

And so Garland Wilson became famous a second time.

CARTER CONSOLIDATES



"SWING HIGH"

Reviews British Hot Records

Benny Carter and His Orchestra.

"Accent on Swing."

"Scandal in A Flat."

(Vocalion Swing 14.)

THE absence of Benny Carter from my last review made it an empty month indeed. The moral support he has unwittingly given to this department, by providing some material worthy of serious discussion, cannot be too deeply appreciated.

This month, with the advent of the first fruit of his newest session featuring a revised personnel, there is an even larger field for my meanderings. For, astonishing as it may seem, Benny has excelled himself yet again by producing a coupling which, to my mind, is the equal of any that he has yet made.

My first impression of these two sides was that, perfect though the earlier records seemed at the time of issue, one now realises that there was one thing they lacked; to wit, team work by the sax section. The orchestrations featured mostly ensemble work, or solos with brass figures in the background. There was none of that smoothly-flowing four-saxophone stuff which became so characteristic of Benny during his later American recordings.

Now, however, this lacuna is filled, and, in *Accent On Swing* in particular, one can revel in the scoring for reed section alone. The section, though slightly under-recorded, evidences beautiful voicing and sense of phrasing, as might be expected from a line-up that comprises Benny, Andy McDevitt, Freddy Gardner and Buddy Featherstonhaugh.

Another point that becomes apparent in *Accent On Swing* is the difference in the rhythm section. The drummer (whose anagrammatical pseudonym should be no mystery to most of you) provides the solid background which helps to inspire Billy Munn, Albert Harris and Wally Morris to complete efficiency. I mentioned Wally Morris before in connection with the accompaniment records; now it seems I have Benny's own corroboration that he is probably the finest exponent of the string bass in this country to-day.

Accent On Swing and *Scandal In A*

Flat, in addition to being an admirably contrasted couple, are both very aptly named. In the second side you feel that, when any scandal is evolving in a flat in future, this will be just the sort of subdued, artful, gentle music to lend atmosphere to the scene. Perhaps I had better stop here before we go into another argument as to the erotic properties of jazz

In *Scandal* Benny plays a brief solo on tenor. It is grand to hear him repeating his success of *Nightfall*, and

grander still to know that on one or future issues there is even more to work by him.

As I write, fresh angles on this session continue to present themselves. It has just struck me that it was an intelligent idea to introduce into our band our old friend Leslie Thompson who doubles on trumpet and trombone thereby making possible an additional outlet for Benny's arranging ingenuity. A passage for three trombones in *Accent On Swing*. Notice too, that this Benny had sufficient confidence in his pianist to offer him a solo spot on the side. Billy Munn fills his place more than adequately, and has a far better understanding of Benny's music than the pianist used on the previous date.

If I ramble on any further in this review there will be no room for any other records in the review, so it is time to combine all comment in the concluding advice: don't fail to buy this record. It is one of the finest jazz records made in Europe.

Ern Pettifer (Clarinet Solo).

"Memphis Blues."

"Somebody's Wrong."

(Parlophone F. 517.)

This is a monstrous imposition. Pettifer is a clarinet player who arrived here some months ago from Australia where he could do us no harm. He plays like a ghastly mixture of Idris Senter, Ted Lewis and the man who always whistles when he comes to collect our empties.

The blame for this record must lie with Pettifer himself (for he knows what he does) than with the Parlophone Company for wasting time and money on recording him. For screaming so loud, are they as short of material as that?

I was going to conclude with a facetious remark about the title *Somebody's Wrong* but I believe my point has been made clear by this time, so we will pass to—

Max Abrams and His Rhythm Machine

"After You've Gone."

"Nobody's Sweetheart."

(Parlophone F. 512.)

—in which four boys from Scotland come to town in one of those drum tr



Ern Pettifer.

Carter Consolidates

continued

records, or whatever they are called.

As far as I am concerned (I am not a drummer, and don't know a crushed roll from a *tete de veau*) these are better than the Joe Daniels records. My chief interest is in the solo work of Billy Munn, Dave Shand and Duncan Whyte.

Duncan was a good choice for this disc. He leaves so many gaps in his solos that he does not interfere too much with the percussion exhibition. Dave Shand does nothing very remarkable, but Billy Munn takes a solo chorus in either side, both of which have more freedom of expression than is customarily permitted on British pseudo-hot records. He does nothing elaborate or startling, but, in a word, he satisfies. This is a disc for pianists as well as drummers.

Quintette of the Hot Club of France.

"I Can't Give You Anything But Love."

"Limehouse Blues."

(B. 8463.)

Your decision regarding this record must depend largely on how many by the Quintet you have already. Too much of a good thing, especially when it is not one hundred per cent. good, will spoil your illusions. The records are, quite frankly, pretty much alike, but nearly all of them are good, and the latest coupling is no exception.

Then again there is the price of these against Decca's one-and-sixpennies under the name of Stéphane Grappelly. The only extra value for your additional shilling here is the vocal on the first side by Freddy Taylor. It is quite a good vocal, but you have probably had something very similar, sung by Louis Armstrong, in your collection for many years, so you may as well wait until Freddy chooses to sing a number where he is less haunted by Louis's genius.

Django Reinhardt is under-recorded in his solos on *Limehouse Blues*. Grappelly's work on both sides is very fine, and the rhythm section gets creditably near to avoiding monotony, which is difficult with its limited instrumentation.

The reverse seems to bring out all that is worst in this not very memorable composition. The rhythm section, as in



Stéphane Grappelly

the other sides, is too stolid for comfort. Anyhow, we must give these boys credit for something. They do try.

Scott-Wood and His Six Swingers.

"Meet the Boys."

"Sammy Saxophone."

(Columbia FB. 1428.)

"Rockin' Chair."

"Dere's Jazz in Dem Dere Horns."

(Columbia FB. 1427.)

The first number should be familiar to all Six Swingers followers by now as the introductory item on their broadcasts. You therefore know just what to expect, viz., all the boys being introduced one by one and taking hot breaks.



I like one line of the dialogue particularly: "We don't care if Collie Knox us." Sounds like an opportunity for Collier!

Freddy Gardner is such a good alto player that he should be given something less ingenuous than *Sammy Saxophone* as his feature number. This is good entertainment for children and child minds, and typifies the way hot musicians in this country try to sell their stuff to the masses—and how the masses like it!

The second pairing is the better by far. *Rockin' Chair*, despite the in-

adequacy of its vocal chorus, is a quietly pleasant little affair. *Dem Dere Horns* would have had some really good moments if the trumpet player had rolled up his sleeves and unleashed for a while.

As time rolls on, the Six Swingers' music becomes more and more "commercial." I hope the sales are justifying the use of this term with or without quotation marks.

The Ramblers' Dance Orchestra.

"Goody-Goody."

"Swing, Mr. Charlie."

(Decca F. 42073.)

"Wah-Hoo."

"I'm Gonna Clap My Hands."

(Decca F. 42074.)

A little while ago these records arrived from Holland. They can be obtained here to special order for 1s. 6d. each.

The Ramblers have by now such wide experience of recording that one might have expected something a little more out of the ordinary from this recent session. Each side is blessed (and it is a mixed blessing) with a vocal chorus by a lady named Topy Glerum.

Let us talk first of all about the band. It is comparatively well-rehearsed, but none of the arrangements gives it great inspiration. One or two moments—the first chorus of *Goody-Goody*, for example, with muted trumpet and a nicely-scored background—start to get into the correct groove, but what little solo work there is never manages to do so. As far as the drum breaks in *Swing, Mr. Charlie* are concerned, I have always suspected that drum breaks are, *ipso facto*, corny, whether played by a corny drummer or by anybody from Gene Krupa down. This chorus seems to confirm my suspicions.

Wah-Hoo (pronounced var-hoo) is really much too much. When I first heard the lady beseeching us "Give me de vide open spaces," my mirth was uncontrollable. It is too bad about this language handicap, for if it were not for her accent she would be a more-than-adequate singer; she has some idea of style and a voice of average quality.

"Spud" Murphy, arranger to Benny Goodman, the Casa Loma Orchestra, and Joe Haymes.



Chick Webb and his Orchestra.
"Sing Me a Swing Song."
"A Little Bit Later On."
(Brunswick 02264.)

THIS week we have a new star in our swing heaven. A couple of reviews back I mentioned that I might be prejudiced in my views on Ella Fitzgerald's vocals. Now, with the issue by Brunswick of two sides in which she takes up the majority of the wax, I am convinced that there is no call for such reservations. Everybody is going to appreciate Ella Fitzgerald from now on.

Before going further, let me add that this record will be on sale next Tuesday, September 1, so don't go pestering the life out of your dealer to get it earlier. I am dealing with it a few days early because—well, because I just can't wait.

Now about Ella Fitzgerald. She is an exceptional singer, mostly because she can do things with a melody which other singers could not do without going out of tune or tempo. She has complete self-confidence, a patently natural sense of style, and a voice in which you can almost hear her smile. That is where, to me, she is at least one or two points ahead of Billie Holiday. Ella is mellow, Billie is chilly.

Although the band plays magnificently on both sides, it is Ella's record. *A Little Bit Later On* could hardly be anybody's arrangement but Edgar Sampson's. The ensemble rides along in a most powerful and wondrous manner; and, on a record at least, no brass section ever sounded more like brass.

THE PLATTERS

"ROPHONE"

On the Hot Ones

Sing Me A Swing Song is a good Hoagy Carmichael number, despite the quotation from *Comin' Through The Rye*. If this were a less completely successful record, I might cavil at the drum break in Chorus 2, wherein Chick misses the beat.

Did I say two weeks ago that Chick Webb doesn't quite register on records? Tch, tch, I didn't think I could ever change my opinions so radically in a fortnight!

Benny Goodman And His Orchestra.

"Music Hall Rag."

"Down Home Rag."

(Col. DB 5011.)

Here is a curious state of affairs. Two years ago, when Benny made this record with his band from the Billy Rose Music Hall, our local Columbia company didn't see fit to issue it. Now that he is scoring so tremendously with his newer band, they have realized its value, and on September 1 you can buy it.

The laugh is really in the fact that the record, now or at any other time, is the equal of almost any that Benny has made in the past couple of years. It is in an entirely different vein from his new stuff, yet in its more forthright way it is singularly exciting.

Both sides are practically what their titles imply. *Music Hall Rag* is taken at airplane tempo. In the ordinary way you would expect this to militate against any hope of swing, or even of good solos. When the Casa Loma Orchestra plays at this tempo it falls to pieces. Yet here there is a good semblance of swing and some astonishing solo work.

The chords used are actually those of *The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise*, though, since he uses none of the melody, you can hardly blame Benny for changing the title and copping the royalties. And you could have nothing but the most fanatical praise for the breath-taking manner in which he tackles the second, third, sixth and seventh choruses (check these statistics) on his clarinet.

Ordinarily, one might be able to describe how, in the course of all those solos, Benny gradually gets into the groove, and, having the feeling of the chord changes very firmly established in his mind, works up an increasingly

exciting solo in snowball fashion. Truth to tell, though, he seems to sink right into the number from the very first moment, so that his last chorus is no better than his first. It just couldn't be.

The other soloists, on trombone and piano (Lacey and perhaps Thornhill or Froeba), are not good enough to excite, but not bad enough to get in your hair. The last ensemble chorus is just a string of riffs, but it is over so quickly that right up to the end you are still gasping at Benny's solo in the previous chorus.

Down Home Rag, at a slightly more lenient pace, does pretty much the same things as its mate. The number is a good old Wilbur Sweatman opus, which I remember first hearing on a twelve-inch H.M.V. made in 1916 by, I think, the Versatile Four. It is a glorified three-finger exercise with a touch of humour which the orchestration brings out to the full.

Ambrose and His Orchestra.

"The Night Ride."

"Hide and Seek."

(Decca F6023.)

When he makes records like this, Ambrose has as much right in this department as Chick Webb or Benny Goodman.

Night Ride is just the sort of thing at which Sid Phillips seems to excel. It is even an improvement on *B'Wanga*, for there are practically no artificial "atmosphere effects." There are a couple of inches of minor-key stuff to establish the title, after which the whole thing just breaks out into an attack of the blues, up to tempo. The first entry of the all-out brass section, in the opening movement, is beautifully timed.

In the blues part there is some clean, perfectly played material mixed in with one or two effects rather too much in the Hudson-Gifford tradition; but the whole thing is played with so much more spirit, such fine tone and recording, that the Casa Loma stuff could hardly be put on the same footing.

In a week's time, perhaps, I shall have made up my mind whether or not this is the finest record Ambrose's Orchestra has ever made. Already I am sure that it has few equals.

Hide and Seek is another morsel by Dave (*Hors d'Œuvres*) Comer, arranged in the same style as its predecessor.

Six Swingers' First Radio Programme

NATIONAL

1,500 Metres (200 kilocycles)

10.15—Service 10.30—Time, Weather, Shipping 10.45—Reginald Foort, Paramount organ, Tottenham Court-road
11.15—Gramo.

12—B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra; conductor, Ian Whyte. songs, Margaret Allan
1.15—Troise and his Mandoliers, with Don Carlos
2.15—Time; Gramo.

3—Jack Wilson and his Versatile Five, from Birmingham 3.45—Gramo

4.15—Norbert Wethmar Trio, Maria Scott, songs

5.15—London Zigeuner Orchestra, directed by Ernest Leggett.

6—Time, News, Weather; Bulletin for Farmers, 6.25—Interlude, 6.30—Ruth Etting, the United States radio sweetheart; the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra, conducted by Charles Shadwell, 6.30—Serial Story: Martin Chuzzlewit, by Charles Dickens, Chapter 40; The Anckworax Package, read by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley.

7.5—B.B.C. Military Band, conductor, William J. Matthews; Leslie England, piano.

8—The Cinema, Alistair Cooke, 8.15—George Scott-Wood and his Six Swingers in the first of three programmes, Evergreens of Jazz, by Leonard Feather.

8.15—George Scott-Wood and his Six Swingers in first of series of three programmes, Evergreens of Jazz, devised by Leonard Feather.

HOME
6.30—Ruth Etting (National)
7.5—Military Band (National)
8.0—Orchestra (Regional)
8.15—Evergreens of Jazz (National)

DAILY SKETCH

Today's Wireless

TUESDAY, August 25, 1936

DANCE MUSIC
Evergreens of Jazz
NATIONAL, 8.15

8.15 GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD AND HIS SIX SWINGERS in the first of a series of three programmes "Evergreens of Jazz" Devised by Leonard Feather

Radio Times

Radio Times

Now made with a series of "Evergreens of Jazz" tonight, George Scott-Wood and his six swingers in the first of a series of three programmes, "Evergreens of Jazz," devised by Leonard Feather.

RECORD MONTH FOR RECORDS



Elisabeth Welch, singing with Benny Carter's Band.

"ROPHONE"
(still deputising for "Mike")
reviews the hot discs
and finds them
mostly good

THERE can be no doubt that this is the greatest month ever for hot records in the British supplements. The quality and quantity of the output is so staggering that I shall have to deal with everything comparatively briefly in order to get through the batch before the October stuff starts streaming in. So, immediately, to the greatest record of the month:—

Red Norvo and his Swing Octet.
"Blues In E Flat."
"Bughouse."
(Parlophone R2241.)

Recorded in May, 1935, this represents the very summit of Norvo's achievements. It is a pure, exquisite improvised blues in which each of the soloists in turn equals anything he has ever recorded or played. Norvo, Berigan, Choo, Teddy Wilson, and again Berigan lead the band through sixty bars of the most sincere and thrilling music that jazz can offer. It is one of those rare records which, disembodied from the personal element and the atmosphere which, as "Mike" has told you, cannot be dissociated from this informal music, nevertheless takes you right through a magic door into the inner soul of jazz.

Both Sides Are Good

I am wasting words; you do not need to be told any more. If you can tear yourself away from the radio for three minutes, you will

find another very good record on the reverse, filled with first-class solos; but *Bughouse*, fine as it is, is in altogether too good company.

Another record which is going to cause much excitement on the strength of one side; though both sides are really outstanding, is Benny Carter and his Swing Quartet, featuring Elisabeth Welch. Benny Carter and his Orchestra, "When Lights Are Low," with Elisabeth Welch.
"I Gotta Go."
(Vocalion 16.)

The first side is so entirely different from anything Benny has given us previously, and is so completely successful, that you will find difficulty in getting round to the reverse.

Swellest Rhythm Section

In the first place, there is Elisabeth Welch, singing a number that is perfectly suited to her, and accompanied by the swellest rhythm section that ever entered the Vocalion studios. Gene Rodgers, who is part of a coloured comedy team, plays piano, and Bernard Addison is on guitar. Wally Morris and the mysterious "G. Kilcer" (not so mysterious if you know your anagrams) complete the section.

When Lights Are Low ought to be a huge success with everybody. It has an easy, charming melody with

an ingenious middle part, and effectively simple Spencer Williams' lyrics. Benny's first chorus on alto is a treat.

On second thoughts, perhaps you'll find plenty of time for *I Gotta Go* as well, for Benny opens it with a chorus on tenor, and there are lots of things too good to miss. Elisabeth again does right by a lovely tune, and the whole band seems particularly inspired.

Benny's arranging on numbers like this would move anyone to great things.

The same might be said of Edgar Sampson, who seems to have studied Benny in his time, as you can discover by lending an ear to Chick Webb's Savoy Orchestra. "I Can't Dance."
"Imagination."
(Col. DB5009.)

Although the material is hardly ideal, I seem to detect the Sampson touch in both these sides, particularly in the beautifully scored first chorus of *Imagination*. But, though it serves nicely for an arranger, this number is bad material for a vocalist, and the sentimental singer here is just a waste of time. (I must point out that this has no connection with the old Fud Livingstone composition called *Imagination*.)

The reverse also contains a superfluous vocal chorus and a weak clarinet solo. The recording is too resonant, and the rhythm section of 1934 sounds a little more diffuse than that of to-day. Altogether, despite its excellent moments, this hardly stands comparison with the new Webb disc reviewed last week.

Fletcher Henderson and his Orchestra. "Jangled Nerves."
"Riffin'."
(H.M.V. B8470.)

I can hardly believe that Fletcher really wrote *Jangled Nerves*. It is such a typically white conception, in the

Gifford or Hudson tradition, of the blues at hell-for-leather tempo, replete with old-fashioned riffs, built-up chord effects with suspended rhythm, an awkward key change, and the clarinet pointing up in the air (you can almost see 'em) for a synthetic finale.

Still, it's all very well played, and in the solo parts both Choo and Roy Eldridge maintain the most amazing coherence and composure at this tempo, as you will see if you follow the complicated melodic lines of their effusions. Nevertheless, I prefer the more genuinely Hendersonian *Riffin'*. Though Roy plays less happily on this side there is a great swing in the writing and in the rhythm section, while Horace contributes a touch or two of nice keyboard work.

It's strange Buster Bailey doesn't have a look-in on either of these sides; but if you want to hear him—and at his best—turn to

Henry Allen and his Orchestra. "Whose Honey Are You?"
Don Redman and his Orchestra. "I Gotcha!"
(Vocalion 18.)

In the Allen side Buster takes a chorus which is perfectly formed, phrased and executed. Red Allen does his stuff instrumentally and vocally to good effect, and there is a coda that tickles me a lot. Louis Russell's rhythm section makes this almost as solid a disc as Red's *Rug Cutter Swing*, which is saying plenty.

Redman Collaborates

The Redman backing is one of Don's own numbers, written in conjunction with Herman Stein, his youthful arranger. The introduction, first chorus and lead-in to the vocal would do credit to Don himself. Don does two vocals, with a little harmless jiving in the second, after which comes the final ensemble chorus. Strange—and a pleasant change—to have a good swing record with no solo work.

A little arranging might have helped in the first side of the next record:—

Frank Froeba and his Swing Band. "It Ain't Nobody's Biz'ness What I Do."
Isham Jones Juniors. "Fan It."
(Col. DB5010.)

—for Mr. Froeba's men, not helped in their collective improvisation by the

(Continued on page 2, col. 1.)



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

AFTER all the correspondence that has burdened these pages recently concerning swing music, I feel I must take a hand, even at this late date. In the first place, I have something quite new to say about swing music; namely, that one of its fundamental conventions has been razed to earth by the appearance of Benny Carter's 'Waltzing the Blues'.

One of the principles of which jazz students have always been quite certain is that swing music has an essential duple rhythm: that is to say, some variant of the time which is measured by four steady beats in the bar.

Now Benny Carter has rocked the foundations of our theories with a record of the traditional Negro blues played in three-four time, in which all the solos, though entirely improvised, 'swing' as naturally as anything ever played in the regular foxtrot signature.

In view of this unexpected revolution in jazz, I formulated a description of swing music on strictly technical lines. At all events, my definition has the merit of being inapplicable to anything but swing music. Here goes:—

Swing music consists of: (a) Improvisations based on a simple melody, or even just on a simple sequence of chords, incorporating a strong regular rhythm in unvarying tempo, appealing to the listener mentally and physically by its rhythmic and melodic originality, involving extensive use of anticipation, of rubato, of syncopation, and of flattened sevenths and flattened thirds; (b) music that has been written or prepared in such a manner as to convey the same rhythmic and melodic effects as these improvisations.

This represents the only method of approaching an accurate definition. Without these musical details one gets nowhere, as Dr. Scholes and Compton Mackenzie have been at some pains to point out.

I can remember no precedent to the line-up of stars that has been promised for the demonstration recitals at Dorland House during the current piano trade exhibition. If all arrangements materialise, the theatre there, by the end of the exhibition, will have been the scene of special recitals by Eddie Carroll, Reginald Foresythe, Carroll Gibbons, Charlie Kunz, Monia Litter, Tony Lowry, Billy Mayerl, Gerry Moore, Bert Read, Patricia Rossborough, George Scott Wood, Billy Thorburn, the Tiger-Ragamuffins, and Garland Wilson.

This curious collection must surely be unique in jazz history. I only hope they are not persuaded all to play together, for I have always been of the opinion that one piano at a time is really quite enough.

Dotted Notes

Larry Adler back from Hollywood with a new black moustache, and off again next January for another film. . . . Sophie Tucker's recently-formed orchestra will disband when she comes to London next week. . . . 'Swing Banditry', a forthcoming miniature musical film, will present the orchestras of Goodman, Glen Gray, Jimmy Dorsey, Ellington, Henderson, and Lunceford.

TEMPO DI JAZZ By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

EVENTS move so fast in the world of jazz that it is always amusing to cast a glance back at the changes wrought even by such a short period as five years.

In October, 1931, for instance, the term 'swing music' was altogether unknown, though the music itself was not materially very different. A few hundred 'hot record' fans were providing a market for the first all-British recording band which ever confined itself to advanced rhythmic subjects, under the directorship of 'Spike' Hughes. Jack Jackson, an occasional member of this group, was playing trumpet with Jack Payne's BBC Dance Orchestra. Billy Thorburn, later to become Payne's right-hand man, was pianist in the band with which Sydney Kyte had just opened at the Piccadilly Hotel for a stay that terminated only two or three months ago.

Carroll Gibbons and Howard Jacobs were joint-directors of a band at the Savoy; Arthur Lally, at the Dorchester, had just replaced a combination led by the late Melville Gideon. Henry Hall still held sway at Glencables, while the dancing world responded to the strains of such ephemeral but profitable pieces as 'Today I feel so happy', 'Wrap your troubles in dreams', 'Just one more chance', and 'Till the real thing comes along'. Though this last number was not connected with the current tune of the same title, the coincidence seems almost symbolical of how dance music runs in cycles. Perhaps in October, 1941, there will be an entirely new and successful song called 'On the beach at Bali-Bali'!

Those who are afraid that there is no money left in jazz would be well advised to consult an

extraordinary document that is being circulated from New York to rhythm fans throughout Europe. A so-called 'hot record exchange' is offering for sale a collection of old and rare jazz records. The prices alone make their catalogue interesting reading. An ancient treasure by King Oliver and his Creole Jazz Band may cost anything from 10s. to £2. Wingy Mannone's Orchestra, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, and the Wolverines, dating from the early 1920's, are all represented by records at £2 each, the Wolverines also boasting a few at £3.

To obtain such bygone jazz gems as 'Oriental Jazz' or 'Reinsenweber Rag' by the Dixieland Jazz Band, you must pay a cool £5. The same sum is demanded for 'Gut Bucket Blues' or 'Cornet Chop Suey' by Louis Armstrong, relics of the mid-twenties. But even this is easy on your pocket when compared with Earl Hines's piano solos, 'Panther Rag' and 'Just Too Soon', which will not change hands for less than £7.

On the whole, I prefer to think that there are not many customers for such demands. Even in hot music, there should be limit to fanaticism.

Dotted Notes

Four additions to Carroll Gibbons's Orpheans: Eric Siday, Reg Leopold, violins; Ted Jepson, Frenchy Sartell, trumpets. . . . Harry Leader is touring in Holland this week. . . . Pat O'Malley is on his way back to Chicago to sing at the Drake Hotel. . . . Don't miss the first of Van Phillips's big series of broadcasts, starting next Wednesday at 9.15. . . . More about Van and his programmes next week.

SEP. 25TH.

LEONARD FEATHER sets IN SEARCH

CHICAGO

Our Contributor
truth about the
imp

This diary is an elaboration of one made during my recent tour in the United States. The events described took place a few weeks ago.—L.G.F.



Art Tatum, nearly-blind master of the ivories

Thursday.

OUTSIDE, the temperature was slowly sinking from the afternoon peak of 102 degs. in the shade. As I stepped in, a gust of chilly manufactured air welcomed me into the refrigerated relief of a large, long room. I sat at the bar and listened to some music of the type that only seven impatient days across the Atlantic could bring me.

That was how Joe Marsala and Eddie Condon's Chicagoans gave me my first glimpse of Chicago style music. It happened at the Hickory House in New York!

Whether it comes from Chicago, New York or the Rocky Mountains, good jazz comes from the heart. One thing I soon learned about the Chicago musicians of the old school is that they play that way, and are slow in letting commercial considerations get the better of them. If there is such a thing as "Chicago style," that is one of its main characteristics.

But what a band this is! It is good to see Eddie Condon so fully recovered after his rescue from death's door, and looking healthier to-day than he has been for years. His playing has benefited too, and the band sends him. Marsala is really beside himself with fervidness in his clarinet choruses; Joe Bushkin, whose eighteen years make him look more like a school-boy than a musician, is the wonder pianist of next year; and to top it all, at the side sits a good-looking young coloured boy in the band's white uniform, growling out some heart-breaking blues on his trumpet. Otis Johnson has set a precedent by working downtown with a white band, and the result, for musicians, is a veritable panic. Half of them are tickled to death at Marsala's noble attempt to break down the colour barrier; the other half "wouldn't work with any goddam jigs for a thousand a week."

"When the right time comes," Joe Marsala told me in an interval, "I want to form a real mixed band. It's a logical development. Why should I have any different attitude towards a musician because of his colour? When I was a kid a lot of my buddies were coloured boys; I used to go to their home and they came to mine. I've been brought up without any prejudice."

Joe is sincere in his music and his ambitions, but there are a lot of pitfalls ahead of him. Plain, unvarnished swing music does not bring crowds to the Hickory House, and to-night there was only a handful of people.



Duke Ellington, with his two bassists, Hayes Alvis and Bill Taylor.

Saturday.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra are playing Loew's State Theatre here. I cannot leave for Chicago yet. To-night, after seeing the show, came my much-delayed first meeting with Ellington.

How much misconception there has been about his character! Duke is not an isolated god of jazz, nor a mental and musical giant to be regarded with impersonal awe. He is just a cheerful, perspicacious Harlemiter with exceptional musical talent and a natural ease of personal manner. In many ways he is no different from a Carter, a Redman, a Sampson or any other such musician who is generally con-

sidered as being on a more human plane. And, by the way, he never intended any enormous importance to be attached to *Reminiscing In Tempo*, which, he told me, was written entirely on a train during a few hurried days of one-night stands.

In the course of a long chat over dinner in the dressing-room, Duke enlightened me on this and many other dubious points. He is not altogether the tool of scheming capitalists, as John Hammond would have you believe, but he has positive views about the conditions in which he has to work. "The Broadway crowd," he told me, "think that they know all about show business. If you want to make



Left :
trumpet
new m
left), C
Art Wh
Right :
quartet
wick,

a living, you have to play popular or whatever else may suit the requirements, because Broadway represents the publishers, the theatre-owners, and everyone who is concerned about getting bookings for the band. And, gee, there aren't many theatres left now that can afford to pay us our \$5,500 a week."

Perhaps Duke is pessimistic about the future of jazz. His sixteen-year-old son Mercer, who was with us, plays the saxophone, but Duke has sent him to study at an Institute of Aeronautical Technology. "Mathematics and engineering are his strong subjects, but he won't let him play, but that's just a hole

Then he told me the story about Hayes Alvis turned up a day too late for the *Coolie's Concerto* recording session, and how, since he was not to return, the record had to be made without him, and the elaborate basses introduction had to be scored for one bass. He told me about Warren Robinson, a boy soprano coverer whom he had just tried on the act. Then we got to talking about arrangers, and I learned for the first time about the men who help out on the job of making the many orchestrations.

Duke's White Arranger

One of the best, according to Ed is Hilly Edelstein, who arranges for broadcasting bands and for Duke's Chicago. He wrote the scores of *Arcturion*, which was recorded a year or two back, and *Farewell Blues*. A white boy arranging for Duke is certain Len Berman (not related to our Len Berman), who plays with Abe Lyman. He did *Pentecost Serenade* for Duke, and also *Rhapsody In Blue*—"A gorgeous arrangement," Duke said, "but we haven't had the opportunity to use it." Then the

out - - - - - OF - - - - - AGO STYLE

travels over 8,000 miles to discover the
at which some critics say is of vital
importance, but which others deny exists at all



Ellington and his
trio, including the
Rex Stewart (on
Cootie Williams, and
solo.
Duke's famous sax
Hodges, Hard-
morney and Bigard.

Slim Ledford, who did *Wool Over My Eyes*.

"We still use some of Benny Carter's arrangements," Duke added, "such as *May I* and *Paradise*. I'm glad he's doing so well in Europe. Benny's my favourite arranger."

That is my idea of a real compliment.

I went back into the theatre to watch the next show. Duke opened in darkness, playing a fast solo number. Lawrence Brown played a sweet solo in which he was inclined to bray. The Step Brothers' dance was accompanied by a waltz. Cootie's second solo part with a cloth wrapped round his trumpet in his concerto was the first big moment of the show, and at the end of the item he received a big hand. *Christopher Columbus*, with Otto's bass sax and Taylor's tuba playing the theme in unison, proved that the band can achieve a wonderful swing. Ivie Anderson did a couple of numbers with some excellent mugging from Sonny Greer and others; then she sang a number with Duke's own lyrics—*Oh Babe, Maybe Someday*.

On the whole, a good show. Half of it, at least.

Backstage again. Duke had "The Lion" in his dressing room. Willie Smith, the leonine pianist, whose nickname is said to have been acquired as a result of his outsize ego ("There goes the Lion roaring again!") is still one of Harlem's most engrossing characters. We tumbled into Duke's car and went to the Ellington ménage with three generations of Ellington on board—Duke's father, Duke, and Duke's son. The charming Mrs. Duke greeted us at home with a smile and a drink, and we settled down to listen to the Lion.

The Lion can talk for hours about his favourite subject—himself—and get

away with it; then he will sit down at the piano, and, if you catch him in the mood, he will make you forget all his egocentricity by creating some really astonishing music. He is genuinely unique, for his style, particularly that of his left hand, knows no conventions and few limitations. He can spread his inspiration all over the keyboard like a willow tree weeping over fertile green land, and will turn out little oddities some constructed and some improvised, which will set your brain in a whirl. Then next day he may feel sad, or be in unsympathetic company, and you will think he is the worst pianist in the world.

To-night he was in his element. Duke and I turned to exchange laughs as he played—laughs of intense satisfaction and excitement, rather than of amusement. At the end of a number Duke would slap his side heartily, crying out: "There's my bang!" The Lion's a killer!"

Ellington— the Fan

The Lion, cigar in mouth, imperturbable, played and played. Duke could hardly relax enough to sit down. He leant over the piano and drank in every note. Then he played for a while—some Tahitian music which he has written for the score of a big musical show. Something different from any Ellington you've ever heard. And then the Lion played again; and so far into the night.

"The Lion's a killer!"

* *Burn, bang or kick*: a swing musician's reactions on enjoying good music.

† *Killer*: One who can produce these emotions.

Leonard Feather will continue his search for Chicago Style next week

on the



Edgar Battle

atum is coloured
the base-
or a dark
his behind
ad singing

relaxation by joining in with the band at the Three Deuces, the Union steps in. He cannot work without payment. In other words, jam sessions which gave birth to the whole spirit of Chicago jazz, are out!

Where is
holiday
life and

To a foreigner this is all far too puzzling to be worth brooding about: so to-night, accompanied by Edgar Battle, who is doing his "Pied Piper of Harlem" act in George White's "Scandals" here, I went to the South Side, as Chicago's coloured quarter is called, to take in the jazz at two typical night spots; the de Lisa and the Panama.

Chicago style

astonishing
heard in
the, every-
iron hand
d of help-
opposed to,
ely for the
for them,
lines from
like unruly

At the former, Albert Ammons and His Rhythm Kings produce something that may well be what is meant by the term "Chicago style music." When they play blues, the Rhythm Kings put more emphasis and solidity into a simple repeated riff than could ever be given to the "busy" style of an Eastern jam band.

A seems to
sees and
one thing
one to play
own amuse-
work is done
oyment and

Robert Hicks, the trumpet player, and Dalbert Bright, alto, write the arrangements for this six-piece. The rhythm section, in addition to Ammons on the piano and a good guitarist and drummer, now includes one Mickey Sims, who has replaced Israel Crosby on bass. Moving with untiring agility, Sims' style matches the extraordinary intensity of the others in the band.

In the cabaret is a girl named Maxine Johnson, whose singing and appearance destine her for something bigger and better than this dark and smoky little club. Like a thousand other coloured artists waiting for a break, all she needs is a good, honest manager—but you see, that's just what's difficult to find.

Our next stop, the Panama Club, produced an unsensational band working under the bass player, Ted Cole, an ex-Noble Sissle graduate. Of course, there had to be a long show in which a strident female sang *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*. No coloured show would be complete without this song at present. An almost white-looking girl named Mae Alix, whom you should know from several old records, also appeared.

The South Side promises well. Already it seems to be bigger, and more packed with places of entertainment, than Harlem itself.

LEONARD FEATHER continues his Search

CC RA
EIN
FO
IS
to
ts
e-
al
ys

aturday.
O-NIGHT, thanks to an excellent guide in the person of Glenn Burrs, editor of Chicago's splendid jazz monthly, *Down Beat*, I really began to feel the pulse of Chicago jazz. First, I found myself in a remote suburban dance room, way to the north of the city, which I should never have discovered for myself. Known as the Winona Gardens, it shelters no less glamorous a personality than Frank Snyder, the man who helped to unite New Orleans and Chicago jazz when, with two other Chicago boys, Jack Pettis and Elmer Schoebel, he joined the reorganised New Orleans Rhythm Kings during their memorable stay at Chicago's Friars Inn.

He Spells It That Way

Snyder now works with his own "RYTHM KINGS" (to quote the legend on his bass drum) at the Winona Gardens.

MUSICIANS' GALLERY

These postcard-size portraits, which we offer at 3d. each (postage 1d. extra for any quantity), are beautifully reproduced from our own specially posed photographs, printed in sepia and highly glazed.

The subjects in the gallery are Harry Roy, Les Allen, Al Bowly, Nat Gonella, Sam Browne, Joe Crossman, Jack Jackson, Max Bacon, Lew Davis, Bill Harty, Tiny Winters, Max Goldberg, E. O. Pogson, Joe Loss, Spike Hughes, Freddy Gardner, Henry Hall (second pose), Roy Fox, Lew Stone, Max Abrams, Jack Nathan, George Gibbs, Maurice Burman and George Elrick

Any of these may now be ordered, and will be promptly supplied from stock.

Please address your orders to:—
The MELODY MAKER Portrait Gallery,
Victoria House, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

"ROPHONE"

continued from page 5

imperfect recording, turn in a very unsensational job with copious tiresome vocalisms. Even Frank himself was very dissatisfied with the results of this session, which should be criticism enough.

Jones' Juniors co-operate much better, and have a good vocalist who knows his Teagarden. If you liked last month's effort by the Juniors you will find this almost as good of its kind—one or two good solos between the vocals, and slightly smutty lyrics. But Howard Smith can play better piano than that.

Finally, for archaeologists, H.M.V. has brought out an Ellington from the Plasticine Age:—

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra.
"East St. Louis Toddle-oo."
"I Must Have That Man."
(H.M.V. B8469).

—which is simply grand if you happen to be a Cræsus; but most of you will have your time, and your pockets, more than adequately imposed upon by the more recent material.

(P.S.—Better save a few bob until you see next week's review—there's plenty more stuff, and it's mellow as a 'cello...)



Left (l. to r.): George Wettling (now drumming with Wingy Mannone, Leonard Feather, Glenn Burrs ("Down Beat"), Boyce Broke (alto sax at "The Stables," Chicago)

Below: Elmer Schoebel, once pillar of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings and now writing for the Mills office

A year ago he was at a spot called the Subway, with Jess Stacy and Larry Shields.

"No, there isn't even a photograph of the old Friars Inn band," he told me. "Rapollo believed it was bad luck to have a band's photo taken. He said two bands he'd been photographed with before had broken up shortly afterwards!"

It would be hard to pick up the scattered remains of that band. George Brunies is with Ted Lewis; Shields bought himself a ranch in California; Jack Pettis is not working; Rapollo, shut up in a Louisiana mental home, has an orchestra of sorts there; Paul Mares is working for an automobile company; Elmer Schoebel is writing for the Irving Mills office; and the rest of that original group is forgotten.

Re-living the Old Days

But the spirit of those distant jazz days has been kindled again in this strange little band of Snyder's. Leading the group on drums, he has Art Grunwald on piano and arranging; Bud Hunter, tenor and arrangements; Rodd Cless, tenor and clarinet; Carl Rinker, trumpet. And this five-piece band writes and plays its arrangements in a completely authentic mid-20's style. It is not what you could call New Orleans or Chicago music, featuring, as it does, so much of the Original Five Pennies' material, for the latter was always regarded as a typical "Eastern" (New York) band. Nevertheless, with their versions of *Riverboat Shuffle*, *Boneyard Shuffle*, *Shim-Me-Sha Wobble*, and many old selections that I had thought completely forgotten, Snyder's boys seem to fall naturally into the hot style of yore, and the two-piece rhythm section adds forcefully to the atmosphere they create. It was as if my oldest and most valued records had suddenly come to life in a weird dream.

From the Winona we moved on to an even more remote and much less agreeable resort, aptly called

The Stables, where, in an otherwise mediocre four-piece band, known as Johnny Parker's Original Playboys, one of the world's greatest unclaimed jazz musicians can be heard. The name of Boyce Brown, alto saxophonist, will obviously mean nothing to you; the few records he made on Okeh with Paul Mares, which gave just a faint idea of his capabilities, were, in any case, never released here. Yet I am serious when I assure you that Boyce Brown's inspiration on alto reaches as high a standard as any ever attained by a white musician.

Then why, you ask, is he hidden away in an obscure haunt like this?

That is the tragedy. Boyce should, and could, be in any band he chose; Whiteman is said to have made him an offer; but—he had to refuse. He is blind in one eye and nine-tenths blind in the other. He cannot see enough to read music.

If only you could hear how Boyce and Bud Phillips, the clarinettist, fixed up chorus after chorus of riffs and two-part arrangements, of the wonderful understanding between them, and the beautiful tone and liquid, mercurial style of Boyce himself, you would know a little more about jazz. You would know more still if you could talk with Boyce and learn what a fine and cultured mind he has, and how deep is his knowledge of and love for music of every kind. Terribly shy and hesitant in manner, he is forever apologising for the most trifling things. In contrast with this nervousness, his playing has an attack and assurance seldom equalled on this instrument.

Wanted—A Miracle

Science has wrought many miracles in the realm of music. If it could re-



store Boyce Brown's sight, jazz have something for which to be ingly grateful.

Sunday.

Chicago, too, has its Savoy room; loftier and bigger than Har and an ideal playground for the big coloured population, where, Sunday night, some celebrated band takes the stand. This was Redman's night.

So the band has degenerated. Well, I might have believed it, I saw them on the stage in New last Christmas; but under Savoy room conditions any band sound thousand per cent. improved. arrangements, and those of his Herman Stein, have lost none of verve, and there are boys in the Kirkpatrick, Inge, Renald Jones, also share out the work on orch tions.

Little Don, standing in front reed section and leading occas himself on alto and soprano, ha changed. Nor have those three bones who started a vogue year that has set every British ar writing three-part choruses. In Street, featuring Don's vocal Jack Teagarden), the sliding tr duced some blood-warming noise band likes its spot of comedy, to there was genuine humour in the style Alexander's Ragtime Band.

Some day, Don declared, he m the band off for two or three wee

Chicago Style, during
travelled 8,000 miles, he
himself

OUR WITH STRONG

by
**Leonard
Feather**



George Wettling

...ed slapping bass. Hunt on
...ne. Hutchinsrider on clarinet
...avis on tenor always seem
...conscious of their audience to
...strate on producing inspired
...nd there is hardly a man in
...ad capable of turning out a
...brilliant hot chorus. The
...ation sounds best on good-
...melody numbers at medium
...in which team work plays
...gest part.

Bright But Boring

...st add, in all fairness, that
...these limitations I enjoyed



Teddy Hill's Band



Edgar Sampson

...seeing and hearing the band. But
...I should probably become very
...tired of it after a few evenings.

Wednesday.

Satchmo' has been playing the
Oriental Theatre here prior to
making his picture in Hollywood.
In the course of an hour's show he
introduces Luis Russell's Band,
Bobbie Caston, Sonny Woods, a
dance team, and one of those
comedy clarinetists who make
farmyard noises, take their instru-
ment to pieces while playing, and
provide typical Harlem light relief.

Louis does a long patter act with
this guy, George McClendon. And,
inevitably, he plays *Shoeshine
Boy, Old Man Mose, I Hope Gabriel
Likes My Music* and all the usual
things—but does them so perfectly
that it's only after everything is
over that you begin worrying about
his complete surrender to commer-
cialism.

The surprise of Louis and Alpha
on finding a Londoner in Chicago
can be imagined. In the course of
a reminiscent chat, Louis told me

of his tonsil operation ("Cost me
four hundred dollars!") and I
realized why his voice is sounding
clearer lately.

He then sprang a complete sur-
prise by suggesting that I should
come along to St. Louis and Kansas
City, Missouri, where he is to play
a couple of one-nighters before
making the trip to California. Louis
will arrange for me to travel in
the coach with the band, and I
can be back in Chicago on Sunday
and in New York on Monday. It
sounds like a grand plan, and an
unprecedented opportunity to see
something of America.

Thursday.

We're off! Goodbye to Chicago
—last show at the Oriental finished
at 11 o'clock, and everybody on
their way by midnight.

Maybe if I'd waited a few days
longer in Chicago I might have
heard some real Chicago music.
Public jamming is forbidden, as I
told you; but that won't do for
the real swing men. One day soon,
after the public has departed,
there is to be a very private jam
session behind closed doors.
Famous swingsters will creep in—
George Wettling on drums; Charles
la Vere from Busse's band on
piano; Santo Pecora, the old-time
trombonist; Jack Pettis, Benny
Pollack, Jimmy McPartland and
any others who feel the spirit.

New York Seems Dull

New York City, Monday.

New York is such a commonplace
city after those unforgettable three
days on the road with Louis and
the band—right across Illinois into

Missouri, and from St. Louis west-
wards to the border of Missouri
and Kansas.

The music in St. Louis and Kan-
sas City will make a separate story
(or, with the editor's permission,
two separate stories) which will, I
hope, be told here later on. In
the meantime New York has many
calls on my space. This city
presents innumerable aspects of
the Chicago problem, chiefly owing
to the number of Chicagoans in
town.

To-night it was my pleasure to
introduce Harlem's Savoy Ball-
room to a visitor from Chicago.
She is Helen Oakley, the world's
most enthusiastic feminine jazz
fan. In her capacity as critic for
several papers, as head of the
Chicago Hot Club, and as prime
mover in the placing of Good-
man's and Ellington's orchestras
at the Congress Hotel in Chicago,
Helen did many invaluable ser-
vices to jazz before her recent
arrival in New York, where she
plans to settle down and do pub-
licity work. British jazz-lovers
should be proud of Helen, for she
is a Canadian.

Lindy Hopping At the Savoy

Teddy Hill, whose band opened
at the famous uptown dance hall
to-night, is one of those names that
will always be synonymous, for me,
with the Savoy. Lindy hopping,
and superb unadulterated swing
music. If only he had a recording
contract, he would mean as much
to European fans as Chick Webb,
Henderson, Redman, or most of
these big-timers. Even though
Choo and Eldridge have departed
since I heard the band last sum-
mer, there are Cecil Scott and that

(Continued on page 5.)

TOURING with ARMSTRONG

continued from page 2

wonderful trumpet man, Frankie
Newton, in their places, and the
arrangements by Buster Toller.
Edgar Sampson and others are
perfect playthings for the facile
hands of each brilliant instrumen-
talist.

Tuesday.

An interesting evening at Edgar
Sampson's. It took quite a while
to persuade the quiet and placid
Edgar to bring out his alto and jam
awhile. "Mike" would have en-

joyed himself on the piano here: I
found that to sound in tune I had
to play D flat in the right hand to
match C in the left. "I've had it
tuned twice in fifteen years,"
apologised Edgar.

Even this did not seem to perturb
Edgar's small daughter of seven, who
linked out the first few bars of
Stomping At The Savoy with great
abandon.

Before returning down town I ran
into Chick Webb, with whom Edgar
recently parted company on a friendly
basis.

Chick is unique. Although com-
pletely unlettered in the dictionary
sense of the term, he has a shrewdness
of mind and natural flair for protecting
his own interests which can seldom be
found in such folk. You might call
him an Edgar Wallace of music. Like
Wallace, he began his career by selling
papers in the streets ("And did I sell
'em—four thousand papers a day!" he
assured me earnestly), and worked his
way up through a happy combination
of grit and ability. Chick is a champion
"liver"; in other words, you have to
take everything he says with a liberal
pinch of salt. But this really adds
to the amusement of chatting with
him.

ELFER



Milton "Mezz" Mesirov, whom Leonard Feather describes as the Philosopher of Jazz

Concluding the diary of his 8,000 mile trip
FEATHER tells of

THE MOST MAN IN JAZZ



Joe Haymes snapped on the bandstand conducting his band of to-morrow's stars

Wednesday.

RILEY and Farley moved the music round to the Hickory House this evening. Another lesson for musicians: even if your material is not the world's greatest, you'll get by as long as you can "sell" it. Riley on trombone and Farley on cornet are only average players, but as long as they can mug around and get the laughs, the quality of their jazz is of little moment.

Just once a night, but no more, they have consented to do *The Music Goes Round*. It is like bringing a corpse out to dance; but a lively corpse, considering that it died six long months ago.

For the opening night the place was packed with theatrical people, and, here and there, musicians. Red McKenzie, who launched Riley and Farley at the Onyx Club a year ago, only to find himself a Frankenstein burdened with two out-of-hand monsters, gazed ruefully on from the bar side.

Mezz the Philosopher

Thursday.

I spent most of today with a musician who, if he cared to, could tell the whole story of Chicago jazz from its very inception to its somewhat indefinite end. In addition to being one of the most strangely interesting people I met on my last trip here, he has become one of the best friends I have made, and I have to thank him for showing me around Manhattan, particularly

Harlem, in the manner of a guide, philosopher and friend, and for wasting much of his time on helping to make this an enjoyable trip for me.

I refer to Milton "Mezz" Mesirov.

I believe I selected the aptest possible expression in describing Mezz as a philosopher. He is in his way a true philosopher of jazz. Though I disagree with (and wholeheartedly disapprove of) a large number of his views, I can learn more from sitting (or driving) around talking jazz with him than I could from actually listening to much of the music we discuss.

Complete Sincerity

Through all his opinions, no matter how heretical, there glows a light of complete sincerity. In his own words, he is "for the music." He has always been for the music; and, with his Chicago birth and education, and the vast experience he has had in his thirty-four years of life, it is no wonder that his love of jazz is equalled by his profound understanding of its complexities.

If I were to list the musicians who acknowledge, even to-day, the encouragement and indirect musical assistance that Milton has given them, I could fill this page. Krupa, Condon, Sullivan, Freeman, Armstrong, Waller and countless others have actually learned something about music from him, though his own activities are limited to reed instruments, blues piano and a little arranging. Then there is Hugues Panassié, who acknowledges an incalculable debt for the ideas Milton gave him about jazz during his visit to France in 1927. But for him, Hugues' book, "Le Jazz Hot," could perhaps never have been written.

In conversation, be it politics, food, religion, war or music, Milton can make his views original and interesting, in that colourful, slightly drawling voice. He is of Russian origin, but a true

Chicagoan at heart. When I talk a little later of Chicago Style (which, I warn you, I intend to), I want you to bear Mesirov and his clarinet in mind.

Friday.

An evening at Glen Island Casino, a lovely riverside spot about an hour's journey away in New Rochelle. On the stand where the twain Dorseys used to hold the fort together there is a new band, led by a good-looking, casual young man named Charlie Barnet, who may be known to you through a few waxings with Red Norvo's Swing Septet on Parlophone.

On the end of the stand, his face a mixture of a scowl and a saturnine smile, is Irving Goodman, aged 20, who looks five years older than brother Benny, although, in fact, he is six years younger. When he plays trumpet just a little better there will be room for him in Benny's band. Not that he is anything of a disgrace to Barnet, whose ensemble altogether is an interesting one when he comes round to some of the better arrangements, or to his grand signature tune, Benny Carter's *Dream Lullaby*.

Bending and Stretching

I wish you could see how ridiculously the dancers at these snooty resorts contrast with the unrestrained truckers and Lindy hoppers of the Savoy. America's (white) youth has an odd way of comporting itself on a ballroom floor. Each partner appears to be fixed permanently in the middle of a bending-and-stretching exercise, with the two heads touching but the torsos and legs a yard apart. They dance much better at the Hammersmith Palais.

Saturday.

Joe Haymes had a rehearsal at which I dropped in this afternoon. The little giant of white arrangers was trying out *St. Louis Blues*, *Sister Kate*, *Should I, That's A Plenty*, and

some of the others that he has recorded lately.

With a little more attention to hard work and a trifle less emphasis on the *tutti* in his arranging, little Joe may be the next Benny Goodman amongst white swing band leaders. He can certainly train a band wonderfully, and but for a tendency to occasional clichés and the habit of employing one man permanently on baritone, which makes the ensemble somewhat heavy, his orchestration are swell.

Stuff Smith dropped in at the rehearsal, thrusting his pugnacious out in a grin of delight at some of Joe's ideas and at Fred Feller's round, forceful tenor work.

Sunday.

Right across the street from Savoy Ballroom is the Brittwood, a small establishment where is a four-piece band: Clyde (piano), Alfonso Steele (drums), ley Pete (trumpet), Freddie St. (alto and baritone). I mention because the man who runs the club, and who has a financial interest in it, is Freddie Jenkins. Last night, as a favour, he played himself for the first time in a piece band, with Clyde assistant director, and Joe Esax, clarinet and arranger.

"Posy" has been associated with many ventures since illness out of Duke's band, but seems to have earned his comfortable position.

Monday.

At a revue called *New* evening I was completely

Search for Chicago Style

GETTING WARMER

Meeting the Pioneers of Jazz in their own setting and finding out when Style is Chicago or not

come to England, combining business with pleasure by doing some arrangements for English bands.

English bandleaders, be on your toes. . . .

Monday.

"They're trying to make a comedian out of me," moaned Fletcher Henderson as he put on his paper hat for the finale of a long and boring floor show at the Grand Terrace.

Poor Strack is not at home in his new role of master of ceremonies. During all his announcements I could only catch two words of what he said, and they were "Thank you." The microphone seems to distort his quiet, faltering speech and emphasize his lack of assurance.

Just Another Dancejoint

I had always imagined The Grand Terrace, Earl Hines's famous pied-a-terre, as a gay, open-air place with music disseminated across a broad, friendly terrace. Actually the place is just an ordinary cabaret with the customary economy of lighting, in a room about forty feet square. About half of the audience is coloured. In the show a succession of very bad singers and fair dancers holds up the proceedings until, at last, Horace Henderson steps down from the piano, and, the show over, Fletcher takes his seat at the keyboard and starts into *Big Chief de Sola*.

Last year I would have ecstasied over this band, but on this visit I have heard so much fantastic music that Fletcher seems to lack something: rehearsal, perhaps, or team spirit. From the stories I have heard about the money the musicians are receiving (barely above the ordinary Union scale), one can hardly wonder if they show a certain lack of enthusiasm. Fletcher also needs a really outstanding trombone player; and his decision to replace the "inconsistent" Sidney Catlett by Walter Johnson, who is consistent, but not such a good drummer, seems a trifle risky.

Tuesday.

When Frank Snyder left the New Orleans Rhythm Kings he was replaced by Ben Pollack, one of the finest drummers of his day. It is odd that both of them should now be leading their own bands in Chicago; but Pollack's venue is, both geographically and socially, a long way removed from the Winona Gardens. He plays in the restaurant of the Stevens, the world's largest hotel.

Pollack to-day is not a drummer. He

conducts, and now and then sings in a style closely resembling Red McKenzie's. The band is a rather new one, formed since his old group was taken over by Bob Crosby. Like Joe Haymes, he has lost one hand to form another composed of future star men. One of these is a fat, rather comic-looking man, with a thick accent indicating some sort of European origin, who plays some wizardly clarinet, with just a touch too much of the Goodman copyist in him, but wonderful flashes of complete originality and as pure a tone as you could wish. The boys all call him "Fazola," his real name being quite unspellable and unspeakable.

This hotel caters for a particularly elegant crowd of guests at dinner-time, so whenever Pollack gratified my requests by playing a swing number, he would come over afterwards to whisper "I'm sure the manager was looking at me," or "They'll throw me out if I do another." For the most part he had to play quietly, as a background to small-talk. But, at the risk of his neck, he did get through an excellent and different treatment of *Stomping At The Savoy*, a great and long *Honey-suckle Rose*, and several arrangements by both Fletcher and Horace, such as *Rug Cutter's Swing* and *Big John's Special*.

Four Inside Arrangers

Most of the arranging is handled either by one outside man, Bob Doyle, or by any of four men in the band: Harry James, trumpet; Dave Matthews, tenor; Opie Gates, 2nd alto; and Fred Slack, piano.

The team-work and rhythm section of the band were first class. I began to wish Pollack would take over the drums and enjoy himself. Behind his hard-headed, commercial-band-leader manner, you can detect the heart of a real swing music lover.

"Drummers?" he said. "Why, I've discovered a kid in Springfield who'll make Krupa and the lot of 'em look silly! He's just eighteen years old. Sits at home there playing Armstrong records and beating hell out of his old kit. But I'm afraid to take him on. He has epileptic fits. Might throw one any time."

There's Ben Pollack; the man who nurtured Goodman, Teagarden, Basuduc, McPartland; still bent on spotting talent. Even if, as in this case, he can't use it, he always manages to find it. . . .



and from St. Louis west- the border of Missouri

ic in St. Louis and Kan- Hill make a separate story the editor's permission, ate stories) which will, I told here later on. In time New York has many my space. This city innumerable aspects of go problem, chiefly owing mber of Chicagoans in

it was my pleasure to Harlem's Savoy Ball- a visitor from Chicago. den Oakley, the world's thustastic feminine jazz ver capacity as critic for apers, as head of the lot Club, and as prime the placing of Good- d Ellington's orchestras ngress Hotel in Chicago, many invaluable set- jazz before her recent New York, where she settle down and do pub- rk. British jazz-lovers proud of Helen, for she dian.

dy Hopping At the Savoy

Hill, whose band opened ous uptown dance hall one of those names that be synonymous, for me. Savoy. Lindy hopping, b unadulterated swing only he had a recording se would mean as much in fans as Chick Webb. Redman, or most of -timers. Even though Eldridge have departed ard the band last sum- are Cecil Scott and that ationed on page 5.)

's unique. Although com- plettered in the dictionary he term, he has a shrewdness nd natural flair for projecting sterests which can seldom be such folks. You might call figar Wallace of music. Like se began his career by selling the streets ("And did I sell thousand papers a day!" he e earnestly), and worked his rough a happy combination ability. Chick is a champion n other words, you have to thing he says with a liberal salt. But this really adds sement of chatting with

Leonard Feather will continue the report of his quest next week.

RECEIVED

Chick Webb



Continuing his search for
which our contributor tr
finds hi

ON TO ARMS



Helen Oakley

Chicago, Tuesday.

IN choosing a small town called Waukegan at which to play a dance engagement to-night, Glen Gray was responsible for my making a long and tedious trip half-way to Milwaukee. It was worth an hour's journey, though, to find out at last the whole truth about this much-disputed Casa Loma organisation, which ranks as America's second favourite swing band.

When "Mike" Enthused

A few years ago under the name of the O.K. Rhythm Kings, this very band aroused the unqualified enthusiasm of every critic, and particularly of "Mike" (*"Full of life and swing—incredibly glorious rhythm—tenor player not unlike Hawkins—magnificent Casa Loma Stomp—the players just sit back easily and play."*). For a while the raves continued, but gradually it became a fetish to dismiss everything played by this group as "pretentious, synthetic twaddle," or some-

thing to that effect. Such a complete *volte-face* must obviously have been inspired in part by a reactionary fashion in certain American circles which slammed the band at every opportunity.

The fact is, that even now, as at first, the band can offer occasional good stuff which is acceptable in small doses. The hot arrangements are mostly cheap and flashy, lagging behind the ever-changing styles of Harlem; but every now and then something good is bound to turn up.

In the town dance hall, nearly all Waukegan's youth swarmed round the stand, with a very small proportion dancing, as Pee-Wee Hunt did his vocal specialities (and he sings well). It is this plentiful comedy and entertainment value that ensures the enthusiasm of the "ickies," who imagine this to be part of hot music. (I am told the band is also a huge favourite with coloured audiences.)

The swing is incapacitated by a mediocre rhythm section, notably the drummer and the old-

fashion
trumpet
and I
too co
concert
solos,
the ha
really
combe
class
temp
the la

I r
deap

in search of Chicago style, LEONARD
his meeting with

REMARKABLE JAZZ - MILT MESIROW



The Grand Old Man of the Grand Young
Man of Jazz—Henry Allen, Senior

Rocca went out of the business in 1926. After thirty years of trumpet playing he intends to carry on blowing at his present age of forty-eight, and his old cronies (except Ragas, who died) are all with him.

On the Colour Question

After a few minutes' conversation with la Rocca I closed my notebook. It was so easy to guess what was coming. Before long he had told me that every worth-while jazz musician had his education from Dixieland records, and not from coloured artists; that no musician ever learned from Armstrong but Armstrong and Oliver learned from the Dixielanders; that if you put any white band up against any coloured band to-day the coloured band wouldn't stand an earthly; that Negroes have done little or nothing to further the cause of jazz, and that the only people who copied nobody, but started something themselves through sheer inspiration from heaven, were the Dixielanders.

What is it about these Italian-American musicians that gives them the same warped viewpoint about jazz? Why, when I think of musicians like Venuti, Rollini, Mannone, do I have to try very hard to forget their musical opinions and other personal characteristics when I listen to them playing? Long before the Abyssinian trouble, which only tended to widen the breach, there was an animosity towards coloured people on the part of nearly all Italian musicians—with, of course, one or two noteworthy exceptions.

Snooty Venuti

One of my most vivid memories of my trip last summer is the evening when Venuti refused to come to a party given by Mildred Bailey because he had heard that Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Wilson were to be among the guests.

I don't imagine la Rocca will convince many people with his theories. Critics, and musicians without bias, are wise to these petty jealousies and racial arguments. To deny the Negro any part in advancing an art as essentially Negroid as jazz hardly bears an instant's examination.

Now, before taking my leave I should like to say what I have discovered about Chicago style.

This phrase really does mean something to musicians. Whether the style that it denotes originated in Chicago I cannot say, but by now it is no more limited to Chicago than a French bean is to France or Dutch courage to Holland. It is in some respects analogous with an accent in speech. It is determined by the mental attitude of the artist, and assumes its form in his mind rather than his

(Continued on Page 5.)

the singing of a coloured girl with the biggest smile and most fascinating personality I have seen on the stage for years. She calls herself Billie Haywood. Dressed in a grotesque but attractive style, and accompanied by a more than competent pianist named Cliff Allen, who wears nothing but a straw skirt and a cigar, she simply brought the house down to-night with her rendering of *This Is My Last Affair*. The next act had already begun when the audience brought her back for another curtain call.

No, records won't do. We must see her in London, and you will forget all about Valada or Billie Holiday, or almost anyone. Make a note of the name Tuesday.

My last musical experience worth recounting (I sail for London tomorrow morning) was a meeting with D. J. la Rocca, who is rehearsing his Dixieland Band for a tour.

The Original Dixieland Band first appeared publicly under that name, he told me, when it opened at the Boosters' Club, Chicago, in 1914. La

MILT MESIROW

continued from page 2

fingers. In other words, one cannot say that such-and-such a combination of notes constitutes a "Chicago style" phrase, or, as is often fallaciously assumed, that the style necessarily involves an economy of notes. The fact that it is possible to play in Chicago style even on the drums should be sufficient refutation of this line of argument.

Chicago Stylised

In his attempt to transmit and convey a certain state of the emotions, the Chicago style musician avoids all gaudy showmanship, all gold-coating. He obtains many of his effects from dynamics, and often thinks in terms of short but perfectly constructed phrases. The effect is that of something pent up, whereas the Easterner is inclined to let it rip. Perhaps the simplest parallel is this: Chicago style is like a balloon about to burst; Eastern style is the balloon bursting.

Compare the improvisations in Mesirov's *Apologies* or *Sending The Vipers* and the McKenzie-Condon *Nobody's Sweetheart* with any recent record by Fats Waller or Mennone or Isham Jones' Juniors. The contrasts will be noticeable. But admittedly there is very seldom any hard-and-fast line to be drawn regarding the style of any bunch of jamsters. As long as they all play good jazz, they can dominate it or analyse it as they please.

All I know is that, at the first available opportunity, I'll be back again in this bewildering but wonderful land of bad food, swift action, and great music

In the meantime—Southampton, here I come!

Melody Maker

SEPTEMBER 5, 1936

★

Vol. XII. No. 172

BRYANT BRIGHTENS UP

by
Geoffrey
Marne



WILLIE BRYANT, Harlem's most popular personality bandleader, is one of those fortunate people who manage to fall on their feet several times in succession.

After many difficulties and persistent rumours that his band was breaking up, Willie has now re-established himself as the figurehead of one of the more important American sepien orchestras.

So light of skin that he might easily be taken for a Latin from Manhattan, Willie was originally a dancer. The team of Bryant and Reed was very well known amongst white and coloured audiences. Leonard Reed, you may remember, was part author of the number *It's Over Because We're Through*, which Bryant uses as his signature tune.

Teddy Wilson

Willie
Bryant

●
George Matthews, 1st Trombone, Arranger.
John "Shorty" Horton, 2nd Trombone.
Roger Ameres ("Ram"), Piano, Arranger.
Arnold Adams, Guitar, Vocalist.
Ernest (Bass) Hill, Bass.
William "Cozy" Cole, Drums.

In addition to his pride in several of the individual artists playing with his band, Willie Bryant takes great joy in recording an interesting fact connected with the history of the orchestra.

This is that, during the year 1935, they made no less than nine one-week appearances at the Apollo, which must surely constitute a record number of return dates for any band anywhere.

So, if we are to believe this lanky, electric, dark-eyed young man, we may hear great things from the Bryant bunch yet. We shall await their future records with interest.

●
The complete line-up when last I had it, was as follows:—

Willie Bryant, Leader, Vocalist.
Glynis Paque, 1st Alto and Clarinet.
Johnny Russell, 1st Tenor, Clarinet and Violin.
Charles Frazer, 2nd Tenor, Clarinet and Flute.
Stanley Payne, Alto, Violin, Composer and Arranger.
Richard Clark, 1st Trumpet.
Jack Butler, 2nd Trumpet, Arranger and occasional Vocalist.
John Hamilton, 3rd Trumpet.

radio

STAR, Thurs. Sep. 10th

NATIONAL

(1,500m., 200kc., & 261.1m., 1,149kc.)

6.0.—TIME, WEATHER and NEWS.
6.30 (not 261.1m.)—THE B.B.C. MILITARY BAND, conducted by WILLIAM J. MATTHEWS; ALFREDO TOMASINI (baritone).

7.30 (not 261.1m.)—Josef Marais and his Bushveld Band in Camp Fire on the Karroo, devised by Josef Marais; written by Peter Downe; music and words by Josef Marais and Albert Diggendorf; produced by Bryan Michie, with JOSEF MARAIS, DOUGLAS BIRNIE, JERRY GERRARD and THE BUSHVELD BOYS.

8.0.—Promenade Concert (Part 1) (Sibelius); MURIEL BRUNSKILL (contralto); ARTHUR CATERALL (violin); B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (principal violin, Marie Wilson), conducted by SIR HENRY J. WOOD, from Queen's Hall, London.

9.40.—NEWS and WEATHER.
10.10.—Short mid-week service, conducted by REV. E. N. PORTER GOFF; organist, REGINALD GOSS-CUSTARD, from St. Michael's, Chester-square.

10.30.—LESLIE BRIDGEWATER QUIN-TET.

11.15.—LOU PREAGER and his BAND.
11.30-12.0.—TIME: dance music records.

REGIONAL

(342.1m., 877kc.)

6.0.—TIME, WEATHER and NEWS.

6.30.—NATIONAL PROGRAM.

8.0.—GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD and his SIX SWINGERS in the second of a series of three programs: Evergreens of Jazz; devised by LEONARD FEATHER.

THE RADIO TIMES, ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 4, 1936

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

WITH shameless immodesty, I propose to talk about myself this week. Or, rather, about my 'Evergreens Of Jazz' series, the second programme of which will be on the air next Thursday evening in the Regional programme.

These programmes are based on a series of articles in which I dealt with the histories of no fewer than fifty-two of these old jazz songs. The compilation of data concerning these tunes raised a number of interesting problems. What makes a song evergreen? Why do some numbers which appear to have no particular qualifications become permanently popular, where others of no more or less artistic value die a rapid death?

The answer lies, for the most part, in the age of these tunes. Most of them, you will notice, date back to the pre-war or post-war days, when there were comparatively few dance tunes published, and each one was drummed into the ears of musicians and public long enough to become firmly established as an institution.

Those numbers which have become 'evergreens' since the advent of radio (for example, 'I can't give you anything but love', 'Star Dust', 'Old Man River') are in most cases indebted to consistent support by one particular artist, or to one outstandingly brilliant recording which was subsequently copied by countless other artists.

Another explanation is that all these tunes are based on simple harmonic routines which furnish the ideal foundation for 'hot' choruses. They are the tunes you will hear any little band using for improvisation at a night club in the small hours, when their repertoire of present-day hits has become exhausted.

The greatest favourite of all is the traditional Negro twelve-bar blues, which has been written and re-written under hundreds of different titles, but which is best known as the chorus of 'St. Louis Blues'. The next greatest favourite is 'Tiger Rag', which still earns some £1,250 a year in royalties for la Rocca. The only English tune to become an international perennial is the late Philip Braham's 'Limehouse Blues' (1922).

Altogether there must be close on a hundred of these numbers. In the three broadcasts, George Scott Wood and his Six Swingers will have time to include altogether about twenty-five of the best known. I hope you will enjoy listening to them as much as the boys enjoy playing them.

It is rare, in this commercial era, to find a band leader whose heart and soul are in making good music rather than making any music which will make him some money. Val Rosing, the vocalist who now has his own dance orchestra, must be one of the exceptions to this most lamentable rule.

The new Rosing band is worthy of your alert attention. Constructed on similar lines to Red Norvo's Swing Sextet, which Rosing admired on records, it represents his effort to prove that a variety of pleasant tonal effects can be achieved with a small band. The combination consists of tenor saxophone (Don Barrigo), clarinet (Frank Weir), trumpet (Chick Smith), and rhythm section (two pianos, guitar, drums, and bass).

Val believes that it is possible to put over swing arrangements of popular tunes which, while appealing to the real jazz fan, will not destroy the original melody far enough to offend the more conventional-minded listener.

THE RADIO TIMES, ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 11, 1936

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

BILLY THORBURN, though he is one of this season's big crop of new band leaders, should be no stranger to listeners, for he has been working with broadcasting bands since 1923. The formation of his own orchestra is the logical culmination of a career that began in 1908, when, at the age of eight, he was a member of a travelling concert party.

It was a devious route that brought him into dance music. At eleven years of age he was the organist of Holy Trinity in North Kensington, his native neighbourhood. Then at nineteen, just after he left the Royal Air Force, he was offered an engagement with that old dihard of ragtime, Murray Piker. His next moves took him to Jack Hylton's Band on the Queen's Hall roof, and to the Savoy Orpheans.

Listeners who were schoolchildren in 1924 may remember Billy Thorburn under the name of 'Uncle Jazz', for those were the days when he would run across from the Savoy Hotel to Savoy Hill, playing popular tunes in the Children's Hour from 2LO. Another early radio experience was his broadcast with a large band from an airplane, in 1925. He still has vivid memories of the little portable piano nearly swaying out an open window, and having to be held down by two of the other musicians.

The Thorburn band excludes all brass instruments. In adopting this measure as part of his musical policy, Billy asserts that it is always the 'blaring trumpets' that are the objects of public censure. By employing a large string section and two alto sax men who 'double' on baritone sax, he believes he can obtain all the tonal effects and variations in pitch required. He also believes in 'playing tunes as they are, with a minimum of frills'.

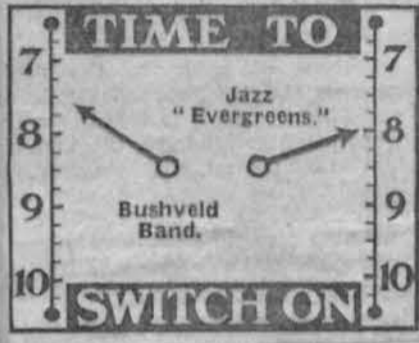
I have always been sceptical about this no-brass policy; but perhaps the arrangements, written by Thorburn himself or by Leslie Franks, his viola player, may surmount the limitations involved.

Another artist whose name will be new to many, and who, like Billy Thorburn, can be heard on the air tomorrow (Saturday), is Gerry Moore, who is offering a solo piano recital at 6.30 p.m.

Until swing music acquired its recent prestige as a popular fad, Gerry's unusual talent went unappreciated for many years, outside of a small coterie of musicians to whom he has always been one of this country's most inspired rhythmic pianists. Because he was not a very fast reader of music, he never secured a job with a big band, and was obliged to build up his reputation by playing in small night-clubs, where his success was more artistic than commercial.

Dotted Notes

Teddy Joyce and his band begin work next Tuesday in Johannesburg, where they have been engaged by the Government for the Empire Exhibition. . . . Jack Hylton assembled a group of English musicians for some records the other day, but still has no permanently formed band on either side of the Atlantic, and still may not return to America after all. . . . Louis Armstrong appears in the new Bing Crosby picture, *Pennies from Heaven*. . . . Benny Goodman's Orchestra will be seen on the screen in *Big Broadcast of 1937*. . . . Valaida, Armstrong's feminine counterpart, is playing her trumpet on the English music-halls again. . . . Les Allen and Kitty Masters have teamed up for a new variety turn.



8.0 GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD AND HIS SIX SWINGERS

in the second of a series of three programmes

'Evergreens of Jazz'

devised by LEONARD FEATHER

See this week's 'Tempo di Jazz' on p. 13

Another "Evergreens of Jazz" programme is given by George Scott-Wood's Six Swingers (8).

Beromunster broadcasts "The Merry Widow" (8), Prague "Countess Maritza" (7.30), Rome "I Pagliacci" (8.40), and Stockholm "The Count of Luxembourg" (8).

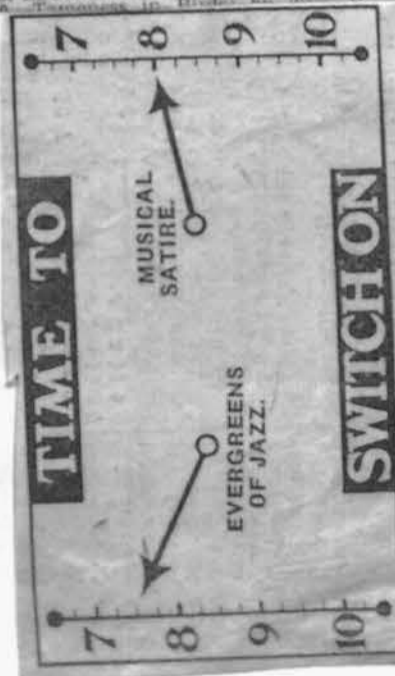
SPECIAL FEATURES

D. TELEGRAPH

REGIONAL
8.0. EVERGREENS OF
JAZZ

STAR, TUES. SEPT. 22ND

7.30.—GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD and his SIX SWINGERS: in the last of a series of three programs, Evergreens of Jazz, composed by LEONARD FEATHER.



8.0.—George Scott-Wood and his Six Swingers: Evergreens of Jazz, devised by Leonard Feather.

Scott-Wood's Six Swingers in second of series of three programmes: Evergreens of Jazz, devised by Leonard Feather.

8.0.—GEORGE SCOTT-WOOD and his SIX SWINGERS in the second of a series of three programmes: Evergreens of Jazz, devised by Leonard Feather.

George Scott-Wood and his Six Swingers in the second of a series of three programmes: Evergreens of Jazz, devised by Leonard Feather.

George Scott-Wood and his Six Swingers: Evergreens of Jazz, devised by Leonard Feather.

George Scott-Wood and his Six Swingers: Evergreens of Jazz, devised by Leonard Feather.

ENGLISH NEWS & REVIEWS

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

England's Dullest Summer in Ten Years

In almost every respect, the English music business has been suffering one of the dullest summer seasons of the past decade. The weather has been miserable throughout, which has ruined trade instead of helping it, and instead of realizing that they might have done better to keep their bands on, many West End establishments have closed down their dance rooms for the season.

Had they taken into consideration the comparatively prosperous state of affairs existing earlier in the year, they might have realized the value of retaining their orchestras throughout the slump season; but, as it is at present, there are only three smart London hotel spots where one can dance in the evenings—the Mayfair, the Savoy, and the London Casino, and of these the first two are employing deputy bands. To be exact the Café de Paris is still open at the time of writing, but will close shortly. Such places as the Grosvenor, the Ritz and the Dorchester have all suspended their bands.

The main difference between the English and American situations is that in this country a band settles into a hotel job with a confident expectation of staying there for life, and on being thrown on its own resources often finds very little to do in the way of road tours or one-nighters.

Mixed Reception for B.B.C. Dance Band's Stage Appearance

Henry Hall and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra made one of their rare personal appearances when they played a week at the London Palladium last month. The act went well with the public, but had a cool reception with musicians, chief complaint being that Hall's large array of vocalists was featured to the detriment of the band itself. One could scarcely notice the remarkably good influence that Benny Carter has had on the band as staff arranger. Incidentally, Carter is currently vacationing in Belgium, and rejoins Hall in mid-September.

Four weeks after Hall's appearance the Palladium found itself very short of a headline act and frantically contacted Hall to fill the bill for them. After holding out until within three days of the opening night Hall finally consented to play another week, and the act is now somewhat improved.

Lew Stone in U. S.

Lew Stone, once leader of Britain's greatest dance band, and still leader of one of the most popular West-End outfits, has departed for a five weeks' vacation in the United States. His stay in New York will be brief.

No, he is not bringing his band to America, and he is not staying in America and forming an all-American band. In fact, he has contracts which will bring him back to London this month to play the Café de Paris.

Stone was responsible to a large extent for the rise to fame of such stars as Al Bowlly, Nat Gonella and Stanley Black. He is himself a brilliant arranger who worked for many years with Ambrose and Roy Fox.

Ruth Etting, Buck & Bubbles Headlining English Revue

Ruth Etting, always one of the most popular American name-vocalists in this country, has arrived in town to star in a revue called *Ferry Tales*, produced by Felix Ferry with special music by Ray Henderson.

In the same show are Buck & Bubbles, colored comedy act, with whom the British public is already familiar. Buck, as you may remember, is a brilliant swing pianist and the Rhythm Clubs have already rushed at the opportunity of having him entertain them. He has recorded with Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Coleman Hawkins and others, and thus has a big reputation with the fans over here.

Shorts

British Broadcasting Corporation reported to be listening at last to the pleas of dance band leaders regarding inadequacy of broadcasting fees. One band has been offered five dates all within fourteen days of each other at a fee nearly doubling anything it has received before. . . . Maybe this will really start something. . . . *Ray Noble, Bill Harty, Al Bowlly* all looked in for a short vacation prior to resuming their activities in the States. . . . *Sydney Kyte*, formerly rated pretty low amongst English jazz connoisseurs, gradually gathering an interesting array of good soloists, including *Andy McDevitt*, clarinet, *Miff Smith*, trombone, *Barry Wick*, drums, *Bobby McGee*, piano, *Sam Gelsley*, guitar; also English colored blues singer *Dinah Miller*. . . . *Al Davison*, old-timer of British jazz and brilliantly cultured musician with Bachelor of Music degree, died after a heart-attack. . . . *Jack Hylton* and *Jack Buchanan* plan to bring *Porgy and Bess* over here in the winter. . . . *Ken Snake-Hips Johnson*, formerly well known in Hollywood as a dancer and showman, now scoring with his all-British colored band, "The Jamaican Aristocrats." Trumpet player *Leslie Thompson*, who arranges for the band and rehearses them, is largely responsible for his success.

European Records

Even if the number of worthwhile orchestral jazz records made in Europe is rather limited, there are more than a few piano solo discs which merit attention. Foremost amongst them are the six sides recorded for Brunswick by Garland Wilson, who arrived here some years ago as accompanist to Nina Mae McKinney, subsequently joining Jack Payne's Band. The discs were recorded in Paris, but are released in England: *Blues in B Flat*, *Get Up, Bezzie*, on 1476; *China Boy*, *Mood Indigo* on 01692; *The Way I Feel*, *You Rascal You* on 01784.

Garland is a strangely erratic artist, his legitimate technique being negligible, which means that there are some things he can do amazingly well and others he cannot do at all and should not attempt. In the first class comes his mastery of the blues (both sides of 1476 are based on the twelve-bar theme, one slow and one fast). In the second and less happy class comes

his astonishingly fast-moving left hand on the terrific tempos he often sets. Amazing though this is to watch, the results would be more agreeable if Garland hit a right note every now and then. *China Boy* demonstrates this shortcoming, as well as his well-worn effect of playing a chorus with crossed hands to the detriment of both rhythm and melody.

He is one of the few who can mess around with Duke's tunes and make us enjoy rather than resent it, as witness *Mood Indigo*. He has a stock tremolo effect of unequal intensity and strength which often serves him as a bridge between choruses. Another typical Wilson trick is the octave style with grace notes, right at the top of the keyboard; this is heard to advantage in *The Way I Feel*, a pleasant and simple tune of his own.

Since *You Rascal You* is seventeen choruses long and each chorus calls for an individual criticism, it will be hopeless to try to deal with it here. However, Mr. Wilson (no relation to Teddy) is an artist of distinct, if variable, value. If you want to hear him I suggest that it be 1476.

Band Reviews (Maximum Marking: Four Stars)

***Jack Jackson and his Band, Dorchester Hotel, London.**

Line-up: Trumpet: Jimmy Lonie; trumpet, saxes, violin: Stan Andrews; trombone: Ed Peterson; saxes: E. O. Pogson, Alan Warren, Jack Shields; pianos: Charles Tode, Harry Rubin; guitar: Chappie d'Amato; drums: Jack Hunter; bass: Clem Lawton.

Vocals: Fred Latham, Chappie d'Amato, Harry Shalson, Jean Dillon.
Chief Arrangers: Jack Jackson, Stan Andrews.

Broadcasts: Every other Wednesday, 5.30 p. m. E.D.S.T. Signature tune.

Records: H. M. V.

History: Born in Yorkshire twenty-nine years ago, Jack Jackson started bandleading in 1926, when he played violin and cello. In 1929 he became Jack Hylton's star trumpet player. He also played trumpet with such leaders as Ambrose, the late Bert Ralton, Howard Jacobs, and Percival Mackey. In 1931, joining Jack Payne's old B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, he earned great popularity with his trumpet playing, singing and comedy stuff. Leaving Payne in March 1933, he formed his own band in August of that year to open the Dorchester in Park Lane, London's smartest hotel. The unit has remained there almost continuously ever since. Jackson himself seldom leads on trumpet nowadays, and is known simply as a leader rather than an instrumentalist or personality man.

Comment: For one who used to be known as a hot soloist and who recorded with such outfits as the 'Ye Hughes' in the old days, Jack Jackson shows remarkably little enterprise or guts in his musical policy at the Dorchester. While there is no definite tendency towards out-and-out schmaltz, it cannot be said that the orchestra veers positively in any other direction, such as comedy or entertainment. It just sails along uneventfully, trundling out the usual commercial tunes in the same straightforward fashion.

The orchestrations must be largely to blame. They lack color and spirit, there is too much doubling of the melody line, too little attempt at the most rudimentary counterpoint, and generally no sign of any effort to get out of the rut. In a fast-moving, cheerful type of number

common to hear the arrangement split up into meagre little phrases which leave it to the far from sensational rhythm section to fill the gaps. *These Foolish Things* and other numbers of the same type, taken at twice the requisite tempo and expressively sung, can well be called foolish.

As you might guess from the above comments, there is a minimum of solo work offered by the band, and of this very little is improvised. The trombone manages to produce that dirge-like effect which seems to be the birth-right of English bands; the pianist is straight and respectable; the tenor gets off occasionally for a few bars with moderate success.

The band is not really lacking in good musicians: Pogson is a first-class lead man, and Stan Andrews an all-round star; yet you would hardly notice it.

Of the vocalists, the artist to show up best recently is a new addition, Jean Dillon from the Dorchester Follies show. Her singing has more character and style than the band which accompanies her. The comedy duets by Harry Shalson and Chappie d'Amato are poor from every point of view—tone, harmony, and especially humor.

To sum up, this is a band which reads its part well and no more. Because it never blares or disturbs the customers at the elegant establishment which houses it, there are no complaints; but as a musicians' band, it's no bargain.

ELLINGTON



Left: Ed. Farley, Red McKenzie and Mike Riley get ready for any further remarks about "Round and Round."
Right: Bob Haggard, bassist and arranger with Bob Crosby.

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra.
"Kissing My Baby Goodnight."
"Oh Babe! Maybe Someday."
(Bruns. 02268.)

HERE is some work to be ploughed through this week, my friends; but nothing could make the commencement of the task more pleasant than this new and grand Ellington record.

Though the first side is an ordinary commercial tune, and the reverse, with both words and music by Duke, an equally simple work, this shouldn't worry you, since it obviously didn't worry Duke or prevent him from putting his best efforts into both recordings.

What more could one want of him than what he offers here, I ask you? With Bigard, Hodges and others doing the inimitable and fascinating things we expect of them, and with good vocals by Ivie Anderson, who has either improved enormously or grown on me gradually; with exemplary bass work and Duke's own piano at its best behind the singing; with all these things, I say, it can hardly represent anything but mental perversion to maintain that Duke has declined.

Entrancing Piece of Work

It is a pity *Oh Babe* ends so abruptly. This is the only blot on an otherwise completely entrancing piece of work. And as if the rhythm section were not grand enough already, the brass figures behind

Hodges' solo provide a sort of supplementary rhythm section by themselves.

Strange that while Duke is featuring so much vocal work in his records, Teddy Wilson has now come along with his first vocalless coupling:—

Teddy Wilson And His Orchestra.
"Blues In C Sharp Minor."
"Warming Up."
(Bruns. 02256.)

You will need a good machine to get the full effect of the blues, for it features Israel Crosby on bass. From start to finish, he just repeats a two-bar rhythmic phrase, which is very heavily recorded and may distract your attention from the solos. And, as in *Blues Of Israel*, his pitch is at times very doubtful. But, also as in *B. of I.*, the record is so good that this fault should not disturb you. Choo and Roy Eldridge distinguish themselves particularly.

Chorus On Chords

Warmin' Up, Teddy's "composition," is just a set of chords somewhat similar to those of *I've Found A New Baby*. It consists of a series of solos leading up to a half-chorus on a simple "lick" and an all-in ending. I like it all, and I like the solos; but if you want to hear Teddy himself at his very, very best, try—

Benny Goodman Trio.
"More Than You Know."
"China Boy."
(H.M.V. B8467.)

—and concentrate on the first side. This lovely old commercial tune makes an ideal vehicle for Benny and Teddy, and once again they attain the brilliant standard of the original two trio records. The recording is much kinder to the piano than either side of the Brunswick disc above. As for the playing and for the understanding between the two musicians, these are things



sa
most unimportant side—Edy should have credits. His job on the factor in Goodman, prefer the My own *Dust*, for popularity tune for

That op crotchets, melody s "jazz up" This is w Benny Go for all its ning, I be the first r sky-high bands are big white though De that exqu blend.

Bob Cr "E" "C"

you must absorb for yourself, I cannot start to describe them.

As an instance of Benny's artistry, though, I would point out that amazing little cluster of notes in the last bar of the record. This is not music that you can picture on a staff; in fact, to examine the actual notes played or to write them down would be almost sacrilegious. They just sound right, and that is all you need say or think about it.

China Boy is less happy. The first chorus has several odd faults; Krupa, in addition to being frequently too loud, takes a solo chorus, which neither he nor any other drummer in the world could justify; the coda rambles pointlessly for a few bars before coming back magnificently into the groove for the last four bars. But even at this breakneck tempo Teddy and Benny play some exciting and impeccable stuff.

Louis Armstrong And His Orchestra.
"Lyn' To Myself."
"Eventide."
(Decca F 6040.)
"Thankful."
"Swing That Music."
(Decca F 6066.)

The first side is perhaps the least weak of these four, and the last is the weakest. All four present the worst features of both Armstrong and his band. Neither record is worth your attention in this prolific month.

Fats Waller And His Rhythm.
"Let's Sing Again."
"Crosspatch."
(H.M.V. BD 5098.)

If you happen to want records of these particular pop songs, you may as well get Fats Waller's, which are probably better than the other people's versions. There's no other excuse for bothering with this one.

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra.
"Star Dust."
Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.
"Star Dust."
(H.M.V. B8468.)

This makes an extremely interesting, if not particularly instructive, coupling. The personnel of both bands are given on the labels, though I find it

I have t cause they some men of in futur ordinary te on clarinet section, if Lamare and

Miller do the Crosby purpose in backing, by likeable nu and playin standards.
Bob Cros out to be best type, with a good *Sota* is a never felt as played whose tron opus; but, the Bob Cr elegant, wit of Yank La
Next mon

STILL ON HIGH

ys "ROPHONE," deputising for "Mike"
in the Review of Hot Records

ir that one of the most im-
people on Tommy Dorsey's
he Wright, the vocalist—
ve been omitted from the
er straightforward, agreeable
refrain may be the deciding
your decision for or against
according to whether you
number to be sung or not.

chief concern is that *Star*
all its beauty and persistent
is not the world's easiest
a swing band.

Should Be Left Alone

ming, with its eight straight
makes any variation of the
und-like an attempt to
or "syncopate" the theme.
at very nearly happens in
dman's first chorus, and so,
inaneity in the very begin-
lieve Tommy takes points in
und for his faultless solo in
register. Otherwise, both
as near perfection as any
orchestra for a long time,
rey has not quite achieved
site Goodman sax section

Farlem Hot Shots.
reeze."
lues Have Got Me."
ocalion Swing 17.)
osby And His Orchestra.
Big Chief De Sota."
ross Patch."
(Decca F6041.)

unched these together be-
both give you samples of
you are going to hear a lot
e—Eddie Miller, the extra-
nor man; Mattie Matlock
and an excellent rhythm
cluding Bauduc, Hilton
Gil Bowers.

an't have many chances in
disc, but gets off to some
Breeze. Both this and the
the way, are particularly
mbers, with Wingy singing
g well above his recent

spatch (pardon me) turns
a commercial disc of the
well arranged and played
half-chorus by Mattie. *De*
number for which I have
any great sympathy, even
by Fletcher Henderson,
bonist, Arbello, wrote the
except for the first chorus,
osby Band's arrangement is
a more Mattie and plenty
wson's admirable trumpet.
th Decca has promised to

issue the Crosby Muskrat Rumble and
Dixieland Shugfie, in which the band
really emerges from its chrysalis.
Look out for shocks.

For a contrast with the Crosby *De*
Sota lend an ear to—

Ray Noble And His Orchestra.
"Big Chief De Sota."
(H.M.V. BD 5095.)

The miserable sort of arrangement,
which Johnny Mince's clarinet and
Sterling Bose's queerly effective vocal
cannot retrieve, furnishes an en-
lightening contrast with Crosby's
version. Backing is *Empty Saddles*—
not my department.

Hudson-deLange Orchestra.
"Hobo On Park Avenue."
"Monopoly Swing."
(Bruno. 02250.)

This band is capable of distinguish-
ing itself nowadays, but *Hobo* is a poor
example. It is just a string of riffs
and licks, mostly uninspired and some
unoriginal, which, though they may
dazzle you at first, will not stand the
test of time. *Monopoly Swing* is the
same sort of thing, but much more
successfully done. There is a good
trumpet, Ralph Hollenbeck, and a fair
tenor.

It won't be long before this band

turns out a completely satisfying
record.

Original Dixieland Jazz Band.
"Tiger Rag."
"Jazz Me Blues."
(H.M.V. B8406.)

See my remarks about the old
Ellington record last week; double
them, and then decide for yourself.

Louis Armstrong And His Hot Five.
"Squeeze Me."
"Once In Awhile."
(Parlo. R2242.)

Squeeze Me, dating from the Hines
era, has grand moments of Louis and
Earl, horribly bad three-part vocal
chords in Louis's scat vocal, and an
incredibly crude banjo player whom
you can hear breaking a string at the
beginning of the last chorus! With
all its faults, it is a record you must
at least hear.

Even in *Once In Awhile* (pre-Hines,
and too old for comfort) everything
Louis himself does is unalloyed gold.

The above thirteen records (yes, thir-
teen of 'em!) complete the important
Sept. 1 issues. There are a few unim-
portant odds and ends left over which
I'll skim through next week. By then
I shall probably also have some mid-
months on my hands.

What a life!

Hot Records Reviewed

Superb Examples of UNCONDITIONAL BUSKING

Billy Banks' Chicago Rhythm Kings.

"Mean Old Bed Bug Blues."

"Yellow Dog Blues."

(Vocalion 20.)

Delta Four.

"Farewell Blues."

"Swingin' On That Famous Door."

(Bruno, 02273.)

BOTH these records are such superb examples of unconditional busking that when you have learned to appreciate them you can flatter yourself that you really understand something about hot music.

Three of the four sides are just plain blues, the fourth being an equally simple theme (Farewell Blues). The first two sides have vocals that sound just as completely improvised as the instrumental solos, which is as it should be.

If you are in the mood, you will enjoy each record from start to finish, ignoring the slight faults and inequality of the solos. Fats Waller, in the Vocalion, shines particularly. It is only after hearing him go to town in a record of this type that one realizes the insignificance of his more recent material (e.g., the new issue reviewed last week). Henry Allen also does well, and the rhythm section should need no further recommendation than that it is similar to that heard in the previous Banks release, Baldheaded Mama.

Relict of Wingy

The Delta Four disc is no less exciting. A relic of the days when Wingy's quartet was playing at the now defunct Famous Door, it features Eldridge in place of Wingy, who was under contract elsewhere. Eldridge's more abandoned style seems to send Marsala, Sid Weiss and Carmen Mastren sky-high. The guitar work in Farewell Blues bears comparison with anything Condon has ever recorded in a rhythm section.

Swingin' At The Famous Door

"ROPHONE," still deputising for "MIKE" (who returns next week with an attack on the Benny Carter Hot Waltz record!) finds much to enjoy and plenty to criticise in the month's issues

(this is the correct title, not the one on the label) is the more formless of the two sides, but I don't believe form should be taken into consideration on such records. In the same way that the horrible phrase "a slice of life" is applied to a themeless short story, this record might be called a slice of Fifty-Second Street life. It takes you into that magic world of jazz for three minutes, and should leave you breathless and excited.

By the way, I don't think the word String on the label personnel is going to make it clear to poor old John Public that the instrument referred to is a string bass, do you?

Bob Crosby and his Orchestra.

"Dixieland Shuffle."

"Muskrat Ramble."

(Decca F4967.)

I warned you to look out for shocks when a real Bob Crosby record came along. Now, here it is. Meet the greatest new white band of the year, playing two of Bob Haggart's arrangements in the amazingly authentic neo-Dixieland style which the band has set for itself.

Without resorting to corn or old-fashioned ensemble busks, this band has managed to create an atmosphere all its own in its library of old-time swing numbers. Dixieland Shuffle is based on the blues; Muskrat Ramble, parts of the arrangement of which are copied from a ten-year-old Armstrong record, is a grand old tune similar to Shim-Me-See-Webbie.

Haggart's arranging is one contribu-

tive factor in the establishment of this atmosphere. Others are the drumming of Bauduc, the clarinet of Matty Matlock, and the enthusiastic spirit of every man in the band.

High spots in the blues are Yank Lawson's trumpet, Eddie Miller's tenor, and the ingenious use of the trombones in ensemble passages. The duet by Matty and Hilton Lamare, though charming at first, is inclined to sound artificial after a dozen playings.

Without following the current practice of copying Goodman, this band has become a complete success with a character of its own. It is grand to be able to listen to a record and think instinctively "That must be Crosby's Band." This is what happened when I listened to a vocal disc by Judy Garland (Bruno, 02267). If that isn't Bob's bunch playing an orchestral chorus on each side, then he must have some imitators already.

Cleo Brown (Vocal and Piano).

"My Gal Mexzantine."

"Love In The First Degree."

(Brunswick 02271.)

A few rough edges here and there, but easy on the ears as usual. Cleo's records may sound all the same, but they're all good.

Just Like That

Milt Herth (Organ).

"Basin Street Blues."

"Stompin' At The Savoy."

(Brunswick 02278.)

I'm sure it is possible to swing on an organ, but this fellow simply doesn't. He's as corny as they come.

Joe Haymes and his Orchestra.

"St. Louis Blues."

"Should I?"

(Vocalion 21.)

After Crosby's, this Haymes Band must be one of the few new bands that really matter. Joe Haymes, besides being an out-of-the-ordinary leader and arranger, is one of the few men who can occasionally slip in a cliché and get away with it.

An odd point about this record is that the outstanding solo man, Fred Falensky (tenor sax), nearly prompted



J. C. Huggins, the famous slip-horn merchant, and Elmer James, the bassist, both of the Blue Rhythm Band.



Jack Teagarden caught at the microphone in one of his inimitable vocals

me to say that he is greater than either of Benny Goodman's tenor men; but just as I was about to put this statement to paper, word came through that he has left Haymes to join Goodman's Band! Anyway, if you want to listen to some swell tenor work, here's the record.

The other solos, excepting the piano, are all good, though Michael lets through a couple of doubtful notes in St. Louis Blues. The recording is most inadequate, and St. Louis is about the loudest record I've ever heard. But as the first real example of typical Haymes to be issued here, the record is worth while.

Broadway Rhythm Kings.

"You Never Looked So Beautiful," Louis "King" Gomez and his Swing Band.

"There Is No Greater Love."

(Regal, 02272.)

This "Broadway Rhythm Kings" side, issued at a shilling, with a fairly good backing, was made at the same session as The Touch Of Your Lips, issued under Stew Fitcher's name on H.M.V.

at half-a-crown (with a poor backing)! Norvo bobs up here and there through the disc, and the little band swings beautifully. Against that there is Stew's puerile vocal.

The Garcia side is an average swing rendering of a pop song, with a little of Herbie Haymer's very good tenor.

Beware of this "Broadway Rhythm Kings" stunt. On the same list there is another single side with this nomenclature (on MR2172), though this is an entirely different band and not of the slightest interest.

Tommy On the Up

Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. "You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby."

(H.M.V. BD5699.)

There are times when you could easily mistake Tommy's Band for Goodman's here. This is a first-class semi-swing arrangement of a silly number, with some fair solo work by Bud Freeman. Reverse is a Ruby Newman

commercial; but Spinach is at least worth an audition.

Benny Carter and his Swing Quartet. "Tiger Rag."

(Vocalion 19.)

In the excitement over Waltzing The Blues, we all forgot that the record had another side. Tiger Rag is a grand free-for-all fight, wherein Benny puts all his heart and soul and might into his tenor work. Bernard Addison's solo is really sump'n—and this time he plays in tune. Altogether, a very engaging record.

Jimmie Lunceford and his Orchestra. "Kunnin' Wild."

"The Melody Man." (Brunswick 02277.)

This is an awful let-down after my build-up on the last Lunceford release. The first side is an old recording that would have been better forgotten about. Really a horrible affair. The reverse comes from the My Blue Heaven session, but is not so satisfactory, for even here the screeching trumpet is not suppressed.



RIDE WITH THE SHRINERS
MON. NITE, JULY 27
MEDINAH TEMPLE INVITES YOU
To Their Annual Frolic and Excursion
 Steamer Leaves Washington Avenue 9:30 P.M.
ADVANCE TICKETS, 50c
 TICKETS AFTER 5 P.M.—75 CENTS

Special Popular Dancing Program
CREATH AND MARABLE
 AND THEIR FAMOUS BIG BAND

AUTOS PARKED FREE AT THE WHARF

The Colossal excursion queen
Saint Paul

A facsimile of the advertisement from a St. Louis newspaper telling of the whereabouts of Louis Armstrong's teacher

DAWN was just intruding on our fitful sleep as the Transcontinental coach pulled across the vast bridge that separates East St. Louis from its brother city over the river. The all-night journey from Chicago had wearied us just as if each one of us had spent the entire eight hours at the steering-wheel on the two hundred and fifty mile route. Sitting bolt upright in the humid, panting heat of the night, with an interruption every hour or two for a wayside Coca-Cola, it had been worse for Luis Russell than any rehearsal or performance; worse for the others in the band than the thought of the one-night stand for which the journey had been made.

Dog-Tired and All-In

The morning and afternoon in this grey, flat city, with its few streets of protuberant skyscrapers, could hardly have been devoted to anything but sleep. Louis and Alpha arrived by train an hour ahead of us, dozing off in a room beaten by the blazing sun, while Louis's

manager prepared details at the scene of the evening's fiesta.

The whole city seemed aware of Louis's advent. Cars streamed by with big placards attached to doors and spare tyres; billposters had plastered the whole town with Louis's pictures, and in the coloured quarter there was scarcely a shop that did not proclaim that the king of trumpeters was paying his first visit for many years to the Mound City.

The dance, catering to coloured people only, was to be held at the Coliseum, a vast converted skating rink and swimming pool which now formed a stadium for ten thousand. A second band was to start the evening, followed by Luis Russell with the band, and at ten o'clock or so Louis himself would greet the multitudes around the bandstand like a prize-fighter about to win the world's championship.

Over dinner in a little coloured food-shop, ventilated by droning fans, I showed Louis a clipping from the local paper telling of the trips run nightly on the "Colossal excursion queen," the *Saint Paul*, trudging down the Mississippi to the tune of "Creath And Marable and Their Famous Big Band." I wondered if this was the same Fate Marable whose name I had so often heard in association with Louis's childhood and youth.

"Sure, that's Fate Marable!" said Louis. "Charlie Creath's his

SWINGING down MISSISSIPPI



Fate Marable, grand old-timer of the river boats, and Louis Armstrong

partner. I used to work on them boats with Fate in—must have been 1919. We were the first coloured band that ever worked the boats. Old 'Pop' Foster was swingin' along with us, too; and Babe Dodds on drums. Babe's running two or three taxis now—he's doin' all right. Say, would you like me to take you along there? I'll introduce you to Fate, and you can go on the trip and come back to the dance afterwards."

Dinner finished, we took a cab down to the wharf, where hundreds of cars were lined up, their roofs glittering in the sunset, alongside the great quay where the *Saint Paul* lay anchored. Scores of St. Louis's fairest maids and smartest youths streamed across the gangway as the time drew near for their sojourn in the cool sea breeze.

From Deck-hand to Captain

Strange though it was to this crowd to see a coloured person entering as a visitor, Louis felt no embarrassment as he looked round, seeking a familiar face. Suddenly he recognised an old friend, a uniformed man, and after warm handshakes he passed through into the

Leon
Feath
and
Loui
Armstr
come ac
an ecl
of the p
FAT
MARA

sounded, w
least on the
truck.

In an in
Fate M
argued me
the inform
that he had
on the
boats for
twenty-nine

since he was sixteen—ever
Charlie Mills of the *Versatile Fo*
the boats early in 1908. St. L
his port in the summer, but the
seasons take him to New O
Louisiana, to work on two
operated steamers, the *President*
the *Capitol*.

Louis Armstrong is by no mea
only embryonic star he has she

"Melody Maker" Series and Author as Radio Feature

EVERGREENS of JAZZ with the Six Swingers

"Evergreens of Jazz," Regional,
Tuesday, September 22nd, 7.30-
8 p.m.

At last I've got down to reporting one of the Six Swingers' programmes, compared by none other than Leonard Feather, this being the third and last of the series. I didn't hear the second, but even on the first our Leonard showed no signs of mike-fright.

His chatty comments were quite adequately suited to the needs of the average radio audience, although by no means as comprehensive as his original "Evergreen" articles which appeared in these pages.

The arrangements used were of a reasonable standard, but with all due respect to a thorough musician, George Scott-Wood is not by any means my idea of a swing pianist, which made me wonder why he allotted himself so much solo work.

Suggestion for George

Candidly, at the risk of offending some of our younger readers ("I am only 12 years old, and you may not think much of my opinions, but I think Harry Roy's hot"), I dislike the Six Swingers' instrumentation. I suggest to Mr. Scott-Wood that he would be agreeably surprised if he were to try two reeds and trumpet in place of the present two brass-one reed melody section. The occasional "jamming" which he allows would be a lot easier on the ears, and with the reeds doubling there would be a gain in variety of tone-colour.

Still, Freddy Gardner on these

broadcasts provided more than his full share of entertainment for the more enlightened listener, and displayed admirable prowess on bass clarinet and tenor saxophone. His solo on the latter instrument in *Basin Street Blues* was particularly pleasing. Despite the muffled intro, this was one of the best numbers played, including the Jack Teagarden chorus from the *Charleston Chasers* record scored for trombone, mellophone and baritone (I think), and a neatly-phrased trumpet chorus.

We Know Them

You will notice I have not set down the full personnel of the Six Swingers, the reason being that I'm fed up with having it dinned into me by that "Meet the Boys" number which takes up a good three minutes of every Scott-Wood programme. So next time, George, remember we know the boys by now, and let's get straight on with the washing!

Recent
Radio
Reported
by
"DETECTOR"

THE No. 1 Club's All-American night, last Monday, proved the expected success, over 200 people turning up during the evening. Leonard Feather entertained with some of the brilliant records he acquired during his recent trip to the States, while he also had cinematograph kit rigged up so that he could show a movie record of some of the interesting personalities he met.

R

I V A L F O R N A T

Teddy Foster

"SWING HIGH"

Our reviewer of British Hot Records, finds opposition for Nat Gonella in the month's releases

Teddy Foster and His Kings of Swing.

"Blue Trumpet Man."

"Some of These Days."

(Decca F. 6049.)

"Poor Dinah."

"Sugar Rose."

(Decca F. 6050.)

PRESUMABLY, this band has been formed, and these records made, in opposition to Nat Gonella. I don't think they are likely to take Nat's public away from him, for they are not so vulgarly noisy and have none of that effervescent personality which oozes from the Gonella effusions.

In fact, they are the better for it. The band is not good yet, by any means, though it may improve considerably after a month or two of steady work (at present the saxes' voicing and team-work is very poor, and the rhythm section hampered by inspirationless bass playing), but, at least, there seems to be a certain modicum of sincerity in Foster's trumpet playing. His last chorus of *Blue Trumpet Man* is not at all unpleasing.

Teddy's vocal work, on the records, is just like that of Gonella or 101 other jazz singers. There is nothing violently wrong with it, and if you like Gonella's singing you may well like this.

Sugar Rose might have been the best side of the four by a clear margin but for the mediocrity of the rhythm, which, in effect, razes (I didn't say raises) all four sides to the same level.

Poor Dinah threatens at one time to become a Gonella comedy number, but soon relapses into something quite simple and harmless, with a good clarinet obbligato to the vocal chorus.

I wish Teddy Foster would throw caution to the winds and run a real swing band. But then, caution is the watchword of British hot musicians.



Benny Carter and His Orchestra.

"I Gotta Go."

Benny Carter and His Swing Quartet.

"When Lights Are Low."

(Vocalion 16.)

"Waltzing the Blues."

"Tiger Rag."

(Vocalion 19.)

By now most of you have read so much about *Waltzing the Blues* that it would be highly redundant for me to start another encomium in this department. As I said in the MELODY MAKER, the record is bewilderingly successful, and spare copies should be preserved for posterity.

For the few stragglers who don't yet possess the disc, I might add a few words of praise for *Tiger Rag*, which bears up admirably under the strain of being swamped by the publicity that has been devoted to the other side. I have never heard a record to which the description "a good time was had by all" could be more aptly applied.

Another thing. What an extraordinarily full sound these five men produced! I have seldom heard such drive and guts from so small a combination. Bernard Addison, whose solo is mighty effective (actually more than the solo in the waltz), is prominently recorded throughout, which helps towards giving this tone and richness to the rhythm section. And just to cap it all, Bernard makes his presence felt with some alarmed shouting during the bass breaks, as if to suggest that he was worried about that gap at the end of his chorus.



Don't you worry, Bernard—it was all grand fun, and I'll bet Benny never enjoyed a tenor sax outing more in his life.

When Lights Are Low, on No. 16, is a more orderly production by the same group of folks, with the charming addition of Elisabeth Welch. Benny's alto sounds more like a tenor in the opening chorus, in which he plays the melody with a minimum of embellishments. The subtlety of this tune, as is so often the case with Carter compositions, lies more in the harmonies than in the melody. In the first six bars of each phrase the melody is constructed entirely from the dominant and mediant, but the chords give these notes an infinity of variety and character.

I Gotta Go, on the reverse, is beautifully played by the band, with Benny's exquisite tenor and alto work; Elisabeth Welch does nicely in the chorus, but is inclined to over-dramatise the verse.

And, by the way, talking about Elisabeth, did you notice how, even with his vocalists, Benny keeps up the Scots' tradition which I was the first to point out? For, though you may not have suspected it, Elisabeth Welch is half Scottish!

Ambrose and His Orchestra.

"Night Ride."

"Hide and Seek."

(Decca F. 6023.)

Hooray for Sid Phillips! He has brought Ambrose back into my depart-

S TRANGULATION FOR TRUMPET PLAYERS

Tommy McQuater,
of Ambrose's Band,
deplores the habit
of clipping notes

THERE appears to be a decided trend in modern trumpet playing towards a style which involves the clipping short of a considerable number of the notes.

I believe that many leaders lean towards this style because they feel that it makes the band's performance sound brighter, and, perhaps, more rhythmic. Leaders think that it is fashionable to have their brass men play in this manner.

Both in solo and section playing this style is becoming increasingly apparent, and whilst the effect may be said to make a band's performance sound neater, I cannot agree that the style is one to be recommended.

By cutting notes short I mean that the written melody, or harmony, part is altered by playing the notes, or a number of them, in a very clipped and staccato manner reminiscent of a woodpecker at work on a very tasty oak tree. (See the several musical examples, taken from current orchestrations, herewith.)

If the trumpet man plays in this manner it is obvious that he has plenty of unnatural rests in which to breathe, and I would go as far as to say that in many cases I have heard players who give the impression of playing a part written solely for the purpose of sitting back and taking it easy, simply because they so alter the written part that it sounds as if the part is written mainly with rest signs, with an occasional note here and there.

In my opinion, this style is directly opposed to the correct one, for dozens of very good reasons.

In the first place, it means that the trumpet player is not playing his instrument in anything like the proper manner.

By clipping his notes short he is preventing the even flow of air which is so necessary to the production of a good tone and so very necessary to the musical continuity of the tune.

The trumpet, or any brass instrument for that matter, demands that it should be filled with air before the metal will respond in the way that it should, namely, with a round tone possessing a brilliant timbre.

By playing in a clipped manner the trumpet player is metaphorically feeding an elephant with canary seed. No instrument will respond without the

necessary incentive, and, for this reason alone, if for no other, the trumpeter is wasting his time and also wasting whatever he may have spent on obtaining a decent instrument.

Musical continuity, however, is closely linked with the question of a good, full tone, because, in the first place, it is the player's tone and continuity of phrasing

Continued on page 40

Ex.1 As Printed Part "Got to Dance my way to Heaven"

As usually played in "clipped style"

Ex.2 As Printed Part "You can't pull the Wool over my Eyes"

"clipped style"

Ex.3 As Printed Part "Your Heart and Mine"

"clipped style"

Ex.4 As Printed Part "Is it True What they say about Dixie"

"clipped style"

Ex.5 As Printed Part "Would You"

"clipped style"

S

CREWY MUSIC

Ambrose and His Orchestra.

"Wood and Ivory."

"Knock, Knock, Who's There?"
(Decca F. 6052.)

"I'm Nuts About Screw Music" might well become my theme song after listening to the latest Sid Phillips' opus, for it is impossible for me to escape from the conviction that some of the queer harmony has merely been put in for effect.

Every now and then a delightful melody pops out "unadorned" in this way, and then, as though ashamed of showing such weakness, the composer goes back to his screwy stuff.

In fact, the only claim of the record as a whole is the excellent marimba playing of Jack Simpson, who is prominently featured, and the fine piano playing of Bert Barnes, who confirms my opinion that he is one of the best there is.

Whether it is the recording or not I do not know, but the present Ambrose outfit certainly lacks the elegance of the band that appeared at Covent Garden, and some of the ensembles are merely noisy and coarse to my ear.

To check up on this melancholy impression of decline, I got out Bert's record of *Dodging a Divorcée*, and, even after making every allowance for the superiority of material, the difference in the playing standard is very marked.

Still, Bert will soon be comfortably settled in the West-end again, and he will, doubtless, soon get his band back to the pitch when it will compare with anything in the world, as it undoubtedly used to.

Of the back of this disc it is only necessary to say that Max Bacon is singularly unfunny shouting his way through an opus inspired by the latest inane American craze.

Billy Cotton and His Band.

"Boris on the Bass."

"The Scene Changes."

(Regal-Zonophone MR. 2169.)

On this record Billy Cotton features the ridiculous and the (more or less) sublime equally successfully, and, apart from the fact that the comedy number is actually funny sometimes, there is some super brass playing.

Bill's brass sounds more impressive than ever, and the boys in the section play with most inspiring attack and unanimity.

"SWING LOW"

Our Reviewer of Commercial Records, talks about the month's outstanding releases

The very tuneful, but sad, Billy Hill number on the back is well handled, and it is noteworthy for the very tasteful violin playing of Phil Phillips, who gets most of the first chorus to show his paces in.

Almost equally good is the vocal chorus by Alan Breeze, with its excellent background. Alan has certainly managed to get plenty of expression into his rendering.

The only adverse criticism I have is directed against the rather ponderous manner in which the last ensemble chorus is started, but it soon picks up and a good arrangement is neatly rounded off by a nicely written coda.

Listening to Bill's records makes it quite easy to understand why he rates so highly with both musician and layman, for, taken all round, I doubt if there is a better band in the country to-day.

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, Directed by Henry Hall.

"A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody."
"Empty Saddles."
(Columbia F.B. 1478.)

Anyone who likes to hear *Melody in F* by Rubinstein should get this disc, for this agreeable morsel is heard quite a lot on the first side.

The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra plays it

very much better than it usually plays dance music, but I am rather at a loss to understand why so much of this ancient war horse was included.

The fact that the tune named on the label is such a splendid one makes the matter even more puzzling, and if it were not for the very good vocal you would not know much about it.

The last movement will probably stand as a classic example of overscoring, for at times the twiddly bits which do not mean a thing are as prominent, if not more so, than the melody.

On the credit side let it be said that the band plays with good tone, but the word "dance" should be deleted from its title, as to me it sounds more like a modern pit band.

Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye.

"Fox Trot Medley." Parts 1 and 2.
(Parlophone F. 505.)

Here, for the benefit of the apparently limitless admirers of smash-and-grab on two pianos, is the latest offering of the originators of this violent form of exercise.

One record of this type sounds very much like another, as a rule, but maybe my nerve is breaking down under the strain of hearing so many, for this one sounds more crude and tasteless than most.

Not that the boys are to be blamed for doing it, for I know I would do worse things than this for half the money they make, but it seems incredible that there can be sufficient people about to make this stuff profitable.

But evidently there are hordes of them roaming at large, and it is only possible to hope that public taste will change for the better. And to congratulate the boys on their money-making brainwave.



Dave Kaye (left) and Ivor Moreton

Rival for Nat

continued

ment with a swell record. *Night Ride* is as neat a piece of musical impressionism as I have heard for a long time.

It isn't exactly the type of jazz that excites you, but without going to your head it goes to your brain and registers a bull's eye. The mysterious atmosphere of the first part is achieved without any trick effects, and Max Bacon is allowed perfect discretion. In the latter half, when the twelve-bar movement begins, there are one or two passages which almost belie my statement about excitement. They should come as near to "sending" you as anything Ambrose has produced.

I'm not quite so struck on *Hide and Seek*, which is clearly an attempt to repeat the success of the other old Comer morsel, *Hors d'Œuvres*. It is a very easy record to listen to, but there are faults of taste in the arranging which could easily have been avoided.

The chief trouble is the manner in which the trombones are used both in solo and ensemble passages. Those concerted glisses are becoming corny now, and though they may be written with tongue in cheek, they are not altogether forgivable. And nobody, from Krupa downwards, is forgivable for drum breaks. They simply don't belong.

Danny Polo, a little below his best, does very well on both sides.

The Five Bright Sparks.

"Tea For Two."

"Nagasaki."

(Columbia FB. 1473.)

Joe Paradise and His Music.

"Mood Indigo."

"I've Got the World on a String."

(Parlophone F. 533.)

Both Phil Green concoctions with certain points in common.

The first couple make a good example of the drawing style sub-swing, sub-Venuti's-Blue-Four music for which there must undoubtedly be a public. The slow tempo chorus of *Nagasaki* is good, but why not have the whole record in one tempo or the other? Don't answer. I know why. Because three minutes is such a long time to be original without artificial variations, huh?

Paradise makes an acceptable enough impression on the ears this month, with a well chosen and greatly needed change in the shape of a better violinist, Hugo Rignold. George Elliott, Albert Harris and Joe Young are the three wise monkeys on the strings. I can see no evil and hear no evil in the second side, but *Mood Indigo* seems just a little inept as material for this combination. Why not find some forgotten old tunes worth reviving?

"Melody Maker"—"Rhythm"

Accompaniment Records

(Supervised by Edgar Jackson)

Phil Watts and his Band

"Ain't Misbehavin'."

"Star Dust."

(Decca K. 823.)

"Chinatown, My Chinatown."

"Honeysuckle Rose."

(Decca K. 834.)

With the addition of tuning notes, tempo beats, repeat choruses, two extra inches of wax and what not, these records supply pretty well everything, short of the printed orchestrations. The rhythm section continues to do its job very effectively, with honours to Phil Watts for one or two spots of attractive drumming in *Chinatown*.

But I still want them to do *Nagasaki*.

Billy Cotton and His Cotton Pickers.

"Shine."

"Ain't Misbehavin'."

(Regal-Zono MR. 2161.)

Shine is as fresh as last year's bread. *Ain't Misbehavin'* is as original as an echo.

Scott-Wood and His Six Swingers.

"Nightfall."

"Way Down Yonder in New Orleans."

(Columbia FB. 1472.)

Nightfall is copied almost *notatim* from Benny Carter's own record, so as long as Benny's is still around I can't imagine many good reasons for subscribing to this 'un, pleasant though it is.

The first chorus of *Way Down Yonder* reaches the higher standards of the Six Swingers of old. After that there is a piano chorus, and a vocal which sounds as though somebody listened to Louis Armstrong, decided that Louis must sing with a pineapple in his throat, and tried out the same idea.

I can't attempt to describe the piano chorus.

Tiny Winters and His Bogey Seven.

"Frankie and Johnny."

"How Many Times."

(Decca F. 6031.)

This unpretentious little record came as a much pleasanter surprise than most of the new combinations I have had to deal with in this review. On the first playing I recognised the unmistakable Tommy McQuater and Andy McDevitt in the personnel, and on the next playing I guessed Don Barrigo's identity correctly. I mention this, not to point out



Tiny Winters

my extraordinary detective powers, but as a compliment to the individuality of these performers.

Tommy does everything well, particularly his nice example of blues playing in *Frankie and Johnny*; Andy blots his copy-book with a nasty out-of-chord clinker in bar 11 of his *How Many Times* solo. Don starts off magnificently in *F. & J.*, but gradually degenerates. The absence of Tiny from his string bass is amply atoned for by the combination of baritone (Ernest Ritte) and tenor saxes.

Of course, the interesting parts come between vocal choruses, of which there are many. Tiny's singing, and the success it seems to have had, mystify me.

By the way, there is a mechanical fade away ending on *Frankie and Johnny*. I have commented often before on the stupidity and formlessness of this idea, and am so tired of doing so that this must be the last warning. Here goes:—

DON'T FADE OUT !!



"Pop" Foster, grandpop of the bass, now in Louis' band—Note the band's motor coach in the background.

"Intense heat prevails in Kansas City," continued, the voice in the loud speaker. "Latest report registers 114 deg. in the shade with no sign of any drop at present."

We just turned and looked at one another in silence. For we were on our way to Kansas City....

BY the evening, when our coach pulled into this big divided city which stretches across the border of Missouri and Kansas, we found only a minimum of relief, for at night a second phantom of heat comes to take over the vigil of the relentless, scorching, daytime sun, and humidity, as well as the height of the temperature, contributes towards the clammy confusion.

Clouds In Fairyland

For me there was another journey yet. Fairyland Park, the Kansas City amusement park where Andy Kirk and His Twelve Clouds of Joy were supplying music in a dance hall, lay nearly an hour's tram journey out of the city. When this local Coney Island finally loomed up, it was a delight to find that the large ballroom was cool and sparsely filled; that Andy Kirk was there with a friendly greeting and a "Sure I know John Hammond! He was in here just two days ago!" which immediately established a bond of friendship.

Nothing you have heard of Andy Kirk's band has been based on idle fanaticism or overwrought publi-

city enthusiasm. Kirk's band is in the same category as Chick Webb's or Teddy Hill's—polished, perfectly integrated, with a light and crisp rhythm section, mellow reeds and a brass unit that nearly comes into Webb's class. Andy Kirk, tall, suave and obviously a man of taste and culture, occasionally played baritone sax, but told me he gave up playing string bass with the band some time ago, this rôle being played by Booker Collins.

Unimaginable Jazz

Thrilling though the band was, my eyes were riveted on the piano which was set out prominently at the front of the stand. At the keyboard sat a very dark, smiling girl, producing jazz the like of which you can hardly imagine. Mary Lou Williams has all the merits of the Hines of old, the Hines whom I proclaimed as greater than any other instrumentalist in all jazz, and she has further qualifications of her own to contribute towards the most exciting piano-playing I heard in my entire American trip.

Unobserved, I sat down on the low railing just in front of the stand, and, Andy Kirk having told me that she was inclined to play best when unaware of her audience, I just marvelled in silence at every lightning flick of her fingers. Because of her lightness of touch and the speed with which her brain moves, always just far enough ahead of her fingers, she appears quite effortless, hardly even giving the impression of moving around much on the keyboard.

Yet she never stays in one register for too long, nor allows the slightest suggestion of monotony of

SWINGING IN KANSAS CITY

style in either hand. And all this on a piano on which the G key below middle C became lodged every time she used it!

"No, we don't expect to stay here too long," Andy Kirk assured me. "We're going East in the winter to make some more records, and I hope it may be possible to fix up a job in New York. Oh, by the way, this is John Williams, our second alto—Mary Lou's husband."

On the way back to the Municipal Auditorium, where Louis was still busily blowing, Andy Kirk drew up a list of his arrangers. Till *The Real Thing Comes Along*, which sold into the forty thousands in America on Decca, was Earl Thompson's, as is *Avalon*. Clyde Hart, once of McKinney's Cotton Pickers and now working as pianist-director in Freddie Jenkins' Brittwood Bar in Harlem, has contributed to Andy's library *Sittin' On Top of The World* and, amongst others, *Puddin'-head Serenade*, dedicated to Edgar "Puddin'head" Battle, the "Pied Piper of Harlem," who played trumpet in Andy's band long before he ever dreamed he would be featured with Rudy Vallée in George White's "Scandals."

Another Kirk arranger is L. Johnakins, who supplied *Wednesday Night Hop*; and Benny Carter still has a place in the band's books with *Liza* and others.

But the real star arranger is Mary Lou Williams!

Mary Lou's scores on *Froggy Bottom*, *Walkin' And Swingin'* (which

she also did for Bob Crosby's Orchestra), *Steppin' Pretty*, *Corral* (in conjunction with Andy Kirk), and plenty more, seemed to be half the band's success in the programme of swing numbers they had put together for me this evening. She is an arranger of exceptional talent, just like the pianist whose place she originally took in this orchestra—namely Alex Hill.

The auditorium where we joined Louis is a very new and very vast place built under the auspices of the Works Progress Administration, which has put so many unemployed to work. It contains three or four sized theatres, countless of and halls, almost everything but Louis was a dance coloured Citizens 1



Mary Lou Williams, one of the few women swingstars

main hall, which is capable of accommodating twenty thousand. Strict rules were observed, white folks from going on dance floor. In view of the number of white resorts which "crow" coloured people, substantial retaliations as this a meek response.

The dance finished after which Louis, his m myself repaired to the R hear Count Basie's Ban we had heard so much Bill Basie is the p arranger who did most in the production o records made by the Moten and his Orche

Leonard Feather

continues the story of his tour
with Louis Armstrong



Gus Alken, trumpet with Armstrong, snapped by the author
in St. Louis

Buster Moten, Benny's accordion-playing brother, now has a small band at some night haunt in this city; but Basie has gathered a full-sized band which, as I heard it, comprised Joe Keys, Dee Stewart and Carl Smith on trumpets, George Hunt on trombone, Buster Smith, first alto and arranger; Jack Washington, alto; Lester Young, Slim Freeman, tenors; Clifford McTier, guitar; Walter Page, bass; and Mack Washington, drums.

Entertainment Factory

But though the band plays all night long, it is quite impossible to judge it. I had never before in my life heard orchestrated and rehearsed dance music played in such an unbelievable establishment. Everything that has been written about it in a contemporary publication is perfectly true. The place practically knocks you back as you walk in, but you have time to observe the band seated in a sort of painted shell, which cramps the men together most uncomfortably. We arrived in the middle of a show. An enormous coloured woman, wearing a tiny straw hat, was singing and dancing around, but few were looking or listening.

The Quest of Swing

What the band can be earning in such a place is problematical; but mainly I heard sounds to indicate they have put in some hard

work, have some advanced orchestrations by Basie, and deserve some real recognition. It is simply astonishing what places one has to visit in a quest for some of the good things in swing music. People who have heard Basie on the air inform me that the band is really terrific, but for the life of me I could make no decision. Still gasping, the three of us staggered out to the Sunset Gardens nearby, a coloured place where a big reception had been arranged for Louis.

The female entertainer, she of the colossal proportions, bobbed up again here. If she had worked both jobs at once instead of separately, there would still have been fifteen stone of her for each club.

Kaleidoscopic Impressions

Before returning home we dropped in to hear Basie again, but obtained no more satisfaction.

After two hours spent in a small hotel room with a huge horizontal fan whirring down from the centre of the ceiling, I was on my way North-East again, Chicago bound, while Louis and Alpha were taking their final day's rest before their journey to Hollywood for the Bing Crosby picture.

It was a pitifully brief stay that I made in Kansas City, but it will remain a wonderful and permanent memory, like all the other memories of those heated but happy days that I owe to the hospitality of one of the kindest and most generous hosts I have known.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

ALEXANDER VAN CLEVE PHILLIPS ('There's a Dutch strain in me about eight generations back') was born in Boston thirty-one years ago. After running away from school and home in his sixteenth year, he played saxophone in a dance band in Miami, made one or two more false starts at school, and refused a chance to go to London because his university studies interfered. The saxophonist who went in his place was Rudy Vallee, then unknown. On Vallee's return, twenty-year-old Phillips crossed the Atlantic with Carroll Gibbons to join the Savoy Havana Band in September, 1925.

But, he told me, 'I loathed playing sax; the band was going on tour, and I was married and wanted to settle down, so on the last day of 1927 I left. I haven't touched a saxophone for six years now, but I think there's a clarinet knocking around the flat somewhere.'

Having tried his hand at arranging for the Havana Band, he devoted his time to this type of work for Jack Hylton, and in the *Good News* show, for which he conducted the pit band. From 1928 to 1931 he supervised popular music recordings for a gramophone company. Since then he has been composing original scores for plays and pictures; is now finishing the Tauber film, starting on another film, working for the new Jack Buchanan show, and preparing thirteen broadcasts.

An interesting type, this Van Phillips, with his brilliant understanding of every branch of music. The type that would like to make enough money out of jazz to afford to throw it up and transfer his attentions to 'legitimate' music, of which he confesses himself a 'keen and devoted lover'. Despite his opinion of dance music, he follows eagerly the competition between such figures as Whiteman, Fred Waring, and André Kostelanetz, which he finds stimulating. Kostelanetz, whose *métier* is the sublimation of what is commonly known as symphonic syncopation, is one of Van's few idols in the realm of popular music. But his admiration is technical and analytical rather than the admiration of one who enjoys music—because it makes a pleasant sound.

Since his programmes are not going to be televised, I must tell you that Van Phillips is fair-complexioned, slightly old for his age, with horn-rimmed glasses and unruly yellow hair.

In his current series of thirteen broadcasts, commencing on October 8, he is offering 'a new presentation in popular music'. The two bands he is using will provide three contrasts; recent tunes, lively tunes, large orchestra, alternating with old tunes, slow tunes, smaller orchestra.

In the big band there will be three trumpets, two trombones, four reeds, three violins, viola, harp, piano, guitar, two drums, bass; and Leslie Douglas, whom he describes as 'the best singer of the Bing Crosby school in England'. The small band will have four strings, four woodwind, no drums, no brass; it will be basically a string orchestra.

The signature tune ('The Two of Us') is a ten-year-old composition of his own. Most of Van Phillips's arrangements will be very short, thus allowing for rapid effects of light and shade, and for the inclusion of probably sixteen items in each half-hour performance instead of the customary eight.

October 10, 1936

STUFF IS HERE!

(Continued from page 9)



Stuff Smith

the second date Bernie Hanighen, the new Brunswick recording manager, had arrived. Having been a violinist himself at one time, and having a viola player around in the shape of John Hammond, Jr., he soon found a better set-up for Stuff, moved the pianist to a far corner so that he could not really be heard on the record, and produced in this fashion *After You've Gone*, 'Tain't No Use, I Don't Want To Make History and *You're A Viper*.

Maximum of Miming

This last is typical of the special numbers featured by the boys, its subject matter being the same as that of *Here Comes The Man With The Jive*, written by Stuff in conjunction with Jack (*I've Found A New Baby*) Palmer. Stuff, standing up, thrusting his pro-

jecting lower teeth and jaw at the microphone, sends his huskily-voiced lyrics across the little room with a maximum of miming, gesturing, and even trucking. Buryi Jonah, seated beside him, grins complacently and plays on with an air of gentle insouciance.

Every number has some sort of special semi-comic treatment, and more often than not the comedy lies in the playing or singing itself. These jive kings are second to none in giving a sarcastic inflection to a phrase or riff that is antiquated or open to mockery. *Am I Asking Too Much* is a typical example, with the vocal background licks of "Much-much, much-much!" and the beautiful line, "When I look into your eyes-a-muggin'."

In short, this latest gang of Onyx Club Boys has got what it takes, musically and commercially, to make a successful small swing band. Don't be surprised to find them amongst the very biggest of big-time names before long. Stuff is here, and he's mellow!





Jonah Jones and Stuff Smith

"STUFF IS HERE"

Leonard G. Feather

gives the inside story of the only coloured hot fiddler to achieve fame

NEW YORK is a city of nine days' wonders. When Riley and Farley vacated the Onyx Club to make their film in Hollywood, everyone suspected that it would not be long before they would come right down to earth, neglected by the overzealous public that had momentarily taken them to its heart.

That is what makes it so wonderful that Stuff Smith, who had to retain the enormous clientèle brought to the Onyx by the *Music Goes Round* gang, managed to hold his job there without a break from February last right up to the time of writing.

Perhaps this is the way to explain it all. Louis Prima had a good appearance, which atoned for the comparative mediocrity of his playing; Wingy Mannone was a better trumpet player, with a few clever stunt numbers and a poor appearance; the Riley and Farley boys were just plain comedians. But of all the Fifty-second Street luminaries Stuff Smith alone combined a little of each favourable element.

Imagine the surprise of Broadway

when a gang of unknown, inexperienced coloured boys, led by a singing fiddle player, walked in from Buffalo, N.Y., to create a Manhattan sensation. Within a few weeks the music of Hezekiah Leroy Gordon "Stuff" Smith and his Onyx Club Boys was packing them in; a recording contract from Vocalion came their way, and they had created their own *Music Goes Round* in the form of a song called *I've A Muggin'*, which they have since fortunately-lived down.

Comedy No Advantage

As far as their European reputation was concerned, that flimsy bit of comedy did them no good at all. It was their first and only record release in the English Brunswick lists, and the comedy just didn't sound comic, or even comprehensible, on a record. Both the disc and the sheet music of the song were dismal failures, and nobody thought very much about Stuff on this side of the Atlantic.

Happily, however, he is now such an important name in New York's swing world that it should not be difficult eventually to bring the British record consumers' minds round to the realisation that here is an artist who, for many, will

become as important as Venuti and Grappelly rolled into one.

Stuff has an amazing, fiery improvising technique, supple movement, and the ability to invent lightning phrases that sound like a cross between czardas music and a Venuti coda. He does not make his violin sound quite like a violin—a fault common amongst coloured fiddlers—but in the same way that the clarinet's ideal dance music tone differs considerably from the requisites of standard music, so Stuff gets away with that slight doughiness and the whips and smears and other effects which usually find their place more in jazz trumpet playing.

Another thing to which you must accustom yourself gradually is to hear so many passing and suggested harmonies introduced into phrases which are accompanied by one basic harmony from the rhythm section. At first, when he is indulging in these roundabout rhapsodies and whole-tone scale interpretations, you may think he is playing wrong notes, and that his pitch is faulty, for somehow these ideas sound stranger on a violin than on instruments on which we are perfectly accustomed to hearing them employed.

It is tragic that on his records Stuff Smith has to renounce so much of his real personality, for at least half the value of his performances at the Onyx is his magnificent showmanship and that of his side-

kick, Elliot "Jonah" Jones. Jones, a great trumpet player in the Eldridge manner, is the most delightful and unaffected comedian the Onyx has ever seen. He and Stuff do a duologue on *Baby Won't You Please Come Home* in which there must be ten minutes of talking and one chorus of playing. Jonah plays the "baby," wistful and coy, and Stuff the interrogator. It's not jazz until near the end, but it's riotously funny in a risqué but never smutty vein.

Best Bet For Films

As a film bet, Messrs. Smith and Jones are the biggest certainties I know. Hollywood must sooner or later get wise to them.

And, since May, when they sent Johnny Washington back home, they have had another personality whom you can just sit and watch indefinitely. I can recall no more ferocious, savage and fear-inspiring spectacle than William "Cozy" Cole at the drums. Rolling his mouth round constantly with a permanent piece of chewing gum (perhaps imaginary) to keep it busy, he shows a set of brilliant white teeth bordered in a grotesque oblong fashion by long, straight lips that are always wide apart. Bending his very dark head just slightly down and forward, he stares in front of him with piercing, wicked eyes.

"Beachcomber" Character

The fact that he uses the tom-tom and similar effects quite often, and that the boys sometimes dress up in topees as a gag, adds to the primitive touch of this spectacle. I hate to think what "Beachcomber" would find to say about Cozy. But I do know he is also a great drummer, the power of this rhythm section, which has a fair pianist in James Sherman and good men on guitar and bass in the persons of Bobby Bennett and Mack Walker.

Stuff's first session, as I mentioned, was poor in most respects, with *Gabriel Likes My Music* and *Eggs in One Basket*, both very rough in ensemble and recording. But on

(Continued on page 16)

Mildred Bailey's EXQUISITE BLUES SINGING

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Buy it
- ★★★ Hear it
- ★★ Bear with it
- ★ Skip it!

Mildred Bailey and Her Alley Cats.
"Squeeze Me."

"Downhearted Blues."

(***Parlo. R2257.)

PERFECT recording; Mildred's exquisitely natural blues singing; Bunny Berigan and Johnny Hodges at their very greatest; Johnny Hammond's sympathetic supervision; Teddy Wilson surprising us with an impersonation of Meade Lux Lewis in the second side; all these elements combine to make this record an unquestionable "must."

Red Norvo and His Swing Septet.
"I Surrender Dear."

"Old Fashioned Love."

(***Col. DB5012.)

At last! The only remaining couple of old unissued Norvos. *Surrender* will appeal even to those who want a commercial tune, played practically straight. Norvo, Charlie Barnet, Jack Jenny, Teddy, and Art Shaw are all incomparable. On the reverse the solos are more unequal, but the general level is extraordinarily high.

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra.
"I've Found A New Baby."

"Swingtime In The Rockies."

(***H.M.V. B8481.)

"If I Could Be With You."

"Stompin' At The Savoy."

(***H.M.V. B8480.)

"Riffin' The Scotch."

"Tappin' The Barrel."

(**Col. DB5014.)

As time marches on it becomes increasingly difficult to pick holes in Benny Goodman's records. The only hole of any kind in B8481 is the usual one in the centre. *Swingtime In The Rockies* is a perfect

selected by "ROPHONE" as the highspot
of The Rest of the Records

little composition with charm, form, light and shade, just the right proportion of scope for solo work, and just the right chances for Krupa, as, for example, his beautifully conceived cymbal effect in the last eight bars.

This being a composition and arrangement of Benny's new staff man, Jim Mundy, many of the reactionary myopes who could see nothing good in Earl Hines' last few orchestral records will suddenly awaken to the fact that Mundy, when working as sax and arranger with Earl, provided some really excellent material for that band.

I've Found A New Baby has the best Dick Clark tenor solo I have heard to date. Even at a more reasonable tempo the whole record could hardly have been a slicker performance, solo and ensemble work all being equally firmly embedded "in the groove."

The second couple is slightly older. *If I Could Be With You* is a superb performance, the swing and homogeneity of which is marred by a superfluous guitar solo chorus. *Stompin'* would have appealed to me much more had I not become accustomed to hearing

this number at a much faster tempo. This sounds like the commercial arrangement, with Sampson's original coda thrown in as a concession. A neat but not very exciting performance.

The 1934 Columbia record shows that in those days even Benny Goodman couldn't make a commercial tune sound like anything more than a commercial tune. The first side, with its Cameronian intro, might well have been called *Bagpipe Benny*. Teagarden plays some great stuff, as does Benny on the reverse. Vocals, by T. and Billie Holiday, present both artists sounding younger and perhaps more personal than they do to-day. T.'s vocal finishes out of tune, which is a little too personal.

Fats Waller and His Rhythm.

"Until The Real Thing Comes Along."

"You're Not The Kind."

(***H.M.V. BD5115.)

Served with two good numbers, Fats just scrapes into the three-star category this month. Nothing much happens that you haven't heard before, but in infections of this sort even the bad bits sound

Mildred
Bailey



good. It'll be worth most people's eightpence.

Art Shaw And His Orchestra.
"A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody."

"Japanese Sandman."

(**Vocalion 25.)

If we must have string sections, I would much prefer to hear them used discreetly for backgrounds, as Art Shaw uses them in his arrangements, rather than in the flourishing style of our stage bands. This record also introduces yet another good tenor man, by name Tony Zimmer. I simply can't keep pace with 'em all nowadays.

Mary Lou Williams (Piano).

"Overhand."

"Isabelle."

(***Col. DB5012.)

Overhand is what the world was waiting for: Mary Lou playing the blues. She plays it with just that distinctive difference that we would have expected, starting off with a low-down (one might almost say boogie-woogie) style and then gradually coming up for air.

As an example of how to play blues on the piano without the slightest pyrotechnical or horticultural display of florid technique, *Overhand* is a gem. I have played it more than any of the other new issues.

Quintette Of Hot Club Of France.

"Oriental Shuffle."

"After You've Gone."

(**H.M.V. B8479.)

Stephane Grappelly And His Hot Four.
"Avalon."

"Djangology."

(***Decca F6077.)

Although the band is the same, the H.M.V. disc costs a shilling more than the Decca. Which is too bad, since *Oriental Shuffle*, a charming original composition, is about the best side of the four. *Avalon* surprises us with the inclusion of a brass section (led by Arthur Briggs, who takes a solo chorus). The quiet background brass work reduces the combination's tonal and rhythmic monotony, without destroying its original style.

Casa Loma Orchestra.

"Bugle Call Rag."

"Rose Of The Rio Grande."

(Bruns. 02262.)

Boswell Sisters.

"Dinah."

"It Don't Mean A Thing."

(**Rex 8873, Is.)

Mills Brothers.

"St. Louis Blues."

"Sweet Sue."

(**Rex 8873, Is.)

Ink Spots.

"Stompin' At The Savoy."

"Keep Away From My Doorstep."

(**Bruns. 02280.)

Washboard Wonders.

"Oh, My Goodness!"

"You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby."

(*Regal Zono. MR 2193.)

ENGLISH NEWS

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

Revival In British Record Industry

THE fall season has introduced a new wave of optimism in the British record industry, with swing record sales playing an important part in the increasing market, and London's vast annual radio exhibition to help along the general public's interest in radios, phonographs and television.

Olympia, the scene of the exhibition, was altered out of all recognition at a cost of £1,250,000 to cater for the quarter of a million visitors. The percentage of all-electric sets to battery sets was 70 to 30 against 60 to 40 the previous year. Over twenty per cent of all the instruments shown were radiogramophones—i. e., combined radios and phonographs. This is where Britain's record industry compensates for the absence of nickel-in-the-slot record machines in this country.

With a television orchestra nearing completion and programs due to start regularly in October, another market for dance music appears to be springing up. In the experimental transmissions broadcast to Olympia from the Alexandra Palace studios ten miles away, pictures were received as clearly as home movies. Helen McKay, popular vocalist, sang two or three numbers each day, giving an interesting idea of how we shall enjoy it when we can see our vocal choruses on the air.

In the record industry another upheaval has occurred. From October 1 all records issued in past, present or future in the American catalogs of Brunswick, Vocalion, Perfect, Melotone or the old Okeh, become available in England for release on the English Vocalion label.

Previously this label only had access to Perfect and Melotone, the other catalogs going to English Brunswick or, in the case of Okeh, to Parlophone. The new arrangement means a pretty heavy blow to the English Brunswick company (allied with Decca over here), but the eventual outcome will be that more dance records, and particularly more swing discs, will be issued in England altogether, so the fans have no cause to grumble.

Swing music is positively on the upgrade in England. Every record company is scrambling to issue new or old Benny Goodman records; articles on swing music and definitions of the term swing are sprouting

like mushrooms in the popular press. The B. B. C. is to run a series of broadcasts consisting largely of swing records. A band has started on a vaude tour under the name of "Teddy Foster and His Kings of Swing" (and, needless to say, it's a misnomer), and there is even a new revue in town called "Swing Along." All of which must prove something.

Ambrose Opens at May Fair

After keeping the reporters in a state of permanent delirium by changing his plans almost daily, Ambrose has finally returned to his old love, the May Fair Hotel. He is on the air Oct. 3, 10 and 17, from 10:30 to 11:30 p.m. local time.

The most interesting change in the band is the addition of Tommy McQuater on trumpet. This young Scots lad is probably equal to anyone in the country as a stylish and technically efficient artist. Ambrose's Band is a suitable place for him. The brass section is now completed by Clinton French, trumpet, and three trombones: Lew Davis, Eric Breeze, Les Carew.

Danny Polo, former Goldkette man new resident in Britain, is the strong man of the reed section, which also includes Billy Amstell, Joe Jeanette, and the arranger Sid Phillips. The rhythm section remains as before, with Bert Barnes, piano; Jack Cooper, vocal and guitar; Dick Ball, bass, and Max Bacon, drums and comedy vocals.

Ambrose has made a swell record

(English Decca F6023) which departs from the usual run of commercial tunes to which his waxings are confined. The title is *Night Ride*, a descriptive piece by Sid Phillips, and I hope it will be released in the States to give you an idea of the band at its best.

Ray Noble's New English Record

Just before he returned to New York, Ray Noble assembled an English band for one recording session. A double-sided twelve-inch "Medley of Ray Noble Hits" was cut, with the following personnel: Jean Pugno, Harry Berly, Hugo Rignold, violins and viola; Charles Pini, Laurie Kennedy, cellos; Bob Wise, E. O. Pogson, altos; Freddy Gardner, reeds; George Smith, tenor; Bill Shakespeare, Alfie Noakes, trumpets; Lew Davis, Eric Breeze, trombone; Pat Dodd, piano; Bert Thomas, guitar; Bill Harty, drums; Jack Evetts, bass.

Waltzing the Blues!!

The musical surprise of the month was the release of a record by Benny Carter and His Swing Quartet entitled *Waltzing the Blues* (English Vocalion No. 19). Recorded in London with Gene Rodgers, piano; Bernard Addison, guitar; George Kilcer, drums and Wally Morris, bass, led by Benny Carter on tenor, alto and trumpet, this is a twelve-bar blues jammed in three-four time.

There has certainly never been anything like this recorded before, and the record has given rise to a terrific controversy. Some say it swings, other say it's good but it isn't jazz. Your humble correspondent submits that it's not only good jazz, but it does swing. Benny Carter has set a fashion which might easily lead to a revolution in popular dance music.

Also recorded with this bunch were *When Lights Are Low* (vocal by half-Scottish colored girl, Elisabeth Welch) and *Tiger Rag*. There are, in addition, five new sides by a twelve-piece band under Benny, comprising Freddy Gardner, alto-clarinet; Andy McDevitt, clarinet; Buddy Featherstonhaugh, tenor; Max Goldberg, Tommy McQuater, trumpets; Leslie Thompson, trumpet-trombone; Lew Davis, Ted Heath, trombones; Billy Munn, piano; Albert Harris, guitar; George Kilcer, drums; Wally Morris, bass.

Titles made were: *I Gotta Go, Accent on Swing, Scandal In A Flat, If Only I Could Read Your Mind, You Understand*. Benny played alto, clarinet, tenor, and in the last side a spot of piano, as well as composing and arranging each piece. After his cur-

rent concert tour of Sweden and Denmark, he will rejoin the B. B. C. Dance Orchestra as staff arranger early in October.

Jamming in London

Elusive though the spirit of swing may be in European jazz, the few outlets that it can boast, in London at all events, have many points in common with the little jam spots of Fifty-Second Street where the current American swing mania can truthfully be said to have been kindled.

Because there are so few real swing men in England, and because inevitably they are all scattered amongst

(Turn to page 60, please)

Jamming In London

(Continued from page 35)

a large number of bands, those who feel sincere enough in their jamming to enjoy making a spare-time hobby of it are obliged to come together at the diminutive night haunts which begin to wake up after the smart restaurants and hotels have gone to bed.

Many years ago, every Saturday night, you could count on seeing a crowd of musicians edging the regular band off the stand and working up the enthusiasm of audience and performers alike into the frenzy of a genuine jam session. This was at the Bag O' Nails, a small underground night club not very different in its atmosphere or its patronage from any similar establishment in New York City. By the early hours of Sunday morning it was not uncommon to see four reeds, three brass and maybe five rhythm all jamming together, and making an enthusiastic if somewhat unorthodox noise.

Those days of wild music making seem to have gone now. Gerry Moore, one of our best pianists, plays at the Bag O' Nails with a small band, but so many of the big-timers are permanently on the road on vaude or one-nighter tours that there are seldom enough good bands in town to create a real jam session either in the quantity or the quality of the musicians.

What little jamming there is now, though, has moved around to another similar joint known as the Manhattan, where musicians come largely to hear the piano playing of a young Yorkshireman named Eddie Macaulay, former amateur prizewinner who played for some time with Jack Hylton's Band. Macaulay doubles at this club and a theatre, in a pit band. He should be destined for bigger things than this, for he has been listening to a lot of Teddy Wilson, and seems to have imbibed Teddy's ideas without becoming a mere imitator. He is certainly the nearest thing to Wilson I have heard on this side.

Just above the Manhattan Club is the Shim-Sham, a mixed-color place where the band changes constantly—sometimes white, sometimes colored, often mixed, but generally of a pretty low standard. Because this place was patronized by colored celebrities visiting London, who occasionally sat in with the band or gave an impromptu show, the Shim-Sham attracted a curious assortment of people, from low-lifers of every kind to society folks and dance musicians. On one occasion, when Benny Carter jammed here on trumpet, alto, clarinet and piano, the regular band was off the stand, replaced by a jam group in which the bands of Ambrose, Harry Roy, Lew Stone, Roy Fox and Henry Hall were all represented by at least one member!

Last month the popular colored emcee of this place, Ike Hatch (formerly of Hatch and Carpenter) was badly knocked about in a fight. The general manager of the place was sentenced to three months in jail for unlawfully wounding Hatch. The Shim-Sham is now run on new lines with a different emcee and with Garland Wilson at the piano, but many friends who sympathized with Ike Hatch's plight and the treatment he received are no longer patronizing the place.

Altogether, despite the similarities I have pointed out, London's swing music night life is pretty small and shoddy compared with that of Manhattan; but at least it occasionally affords an opportunity to hear England's best musicians—really play it at their best.

BOOKS AND FOLIOS BY FAMOUS SWING ARTISTS

BENNY GOODMAN'S 6 HOT SOLOS FOR CLARINET (PIANO ACCOMP.)	\$1.00
(MAY BE USED FOR DUETS AND TRIOS)	
BENNY GOODMAN'S 125 JAZZ BREAKS FOR SAX AND CLARINET	1.00
FRANK TRUMBAUER'S 6 HOT SOLOS FOR SAXOPHONE (PIANO ACCOMP.)	1.00
(MAY BE USED FOR DUETS AND TRIOS)	
TED LEWIS SAX AND CLARINET FOLIO (PIANO ACCOMP.)	1.00
(MAY BE USED FOR DUETS AND TRIOS)	
LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S 125 JAZZ BREAKS FOR CORNET	1.00
LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S 50 HOT CHORUSES FOR CORNET	2.00
GLENN MILLER'S 125 JAZZ BREAKS FOR TROMBONE	1.00
MELROSE SAX AND CLARINET FOLIO (PIANO ACCOMP.)	1.00
(MAY BE USED FOR DUETS AND TRIOS)	

MELROSE BROS. MUSIC CO., Inc.
536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIBE

Read THE METRONOME to keepers musical—50 or more pages news, interesting information, articles on the vital questions of importance to all musicians—besides the latest hits, novelties and Published

YEARLY \$2.00

METRONOME PUB. CO., 113 V

For enclosed... send THE METRONOME

NAME

CITY

Canadian \$6.50. For

The Metronome, October, 1936

Tempo di Jazz

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

SO few of the world's most prominent dance musicians seem to have planned jazz as their original profession that one wonders how such a vast number of artists have entered the business. The answer must be that dance music is the retreat of truants. Of the many leaders I have interviewed, it appears that at least half of them originally became enmeshed in the jazz world by running away from home and/or school at an early age.

Billy Bissett, who makes his English radio debut next Thursday afternoon with his Canadians, is one of them. A short musical training in his native town of St. Catherine's, Ontario, followed by a study of chemistry at the University of Toronto, decided him in favour of the former career; so he ran away to Chicago to form a band recruited from college friends. After touring the Eastern United States from 1927 to 1929, he formed a new band, secured hotel work in Montreal, and was signed to appear at the Sporting Club in Monte Carlo. The band included many of the men in his present outfit at the Savoy Hotel, where he has the following personnel:—

Paul Freedman, first alto sax. Doug Kemp, tenor sax and arranger. George Wright, alto sax. Dennis Moonan (English), baritone sax and violin. Eric Wild, first cornet and arranger. Herbert Britton, second cornet. Cruce Campbell, first trombone, trumpet, sax, and almost everything else—a brilliant youngster whose trombone playing is the nearest thing to Jack Teagarden's style ever heard in London. Second trombone is a local recruit, Miff Ferrie. David Bowman, piano, has just arrived from Canada to join the band. Stanley Henshaw is the drummer. The remaining two are Londoners—Eddie Pullen, guitar, and Nigel Hill, bass.

Billy Bissett, a quiet, well-built fellow of twenty-nine, conducts part of the time, writes some of the arrangements, occasionally plays second piano, and frequently sings the refrains, sometimes assisted by a vocal trio consisting of Kemp, Wright, and Britton.

Very much in the news at the moment is Eddie Carroll, featured on the air with his orchestra yesterday, tonight and tomorrow. Eddie is the twenty-seven-year-old pianist who was fortunate enough to act as assistant conductor to Henry Hall on the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary* last May.

Eddie's memories of his four days in New York seem to indicate that no visitor ever covered more territory in such a short time. Having made the rounds of several studios during important broadcasts, toured Harlem with Louis Armstrong, and taken in almost every hotel and night club where there was a good band, he sailed home full of ideas, some of which found expression in his composition, 'Manhattan And Harlem', which has been broadcast several times.

In spite of its large personnel, Eddie Carroll emphasises that his combination is essentially a dance band, not a concert orchestra. In his programmes you may hear three tenor saxophones, or three flutes, or two altos and a clarinet—but never all at once. His sax section is almost confusingly versatile. The very height of variety will be reached in Eddie's own arrangement of 'Sweet Sue', in which you will hear a piccolo and a bass clarinet playing the same melody three or four octaves apart!

Tempo di Jazz

By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

RETURNED after his long absence from this country, Eric Siday has joined Carroll Gibbons's Savoy Orpheans and has been engaged in a new series of broadcasts of 'I've Got to Have Music' and 'Soft Lights And Sweet Music'.

The mystery of his sudden departure from Britain a year or so ago was only completely explained when Eric himself related his adventures abroad. Though it is unusual to associate jazz musicians with philosophical theories, the fact is that Eric and his physicist brother decided that our conception of civilisation is not compatible with natural living. So they both went off in search of any remote island where they could put their souls at ease by discarding the fetters of a synthetic life.

All that I heard of Eric Siday during his absence was Austen Croom-Johnson's report that he had bobbed up for a while in New York. Actually his travels were as extensive as could be imagined. From London to New Zealand, from there to the Cook Islands, to Tahiti for six months, and to many more obscure and unknown isles.

After a year he and his brother gave up the search for Utopia. Everywhere they went, conditions were too unhealthy, natives too barbarous, or social conventions too numerous to conform with their ideal. But when Eric can afford to finance another expedition with the money he is earning as a violinist at the Savoy Hotel the two explorers will be off again on their unique quest.

Visiting this country for the second time is the famous comedy team of Buck and Bubbles, engaged for the *Transatlantic Rhythm* show which caused so much excitement earlier this month.

Buck, a twenty-nine-year-old Kentuckian with a slight Southern accent, is acknowledged by swing-music lovers as one of the greatest of coloured pianists, and his recent broadcast in 'Entertainment Parade', brief though it was, created another red-letter day for these enthusiasts.

Although his comedy patter is his main source of income, Buck has played and recorded with such stars as Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Goodman and Bessie Smith, 'Queen of The Blues'. His style is in many respects similar to that of the great Earl Hines.

Buck first teamed up with Bubbles when, at the respective ages of nine and thirteen, they were working as ushers in a Louisville theatre, and, called upon to replace an act that had been dismissed at the eleventh hour, they 'just gagged around', and found that their gagging constituted a riotously successful turn.

Their real names are Ford Lee Washington and John Sublett; but nobody knows.

In town with a view to discovering and exploiting British talent is Jules Stein, king of American band-bookers, whose newly-opened English office will not only help to establish new favourites in the world of dance music, but will repeat its Transatlantic feat of guiding the destinies of many bands that are already famous.

Unknown instrumentalists in small mining villages should regard Mr. Stein's visit as a ray of sunshine and hope, for his is the type of organisation that will send out spies to scour the country for future stars.

TEMPO DI JAZZ By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

TWO or three months ago an announcement appeared in this column to the effect that Ambrose was returning to the air the following week. During my subsequent absence in America the broadcast was suddenly cancelled and on my return a heap of indignant letters, towering on the desk, all demanded explanations of this betrayal. It therefore gives me particular pleasure to state, that, unless he lets me down very precipitately this time, Ambrose will be on the air twice in the next four days—tomorrow and Tuesday evening.

During the past year, Ambrose has had the dance music world on a string awaiting his every announcement regarding the band's plans. First there was a story that he was to open a restaurant; then he was to go to the U.S.A., then to tour the Continent. Finally he returned this month to the hotel where he originally reached the top of the ladder.

There are three important additions to the present band. Tommy McQuater, the young Scots trumpet player who seems to know more about swing than any Englishman who has tried to define it, and Alfie Noakes, another first-class trumpet man, join the three trombonists (Lew Davis, Eric Breeze, Les Carew) to strengthen an always brilliant brass section. Albert Harris, that outstanding guitarist, replaces Jack Cooper, who in future will limit his work to singing. As before, there will be Bert Barnes, Max Bacon and Dick Ball on piano, drums,

and bass. The orchestra is completed by Danny Polo, Billy Amstell, Joe Jeanette and Sid Phillips, saxes, and Evelyn Dall, vocalist.

Have you heard of Freddy Gardner? Though his name is not mentioned often on the air, he merits your recognition. It is at the Embassy Club, where Bert Ambrose himself worked for many years, that Freddy Gardner now leads an orchestra under Ambrose's sponsorship.

Freddy is one of the very few real swing musicians in England. His improvisations have a clean-cut quality, an attack, and a natural sense of rhythmical phrasing all too rarely combined in any one Englishman. Freddy had his first glimpse of limelight when, leading a sax-piano-banjo-drums amateur band at a contest in October, 1929, he was awarded a saxophone stand as a prize, the judges' comment being: 'He knows far more about style, and plays a better saxophone and clarinet, than many professionals now in good West End dance bands.'

After reaching professional status, Freddy played, broadcast, and recorded with famous groups, such as those of Ray Noble, Lou Preager, Mario Lorenzi, Arthur Young, Larry Adler, Joe Daniels, the Six Swingers, and Benny Barter; but only in the two last named has he ever had anything like an adequate opportunity to show his paces. On his most recent broadcasts he has been almost invisible behind a prodigious array of instruments—alto sax, tenor, baritone, clarinet, and bass clarinet.

OCT. 23RD

16

For This Week Only

Tempo di Straight

By Alan Jenkins

STRAIGHT Music, we fans admit, is still in its infancy; but it is nevertheless gradually gaining recognition among the hide-bound intellectuals of academic Jazz. Like everything else, this is, of course, a post-war tendency. Originally the folk music of the oppressed white races, Straight has advanced enormously during the last three centuries, from its humble beginnings in the Cold Music of pioneers like Seb Bach and Fred Handel, down to Bill Walton and Marrie Ravel. Soon the stars of Straight—Dick Wagner, Wolfie Mozart, Joe Haydn, Eddie Elgar, and all the other big-timers, will come into their own beside Duke, Earl, Fud, Bix, and Red.

I simply must draw your attention to a new series of discs by famous personalities of Straight, called 'Evergreens of Straight'. A swell piece of waxing, if I may say so. All the old favourites are included. You remember that wizard arrangement of the Marseillaise that Pete Tchaikovsky turned out specially for Debroy Somers? Well, here it is, adapted for Straight purposes by Leo Stokowski and his Philadelphian Spirits of Harmony. The boys call it '1812', and a swell title it is, too. It definitely proves Pete to be the greatest arranger since Luddy Beethoven. The album also contains some good old numbers by hit writers Franzie Schubert and Hugie Wolf; vocals by those attractive croonerettes, Liz Schumann and Nell Gerhardt.

Dotted Notes

Hot news for the fans! Art Catterall, ace fiddler with Hen Wood's Ork, at Queen's Hall, walks out on the maestro; forming his own four-piece combination for sweet chamber-stuff. . . . New line-up not yet disclosed. . . . Con Lambert back in Town after tearing up the provinces with his Vic-Wells all-star outfit. . . . Official denial to canard that Ben Moisewitsch, Ernie Lush, Rene Scharrer and others are teaming-up for an eight-piano act on tour. . . . Art Bliss makes smashing screen debut; signed up to write all the numbers for million-dollar spectacle, *Things to Come*.

Hen Wood's boys in grand form this season. . . . Fling wide your ears, in particular, for some stylish clarinetting from Charlie Draper, who, as you all know, blows no mean gobstick. Snappy flute-work, too, from Bob Murchie

OCT. 30TH

TEMPO DI JAZZ By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

THIS week, 'Tempo di Jazz' is dedicated to Australians in England. Brian Lawrence unwittingly gave me the idea for this dedication when I saw his name booked for three dance-music programmes in the next eight days.

Born in Adelaide, of English parentage, Brian has been on the stage since the age of seven, though he no longer gives up his time to pantomime, the medium that marked his vocal debut. After touring Australia in several shows as a youthful vocalist, he took up violin playing. Within a few years he had achieved his ambition of coming to the Mother Country. His youth, good looks, and personable manner soon secured him vaudeville and revue work, after which he was offered the leadership of a quartet which later became well known at Quaglino's.

For a while he appeared in support of Nat Gonella's stage act. Last year he was signed for the leading juvenile rôle in Jack Hylton's British picture, *She Shall Have Music*. His performance proved that musicians do not always make bad actors.

Marjorie Stedeford, the Australian girl with an unusual vocal personality, arrived here a year or two ago and was introduced over the air by Henry Hall. Although her Antipodean reputation was of little value to her over here she soon managed to make a name for herself all over again, and has been kept extremely busy working for the orchestras of Carroll Gibbons, Jack Jackson, Mario Lorenzi, George Scott Wood, and others. She has frequently been heard with the 'Air-do-Wells', in which her fellow countryman, Wilfrid Thomas, has also sung.

But a great deal of her success is due to another Australian with whom she had broadcast and recorded—Joe Paradise.

'Joe Paradise and his Music' will be remembered as the rhythmic string quintet which was featured in 'The Band Box' some time ago. Joe Paradise is a pseudonym for Stan Patchett, journalist, ex-prize-fighter-manager, ex-film publicity-man, ex-sailor, ex-almost-everything. Since he arrived here by a devious route from Melbourne some years ago, after 'hobo-ing' his way across three thousand miles of the United States, Stan has been exploiting his ideas in such varied fields as novel writing, sports reporting, and the managing of artists and orchestras.

Stan is an exuberant young man of the type who keeps you interested because you never know what startling plan he may evolve from one day to the next.

Ern Pettifer, his latest protégé to arrive here from the other side of the world, is a clarinet player who attempts to play somewhat in the Ted Lewis tradition. He is on an indefinite visit here, and is being kept well occupied by running the Ballyhooligans and other well-known units of this kind.

Abe Romaine, playing saxophones with Harry Roy's Orchestra, is another Australian who has made good in Britain. Two more, who are partially connected with the dance music world, are Magsa Neeld, whom Jack Hylton took to Chicago as part of his American broadcast and music-hall show; and Anona Winn, singer whose small radio orchestra known 'The Winners' has been eliciting the attention of dance-music fans lately.

Quite possibly, Australia has been responsible for other contributions to England's music, in which case my apologies are for omissions from this brief survey.

BENNETT L. CARTER, Esq.

An Answer to the Fan's Craving for "The Inside Stuff"

what sort of a guy is this Benny Carter?" or "What does he do with his spare time? How does he live?"

The average outsider who has asked these questions usually has the idea at the back of his mind that because Benny is coloured he has a fundamentally different outlook on life from most people of our acquaintance. Perhaps, then, the best point to stress before answering the questions in detail is that, apart from his actual colour, Benny does not remotely resemble the average Englishman's idea of the Negro; nor does he even resemble the average dance musician, American or English, in his mentality.

Benny is a New Yorker, born and bred. He talks just like any New Yorker of good breeding, with the type of mild American accent (gradually becoming Anglicised now) that represents an ideal mid-Atlantic compromise. His family has never produced any other musicians of note. Roy Schleman's statement in "Rhythm on Record" that Benny has seven brothers is an exaggeration. Benny Goodman has about eleven brothers, but the Benny who concerns us for the present is one of three children,

both the others being girls, one of whom is a music teacher in a New York school. His mother died some years ago, and his father last year.

Because he has so little opportunity to play over here, some of his nights are spent at the little Soho resorts, where he can sit in with the band. The places hardly correspond with his idea of Paradise, but at least they give him a chance to keep in practice.

Most of his day time is spent in working on arrangements for Henry Hall, which take him about a day apiece, even though while

daughter Barbara, who is at school near Dulwich; or visiting a Rhythm Club, for he has been particularly kind to these organisations, even giving up two entire Sundays to make a trip out to Southend for a club meeting. But please don't, on reading this, besiege him with requests.

When on his recent Scandinavian tour he would visit factories and places of interest; take steam-baths to scare the boggy of surplus flesh that has been bothering him lately; indulge in his chief exercise of walking (he thinks nothing of making the journey by foot from

possessed of the ability to mix with success in the most sharply contrasted elements of society.

In America his friends were not mainly musicians, but among the latter were Alex Hill, Jack Maisei (the drummer), Charles Barnet, Milton Meastro, Teddy Wilson, John Kirby, Cozy Cole, Adolphus Cheatham; Spike Hughes, during his visit; and, of course, John Hammond. Then there is his old side-kick "Fats" Clark, a Harlem gig pianist who did all manner of jobs for him, and whom he regards almost as a brother, having even entrusted him with his car during his absence.

Amongst his more serious vices clothes figure far more prominently than such things as drink. He spends more time at the tailor's, taking advantage of his presence in this land of good men's wear, than he does in pubs or even clubs; in fact, on several occasions recently he has surprised his more conventional fellow musicians by ordering milk instead of beer. But here again his "mixability" plays a big part: in the right mood or company he can keep up with the best of them.

His ambitions, briefly, are to become a really good first trumpet player; to form, or work with, an English band; and to stay in Europe for another year at least, particularly now that he has sent his daughter to school here.

The Boys

Like Him

I need hardly mention that he has become extremely popular with the B.B.C. band, his best friends there being Bert Read and George Erick.

If this attempt to delineate his personality seems to indicate an undue coating of whitewash, I can only conclude by emphasising that this is really Benny as I know him, and undoubtedly any of the scores of acquaintances he has made over here will gladly corroborate this tribute to Bennett Lester Carter—a great artist and a grand fellow.

Pen Portrait of the Swing King— "Off Record"

by
Leonard G. Feather

living in hotels he has often had no piano at his disposal. Since he began working for H. R. H. he has increased his scope by writing for strings, and hopes to take a course at the London College of Music in order to widen his knowledge of scoring for strings and woodwind. This will be the first time he has ever had any instruction in arranging, as he is entirely self-taught.

Taking It Easy

When he is not working or playing he may be sitting at home or at a friend's, playing records; reading "Esquire" or any good fiction; going to an occasional picture or show; taking a day off with Inez to visit their little

the Maids Vale Studios to Piccadilly Circus, some five miles away); and acquire a slight knowledge of the languages of the countries he visited.

It is strange to read, in old MELODY MAKER articles by John Hammond and others concerning the Benny of olden days, in America he was, one imagines, quite a different person from the European Benny. Nowadays he is intensely interested in making a success of himself, and this firmness of purpose has made him one of the most dependable of people. On a first meeting he appears quiet—almost unduly reserved; but as you get to know him the quality wears off completely. There is neither conceit nor false modesty in Benny, but there is an animated conversationalist with a gift of sarcasm so subtle that sometimes you are unaware of it; and he is good company anywhere, being

Leonard G. Feather
says that
Bob Crosby
owes nothing
to the fame
of brother Bing



Bob Crosby

parts. Like *Muskrat Ramble*, *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, *Sugar Foot Strut* et al., this number is founded on an ancient Louis Armstrong record on Okeh. Bob Haggart, who arranged most of these as well as *Jazz Lips*, *Dixieland Shuffle* and *South Rampart Street* (New Orleans) *Parade*, knows by heart, note for note, almost every worthwhile Armstrong record ever made.

It was too bad they couldn't play me *Pagan Love Song* on this first visit, because Bob Crosby was afraid the brass section might interrupt the diners' conversation. But he did manage to slip in Kincaid's *Fidgety Feet* and *The Dixieland Band*, as well as Matty's grand *Wolverine Blues* and *Sweet Papa*.

Like so many of the band, Deane Kincaid is a great character. His hobby — almost his life work — is writing arrangements in street cars, trains and trolley buses. He has made a minute study of the different types of cars and coaches. For a long time he played saxes, clarinet and piccolo with the band, but now has gone over exclusively to the arranging side, his successor being Noni Bernardi (reeds and flute), formerly with Tommy Dorsey.

Dixieland Re-Born

IT is difficult to know what is the correct point at which to embark on a description of the Bob Crosby Orchestra. I might begin with Bob himself, because the band bears his name; or with Deane Kincaid, who does so many of the arrangements; or with Bob Haggart, the star inside composer-and-arranger; or with Gil Rodin, because he helped to get the band together. But it would be invidious to start at any one of these places, for, you see, this is a co-operative band.

I can offend nobody, however, by beginning with a description of my first glimpse of the orchestra in its setting at the Lexington Hotel, New York City, last summer. At seven-thirty, dancers almost obscured the view of the boys on the stand, which faced the slightly elevated circular gallery of tables. For a while the band failed to startle me, for the tunes were uninspiring, and the brass section seemed to be restraining itself.

Then little Eddie Miller came over during an interval and promised something really good in the next set. Bob Crosby, looking more

that towards nine o'clock the place would not be so full of "ickies" and the boys would be able to "give out" more freely.

The promise was not an idle one. Before long, every other number featured the style which has singled out this band as the outstanding new and original white dance orchestra of the year. So co-operative are these boys, musically as well as financially, and so well have their years of collaboration in the old Ben Pollack band bound most of them together, that the neo-Dixieland style is always perfectly integrated, no matter who does the arrangements and which are the soloists. Perhaps it is the joyful foundation work by tall, humorous, small-chinned Ray Bauduc, Louis Armstrong's favourite drummer, which "sends" all the boys in such praiseworthy congruity.

Took Over Pollack's Band

This gang has achieved as much in a year as any band I can remember. True, when Bob Crosby first decided to form an orchestra of his own after three years as a vocalist with Anson Weeks, the Basin Street Boys and the Dorsey

Steady As a Rock

Matty Matlock is another Gibraltar of the band. The warmth and character of his clarinet solo work is equalled by that of his arrangements, which, in addition to those already cited, include *Panama* and *Honeysuckle Rose*. As for Eddie Miller, the tenor man, he is more than remarkable. Not only is his tenor work reminiscent of Bud Freeman at his best with a clearer tone, but he is outstanding on clarinet too. Gil Rodin, the other tenor man, completes a section that is individually and collectively right at the top.

The brass, when it is allowed to open out, also scintillates, thanks to the presence of Yank Lawson, a very good solo cornet, and of Ward Silloway, former trombone with Phil Harris, Buddy Rogers and Joe Haymes, also heard on the records by Taft Jordan and The Mob. The other two men are Andy Ferretti, trumpet, and Mark Bennett, trombone (ex-Waring, ex-Vallée).

The excitement caused by this band amongst the fans and musicians has been increased with the replacement recently of Gil Bowers by Joe Sullivan, who returned from his two-year stay in Hollywood to sit at the Crosby keyboard.

There is one man in the band whom I haven't mentioned yet. Eddie Berg,

DISCOLOGY BECOMING A STUDY for the WEALTHY

—says 'ROPHONE,' Reviewing the
Rest of
the Records

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Unbeatable
- ★★★ Creditable
- ★★ Passable
- ★ Unprintable

Stuff Smith and His Ony Club
Boys.

"You'se A Viper."
"Tain't No Use."

(***Vocalion 28)

A FELLOW scribe comment-
ing on the high quality of
this company's recent out-
put, advised us to buy Vocalion

and retire." I might amend this to "Buy Vocalion and starve," for if you reserve half a crown for every good record they issue, food and drink will have to become a luxury. Outstanding in the mid-October list is their first Stuff Smith coupling. I had been waiting for a good example of the closed violinist's work, and here it is.

You'se A Viper has an irresistible charm which grows on you healthily. The number is a descriptive one about reefers, and so forth, but the treatment is by no means as esoteric as the subject. The combination of Stuff's user tone and forceful style with the excellent guitar work of obby

Bennett is really exciting, and though "Jonah" Jones' trumpet clashes with the fiddle in jam ensemble parts, he, too, is individually very fine, despite a tendency to squeal occasionally in the worst Eldridge manner.

Stuff's vocal in *Tain't No Use*, and the fiddle showmanship in the coda make this one interesting, too—but *You'se A Viper* is the side. "Mellow as a 'cello" isn't good

enough for Stuff; he's mellow as a double bass.

Teddy Hill and His Orchestra.
"Uptown Rhapsody."
"At The Rag Cutters' Ball."
(***Vocalion 39.)

All praise to those responsible for recording Teddy Hill at last. This band is literally one of the world's greatest in person, and some of that greatness comes over in parts of *Uptown Rhapsody*, and in all but the first chorus of *Rag Cutters' Ball*. Frankie Newton's trumpet, the unusual arranging and the great sax team work are features that register well. The rhythm section is not too well recorded.

Turn off the lights, and don't



Left: At Boesen's Music Shop, Copenhagen. Feldbeck Christiansen (General Manager of Boesens), Benny Carter, Timme Rosenkrantz, Kai Evans, well-known Danish Bandleader, and Miss Larsen (also of Boesens)

answer the 'phone if it rings while you are playing *At The Rag Cutters' Ball*. Get as near as you can to the volume at which the band originally played; then just let the music "send" you, and see if Teddy Hill's music can conjure up pictures of the Savoy Ballroom for you as it does for me.

Ray Noble and his Orchestra.
"Bugle Call Rag."
"Dinah."
(**Continental H.M.V. X4673. To order.)

This curiosity has been on sale in the foreign lists for some time, having been recorded last December when Bud Freeman was in the band.

Both sides are Glenn Miller arrangements of the worst possible synthetic kind, but *Bugle Call Rag* is at least good for a laugh. Instead of the usual four-bar breaks, everything from *The British Grenadiers* to *Botero* and *The Campbells Are Coming* is interpolated. There are also short solos by van Eps on guitar, Thornhill on piano and Bud on tenor.

Hopelessly Abused

Johnny Mintz and van Eps start off *Dinah* most promisingly, but Bud's talent is hopelessly abused, and the thing degenerates into a weller of repetitions. However, if you want a good record for a musician's party, *Bugle Call Rag* may serve the purpose.

Henry Allen and his Orchestra.
"Roll Along Prairie Moon."
"Algiers Stamp."
(***Vocalion 29.)

Prairie Moon, a swing-Western to and all Westerns, really has some of the excitement of a genuine jam session, with Red's frantic cries of "Take another one, Higgy!" and "Talk to me, Cecil Scott!" This is a grand combination of first-rate jam music and unadorned, unsophisticated humour. *Algiers*, once it has got over some of its sax team work in the first chorus, is resumed with interest. The new

alto star, Tab Smith, seems to be a man worth watching. Rudy Powell's clarinet chorus will do; Cecil Scott, on tenor, gives himself away by starting off with the identical phrase he used on the reverse, which was made almost a year earlier! Red concludes the disc with a swell chorus, helped by Cozy Cole's support.

Altogether, a very worthy coupling for us Allen fans.

Benny Carter and his Orchestra.
"You Understand."
"If Only I Could Read Your Mind."
(***Vocalion 27.)

One thing that time has taught me about Benny Carter's music is that it wears well. I often find myself playing *These Foolish Things*, *Big Ben Blues*, and his other early ones, and enjoying them even more to-day than I did at first. A plain gut-bucket record loses its original fascination, after you have come to know the solos, because unexpectedness is essential to improvisation; in the same way, many other classes of disc have a habit of gathering dust on the shelves. But Benny's wine is of the vintage variety.

This new pairing is not artistically higher than many of his others, but I would recommend it for any collection, if only for the beautiful work of the reed section, the charm of the tune *You Understand*, and Benny's piano solo, which is a model of how to judge your limitations and keep within their bounds.

I suppose we should all like this solo less if we did not know who played it; but, then, we all do, and, try as we may, it is impossible to dissociate any music from its associations and the circumstances surrounding it. To say that Ina Ray Hutton's Band is "Quite good for girls," for instance, is another way of saying that we cannot help getting a bigger kick out of their records in the knowledge that they are girls.

Personal friendships and enmities, grudges and jealousies; all these must be dismissed from the mind of a critic as he judges his subject; and that is not as easy as it sounds.

Pardon this digression. The main point is that you will undoubtedly like the new Benny Carter record.

THE RADIO TIMES, ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 6, 1936

TEMPO DI JAZZ By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

COINCIDENCE seems to have been taking this column on a tour of the Empire. Recently I told you of Billy Bissett's Canadians; last week were mentioned some of the notable Australian dance musicians in London; and now a South African enters the picture.

Currently, when you listen to your Monday evening dance music, try to imagine a burly form standing by the microphone, with all the physique and more than the proportions of a prize-fighter. This swarthy, black-haired figure, holding a violin under his chin, is none other than "Big Bill" Gerhardt, who deserted Durban and a thriving tobacco business sixteen years ago in exchange for London and the music profession.

Although he had never studied the violin seriously, Billy and the music business soon took a liking to each other, with the result that he found himself directing the Rag Pickers, one of the first all-American units to do *palais de danse* work in this country.

After directing a Midnight Follies Band for Jack Hylton, he next assumed leadership of a group which played for three and a half years at Grosvenor House, where Billy took part in scores of broadcasts. Finally he came to the Piccadilly Hotel this season with a newly formed combination.

His string bass player and personal manager, Bert Read, is unrelated to the pianist of that name who plays with Henry Hall.

Once or twice before I have commented in this column on some of the incredible corre-

spondence that makes its way into every famous artist's "fan mail". This week I have seen one, sent to Evelyn Dall, which really beats the band. The only signature appended is "R", and an extract from the missive reads as follows:—

Last night I listened to your broadcast. . . To say that it was marvellous and that you've 'got what it takes' is purely and simply under-estimating an obvious fact, for you were twice that and a jolly good lot more. . . Now it so happens that I play Rugby football. Well, last week I had the very good fortune to meet a fellow (he was a member of the opposing side) who preferred to dislike you, and—well, he is now in Wigan Infirmary. You see, somehow I managed to get hold of his leg and it—er—broke. I was very sorry because apart from the dislike he had for you he was a very good chap indeed. . . .

Letters like these are written in all seriousness, and there are hundreds more in Miss Dall's collection!

Dotted Notes

Spike Hughes, jazz composer and journalist who scored a hit on the air with *I Scream Too Much*, has prepared two new radio comedies, *Nikki Makes News*, a musical comedy, and *Something to their Advantage*. . . . Lew Stone recently added two new men to his band. Monis Litter, the departing pianist, was replaced by Bobbie McGee, and there is a new drummer in the person of Sid Hieger. . . . Bert Ambrose is contemplating a flying visit with his orchestra to Scandinavia.

Advance Is Always Possible to "Clairvoyant Minds" in Jazz

says

"ROPHONE"



Claude Bampton—"a nice job of arranging"

Red Norvo And His Orchestra.
"A Porter's Love Song To A
Chambermaid."
"I Know That You Know."
(***Vocalion S.32.)
Andy Kirk And His Twelve Clouds
of Joy.
"Lotta Sax Appeal."
"Moten Swing."
(***Columbia DB5015.)

HAS jazz really come to the end of a blind alley? Both the above records strengthen my conviction that, impossible though it may appear, on a casual survey, to advance any further in the glorification and variation of what seems to be so simple an art, there are still a few clairvoyant minus in jazz that can break down the barriers to originality.

The final sixty-four-bar passage in Eddie Sauter's arrangement of *I Know That You Know* set me on this train of thought.

The tone colour and the general effect achieved are so utterly and fascinatingly original that one is apt to sit wondering why nobody ever thought

of doing that before in all these twenty-odd years of hot music.

Andy Kirk, too, has achieved something unprecedented with a style of swing music that never slaps you on the ears. Its methods are gentle, yet effervescent (I trust this doesn't sound like an ad. for Eno's), but it gets there just the same. Mary Lou Williams, the guitar, the bass, and above all the featured soloist, Dick Wilson on tenor, distinguish themselves in *Lotta Sax Appeal*.

Wilson makes his tenor tone sound the way tenors were originally meant to—a revolutionary procedure in the face of the grindings and gratings to which Cecil Scott and others have accustomed us.

Coming back to Norvo, I should point out that this the first disc by his own orchestra, which has seen with him for some six months. The *Porter's Love Song* marks one of the happiest unions ever achieved on a disc; that of Red with Mildred Bailey. Long may they continue recording together.

Bix Beiderbecke And His Gang. (1928.)
"Rhythm King."
Miff Mole And His Little Mole. (1927.)
"Feelin' No Pain."
(***Parlo. R2269.)

Neither of these sides has a vestige of swing as we understand it to-day; yet both, particularly the Bix side, are to me immensely moving. Bix's impassioned, sensuous cornet makes you oblivious of all the silly tub-thumping and the other crazy things that are going on around him.

The average listener's trouble in expressing his appreciation of music like this lies in the fear of the embarrassing jeers of his fellow-men when he resorts to poetic or colourful language. If you allow the sarcasm of

ignoramus to interfere with your enjoyment of *Rhythm King*, or with your attempts to describe its effect on you, you will be just another English victim of repressed emotions.

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Worth anything
- ★★★ Worth while
- ★★ Worth something
- ★ Worth nothing

Hudson-deLange Orchestra.
"Organ Grinder's Swing."
"You're Not The Kind."
(Vocalion 508.)
Claude Bampton And His Orchestra.
"Organ Grinder's Swing."
"The Frog."
(Decca F6135.)

For all its triteness, Will Hudson's *Organ Grinder* opus is the sort of thing one can't help liking in spite of oneself. His own recording with his very polished band, featuring a pleasing ensemble and good trumpet solo work, is the most authentic. This band seems to be emulating the Goodman style very competently.

Claude Bampton did a nice job of arranging in his version, which also has some good trumpet (Tommy McQuater), Alan Yates' goodish tenor, and a spate of ordinary vocalism; but most of the value of the record is negated by the miserable balancing between the rhythm section and the rest of the band, which is not Claude's fault.

Teddy Wilson And His Orchestra.
"It's Like Reaching For The Moon."
"I Cried For You."
(***Vocalion S.33.)

Teddy could hardly go wrong, what with two good tunes and a band including Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Lucie, Kirby and Cozy. Billie Holiday seems well suited to both numbers. Jonah Jones' strained trumpet spoils the last chorus of *Side 1 for me*, but the other solos are more than adequate compensation.

Fats Waller And His Rhythm.
"Bye Bye Baby."
"The Curse Of An Aching Heart."
(H.M.V. BD5116.)
"I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby."
"There Goes My Attraction."
(H.M.V. BD5120.)

There is too much that chatters, and too little that matters, about both these platters.

Fats Waller And Bennie Paine
(Piano Duets) (1930).
"After You've Gone."
"St. Louis Blues."
(H.M.V. B8496.)

It was a curious idea to unearth this couple and present it at half-a-crown in the same list as new Waller discs at one-and-six; but then, this is a curious disc altogether. Full of the corniest licks imaginable, yet in some ways not unattractive. As an oddity it is certainly worth something.

Bennie Paine you may remember as the young man who carolled *Sylvia* with Cab Calloway in London. Some of that sentimentalism seems to find its way into his playing.

Earl Hines and His Orchestra.
"Copenhagen."
"Wolverine Blues."
(***Bruno. 02286.)

Making my mind up regarding these two Hines' sides has been a slow and laborious business; but I have finally given a verdict in their favour.

Both sides, though not extraordinary as compositions or arrangements, require considerable study before you come to know them. The band's main fault is the lack of tone or character in the brass team. The trombone work, both collectively and individually, is slipshod. But there are good solos by tenor and trumpet, and on *Wolverine Blues*, the better side, Omer Simeon concludes with a really fine clarinet chorus in a free, liquid style that I find most attractive.

As for Earl himself, though his left hand lacks the solidity of old, and is apt to play too many loud and obtrusive single notes in the middle register, there is still a dynamic verve in the old right hand that can be very exciting.

Passing Notes

At the No. 1 Club the name of Leonard Feather is associated more than anything with recitals of outstanding interest, and his recent appearance there attracted 200 people. The standard of his record offerings seemed rather below that of previous occasions, but with the enormously increased releases of American swing discs on this side it must be correspondingly difficult to discover gems confined to American catalogues. One of his platters, however, can be fairly described as unique. This was a privately-made Ellington affair introduced, written, composed, sung and accompanied on piano by the Duke himself. It is a pity that those who imagine Ellington as a kind of mystic far removed from ordinary mortals will never hear this pressing (Feather's is the only copy in existence), for the whole thing has a rare intimacy, is charmingly unpretentious and, above all, essentially human. The lyric can hardly lay claim to rivalling a Shakespeare sonnet, but at least it has more of the jazz spirit than the endless heartbreak ballads given us by Tin Pan Alley. The gist of the thing is suggested by the first and last lines, which run: "I've

15

got to be a rug-cutter so I can swing out in that groove."

A further novel feature of Leonard's programme was the showing of a film taken by him on his last trip to the U.S. and made up of informal shots of such rhythmic stars as Louis Armstrong, Luis Russell, Mezz Mezzrow, "Pop" Foster, Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey.

Melbourne, Dec. 1936.

ENGLISH NEWS by Leonard G. Feather

D B Leaders' Assn. Formed

The most important event of the year in the British dance music profession has been the formation of the Dance Band Leaders' Association, which took shape last month following a series of hush-hush meetings of all this country's principal leaders.

The original convention was called together by the well-known London bandleader, Lou Preager, but the nucleus of the suggestion concerning a protective society for leaders actually came from Jack Hylton, who, with Preager, Jack Payne, Ambrose and other leaders, has taken his place on the committee of this new organization.

Every bona fide leader in the country is expected to join, the entrance fee being £10. The chief object of the society will be the defense of the conductors' interests in their relations with theatre and dancehall managers, music publishers, and particularly the B.B.C. The need for them to band together in this manner has long been evident, particularly as London has no strong Musicians' Union and there is no rigid bar on non-Union men.

One problem that may be cleared up when the organization gets down to work will be that of special arrangements. For a long while the press has been drawing attention to an alleged racket between leaders, publishers and the B.B.C. according to which the leaders, to compensate for the poor fees paid them for broadcasting, accepted bribes from publishers in the shape of free special arrangements. It has been reported that as from December 1, to prevent this racket, the B.B.C. will only allow standard commercial arrangements to be played on the air, which would naturally have the effect of making all the bands sound pretty much alike.

The net result in the end will undoubtedly be that the B.B.C. will be obliged to raise its fees to dance bands. In fact, the general status of bands and leaders in the B.B.C.'s eyes will rise during the coming year, and conditions will improve both for the performer and the listener.

An angle on the association which has not yet struck the British press is that of the ordinary members of the bands. Currently many of them augment their incomes by recording and broadcasting outside their own bands. If the band leaders try to prevent their own men from doing any outside work, the men will raise such a squawk against this loss of income that a separate association of instrumentalists may spring up.

All-American Concert in London

American artists in this country who respect the memory of King George V, and who in many cases performed before him at the annual Royal Command Variety Performance, have decided on a worthy and interesting means of paying a tribute to show their appreciation of the hospitality offered them here during his reign.

The object of the performance will be the inauguration of an American subsidiary fund to the King George Jubilee Trust Fund, to which the whole proceeds will be devoted. Americans who know Sophie Tucker will not be surprised to learn that the inspiration for this scheme was hers, and that she will take a leading part in the organization of the concert.

British Hit Parade

Basing its ideas on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade, the B.B.C. has commenced a series of broadcasts, taking place every second Monday evening, entitled The Music Box. Featuring Gerald and His Orchestra, this purports to tell the British public which tunes it has been favoring during the previous two weeks. The figures, compiled by means of random enquiries at publishing houses, record stores and sheet music counters, have caused comment; for, as has been the case with the Lucky Strike hour, great doubts have been expressed as to their accuracy.

Disregarding this program and other lists which have appeared, it would seem that the ten leading hits all round (on radio, discs and sheet music) are approximately as follows at the time of writing (mid-November):

1. Sin to Tell a Lie.
2. Serenade in the Night (*Italian*)
—Peter Maurice Co.
3. Star Fell Out of Heaven.
4. { Shoshine Boy
{ Did I Remember?
6. The Fleet's in Port Again (*English*)—Cinephonic Co.
7. { Take my Heart.
{ Empty Saddles.
{ No Regrets.
10. Whistling Walts (*twitsey* by Sigler, Goodhart, Hoffman, Americans, for British picture)—Cinephonic Co.

Shorts

B.B.C. Television service now operating regularly for two hours daily; HENRY HALL AND HIS B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA frequently featured . . . definition of pictures is excellent, and many restaurants and stores have acquired sets to attract customers. . . . Big new commercial radio system started in Lyons, France, to transmit sponsored programs in the English language for listeners in Great Britain . . . CARROLL GIBSON, American-born leader of Savoy Arphians in London, reported interested in the venture. . . . JACK JACKSON augmenting for a series of music hall appearances. Newcomers to the band include JACK COOPER, ex-Ambrose vocalist; HELEN MCKAY, formerly singer with Lew Stone's Band; and a male vocal trio. . . . RUBY STARITA, brother of RAY and AL STARITA, touring South Africa with his Marimba Band. . . . JACK HYLTON gathering musicians together for two broadcasts, since he now has no permanent band of his own. . . . MRS. JACK HYLTON AND HER ORCHESTRA.

The KING of NEW ORLEANS

Leonard Feather on ELMER SCHOEBEL, the Man Who Made Jazz History Fourteen

Years Ago



Left: Elmer Schoebel, pioneer of New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

Below: Isham Jones, in whose band he played piano.



Orchestra (one under the name of Husk O'Hara) and six others by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. A comparison of the original arrangement of *Tin Roof Blues* (Brunswick 02208) with a version waxed last year by Wingy Mannone under the N.O.R.K. pseudonym (Brunswick 01910) reveals that there was very little beyond the difference in recording to establish the gap of more than a decade between the two renderings.

Gradually the Kings drifted

"*Bugle Call Rag* was one of the most profitable numbers to me personally. The total takings on that were around 15,000 dollars. Then *Ten Little Miles From Town* did 7,000. *Spanish Shawl* was 4,000, I believe, and the *House Of David Blues* reached the 4,000 mark, too. Sure, there's money in song-writing—for the guys that come in at the right time!"

Music to Fur and Back

Evidently some of his old associates on some of the classic jazz numbers had less confidence in the profession. Paul Mares, for instance, went out of the game not long after the Rhythm Kings disbanded, Schoebel relates, to build up a large and prosperous fur business with his father in New Orleans. Until the end of the twenties, just before the depression, he appeared to have made a fortune. Then came the crash. Mares was completely wiped out. Broken in money and spirit, he returned to Chicago, where the ghost of the old days returned for a while with a small band at Harry's New York Bar, including Paul himself on trumpet, Jess Stacy on piano, Santo Pecora on trombone, George Wettling, drums, and the brilliant Boyce Brown on alto. But to-day nobody seems to know what Mares is doing.

Ingenious Inventor

If Schoebel's self-confidence was shaken to any extent, he would soon find other interests to which to turn, for, odd to relate, he is as practical as most musicians are impractical, and has earned himself quite a name as an inventor of considerable ingenuity. He claims to have been the first to devise and launch the "plug-in" radio system now used in so many American hotels, whereby a listener in any room can listen to any of three or four stations simply by plugging in to a selected socket.

As for his music, Schoebel continues to churn the numbers out prodigiously. If we are to believe him, his current opus, *My New Excitement*, is going to be a real success. The words and music are both his.

Should his forecast prove correct let us at least hope that he reap the reward himself this time instead of seeing others cashing in on his inventiveness. But somehow I feel it is too late. Things like *Nobody's Sweetheart* only happen once in a lifetime. . . .

IT is strange and sad how few of the real pioneers of hot music have managed to cling for any length of time to this form of livelihood. On a retrospective glance at some of the greatest "historical" names in jazz—King Oliver, Bix, Jean Goldkette, Red Nichols, Rapallo, and in Europe Hughes and Gilzalde—one finds that the vast majority have either given up dance music as a bad job or have through some misfortune faded completely out of the limelight.

A few, like Ben Pollack and Fletcher Henderson, have survived numerous reverses and continue to come up smiling. Others have just been plodding along steadily, and are in as safe a position to-day as ever.

Into the latter group falls Elmer Schoebel.

This pioneer of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, his forty years resting lightly on his sturdy shoulders, is at present busy turning out popular songs and supplementing his income with the royalties that continue to stream in from his earlier compositions. When I met him up at the Mills Artists' Bureau this summer he had an interesting story to tell of what happened to him after the famous Rhythm Kings disbanded, and of how the song products of that era helped him in later years.

Music In the Blood

Schoebel comes from Champaign, Illinois. Music, piano-playing and song-writing surged in his blood at an early age, and by the time he had passed his fourteenth birthday he was earning his living as a professional accompanist in vaude-

ville and motion pictures. Two years later he joined the Musicians' Union, and it is his boast that there are very few active jazz musicians in New York to-day who have been in the Union since 1912.

Gradually he built up a reputation in Chicago's cafés and night clubs accompanying various vocalists. Meanwhile the manager of the Friar's Inn was persuading Paul Mares and Leon Rapallo to put in an eight-piece orchestra at his establishment. Schoebel was enlisted, along with Jack Pettis and other Chicago recruits; and so the famous Friar's Society Orchestra, later to be known as the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, was formed in 1922.

Gradually the influence of Schoebel upon the band made itself felt so emphatically that the formless, completely improvised routines of their performance gave way to a more carefully rehearsed and formal manner. Though most of the band could not read music, Schoebel trained them to fix up arrangements without written parts.

A study of the evolution of this group can be made even to-day, thanks to the Brunswick Classic Swing Albums, for there are six reissued titles by the Friar's Society

apart, Schoebel finally taking his leave in 1924 to play at the Midway Gardens in Chicago. Not long afterwards, around 1925, he became a member of Isham Jones' Orchestra. Until 1928 he continued working as an orchestral pianist with his own and other combinations. Since then he has been concentrating exclusively on writing.

Probably he would have been able to retire by now had he not made one tragic mistake. The most famous compositions with which he was associated, *Nobody's Sweetheart* and *Farewell Blues*, could have netted him a fortune, but he sold out his entire interest in both numbers before the realization came that here were a couple of Tin Pan Alley gold mines.

Thirty G for "Nobody's Sweetheart"

"*Nobody's Sweetheart*," he told me, "has actually made around thirty thousand dollars. Of course, there were four of us in it—Gus Kahn, Ernie Erdman, and Billy Meyers and myself—but if I'd only kept that quarter-share . . . and *Farewell Blues*, which I did with Paul Mares and Rapallo, didn't do so badly at 8,000 dollars.

See over for Raphone article



NOV. 13. 1936

20



By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

A CURIOUS contrast exists between band leaders in this country and their brethren across the Atlantic. Our leaders have in very few cases tried their hand at song-writing.

Of the few who have devoted their time to this side of the business in England, Henry Hall and Harry Roy spring to mind. The former wrote several tunes for his film last year, and Mr. Roy, covering under a pseudonym, was answerable for such ballads as 'Heart of Gold'. Jack Hylton's name appears as composer of 'Trombone Cocktail', 'Jeremy', and 'It's too late now'. And that pretty well completes the list.

One leader who helped his reputation considerably by writing his own signature tune was Carroll Gibbons, composer of that agreeable number 'On the Air'. But, alas! he cannot be counted amongst the British song-writer-band-leaders, for he has been in Britain for only twelve years.

Gibbons hails from Massachusetts, where he was born in 1903. After studying music in Boston and playing piano with a number of American groups, he made that notable trip across the Atlantic in the company of Joe Brannelly and Rudy Vallee, to begin his long association with the Savoy bands.

In addition to 'On the Air', Carroll Gibbons was the writer of 'While My Pretty One Sleeps', 'Garden in the Rain', and, amongst others, a number on which his collaborator was Rudy Vallee, namely 'My Cigarette Lady'.

Next week Gibbons has a special broadcast, on Saturday from 6.45 to 7.30 p.m.

Have you been wondering what has happened to all Jack Hylton's stars since the disintegration of his band? A few enquiries I have made recently have brought some interesting revelations.

Pat O'Malley, the star vocalist, is now master of ceremonies in the same Chicago hotel at which he worked with Hylton. Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, is on a concert tour in the States, and has appeared as a guest artist with Ben Bernie and Richard Himber. Effie Atherton left London a while ago, Hollywood bound. Melle Weersma, Hylton's brilliant arranger, is back in his native Holland, and Philippe Brun, once Jack's leading hot trumpet player, is in France again, with Ray Ventura's Band.

Bill Tement, instrumentalist and arranger, is working at the Hylton office. Johnny Raitz, the black-moustached sax man, who for many years was a sort of Hyltonian corner-stone, always to be seen on the extreme right-hand side of the stage, is broadcasting with Van Phillips, as is the veteran ex-Hylton trumpet player Jack Raine.

Sonny Farrar, whose 'Schnozzle' impersonations used to amuse Hylton audiences, now has an orchestra of his own, one of the members being another of Jack's former men: George Swift, the high-note trumpeter. Freddy Schweitzer, the German comedian saxophonist, is touring with Mrs. Jack Hylton in her road-show *Hear Here!*

TEMPO DI JAZZ; by Leonard G. Feather

Radio Times 20/11/36

TELEVISION HENRY HALL

THE BBC bus, having completed its climb to a height of some three hundred feet, deposited its load of passengers outside the majestic Alexandra Palace ('Ally Pally' to its friends). Through a heavy autumn mist could be seen a striking expanse of London's lower-lying neighbourhoods for many miles around.

The scene inside this television sanctum had most of the earmarks of a film studio. Big arc lamps seethed relentlessly; a camera could be seen enclosed in a soundproof booth. Over the centre of the improvised bandstand hung a microphone, suspended by a galleon-like 'boom' of the type familiar to anyone who has visited Eitree.

Some of Henry Hall's boys were filling in a few odd moments playing darts, while others utilised a ping-pong table, which unaccountably stood near by. Technicians hurried to and from the adjacent control room.

The whistle sounded. A sudden, ominous silence fell on us. The curtain, consisting of broad strips of black and white cloth, was drawn back as the orchestra prepared for the first item.

Leslie Mitchell, lips painted a vivid blue, made the preliminary announcement. As the curtain opened, Henry Hall spoke into one of the two extra mikes placed near the front of the scene. Despite the discomfort of their make-up, which varied from orange to brick colour, the men in the orchestra seemed remarkably well at home in their new surroundings, probably on account of the four long and patient hours spent on rehearsal.

Bert Read, sitting at the piano with his back to the camera, wore dark glasses to prevent eye-strain.

On this particular occasion the Baird system was being used; hence the use of special cameras, which develop the film automatically so that both sound and picture are presented about a minute after the events have actually taken place. This meant that during interst when he was not required to appear, Henry Hall was able to dash across to the control room and watch himself going through his minute-old performance.

'Interesting', commented Henry Hall, 'to think that they might preserve this film and show it again in ten years' time. Makes you wonder what a pre-BBC broadcast would sound like if we could hear it today.'

The image on the screen was remarkably clear, with very occasional distortion. As George Elrick or Dan Donovan came forward for a vocal chorus, a special close-up lens would be slipped in to give a large picture. Dan looked quite at ease, in spite of having to renounce his usual custom of cupping his ear to hear himself sing.

'One thing we shall have to do', commented George Elrick afterwards, 'is think of some new treatments for our comedy numbers. So much of the comedy depends on trick sound effects that this televising simply gives the game away! Still, we're all thinking up ideas to make up for that.'

The Three Sisters provided the necessary feminine visual element. If this were Miss Irene Veal's department, a description of their dresses would follow here; but I shall have to disappoint you by stating simply that they were all dressed alike, and very charmingly.

As the programme came to an end, the musicians made a dash for the cooler air outside, and make-ups were removed like greased (and I mean greased) lightning.

Somewhat I felt that the BBC Dance Orchestra had caught a little of the pioneer spirit that pervades many of those who have been associated with the Alexandra Palace transmissions.

Perhaps, not so many years from now, when they look back on that cold, bleak day when they were introduced to London's viewers, they will feel a glow of pride as they tell the younger generation: 'Ah, yes, I was in at the beginning of television. Those were the days.'

Perhaps by then, too, as has been the case with broadcasting, there will be a hundred and one people all claiming to have been the first artist to be televised in England.

We shall see . . .

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Perfect
 ★★★ Probable
 ★★ Possible
 ★ Pooh!

Brunswick Elizalde Album.
 (Bruns. 02327 to 02333. £1 with album.)

AGE cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety. Eight years ago Fred Elizalde formed what still remains the greatest band ever united in this country. It is a pleasure to take out my worn old original copies and remind myself of this fact.

The six sides by "His Hot Music" are those that interest me most. They are: *Dixie*, *Tiger Rag*; *Arkansas*, *Sugar Step*; *Darktown Strutters' Ball*, *Somebody Stole My Gal*.

It took me two years to secure a copy of *Dixie* after the old Brunswick company crashed. This copy, which cost me 6s., worn and second-hand, I would only play at self-rationed intervals for fear of wearing it out. To me it was the most glorious jazz record ever made.

Never did another record so make me want to cry for sheer love of its intense beauty. Dedicated by Adrian to Dixie, his wife, it brought out every atom of the genius of Rollini with his bass saxophone. Everything else in it is in perfect keeping with Rollini's work, but it is he alone who, even to-day, makes this a masterpiece.

Old Times Sake

Probably sentiment has led me to delusion that *Tiger Rag* is

greater than it really was; but I still feel it represents the very summit of collectively improvised inspiration. I remember the M.M. ran a contest for the identification of the instrument used for percussive effects behind the trumpet chorus. It turned out to be a hot mackintosh or something.

Arkansas had me running out to the local music shop to buy a "hot fountain pen" for 19s. 6d. But Adrian was the only musician on earth ever to master that unique and fascinating little instrument. Quealey's trumpet in this number expresses emotion with simplicity and an appealing tone.

Thing of Beauty

Here and in *Sugar Step*, which almost approaches *Dixie* as a thing of beauty, the solo work by the brilliant young Spaniard himself has a directness and a finesse that betray at once his musical culture and his understanding of true jazz.

The other couple was the object of a quest similar to my hunt for *Dixie*, with the important difference that I tracked down a copy in Paris for 1 franc. Adrian's fountain pen, and the even stranger device called the goofus, figure in this couple.

There are two sides in the album by Fred "And His Orchestra." *Clarinet Marmalade* betrays its

EVERGREEN ELIZALDE

Hot Records Reviewed

by

"ROPHONE"

stylish, vocal by Mike Riley, that I hold out fresh hopes for these boys. The other side is weak on rhythm, and reverts to a few crudities, but is by no means a completely meritless performance.

Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra.
 ***"Parade Of The Milk Bottle Caps."
 ***"Don't Look Now."
 (Bruns. 02322.)

Jimmy Dorsey's bunch seems to be in the same position at present as the Hudson-deLange band: well-trained, full of excellent soloists, but held back by arrangements that are a little too artificial and inclined to clichés, drum and cymbal breaks, etc. *Milk Bottle Caps* is the number you've heard Ambrose do; and, oddly enough, the trombone tricks make Jimmy sound more like Ambrose than Ambrose sounds like Dorsey!

It's a pity you can't buy this side

early origin with a belching brass bass, and is less consistently pleasing than the six sides by the Hot Music. On the back is the least known of the three tunes, called *Sugar*; rather a more conventional performance, though not bereft of admirable solos.

Of the six piano solos that complete the album it is hard to say anything in the nature of a hard and fast decision. If you believe that jazz piano solos should be played in tempo, and should have a simple basic form used as a medium for improvisation, all six sides will strike you as dull, particularly *Pianotrope*, which is deliberately technical almost in the Mayerl manner.

Elizalde obviously has not the musical outlook of the typical jazz improviser. Rather than weave new patterns around a melody heard in the back of his and the listener's mind, he will retain the melody and adapt to it unexpected harmonic treatments. The rhythmic aspect is inclined to be neglected; indeed, his left hand at times becomes a weak succession of spread tenths alternating with conventional chords. His imagination is not ambidextrous.

Betraying Weaknesses

Still, the more you hear of these solos the more charm you can find in some of them, even though they may give the impression of being loosely knit. *Harmonizing*, *Siam Blues* and *Melancholy Weeps* approximate to the jazz idiom, and are in many ways attractive. Playing other people's pieces, Fred betrays his weaknesses rather more glaringly (*Way Down Yonder* and *She's A Great Great Girl* are the two remaining sides).

Perhaps the answer is that Fred's academic outlook prevented these solos from being the success they might have been, and that he does not altogether succeed in sustaining consistent interest for three minutes. But, taking the album as a whole, and even allowing that £1 is a lot to ask anyone to spend on swing music all at once, the records will give more direct aesthetic pleasure than either of the "Classic Swing" albums; for the interest of the latter was historic, whereas Fred was so many years ahead of his time that his 1929 music hardly sounds dated to-day.

I should add that the dubbing is quite well done, despite some rather perturbing noises and cracks at the start and finish of some sides.

On the
Upgrade



Elizalde

separately. The reverse is a class commercial record with trio and all that.

Jimmie Lunceford and his Orchestra.
 "Organ Grinder's Swing."
 "Me And The Moon."
 (***)Bruns. 02288.)

Lunceford's treatment of *Grinder* is very slow, screwy quite different from the conception of the number. very short—barely 2½ minute not too short to include so excellent rhythm, ensemble, and work, particularly by one best growl trumpet men Cootie.

The reverse is a very remi tune dealt with in more routine fashion, with a li

TEMPO DI JAZZ By Leonard G. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

JACK HYLTON returns to the air next week with two mid-evening broadcasts, on Wednesday and Saturday.

It is interesting to note that at least five former Hyltonians have graduated to become orchestra leaders themselves. Jack Jackson, ex-trumpet player, still presides at the Dorchester; Neville Bishop, comedy drummer, is now running an orchestra at the Carlton Hotel, Amsterdam; Arthur Young, the pianist, has also recently been working on the Continent; Percival Mackey, pianist, now conducts and arranges for theatre orchestras; and Sonny 'Schnozzle' Farrar, guitarist, recently branched out with his own band.

Kings of Song—(I) Johnny Green.

Johnny Green, the pianist-song-writer who made so many successful records with Carroll Gibbons during a visit to this country three years ago, is a twenty-eight-year-old Harvard man with the type of musical culture that reflects itself in some of his compositions. 'Body and Soul', in particular, is a gem in the modern dance-music idiom, far removed from the usual banalities of Tin Pan Alley.

At one time Johnny was an arranger for that super-sweet organisation, Guy Lombardo's

Orchestra. Later he was musical director at one of Hollywood's most grandiose studios.

Recently he has acquired a great reputation as a band leader. The Fred Astaire-Johnny Green hour (note the equal prominence given to the two names) has become one of the leading attractions of U.S. radio.

Johnny Green's compositions include 'I'm yours', 'I cover the waterfront', 'Mr Whittington', and the celebrated 'Night Club' suite.

Like broadcasting and other twentieth-century products, jazz has created its own terminology. Old words have been adapted, new ones coined; the dialects of Broadway and Harlem have exerted their influence. Below is the first instalment of what I believe to be the first genuine and complete jazz glossary. Those who preserve it week by week for reference will soon learn to understand the talk and writings of musicians and fans.

Lingo Di Jazz

ALL-IN (adj.): Usually applied to the last passage of a 'swing number' in which the melody instruments improvise all at once. Confusingly enough, this is synonymous with **ALL-OUT.**

BARRELHOUSE (adj.): A style of jazz playing named after the type of establishment from which it originates—unsophisticated, meaty, but sincere and authentic.

BASS FIDDLE: A double bass (string bass).

BLACK STICK: Clarinet.

BLUES: Often denotes any jazz in slow tempo and of melancholy nature; but specifically 'The Blues' is a twelve-bar chorus with harmonies resembling the chorus of 'St. Louis' Blues. One of the oldest and most persistent themes in swing music.

BOJANGLES: A nickname of Bill Robinson, Mayor of Harlem and noted tap-dancer to whom Fred Astaire, his former dancing pupil, dedicates a song and dance number in his current film, *Swing Time*.

BRASS SECTION: That part of the band which comprises trumpets and trombones (and occasionally mellophones), but *not* saxophones!

Are you listening to the
'KINGS OF JAZZ'

series on Wednesdays at 12.30 p.m.?

This week's subject: Duke Ellington

Next week (final): 'Swing'

MAKER. NOV. 28/36

LEONARD FEATHER VISITING NEW YORK

LEONARD G. FEATHER, well-known "Melody Maker" authority, arrived in New York on Monday, November 23, on a special mission in connection with this paper.

He is staying at the Hotel Plymouth, West 49th Street, New York City, where he will be pleased to greet again the many friends he made on previous trips.

Leonard has a proposition of great interest to all American dance musicians, and, while he intends to get in touch with as many as he possibly can during his stay over there, he hopes that others will communicate with him at the hotel.

he uses it. ad of the achieved by e highest range. In You there remember and E flat two oc- and then, beautifully s F below id of the ue used as ly artistic

rast, and ndling of in Mildred ose. Gif- thing But oda) and at, all of at his

makes it- choice of ber or the he will e rhaps- oken ara- that Haw- ciate. An iddle part taken in

sing is the essentially which the way to the m. Sham chorus is notes.

style

es another y help you rds. He itone in a manner, flattened onic. This otably to- house, and

SELECTED RECORDS FEATURING BUNNY BERIGAN (Trumpet)

(* Indicates Release in England)

- | | |
|---|--|
| Louis Armstrong and his Orch. (Decca).
*Yes, Yes, My, My.
*Eggs In One Basket.
Mildred Bailey (Brunswick).
*Is That Religion?
*Harlem Lullaby. (Parlophone).
*Honeysuckle Rose.
*Willow Tree.
*Squeeze Me.
*Downhearted Blues. | Benny Goodman and his Orch. (Victor, H.M.V.).
Get Rhythm In Your Feet.
*Ballad In Blue.
*Blue Skies.
*Dear Old Southland.
*King Porter Stomp.
Sometimes I'm Happy (available on Continental list, to order).
Jingle Bells.
*Between The Devil.
Sandman.
Yankee Doodle Never.
No Other One.
Eeny Meeny Miney Mo.
*Basin St. Blues.
*When Buddha Smiles.
*If I Could Be With You.
*Goody Goody.
It's Been So Long.
*Stompin' At The Savoy.
*Breakin' In A Pair Of Shoes.
Santa Claus Came In Spring.
Good-bye.
*Madhouse. |
| Bunny Berigan and his Boys (Vocalion).
It's Been So Long.
Swing Mister Charlie.
Little Bit Later On.
Melody From The Sky.
Bit Definitely.
When I'm With You.
If I Had My Way.
*I Nearly Let Love.
*I Can't Get Started†.
Rhythm Saved The World. | Billie Holiday and her Orch. (Vocalion).
*Did I Remember.
*No Regrets.
Billie's Blues.
Summertime. |
| Bunny Berigan's Sextet (for Parlo.).
Chicken And Waffles.
You Took Advantage Of Me.
I'm Coming, Virginia.
Blues. | Dick McDonough and his Orch. (Vocalion; available on Continental list, to order).
Dardanella.
Between The Devil.
In A Sentimental Mood.
It Ain't Right. |
| Dorsey Brothers' Orch. (Brunswick).
*Getting Sentimental.
*Someone Stole Gabriel's Horn.
*Sing.
*Mood Hollywood.
*Shim Sham Shimmy.
*She's Funny That Way.
*I Can't Make A Man. | Glenn Miller and his Orch. (Col.).
*In A Little Spanish Town.
*Solo Hop.
Blues Serenade.
Moonlight On Ganges. |
| Bud Freeman's Windy City Five (Parlo.).
*The Buzzard.
*Tillie's Downtown Now.
Keep Smiling At Trouble. | Red Norvo and his Swing Octet (Parlo.).
*With All My Heart And Soul.
*Honeysuckle Rose.
*Bughouse.
*Blues In E Flat.
Frank Trumbauer's Orch. (Victor, H.M.V.).
*Blue Moon.
*Down T' Uncle Bill's.
*Plantation Moods.
*Troubled. |
| Frank Froeba and his Orch. (Col.).
*It Ain't Nobody's Biz'ness.
Just To Be In Caroline.
Tagging Along With You.
It All Begins And Ends With You. | Gene Gifford and his Orch. (Victor, H.M.V.).
*Dizzy Glide.
*Nothin' But The Blues.
*Squareface.
*New Orleans Twist. |

each with Mildred Bailey, Glenn Miller, Red Norvo, Billie Holiday, and his own Sextet. Generally a great jazz soloist is a great blues man; and very often the converse is also true.

Not only is Bunny a king of the blues, but if his work with Mildred is any criterion, he may well be called a king of accompanists. The perfect timing and aptitude of the two-or-three-note "fill-ins" which he inserts between the vocal phrases in the first chorus of *Willow Tree* furnish a superb example of his instinct in the art of improvisation.

It would be unjust to conclude without a few words on Bunny's shortcomings, for his work is by no

Yes, Yes; but at its best it has a warmth and charm almost comparable with Bix's.

Sometimes in fast numbers he seems to lose inspiration and seeks to remedy this by lashing out with a series of isolated notes whose rhythmic content unfortunately doesn't atone for their melodic sterility (e.g., towards the close of *The Buzzard*, *Bughouse* and *Keep Smiling At Trouble*).

A fault which he shares with almost every trumpet player is the delight of finishing on a high note, regardless of good taste or aptitude (*Squareface*, *I Can't Get Started*, *Plantation Moods*, *Solo Hop*).

In future, then, when you hear a jam record featuring trumpet

BUNNY BERIGAN - -



Master of the Blues

by
Leonard G. Feather

JUST about three years ago I listened, very impressed, to the lengthy and very original introduction on a Mildred Bailey record called *Is That Religion?* This introduction was played by a trumpet. Rummaging through my files, I found that the man behind the mouthpiece was a certain B. Berigan, said to be a future star. Never having heard of him, I made a mental note to watch this youngster.

It would have been just about as intelligent to visit Crystal Palace on the Fifth of November and make a mental note to watch the fireworks; for, since 1933, it has been impossible not to watch the rise and busy career of Bunny Berigan. His activities have bombarded me from all sides—records from every company; radio every Saturday night; and news items almost as regularly.

Comparatives and superlatives are dangerous weapons when used in print. They can be thrust back at you, taken out of their context, and can make you feel very uncomfortable in days to come. Yet it cannot be on dangerous ground to state that Bunny, though he may have several equals amongst white trumpet players, has no peers in the present nobility of swing music.

The earliest memory most Englishmen will have of Bunny must be that of his arrival in London during May, 1930, with Hal Kemp's Orchestra. If Bunny was a bit of a wild boy in those days, and if the recollections of Eddie Carroll and other musicians who associated with him are linked with visions of smashed windows, hectic parties

and general confusion, one can put this down rather to youth, and to the typical attitude of the American abroad, than to deliberate waywardness. Bunny even to-day is only in his early twenties, and he has changed a great deal since those days in London.

It was while he was working and recording with the Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra that Bunny first began to cause a stir in musical circles. A period of work with Paul Whiteman helped him along; then, in mid-1935, shortly after Benny Goodman had formed his present orchestra, came the big chance. Bunny was with the band for several months, but, like so many musicians, he couldn't see eye to eye with Mr. Goodman on quite a number of points, and Mr. Goodman found him a trifle too unstable to be his stable companion any longer. Thus came the parting of the ways—and the changing of Bunny's ways; for since then his motto has been "Strictly business," with the result that he has been incessantly in demand for work of every kind.

House Work Grounding

Firstly, he performed a great deal of house work with odd bands at the Columbia Broadcasting System's New York headquarters, frequently taking part in those early morning musical interludes which help to make American radio the permanent pleasure it is. For a while he worked with Red McKenzie in a jam band at the "18" Club, and for an equally short while he joined Red Norvo at the Commodore Hotel until his radio activities made it impossible for him to do much outside work.

During this period Bunny was virtually a resident man up at the Decca studios, recording innumerable pop titles with Bob Howard, Red McKenzie, and the other group which McKenzie familiarly calls the Mound City Nose Blowers; in addition, he worked at all the other companies' studios. In my list I have omitted most of these routine performances, since they were made in sausage-machine style with a minimum of care or inspiration, and thus do not represent the real Berigan.

Swing Brought Fame

The factor that really brought him to the top of the tree, of course, was the Columbia radio company's decision to inaugurate a weekly swing programme as a sop to the increasing vogue for hot music. Bunny had been doing so much house work in their midst that he was their natural choice for the man to head the show; and so, practically every Saturday night this year, "Bunny Berigan's Saturday Night Swing Club" has kept every swing fan in the entire United States glued to the loud-speaker. This was nothing short of terrific in its publicity value for Bunny, who was soon asked by the Vocalion people to take the place of the departed Wingy Mannone as leader of a regular jam band on that label.

The latest news about Bunny is that he has been asked to direct a special swing item in a forthcoming Broadway revue; and that he may possibly return to Goodman's Orchestra.

Since this seems to bring his career up to date, a short analysis of his style would now seem to be in order.

Fortunately, like most great soloists, he has such a great flexibility of style and ideas that it is not easy to identify him on records by such-and-such a mannerism or phrase. One of his greatest characteristics, though, is his range and

the subtlety with which He is particularly for contrasts that can be alternating between the and lowest points of his *I Can't Get Started With* is one phrase which, if I rightly, starts on and arc concert, passes through taves up to above high C at the end of a long and conceived phrase, touching middle C during the passage. Here is technique a means to a glorious end.

The same love of color, especially the masterly low notes, can be found in Bailey's *Honeysuckle*, Ford's *Squareface* and *No The Blues* (in the c Norvo's *Blues In E Flat* which feature Bunny's greatest.

Bunny's flexibility also self apparent in his phrasing. When the new atmosphere calls for assume the mantle of the dist, weaving lovely unbesques in the manner kins taught us to appreciate of this is the m of *I Can't Get Started* two-bar solo breaks.

The other style of phrasing, short, choppy and rhythmic manner in melodic interest gives a rhythmic — e.g., *Sh Shimmy*, in which his largely built around two

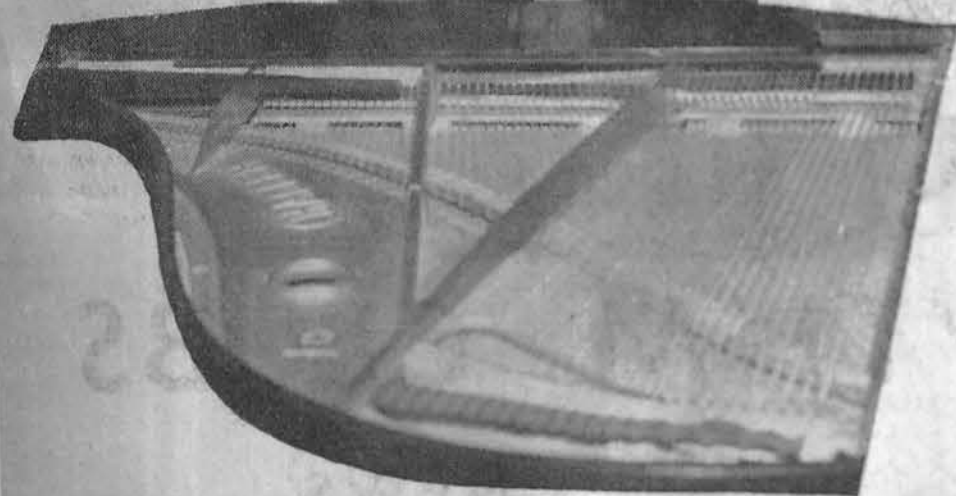
Characteristic Solo S

This same solo feature characteristic which me to identify Bunny on records likes to slur down a series rather plaintive, wistful particularly from the third down to the super-trick manifests itself towards the end of *Bug* again in the magnificent Billie Holiday, due for at the end of November.

In Billie's blues you hear Bunny on his horn the twelve-bar blues. So his greatest records so blues records; two with

DO the JAZZ Highbrows Lack HUMOUR?

Claude Bampton,
who wins high
praise for his
composition,
"Autumn"



Hot Records
Reviewed
by
"ROPHONE"

Wally Morris on bass. It would have swung more with the aid of a drummer; but then it would have sounded more like a dance record than a vocal one; and it wouldn't have been a quartet.

Judged as a vocal disc, which presumably it is intended to be, this is about the best of its kind for some months. *The Man I Love* always was a swell tune, and in addition to the always charming singing of Elisabeth there is a sixteen bar effort by Benny on trumpet.

On the reverse Benny starts the proceedings with an alto chorus. Here the need for more rhythm is definitely felt, particularly as Gene is not the most solid of pianists and Wally Morris plays two-in-a-bar most of the way. Still, it's a fine alto chorus. The vocal that follows recaptures some of the warmth and atmosphere of the Welch-Carter *When Lights Are Low*.

Composer of Promise

Claude Bampton and his Orchestra
"Autumn."
"Wabash Blues."
(**Decca F6147.)

Wabash Blues is not one of Claude Bampton's happiest efforts. The arrangement, particularly the first two choruses, would appear to indicate that he had the tune in the back of his mind instead of just the chord changes. That doesn't matter in an opening chorus, but afterwards it begins to savour of "hotting-up" in the artificial sense. I understand the second chorus was done by Claude's Polish girl pupil. It is clear that she is more academic than stylish. There is a trombone solo which starts well and ends weakly. Tommy McQuater has a few very good moments on trumpet.

Autumn, on the other hand, is a distinct success. Though it suffers from the same defect as the backing, inasmuch as you can hardly hear the rhythm section, there is enough subtlety and originality in the composition to atone for the shortcoming. There is one particularly lovely movement played by the trombone with trumpet obbligato. Running through the piece is a cleverly scored part which sounds as though it might have been intended for a bassoon. It appears to be taken by a baritone sax.

A few more compositions by Bampton and Claude Bampton may be the next Spike Hughes on our local musical map.

Benny Carter and his Swing Quintet.

"Jingle Bells."

"Carry Me Back To Old Virginia."

(***Vocalion S39.)

Stuff Smith and his Onyx Club Boys.

"Serenade For A Wealthy Widow."

"Bye Bye Bye."

(***Vocalion S37.)

SEVERAL times I have hinted darkly in this department that I deplore the lack of humour shown by many connoisseurs and pseudo-highbrows of jazz. This week I shall come right out into the open with a denouncement of these solemn individuals.

In swing music of all arts we must cultivate a sense of proportion (vide "Mike" last week), and, above all, a sense of humour (the two have a great deal in common). We must learn neither to take ourselves too seriously, nor those who mock our enthusiasms when we rave in obscure terms about records with odd titles by people with odd names. We must now and then regard this whole microcosm of swing objectively, and watch ourselves as others watch us.

Hearty Disapproval

I am pointing all this out because both the above records (or rather the first side of each) will earn the hearty disapproval of those moon-faced miseries who crowd together in the corners of Kensington, Montmartre and elsewhere, wondering whether it was Benny Bloomberg or Pee-Wee Hitwhitt who took the clarinet break in Red Oxo's *Dirty Shirt*

Stomp, and worrying about the differences between Kansas City (Missouri) style and Kansas City (Kansas) style.

If you can't see anything funny in taking a number about jingling bells and starting it off with a solo on a string bass; if you can't get a laugh out of the cymbal crash at the end of this number; if you fail to find any comedy in Stuff Smith's burlesque of Foresythe's dainty, self-conscious widow opus; in fact, if you can't see a whole lot of good, honest humour blended with good, honest jazz in both these records, then I have no patience for you. One thing that has preserved "Mike's" sanity during his years of wearying of jazz has been his indomitable sense of humour. Better cultivate yours, too, before it is too late.

Gerry Disappoints

Footnote: It needs more than a sense of humour to excuse Gerry Moore's disappointing performance in *Jingle Bells*. That he didn't know the tune is no excuse in view of the grand show put up by Tommy McQuater, who also hadn't heard either number until half an hour before the titles were waxed.

Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra.

"Sing Baby Sing."

"You Turned The Tables On Me."

(**Vocalion S35.)

Made in California with Teddy, Lionel Hampton and half of Benny Goodman's Band, this is chiefly interesting for Hampton's vibraphone solos. I don't propose to call him "the black Norvo" or anything so contentiously silly. He has a style of his own, and a very delightful one.

I am not enormously impressed by Vido Musso, the new tenor man; nor by a Mr. Redd Harper, who sings passably on both sides. No. If you buy this disc, you will buy

it for the work of Hampton and of Teddy himself.

Red Norvo and His Orchestra, with Mildred Bailey.

"Picture Me Without You."

"It All Begins and Ends With You."

(***Vocalion S36.)

If Red Norvo ("the white Lionel Hampton") gets into a habit of making commercial tunes, your uncle "Rophone" will be very perturbed. Fortunately, like Benny Goodman's, this orchestra has the ability to make even the worst pop sound like something respectable. Add Mildred's two lovely vocals to this, coupled with the fact that *Picture Me* is arranged by Edgar Sampson, the ex-Chick Webb star,

BUYERS' GUIDE.

- ***A Snip.
- **A Bargain.
- *A Deal.
- A Let-down.

and you will see that Red and his team managed to save this pairing from mediocrity.

Nevertheless, I want more records on the lines of *I Know That You Know*.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra.

"Solitude."

"Showboat Shuffle."

(**Vocalion S49.)

After two years of being paired with Wingy Mannone's *Send Me on Brunswick*, *Solitude* suddenly reappears in another list with another Ellington title on the reverse. You should know all about both numbers by now, so an elaborate review is unnecessary.

Elisabeth Welch and Her Swing Quartet.

"The Man I Love."

"Drop In Next Time You're Passing."

(**Vocalion S15.)

The Swing Quartet consists of Benny Carter, Gene Rodgers on piano, Ivor Malraus on guitar and



By Leonard C. Feather

Weekly news and gossip about radio personalities in the world of dance music

THE drummer, that most despised of dance-band instrumentalists, seems to be coming into his own again.

It is not so long since musicians used to remark sarcastically that their band consisted of 'ten musicians and a drummer'. Jokes about 'the drummer who played in the wrong key' are still heard.

Do you remember the drummers of the old school, whose main assets were the quantity of their kit and the volume of noise they produced? Many an expert was able to give an entire show by himself, because the music was of subsidiary importance. Even today there are a few drummers of this class who still retain their popularity—Teddy Brown and perhaps Abe Lyman, not forgetting Englishmen such as Joe Daniels of Harry Roy's band.

Recently I saw a film, *The Big Broadcast of 1937*, which is notable if only because it brings to the screen Benny Goodman's Orchestra, a combination without peer in the jazz world at present. Well, nearly two of the three minutes devoted to the band in this picture were given over to close-ups of the drummer, Gene Krupa, grimacing wildly and offering an astonishing display of technique combined with showmanship. Krupa, in his rightful position as a background provider, is one of the greatest swing drummers of all. Whether this quality will be submerged in showmanship remains to be seen.

Lingo Di Jazz

BREAK (n.): A passage, generally two bars long, in which a soloist plays while the rest of the band suspends its activities entirely. Usually occurs in hot numbers at the end of an eight-bar phrase. Handy claims to have introduced the first break, in his 'Memphis' Blues (1909).

BRIDGE PASSAGE: An intermediate part of an arrangement, serving to link up two choruses, or verse and chorus, etc.

BRINGDOWN (n.): A derogatory term applied to music or musicians (Man, you're a solid bring-down!). Hence TO BRING DOWN.

BUSK (v.): To improvise on a given set of harmonies.

CAT (n.): A musician. ('Swing, you cats!')

CHARLESTON BEAT: A rhythm accentuating the first and fourth quavers of the bar. Named after an obscure dance said to have flourished in the early twentieth century.

CHICAGO STYLE: A style of playing (usually improvised) once peculiar to musicians of the city that gave it its name. You will have to study jazz for a long time to learn just what this style is, and by that time you probably won't care.

Here is a disclosure that will be of interest to at least three of my readers, since all of them asked me for it. They wished to know how this column came to acquire its somewhat curious name.

The idea originally came from an old record by Joe Venuti's Blue Four, entitled 'Tempo Di Barrel', in which the contrasted Italian and American struck me as very effective. And if you want to know what 'Barrel' means, see last week's instalment of 'Lingo Di Jazz'.

Mr. T. FORMS OWN

Leonard Feather Sends All The Hot News From New York

THE best news for two years about Jack Teagarden has just been revealed.

After being encased in the Paul Whiteman Band for so long that the fans had almost forgotten what he sounds like with a small swing combination, Jackson T. has accepted an invitation to form a small band for the Hickory House, 52nd Street, and there can be no doubt that the engagement will have a much-needed restorative effect on Jack's musical morale.

After stagnating for so long in surroundings not congenial to producers of swing music, Jack seemed to be heading for a fate worse than death. . . .!

The band will probably be known as "The Three T's," since his two famous allies, Charlie Teagarden and Frankie Trumbauer, will be with him. This does not mean that the T trio will have to leave Whiteman's Orchestra. They will continue to do concert and radio work with this band, which is at present located permanently in New York, thus enabling Jack to undertake the second job simultaneously, which was to have started December 2. Jack has wired Peck Kelly, a reputedly sensational piano man in his own home State of Texas, asking him to join up.

Kelly, he tells me, will probably join him at the New Year; in the meantime he has engaged Jackie Rusin on piano. Completing the band will be Stan King on drums, Min Leibrock on bass saxophone and string bass, and the one and only Caspar Reardon, hot harp specialist. Arrangements are being contributed by Joe Haymes, Jack T. himself and several others.

SPECIAL "T" SONG

Johnny Mercer has written a special number dedicated to Jack Teagarden bearing the title *Mr. T. from Tennessee*.

Farther along 52nd Street, changes are taking place: "Stuff" Smith is at last to leave the Onyx Club in order to visit Hollywood, where he will take part (a little prematurely, one would imagine) in "Broadway Melody of 1938," which is going into production almost immediately! Stuff has a new pianist, Clyde Hart, apart from which the band is the same and as swell as ever.

When he leaves, the Spirits of Rhythm (directed by Wellman Braud) will hold the fort, and Billie Holiday's superb singing will be an added attraction.

Another great girl singer whose name has been heard a lot around town recently is Ella Fitzgerald, of Chick Webb's Orchestra. She has sung with Benny Goodman on his Camel Caravan programme and made a recording session with him at Victor. Helen Ward is happily now back with Goodman's Orchestra after a brief absence.

Mildred Bailey has joined Red Norvo with the Orchestra, and together they are making music at Chicago's Blackhawk Café. New York will miss Norvo, but reports say that his success there, following Louis Prima's flop in the same establishment, has made the trip well worth while.

Andy Kirk and his great band from Kansas City is in New York at last, having played a week at Harlem's

Apollo Theatre. He will be recording again shortly at the Decca Studios. Another promising coloured aggregation, led by "Count" Bill Basie, is expected here next month.

It has replaced Fletcher Henderson at the Grand Terrace Café, Chicago, and short-wave listeners can hear him broadcast from there on Fridays and Saturdays at 4:30 a.m. if they feel so nocturnally inclined.

JOINS GOODMAN

Lionel Hampton, the magnificent coloured vibraphone player who recorded recently with the Goodman trio and with Teddy Wilson's Orchestra in California, has yielded to Benny's tempting offers to join him in New York.

Abandoning his Hollywood job, he has now been established with the country's greatest white band at the Pennsylvania Hotel. Teddy Wilson is also being featured there, and both he and Hampton have caused immense enthusiasm and, fortunately, no resentment. The appearance of two coloured artists publicly with a white band marks a singular precedent.

GOODMAN ON THE WANE?

"ROPHONE" reviewing the current output of hot records, wonders if commercialism is having a bad effect on Benny



Benny Goodman

BUYERS' GUIDE
 ★★★★★ Cheap at any price
 ★★★ Cheap
 ★★ Cheap at half the price
 ★ Dear at any price

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra.
 "Love Me Or Leave Me."
 "St. Louis Blues."
 (**H.M.V. B8504.)

THE penalty of overproduction is beginning to show. Blinded by my enthusiasm for the Goodman discs of a year ago, I, like many of the fans, glossed over the shortcomings of his recent performances. *You Forgot To Remember* and *Pick Yourself Up*, both reviewed here a few weeks back, have not improved on further acquaintance. This month the facts must be faced. Benny Goodman's band has lost some of the excitement and variety of twelve months ago.

Typical Goodman

The only point in *St. Louis Blues* at which the typical Goodman ensemble makes its impression in the last chorus. For the rest, this is just another *St. Louis Blues*, and by the time it has reached the second verse you feel that nothing new is being said. In the second chorus Benny nearly topples over the brink to Ted Lewis stuff with those sustained squeals. The coda is not exactly original. High spot is Sterling Bose's trumpet; too bad he's left the band.

Love Me Or Leave Me suffers from the unhappy coincidence that the same title was issued only last month by Benny Goodman's Orchestra on Columbia. And, though the older version was no masterpiece, it was in most respects ahead of this new one, which has little or no swing, the rhythm section being either under-recorded or feeble, or both. Jess Stacy's rare opportunity of a piano

solo is partly spoiled by the business in the background.

There are one or two clichés which I am beginning to recognise too often in Benny's clarinet, too. He only has himself to blame for taking nearly all the solo passages himself in every arrangement, thereby becoming stale.

Try the next record for a real Goodman kick as of old:—

Benny Goodman Quartet.
 "Dinah."
 "Exactly Like You."
 (**H.M.V. B8503.)

Benny, Teddy, Krupa and Lionel Hampton on vibraphone combine to make a near-masterpiece out of *Dinah*. Hampton's ideas have brilliantly imaginative harmonic scope, aided by pleasing tone and recording. On the reverse Hampton sings tolerably, but, alas, plays no vibraphone. The tempo is ideal, and Benny swings in every note.

Andy Kirk and His Twelve Clouds Of Joy.

"Cloudy."
 "Corky."
 (**Col. DB5020.)

One of my major pleasures in the conducting of this review is the knowledge that every now and then an Andy Kirk record will present itself for my scrutiny and delectation. If Columbia continues issuing one band record and one Mary Lou Williams record a month, I shall be able to count on at least two clouds of joy per month.

Sensational Improvement

It is strange that a few years ago, when Andy Kirk recorded *Corky* on Brunswick, the record was dismissed as a somewhat crude effort by an obscure coloured band. I myself didn't even bother to keep a copy. In the interim Andy has

polished his band up to such an extent as to make it unrecognisable, and to make the new *Corky* an extremely pleasant affair.

Orchestra's Sole Weakness

On this side, incidentally, you can observe the orchestra's sole weakness. As the last sixteen bars begin, the trumpets betray their inadequacy of co-operation, tone and intonation. With a really outstanding brass section Andy would have a band not far short of perfection.

Cloudy is marred by the introduction of trite lyrics in a Pha Terrell vocal. But it does show what beauty can be extracted from such simple things as a piano playing in octaves and passages scored in unison. Dick Wilson's tenor does nicely on both sides.

Mary Lou Williams (Piano).
 "Corny Rhythm."
 "Mary's Special."
 (**Col. DB5018.)

I would rather sit enraptured at a gramophone listening to Mary Lou Williams than sit nonplussed at a typewriter trying to find some adequate means of expressing my admiration for her. *Corny Rhythm* is simply a gem of 1936 swing piano

playing. It lacks all the faults of the other pianists; none of Hines' tendency to thump, none of Tatum's floridity, none of Teddy Wilson's occasional barrenness of inspiration, none of Waller's commercial concessions.

The entry of the swell bass player halfway through can hardly be condemned, particularly as he fits in so perfectly with Mary Lou; but I do feel she would have been just as well left alone. Her left hand needs no artificial support of this kind; it combines rhythmic and melodic interests in a manner seldom associated with left hands.

In short, the only thing wrong with this side is its title. If this be corny rhythm, well, Lombardo must be the King of Swing.

Mary's Special is below her standard. The constant switching from piano to celeste and back possibly deterred her; and this time you can hear guitar and drums, as well as bass, interfering to an extent that insults Mary Lou's ability to carry a record on her own.

Claude Hopkins and His Orchestra (1933).

"Minor Mania."
 Willie Lewis and His Entertainers (1935).

"Just A Mood."
 (**Col. DB5019.)

Apart from their Kirks and Williamses, poor Columbia must be very short of material to have selected a couple like this. The Hopkins, one of this band's earliest recordings, is pretty miserable. Apart from the fact that the piano is horribly tinny and out of tune, Claude plays it as if paralysed in the left hand. Following his first solo come the saxes, very poor in voicing and phrasing. There are one or two goodish solos to relieve the monotony before we arrive at the end.

As for the reverse, its issue is even more incomprehensible in view of the fact that Benny Carter's own record of *Just A Mood* was issued here five months ago. For all that, it is far preferable to the Hopkins side, being a pleasant number agreeably, if not eventfully, performed.

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

ONE OF the most colourful personalities in Charing Cross Road, London's Tin Pan Alley, is Michael Carr, writer or part-writer of 'Dinner for one, please, James', 'Roll along, covered wagon', 'Sunset Trail', 'O-Kay for Sound', and many others the money-making propensities of which vary inversely with the sophistication of their titles.

Born in Leeds, Carr is the son of an ex-featherweight champion of England. Before wandering into song-writing, he had wandered out of many other professions, such as those of actor, steward, football coach, tramp, electrician, and globe-trotter; chiefly the last named. A few years ago, he relates, he was penniless in New York; but, after working his way across to Liverpool, he persuaded his father to give him £40 to start life anew.

It was Harry Revel, now one of the most famous 'tunesmiths' in America, who introduced him to the music business. Together they wrote a magnificent failure.

With Will E. Haines, Carr had his first big break when a chance came to write the songs for Gracie Fields's film *Looking on the Bright Side*. 'He's dead but he won't lie down', inspired by the spectacle of a dawdling café waiter, was another early hit that helped him along. In those days Carr had much to learn about song-selling technique, for he disposed of two numbers outright, for a mere £10, which could have earned him hundreds—'Without that certain thing' and 'Mademoiselle'.

Radio Times 11/12/26

MAKER

Melody Maker

December 12, 1936

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ It excels
- ★★★ It pleases
- ★★ It satisfies
- ★ It smells

Wave of Old-time Revivals

and its effect on the men who made the originals

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra (1929).

"Jazz Lips."

"Harlemania."

(***H.M.V. B8505.)

Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra (1928).

"Fireworks."

"Two Deuces."

(**Parlo. R2282.)

Fletcher Henderson and his Orchestra (1927).

"Livery Stable Blues."

Claude Hopkins and his Orchestra (1933).

"Harlem Rhythm Dance."

(**Parlo. R2283.)

STILL they come! This wave of revivalism is becoming a positive menace. When an artist of Duke's or Henderson's calibre comes to hear that one of his ancient discs has just appeared in England with no indication of its date of origin, he is generally either amused and amazed or else downright disgusted.

Nothing to Fear

Duke, though, need have nothing to fear from the release of *Jazz Lips* and *Harlemania*. Though corny here and there and weak in team-work, they contain swell solos by Hodges, Carney, *et al.*, none of which has dated in the least.

On the other hand, there is less point in patronising an old Duke disc than an old Arm-

strong, for a very simple reason. Duke has continued to advance, in the same musical idiom; ever since 1929, so that his present-day output is really a sublimation of all that was being attempted in 1929. Louis, on the other hand, has sidetracked into a vastly different and more com-

mercial idiom, so that these 1928 gems represent something you cannot get from him to-day, and which has gradually vanished since the days when *Fireworks* and *Two Deuces* were waxed.

Even the banjo solo and other evidences of antiquity cannot cover the fact that Louis and Hines, in *Two Deuces*, are playing a simple number with appealing chord changes, and are playing it with all their heart and soul. On *Fireworks*, the weaker side of the two, they still both contribute largely enough to make this an important pairing. There are only a couple more sides left to be issued now of the Louis-and-

Hot Records

Reviewed

by

"ROPHONE"



Claude Hopkins

Earl period, and I don't think many of you will regret having the complete set in your library.

The Fletcher Henderson record is another matter again. Though in its time it was a masterpiece there will be very little kick left in it for the average listener. It is interesting to note that Buster Bailey's solo survives the test of time better than that of Hawkins. The Hopkins dates from the same period as *Minor Mania* (reviewed December 5).

Fats Waller and his Rhythm.

"I'm At The Mercy Of Love."

"Copper Coloured Gal."

(**H.M.V. BD5133.)

"S'posin'."

"Sing An Old Fashioned Song"

(**H.M.V. BD5135.)

Now that we are having four sides a month by Fats Waller thrust at us, it is beginning to become clear why American rhythm fans take very little notice of his current output. It's all too much of a muchness.

I'm At The Mercy Of Love starts with some very pompously straight piano, achieving the mongrel effect of Charlie Kunz plus Curlee Gibson plus Fats Waller. The tempo is doubled up for Fats' vocal then halves itself again as if the attempt at variety has failed.

Made In A Hurry

Copper Coloured Gal includes fewer fluffs than are usually present. I can sympathise with the trumpet and clarinet men, for these records were probably made in a great hurry, only one master being allowed for each title; so the odds are on a few errors being left in every time, because the boys didn't have a chance to warm up on the number.

Eugene Sedric, the tenor man, probably doesn't need so much rehearsal. He knows his instrument well enough, and delivers a good chorus in *Sing An Old-Fashioned Song*. With a rather attractive tune on the reverse, this makes a better coupling of the two than

H M CLUB PAGES.

News of the Week from New York

SEVERAL new names are in the news. At least three comparatively unknown figures in the dance band world are busy forming their own orchestras.

Howard King, the first, is a good arranger who has until recently been working exclusively for Clyde McCoy; so you can imagine that, feeling as if he were recently released from jail, he has an excellent incentive to show that he can turn out some good stuff when not tied down to the McCoy mannerisms. His band is in the rehearsal stage and I hope to give the lineup shortly.

Woody Herman, the second of these new bandleaders, is already in a job, at the Roseland, New York's Astoria Ballroom. The band is an offshoot of Isham Jones', which broke up when Jones retired recently. Herman plays tenor sax and sings pretty well—you remember him on those "Isham Jones' Juniors" records? Woody is to record for Decca, and the music is certain to have a degree of swing.

YES, WE HAVE A BONANO!

Sharkey Bonano is the third of these new men in the bandleading field. He plans to get a combination together as soon as he has resided here long enough to qualify for the New York Union. This New Orleans trumpet-player and vocalist has another vocal session this week, for which he is to use George Whetting, Joe Marsala, and a swell line-up.

Whetting, by the way, is joining Artie Shaw's string swing orchestra, and has already done a recording session with him. He is one of the greatest of white drummers, and was one of three figures in a unique gathering of percussionists at Red Mackenzie's Club recently, where "Cory" Cole dropped in and, with Whetting, sat gasping at the magnificent drumming of Dave Tough, from Tommy Dorsey's group, who was sitting in with the band.

Also joining Artie Shaw's Orchestra is the first trumpet man, Rubin "Zeke" Zarchy, who leaves Benny Goodman in a few days' time.

Benny's quartet act at the Pennsylvania Hotel drew fantastic and

by LEONARD FEATHER

wildly enthusiastic crowds around the time of last week's national American holiday of Thanksgiving. While Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Benny, and Gene Krupa did their act to frenzied applause, hundreds of late arrivals struggled to get into the packed room.

Never before have I seen such enthusiasm at any band's appearance in a hotel.

Unfortunately, Lionel Hampton is not content with playing only vibraphone, though he has firmly established himself on this instrument as the greatest musical sensation of the year. He wants a job where he can also play his drums, and, as a result, may move to a little night spot to form a small coloured band of his own.

BOWLLY'S BAND

Another star who will be forming his own band shortly, as you read in THE MELODY MAKER last week, is Al Bowly, who leaves New York the first week in January for London. There he will meet his brother "Mish" (Michel) for the first time in seventeen years.

Mish, who is reported to be a good pianist and arranger, will be coming from South Africa to help Al get the band together and to become a member himself. There is no ill feeling at all, by the way, between Al and Ray Noble or Bill Harty; they are still the same grand trio of friends, but Al just feels like getting back again to his adopted home, and declares that he has had enough of America, though his success here has been signal. Meantime, Bill is auditioning vocalists to take his place.

NOBLE CHANGE

Another change in the Noble Band, which is already in effect, is the exchange of jobs between clarinetists Matty Matlock and Johnny Mintz, who are now with Ray Noble and Bob Crosby. Matty, a paterfamilias, didn't want to leave home on tour, so offered his job to Mintz and took over

the latter's place with Noble at the Rainbow Room.

Another great clarinet man, Joe Marsala, is thinking of a revolutionary move. He may accept an offer from Lucky Millinder to join his Blue Rhythm Band. I need hardly add that Joe is a white man; but he thinks this experience would do him good, and has sufficient strength of character not to care what people say about the idea of his joining a coloured outfit.

Jimmie Lunceford is entering on his last weeks in America, prior to his sailing for Europe on January 27. He will visit almost every European country except England, according to present plans; but perhaps that may yet be rectified.

Jimmie is looking in at the Savoy Ballroom next Sunday for a one-night stand. Another great band to be heard uptown this week is Don Redman's. He has three new men in the orchestra: Harold Baker and Otis Johnson, trumpets (the latter will leave soon), and big Sidney Catlett, a fine drummer and great showman. Harlan Lattimore, after an attempt to rehabilitate himself physically, which resulted in two or three weeks back with Don, finally proved quite incapable of making himself reliable, and is now out for good 'n' all, his place being taken by one Louise McCarroll, a charming young songstress.

DOTTED NOTES

Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra are doing a weekly commercial broadcast for a cigarette firm, which you short-wave merchants can hear every Tuesday from 2:30 to 3 a.m. over Pittsburgh. . . . Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra will be back in New York shortly with a hotel job. . . . Ed. Farley, of Farley and Riley, plans to form a full-size orchestra of his own now that the *Music Goes Round* pair have split for ever. . . . Riley will do the same. . . .

Mildred Bailey and Red Norvo are reported doing sensational business at the Blackhawk Café in Chicago. . . . Johnny Hammond has taken a job with one of the country's largest advertising firms. . . . Teddy Wilson is practicing Debussy assiduously. . . . Marty Marsala, Joe's brother, is playing some wonderful trumpet at Red McKenzie's Club. . . .

Three or four other people, besides those already mentioned, have informed me of their intentions to become band leaders—but I'll tell you more about that when (and if) I hear the bands!

TEMPO DI JAZZ: by Leonard G. Feather

CHRISTMAS WITH THE DANCE BANDS

How the leaders and the 'boys' intend to celebrate



CHRISTMAS, to the average working man, means a relief from routine, a comfortable return to family life. In the world of dance music it has an entirely different significance.

To musicians, Christmas in most cases brings with it a surge of doubled activity, of lightning journeys from one job to another, and of ministering to the desires of those who are taking their holiday less energetically. Semi-professionals who may not play more than once a week normally will find themselves able to ask two or three times their usual fee, night after night, while the demand prevails for 'the personal element' in dance music at parties.

Let us take a glance into the private lives of some of our more prominent dance-band leaders, and discover what the Christmas season means to each of them.

One of the busiest on Christmas Day will be JOE LOSS, the young man with the violin, whose orchestra will once again provide Christmas-night broadcast dance music.

Last year, you may remember, he introduced an unusual and pleasant novelty by leaving the announcements in the hands of the popular news-reel commentator, E. V. H. Emmett. Next week, he tells me, his programme will again depart from its normal routine by means of some fresh novelties.

'I'm trying to get the real party spirit into the broadcast', he said, 'with a selection of old-fashioned waltzes and all kinds of old and new dances. Then we shall probably have a Paul Jones, and a review of the most popular tunes of the year.'

'Won't it be rather difficult to capture the party spirit in the atmosphere of a studio with no audience?'

'All we have to do is to think of the thousands of dancers we shall be playing to. And the studio won't seem so very empty, because I'm expecting my fiancée to come along . . .'

Before the rehearsal for the airing, Joe and his boys will start the ball rolling with a big luncheon together. Of course, presentations will be made by Joe and the band to each other; but all that is still a secret, so don't say I told you.

Christmas has a twofold importance for SIDNEY LIPTON, band-leader at Grosvenor House, for December 25 happens to be his daughter's birthday—on this occasion, her thirteenth.

After the somewhat tiring ordeal of an Empire transmission on Christmas Eve from 2.21 to 2.55 a.m., Sidney will need all the sleep he can find time for before his family festivities begin. Every year he holds a birthday party for young Miss Lipton, with some sort of attraction in the shape of conjurers and other acts.

Oddly enough, he adds, the most successful turn ever to play at one of these parties was an amateur. Don Whitelaw, his former drummer, was a conjurer in his spare time, and it is unanimously agreed by the Liptons that the show he put up for them some years ago has never yet been excelled.

BRAM MARTIN, who is broadcasting on Christmas Day from 5.15 to 6 p.m., associates the holiday with a kindly deed which he will once again perform shortly before the 25th. Every year he and his band visit Guy's Hospital to play for over a hundred invalids. Having provided them with their annual treat, Bram will return home to Northwick Park, where the young Martins—John, aged twelve; Naomi, six; and Devora, three and a half—will be awaiting the customary merrymaking.

One of the most unexpected adventures is that of the band leader who spent Christmas Day in the workhouse! This actually befell BILLY THORNTON when, working at the Tivoli Theatre in Hull just six years ago, he was invited, with everyone else on the bill, to give a performance at a local workhouse. He became so interested in his conversations with the inmates that he returned on Boxing Day to renew the acquaintanceship!

Since that year, Billy has spent his Christmas Days in a variety of foreign capitals, including Berlin, Stockholm, and Paris. This year he will at last spend the day at home.

Amongst the luckier dance musicians will be

ROY FOX's boys, for their good-hearted leader, realising what it means to them to work seven days a week, often doing as many as five or six shows a day, has refused the many and highly priced offers that have been made for his services next week, in order to give the whole band a complete week's rest.

In view of the innumerable functions that yearn for such bands as Fox's on festive occasions, this gesture shows a commendable lack of avarice. Naturally, it will be pleasant enough for Roy Fox, too, since he will probably take a short trip to the Continent. Mary Lee, his youthful vocalist, will return home to her parents in Glasgow, and the others will disperse to various parts of Great Britain.

The name of GERALDO is connected with an amusing story of a Christmas occurrence. Just about three years ago this week, his band was to accompany a troupe of Can-Can girls at the Savoy. The girls arrived from Paris without bringing their music for the act, and in his urgent need to have everything in readiness for the opening, Geraldo telephoned Paris and took down no fewer than eight tunes over the wire!

That same Christmas was a memorable one for JACK HYLTON, who was playing at a Paris music-hall to a week's gross takings of a million and a quarter francs.

MANTOVANI reports that he devotes part of his spare Christmas hours to visiting prisons and playing to the prisoners. It is also whispered that he is giving his wife a car for a Christmas present.

HARRY ROY, before his Christmas dinner, likes to visit a football match with his boy Syd. He and his wife and some of the family then meet together for dinner at away time 'looking at the cards' and fortunes.

As for your humble jazz reporter, there will be no busman's holiday for him. The day will be spent quietly listening—but dance music will be strictly *tabu*!

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

IT came as a great surprise to me to observe recently that this column, in its year of existence, has never yet included any substantial biographical comments on Lew Stone, who must be ranked amongst the most important figures in British dance music.

Born in London, Lew was originally intended to enter the cabinet-making profession; but he decided to run away from home (another piece of evidence for my theory that jazz is the resort of truants), and went on tour with a concert party. Misfortune overtook him, followed by a job in the dockyards, and later by something a little more musical in the form of a night club engagement as a pianist.

But Stone's real talent, like Ray Noble's, lay in arranging rather than in instrumental prowess, and after touring with the late Bert Ralton in South Africa in 1925 and 1926 he settled down in London and took up arranging, much of his work being used by Ambrose.

In Roy Fox's Band at the Monseigneur, Lew Stone began to make his mark, and on Fox's departure he took over the directorship of this band, which in 1934 was a brilliant gathering of star talent, with Al Bowly, Bill Harry, Joe Crossman, Eddie Carroll, Tiny Winters, Nat Gonella, Lew Davis, Joe Ferrie, and later two pianists, Stanley Black and Mornia Litter.

Last year resident West End jobs grew scarce, so Lew went 'on the road' with those of his musicians who did not object to touring. One by one the big stars drifted away from him.

Finally he decided, a few months ago, to cut

his band down to nine men, accept an offer from the Café de Paris, and resign himself to the fact that his idealism could no longer pay. Today his music is less subtle than of yore; but he is popular and may shortly enlarge his field by conducting the orchestra for a big musical revue in London, *On Your Toes*.

Perhaps you have wondered why quite a few prominent English bands feature either an American girl vocalist or no girl vocalist at all. A probable solution is suggested by the current state of affairs; to wit, that most of our really talented feminine singers are too young for stage work.

Rita Carr, discovered by Joe Loss and acclaimed as sensational, is eight years old. Mary Lee had to wait for her fourteenth birthday before joining Roy Fox's Band. Rita Williams, singing with Billy Merrin, is just sixteen. Sybil Jason, instead of waiting for the law to accept her in this country, went to Hollywood and is making a fortune. News of other even more youthful newcomers streams in regularly. One may well imagine that the next problem confronting BBC engineers will be that of how to attach a microphone to a cradle!

Lingo di Jazz

GATE (n.): Form of address amongst coloured musicians.

GET OFF (v.): To make a good start: to 'swing out'.

GIG (n.): An isolated engagement to play at a dance, etc. (*What are you doing these days, Bert? . . . Oh, I'm just gigging around.*)

GOBSTICK (n.): Clarinet.

GO TO TOWN (v.): See GET OFF.

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Grand slam
 ★★★ Small slam
 ★★ Game
 ★ Revoke

Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra (1935).
 "Solitude."

"Weary Blues."
 (**Bruns. 12in., 0135.)

Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra.
 "Boston Tea Party."

"It Ain't Right."
 (**Bruns. 02334.)

THESE two records, both released simultaneously in this country, though made a year or two apart, serve as a medium for discovering how the band has been faring since Tommy left it.

It would be foolish to assert that Tommy is very much missed in the second record, for obviously the arrangements nowadays are built round the band as it stands and do not, therefore, call for a star trombonist. But one can positively state that Tommy's work in *Solitude* is something without which the record would have lost the vast majority of its attraction.

Of course, the number is ideal as a vehicle for his lovely tone and for a straight, smooth melody chorus in a slow tempo. Altogether this side is a pleasant enough performance in a straight vein, though whether it will hold the average listener's attention for four minutes is another matter.

Innumerable Repetitions

Weary Blues, though it consists of such short movements and therefore calls for innumerable repetitions in the course of the twelve inches, strangely enough does not seem to suffer from the length of the arrangement, but rather from the banality of it. The tune is one that has always worried me vaguely, and not until it reaches the sixteen-bar chorus (on the chords of *Farewell Blues*) does it ever seem to get going properly. There is little or no swing in the record, and bits of the arrangement are very Hudsonian. I have heard Ambrose play this rather better.

Boston Tea Party, though inclined towards clichés and not a super-arrangement, shows the finesse of the orchestra as it stands

to-day, and the solidity of the rhythm section. In the same way, the reverse is very, very good as an example of commercial hot music, though this hybrid form may not appeal to everyone at a period when so many uncompromisingly hot records are being issued. The band is a trifle stiff, perhaps, on this side, but the same cleanliness is apparent.

comprises Bunny Berigan; the great Fazola on clarinet; McDonough; Clyde Hart, a coloured lad, on piano; Cozy on drums, and the lawyer-bassist, Arthur Bernstein.

If only Billie didn't sing quite so loudly or could suppress that tendency to shout some of the words, she could easily come into the four-star category. Even as it is, this is

However, both these sides capture the old-time spirit to a certain extent, and the personnel includes several excellent men, besides Wingy.

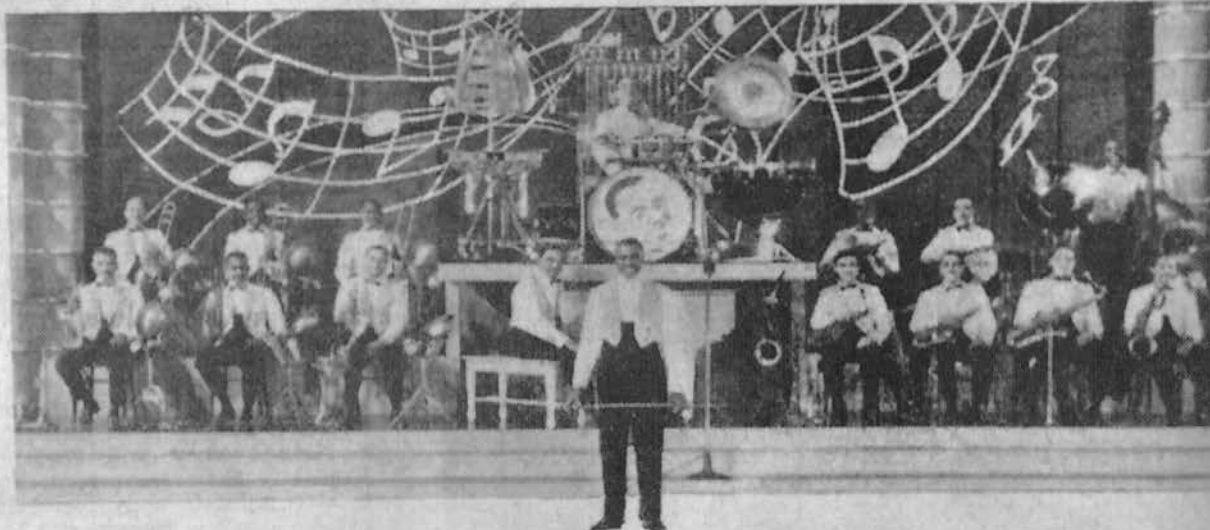
Albert Ammons and His Rhythm Kings.

"Early Morning Blues."
 "Mile-Or-Mo Bird Rag."
 (**Bruns. 02336.)

This six-piece Chicago band

"ROPHONE" reviews the Current Hot Records

DO JIMMY and TOMMY DORSEY MISS EACH OTHER?



Another thing I like about Jimmy Dorsey is that, although he is the leader and a swell instrumentalist, he does NOT hog all the solo parts of the wax to the exclusion of other good men in his band.

Billie Halliday and Her Orchestra.

"Billie's Blues."
 "A Fine Romance."

(**Vocalion S.38.)

What a record! Billie and the musicians get right into the groove from the very first bar on each side, and though one is a blues and the other a pop tune, there is little to choose between them, each being superb in its own field.

In exclusivity and with great pride, I can give the personnel of *A Fine Romance*, which was not divulged in the Vocalion leaflet. It

a disc for every self-respecting discologist.

New Orleans Rhythm Kings (1934).

"Bluin' The Blues."
 "Sensation."

(**Bruns. 02337.)

To be truthful, I cannot remember whether this was made in '34 or early '35; but it was just around the time when Wingy Mannone was beginning to become a name, and at that time was accepted with relish by the critics on its American release. By now, unfortunately, most of us have grown a little tired of Wingy; not because he is a poor artist, for I still count him amongst the better white trumpet players, but because the whole world of jazz has opened its gates wide to such a wealth of greater and more significant things.

carries more kick than most outfits of twice the size; it even sets me thinking that all good jazz is made by small bands. However, I only need to play a new Goodman or Norvo to restore my sense of proportion.

The blues is the better side; it is very well titled. Guy Kelly, on trumpet, offers what is virtually a repetition, in slower tempo, of his solo in the previous Ammons release, *Boogie Woogie*. Perhaps that's why they left a discreet interval between the release dates of the two records... anyway, it's a grand solo at any tempo and however many times he plays it.

The *Rag* is, of course, simply that of the celebrated Tiger, and features a piano chorus which I feel sure is very exciting, but to which I cannot devote my atten-

LUNCEFORD WILL STAGGER EUROPE

Says Leonard Feather In His Up-To-The-Minute American Letter

ARTIE SHAW PROVIDES NEW YORK'S SENSATION OF THE WEEK

THE opening of Artie Shaw and his Orchestra at New York's Paramount Theatre can undoubtedly be called the musical event of the week. Artie, a grand clarinetist and fine fellow with sound musical ideas, has scored a pronounced hit with a band in which the brass section is three strong, the reeds consist of one tenor sax, and there is a four-piece string section (violins, viola, 'cello) which has been improved greatly in personnel since the first records you heard.

The use of the strings purely for sustained chords and backgrounds is something entirely new and unexpected in tone colours; aided by Artie's grand arranging and by two new members of a superb rhythm section (George Wettling on drums and Eddie Condon temporarily on guitar), this is really exciting music.

LUNCEFORD

On Sunday I was uptown with Artie to hear some music with an even bigger thrill. Chick Webb played on one bandstand at the Savoy Ballroom, alternating with Andy Kirk on the other, while, two blocks away, Jimmie Lunceford held sway at the Renaissance Ballroom.

There can be little doubt that, good though Andy's band is, Chick "cut" him quite emphatically, his brass section being stronger in every respect; and, then, Chick's drums alone are an awe-inspiring phenomenon.

But for sheer showmanship combined with extraordinary musicianship, I found my first

dose of Lunceford astonishingly potent. It would take thousands of words to give you an idea of what to expect when this band visits Europe; but, roughly, I can say that it will be something the like of which will never have been seen in Europe before!

The recent statement in the "M.M." to the effect that Lunceford does not reach the heights of Henderson or Redman appears almost cruelly unfair when you have seen and heard the band in person. Never has there been more perfect spit and polish, more spellbinding audience magnetism in any coloured band.

PERFECT

Even the high-note trumpet men do their stuff in a way that seldom offends; the rhythm section is unique; the saxes have a perfection of blending achieved hitherto only by Ellington's; and the arrangements, though sometimes too flashy, are generally of the utmost interest.

If Lunceford can find audiences in Europe capable of working him up to the same spirit of excitement that this Harlem crowd did, he will be a riot. On this occasion many musicians, such as Gene Krupa, Milton Mesirow and Irving Goodman (now playing cornet in brother Benny's Orchestra), were here to send (and to be sent by) the band.

THREE T's

A misapprehension should be removed regarding the management of this Band. It has always been controlled by Harold Oxley, and, when the "M. M." recently stated inaccurately that it was first managed by Irving Mills, it was probably due to the

Band's one-time appearance at the Cotton Club.

The "Three T's," after opening inauspiciously at the Hickory House (but to tremendous business), have already shown great signs of improvement.

Charlie Teagarden is getting back into the groove after all these years of Whitemania, and Jack T. can, on occasion, be persuaded to sing the blues in the manner of olden times. Trumbauer, too, now and then achieves the brilliance of yore on his C Melody; but all three T's would benefit by a better rhythm section.

MIKE LAYS IN STOCK

Mike Riley, having left the Hickory and split with partner Parley, has taken an interest in the Caliente Club farther along 52nd Street, to open there with a band of the funniest-looking musicians he could assemble. Intruding on him the other day to hear him giving his orders for band equipment, I was impressed by the quantity of impedimenta, beyond mere instruments, required for the building up of a comedy orchestra.

Mike has already ordered seven wigs, seven hot water bottles, rubber boots, bells (for "Jingle Bells"), seven raincoats (for "Stormy Weather"), two pairs of red drawers, two pairs prop pants, curtains, kazoo to hand out to the patrons, and black gum for a number called "Toothless Tommy."

When I say that Mike is now rehearsing with this band, I really mean he is exercising!

NEWS NOTES

Joe Sullivan has had to leave Bob Crosby's Orchestra owing to ill-health. . . . Cornelia Berry, a girl pianist, has joined the Spirits Of Rhythm at the Onyx Club. . . . Buddy Miller (alto and clarinet) has been added to Andy Kirk's Orchestra, which is recording up at Decca this week. . . .

Sharkey and His Sharks Of Rhythm made another fine date at Vocalion with Joe Marsala, Joe Bushkin, Condon, Wettling, Art Shapiro (bass), and Moe Zudecoff (trombone).

More Swing Music?

As one of thousands of 'Swing' devotees in this country, I feel constrained to register my appreciation of the more indulgent attitude now shown us by the BBC, and in particular to thank Leonard Feather for his admirable weekly features in your journal. The "Kings of Jazz" gramophone records have been a magnificent series throughout. Still, for those convinced as I am of the superiority of this form of jazz (or dance music) over all others, half an hour in the morning and late evening one day in the week, with scattered gleanings from other programmes is not enough; especially when we see hours every day allotted to Henry Hall and the other 'sweet' marchants. I venture to suggest that it is largely because of the lack of discriminating BBC patronage that swing music is still in such an embryonic stage of development in this country.—K., Trinity College, Cambridge.

RADIO TIMES, Dec. 19th.

BENNY GOODMAN STILL TOPS!

Leonard Feather's Up-To-Date News-Notes from New York Extol World's Greatest White Swing Band

BENNY GOODMAN is now busy compiling details for his sensational Transatlantic broadcast project. The programme will definitely include items by the Trio and the Quartet (featuring Lionel Hampton).

At present, there seems to be a danger that the B.B.C. will attempt to dictate to Benny on the selection of his numbers; but Benny, I feel sure, will have the good sense to brook no such interference, and the show will be designed, not to advertise pop tunes, but to show the orchestra at its magnificent best.

The suggestion by "Rophone," incidentally, to the effect that Benny's band may be declining is hopelessly out of alignment with the facts. Just because Benny made one record on which the boys did not sound up to standard, it is absurd to assume that this orchestra is not still peerless in the world of jazz. To hear it in person is still the greatest proof of this, of course.

As to the suggestion that Benny takes too many of the solos himself, this only happens on records, and is due to the policy of the recording manager, not to Benny himself, who is anything but conceited.

ANOTHER GOODMAN

IRVING GOODMAN has fitted into the band excellently already, changed from cornet to trumpet, and maintained the strength of this glorious brass section. Benny's own playing,

particularly with the Quartet, must just be heard to be believed.

LIONEL HAMPTON sat in on drums at Red McKenzie's Club the other evening. This is the first time he has returned to his first love since he arrived in New York, and the result was electrifying. Lionel may be a king on vibraphone, but as a drummer he is almighty. And he's a swell pianist, too!

HELEN LEAVES

The only really bad news about Benny's Band is that **HELEN WARD** has now left permanently—and this time it's not to be divorced, but to get married. The lucky man is Albert Marx, a non-professional.

Helen's admirers, who will miss her on Benny's records, may find solace in the news that she is to start a series of weekly commercial broadcasts after the New Year, featuring **TEDDY WILSON** and an all-star orchestra (Kirby,

Cozy, Jonah and probably Stuff Smith and others), and that in view of this tie-up she may also do some recording with Teddy.

Talking of commercials, the **INK SPOTS** have recorded a series of transcriptions to be aired over Radio Luxembourg for the Hedley Co.'s Ivory Soap programme on Sunday afternoons. If this idea can be extended, we may soon have half of America's greatest swing bands on the air from the Continent!

NEW LEADERS

News of two further entrants in the bandleading field: **OVIE ALSTON**, former trumpeter-vocalist with Claude Hopkins, has formed a combination which did pretty well on its try-out week at the Harlem Apollo after a month and a half of rehearsal. Ovie has a good personality drummer, George Jones, and the rest of the band shows possibilities.

And **BUNNY BERIGAN**, after many months of priceless publicity as leader of the Saturday Night Swing Club broadcast, has decided to form an eleven-piece outfit to take on the road early in the New Year.

There was great excitement amongst white and coloured fans alike when **TOMMY DORSEY'S** Orchestra played opposite Chick Webb at the Savoy last

Sunday night. Tommy, Bud Freeman, Dave Tough and Maxie Kaminsky were obviously inspired by their audience, and the whole floor literally rocked in rhythm. Also uptown this week is **BESSIE SMITH**, "Empress of the Blues," who opened at the Apollo last Friday, offering her *Empty Bed Blues*, in addition to *One Hour Mama*, *One Minute Papa*, and a number in which she did a dance. Somehow I had never thought of Bessie as a dancer. Somehow I still don't.

ARTIE SHAW scored a hit at the Paramount Theatre, and his show has been held over for a further week, after which he is to take the band out of town. . . . **DUKE ELLINGTON** recorded for the Bruns-Vocallion Co. in Hollywood last week and opened just before Christmas at that city's Cotton Club. . . . Another Yuletide opening will be that of "COUNT" **BILL BASIE**, at New York's Roseland Ballroom. Basie has signed a contract at Decca. . . . **ANDY KIRK** was busily recording at Decca's New York studios all week.

DOTTED NOTES

JOE LISS, pianist, has left **RED NORVO**. . . . **ADELE GIRARD**, a stunning brunette is now playing harp and singing with the Three T's at the Hickory House. **CASPAR**

REARDON being too busy to do anything but their broadcasts. . . . Mystery surrounds the departure of **ELLA FITZGERALD** from **CHICK WEBB'S** Band—but we bet you she'll be back in a month or two. . . .

LUCKY MILLINDER in town with his greatly improved band, which now includes a swell new pianist, Billy Kyle, as well as John Kirby on bass, Lucie on guitar, Tab Smith on alto, Red Allen and Higginbotham. . . . **BETTY GONELLA** still being seen around the jam spots of Fifty-Second Street, entering on the fourth month of her American holiday. . . . **ADRIAN ROLLINI** recording some pleasant vibraphone solos, untitled, at Decca, accompanied by guitar and bass. . . . **MR. and MRS. GENE KRUPA** both learning piano. . . . **PERCY BROOKS** is the name of the fourth saxman with the newly-formed orchestra of **HOWARD KING**. No relation to the "M.M." Editor!

RECORDS

New Blood from Jimmy Noone

Jimmy Noone's New Orleans Band.
"Way Down Yonder In New Orleans."
"Sweet Georgia Brown."
(***Parlo. R2281.)

IF it does nothing else, this record at least succeeds in instilling a little new blood into the jazz family. Quite often, as a reviewer of dozens of records a month, I am bewildered not only by the extraordinarily high level of the quality of the output these days, but by the complexity with which the personels are made up. People like Bunny Berigan, "Cozy" Cole and Teddy Wilson bob up on almost every type of label and in every size and style of orchestra, irrespective of colour.

For this reason it is at least a welcome change to find a record which does not rely on the old stand-bys who, though fine artists, should not be allowed to monopolise the record industry; instead, it introduces some good musicians who deserved a break, and several of whom, I am told, were out of work for months before the session was made.

This last fact should be taken into consideration when the record is played. There may be a certain lack of assurance in the work of the somewhat indecisive tenor, for

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Invaluable
- ★★★ Valuable
- ★★ Some Value
- ★ Valueless

instance, and in the slightly unching rhythm that goes on in *New Orleans*. However, there are many points of interest which are seldom heard by gramophone fans; for instance, the strangely fascinating and pure clarinet tone of Noone himself; the swell trombone work of Preston Jackson, and Israel Crosby's bass playing, which may be more familiar but is still not to be spurned.

Jimmy Noone's asthmatic phrases in quavers seem to indicate where Jimmy Dorsey may have been inspired to play many of his most famous licks. Or did Noone copy Dorsey? I doubt it.

The rest of the band includes Tubby Hall on drums, Gideon Honore on piano, Francis Whitby on tenor, Guy Kelly on cornet. If you haven't heard of most of them, so much the better. Buy the record; you may hear of them again some day and be glad you bought it.

Stéphane Grapelly and his Hot Four.

"I Have My Moments."
"Ultrafox."

(***Decca F.6150.)

Grapelly is one artist who generally offers something to make one

by
"ROPHONE"

turn on the gramophone without a sigh of boredom. In other words, I never view with displeasure the arrival of one of his records for review. In the first side of this record he has, with Reinhardt's co-operation, made a melodic but slightly swinging performance which ranks above their average.

It may interest you to know that several of the Quintet's records are now on sale in America at a price of no less than seventy-five cents, or twice what they cost in England. What is more, they are attracting quite a large public in that jazz-saturated land.

Now do you think they're worth one-and-sixpence?

Something Big Wanted

Ambrose and his Orchestra.
"Escapada."
"When Day Is Done."
(**Decca K849.)
"Hick Stomp."
"Swinganooga."
(**Decca F6170.)

Not long ago I offered a few congratulatory words in these columns on Ambrose's record of *Night Ride*, which I said justified my inclusion of the orchestra in this department. I wish I could say the same for the above two.

Both records are admirably played, the arrangements are musically without blemish; yet they seem to lack that indefinable quality of jazz inspiration. *Hick Stomp* is in some respects the best of the four, but descends at times to banalities of the Will Hudson type, in which inspiration plays little or no part.

Chance for Sid Phillips

Escapada has attracted much attention as a composition. I admire Sid Phillips' musical ability enormously, but I wish he would put it to uses that are simpler and more directly connected with jazz, for he is one of the few men in this country with the ability to produce the right stuff when he cares to, as *Night Ride* has shown us.

Don't imagine that I wish to imply these are bad records. For those who collect Ambrose's waxings they are amongst his most interesting. But I am still waiting to hear something that really brings out the very best in this country's very best band; something which gives every one of the good soloists a long and uninterrupted solo part, and which has ensemble passages written in the manner of improvised solos rather than in symmetrical riffs and licks.

**ENGLISH
BAND REVIEWS**

Bert Ambrose

(Maximum Marking: Four Stars)

By LEONARD FEATHER

****Ambrose and His Orchestra.
May Fair Hotel, London.

Line-up: Trumpets: Alfie Noakes, Tommy McQuater; Trombones: Lew Davis, Eric Breeze, Les Carew; Reeds: Sid Phillips, Danny Polo, Billy Amstell, Joe Jeanette; Piano: Bert Barnes; Guitar: Albert Harris; Bass: Dick Ball; Drums: Max Bacon; Xylophone, etc.: Gilbert Webster.

Vocals: Evelyn Dall, Sam Browne. Comedy vocals: Max Bacon, Les Carew.

Chief Arrangers: Sid Phillips, Ronnie Munro.

Broadcasts: Dec. 3rd, 12th, 16th, 10.30 p.m. E.S.T.

Records: Decca.

Films: Soft Lights and Sweet Music.

History: Born in London, 1897, Ambrose was in New York from about 1913 to 1922, during which time he played violin in theatre and symphony orchestras. From 1922 to 1927 and 1933 to 1935 he directed the band at London's Embassy Club. Most of the remainder of his time was spent at the May Fair Hotel, to which he recently returned after a vaudeville tour. He very seldom plays violin nowadays.

Comment: As far as there can ever be any genuine four-star bands in England, Ambrose must undoubtedly claim this honor all to himself. Over a period of years he managed to sign up as great a combination of talent as could be found in this country, and although the irregularity of his activities early this year caused many of his best men to drop out, the reorganized band now working with him comes very near to the greatness of his aggregation of two years ago.

The prime advantage which this group has over nearly all the other leading outfits over here is that it plays *music*, avoiding as far as possible the lower class of commercial tune and very seldom descending into a mere entertainment act.

This does not mean that the band is without its assets as an attraction for the general public. What comedy there is reaches a higher standard than that of most orchestras. Max Bacon's Jewish dialect interpolations are of a

English Band Review

(Continued from page 19)

type which, though their appeal may be limited to the more sophisticated listener, generally maintain a fairly high standard. Les Carew occasionally does a North-country dialect number which would mean nothing to Americans.

The majority of numbers featured by the orchestra are either superior pop tunes (very few waltzes are played) or special numbers bordering on swing style, written by Sid Phillips. The latter is an arranger of great talent with a knowledge and mastery of a large number of instruments and an even larger number of musical styles. *Escapada*, his musical portrayal of a Mexican elopement, has attracted much attention lately, while on the swing side his best efforts include *Night Ride* and *B'Wanga*.

The sense of advanced style and phrasing with which this band's arrangements are infused, and the ability of the men to interpret this phrasing unselfconsciously, is really half the combination's success. Brass and reed sections are both excellently blended and finely rehearsed.

The most deplorable point about this and every other British band of ten men or over is the lack of opportunities given to the soloists. Ambrose has a magnificent list of star soloists: Danny Polo, an American formerly with Jean Goldkette, and now one of the best clarinetists in England; Tommy McQuater, young Scottish cornet player whose solo work in Benny Carter's English records marked him as a natural swing man; Billy Amstell, a good tenor; Bert Barnes, an interesting pianist. These and others could help to make Ambrose's performances even more interesting than they are, but their chances to get off are so rare as to be almost negligible. If McQuater or Polo were to take just one solo chorus in one number now and then, this would represent a revolutionary advance.

The rhythm section is strong but not exactly subtle. It cannot ride in the exciting manner of Benny Goodman's section, nor has it the easy-going, original swing of Crosby's; but rhythm sections never seem to reach a very high standard in England, and this must be counted the best of a bad lot. Max Bacon's drumming and Albert Harris' guitar work are very commendable.

Given a few more occasions to unleash and go to town on a swing arrangement with plenty of solo work, Ambrose's Orchestra might rank with almost (I said almost) any white band in America for sheer excitement.

Evelyn Dall, the girl vocalist, is a blonde American with a dynamite personality, easier on the eyes than the ears. If her singing is not 100 per cent stylish, this is most probably due to her tendency to the coarseness of her voice, which she seems to emphasize in an effort to put over an effect of hard-boiled sophistication. She is still better to listen to than most of our native vocal girls.

Sam Browne, the male vocalist who has returned after eighteen months away from the band, has always had a personal and distinguished manner of putting over even the sloppiest ballad. He is as recognizable as Bing or Al Bowlly, and has a good voice, which I suppose is all the job requires. England has no Teagardens.

To sum up: Ambrose has the best orchestra in the country, but he could do a great deal to make it more interesting for the fans. Maybe some day he will.

The Metronome, D

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

THOSE who have sometimes wondered what has become of the men who led prominent dance bands in this country a few years ago may be interested in some information I have gathered together on this subject.

Many have given up band leading in favour of arranging. Among them are Arthur Lally, once director of the famous 'Blue Lyres', and Ronnie Munro, who now arranges for Ambrose and other star bands. Sid Roy, of the old Lyricals, whose brother Harry used to play clarinet with that combination, is now a music publisher. Ramon Newton, who led the Savoy Orpheans and Savoy Havana Band, is still in the business—principally as a vocalist, I am told—but has not worked in London for some time.

Eddie Grossbart, once a well-known West End leader, runs a popular little club. He has renounced music completely. Al Starita, of the Piccadilly Players, is back in Boston, Mass., directing a small orchestra. It was in Boston that he first started as a leader in 1921 with his brothers Rudy and Ray. Sid Bright, also remembered for his directorship at the Piccadilly, is a member of the orchestra conducted by his brother, Geraldo.

Several others had their careers cut short by death; amongst them, Bert Ralton, Sid Firman of the original London Radio Dance Band, and Melville Gideon, who for a while presided over a band at the Dorchester.

KINGS OF SONG (3)—Hoagy Carmichael

One of the greatest popular song writers of all, though by no means the most famous, is Hoagland Howard Carmichael (Hoagy), writer of 'Star Dust.'

As a youth in Indiana, Carmichael became fascinated by the mystic world of hot jazz, and particularly by the cornet playing of the late Bix Beiderbecke. As a tyro trumpet player and pianist, Hoagy deserted his law studies, formed a college band, and later persuaded Paul Whiteman to record his 'Washboard Blues.'

Hoagy himself played piano on the record. The routine ran short of the required time, so he filled the gap with a few casually improvised phrases. Nearly a decade later, those phrases suddenly came to light again to form the nucleus of a world-famous Carmichael opus, 'Lazybones.'

For years now Hoagy has concentrated on tunes of a more commonplace type than his earlier work. He will be best remembered for 'Rockin' Chair', 'Snowball', 'Lazy River', and 'Riverboat Shuffle' rather than 'Sing me a swing song', 'Papa Tree-Top Tall', and similar recent efforts.

Lingo Di Jazz

GUTBUCKET (adj.): A somewhat indelicate synonym for **BARRELHOUSE, q.v.**

HARLEM: Strictly, the former Dutch quarter of New York City, now inhabited by the coloured population. Loosely applied to coloured quarter of any city.

HONRY-TONK (adj.): Still another term almost synonymous with **BARRELHOUSE, q.v.**

HOT: Improvised, or written in the style of improvisations, in the jazz idiom. 'Hot' music and 'Swing' music are interchangeable.

HOT CHORUS: An improvised solo chorus, or chorus written in this style.

HORN: In jazz terminology, a trumpet; often applied to trombone, saxophone, etc., in a vague manner. ('Dere's Jazz in dem dere Horns!')

THIS YEAR OF SWING JAZZ MARCHES ON

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

NINETEEN-THIRTY-SIX will live long in the memories of jazz lovers. It was the year when, following in the wake of Mah-Jongh, crossword puzzles and midget golf, "swing" became the fashionable national fad in the United States.

Very few of those who adopted this vogue were more than dimly aware that by patronising swing (or hot) dance orchestras they were bringing about the financial rehabilitation of what had long been thought the most uncommercial type of jazz. Uncommercial, probably, because it is the most artistic, and, indeed, the only jazz form accepted seriously by students of the art of music as a whole.

When, then, America's youth grabbed hold of "swing" as something quaint, loud, and amusing this era of prosperity for swing musicians brought its crop of new stars. The sales of Benny Goodman and Fats Waller records reached into tens of thousands; Teddy Wilson found himself a national hero. Bob Crosby's fine swing orchestra found it no longer necessary to trade on the fact that Bob is Bing's brother. Red Norvo, supreme xylophone artist, after struggling for years for recognition, and his wife Mildred Bailey, the greatest of all jazz singers, who had been in virtual retirement for two years, are working together in the enormously successful band now being run by Norvo.

And so on.

Having thus expounded the general situation in this past year of dance music, and with the corollary that naturally this wave of swing prosperity has spread to England, we may now pass on to the departmental details and deal with the effect of "Swingmania" on the profession in its various spheres—radio; recording; and the general political aspect.

* * *

FIRSTLY, Radio. At the moment the financial side of dance music on the British air is a problem whose fate still lies in the balance, thanks to the efforts of the Dance Band Leaders' Association, of which more anon. But as to the artistic side things have brightened up immeasurably.

Such programmes as Carroll Gibbons's "Soft Lights and Sweet Music," Eric Siday's "I've Got To Have Music," and others of this kind, all help to orientate the listener's mind in the right direction. Then in record programmes from 11.30 to midnight the preponderance of swing records has been frequently noted; and a series of broadcasts of records, entitled "Kings Of Jazz," was accompanied by intelligent explanatory comments which, had the series not been put on at the absurd time of 12.30 to 1 p.m. each Wednesday, would have done a power of good for jazz.

The programmes for which the B.B.C. has been paying most money

were not swing programmes but specialities, such as Van Phillips's shows with "His Two Orchestras," and Geraldo's "Music Box." But they have been subsidising swing to the extent of having Benny Carter, brilliant American coloured musician, as staff arranger to the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. In his work for Henry Hall, Benny Carter has not only earned himself enormous publicity with the "fans," but has done wonders with the band for which he writes.

Next week the B.B.C. starts its series of relays from the U.S. featuring one famous swing band a month. On January 6 you can hear Benny Goodman; in February, Chick Webb; and, in future months, many similar and equally wonderful bands. This is a fine move, as is the decision to run another series of record recitals, this time at the slightly better time of 4.0-4.30. These programmes will, it is announced, be "designed to appeal to lovers of swing music, and to popularise this type of music."

The other side of radio—the commercial side—has expanded enormously during the year. Many bands, including those of Ambrose and Carroll Gibbons, have been recording transcriptions for broadcasts from such Continental stations as Luxemburg and Lyons, and make more money out of this than out of the B.B.C.

* * *

IN the world of records, 1936 has also put the accent on swing. The number of American dance records being released in this country has reached unprecedented proportions. In May the Vocalion company did a good turn for British swing music by inaugurating its "Vocalion Swing Series" with a number of recordings made by

(Continued from previous column.)

the breaking down of the barriers between London and New York. The ridiculous situation, whereby the American Union and the British Union are each waiting for the other to allow a band into the country before showing signs of reciprocity, has gone on too long already. The absence of American visiting orchestras from England deprives British musicians of an incentive, of a great power in their midst, of the ambition and tendency to learn and improve, which was so evident during the visits of Duke Ellington and other American notabilities.

Ambrose, early in the year, was all set for an American trip under the banner of the Music Corporation of America (M.C.A.), but cancelled his arrangements and moved back to the May Fair Hotel. Now that he has bought up Ciro's Club (in conjunction with Jack Harris) and placed his band there, the likelihood of his crossing the Atlantic for some time yet is a remote one.

Jack Hylton, returning from his M.C.A.-sponsored visit to Chicago, found himself without a band in two continents, and now, apparently convinced that it will be impossible for him to make a return trip to the States, he is trying to build up an English orchestra again, to take on a Continental tour starting in mid-January.

M.C.A.'s recently opened London office may endeavour to break down the ban; in the meantime it is booking Billy Bissett and his Canadian orchestra. Many musicians have come over from Canada in the past year without finding any restrictions on their activities in this country.

Ray Noble, still doing well in New York, though no longer doing commercial radio, has lost Al Bowly, who returns to London next week to form a band of his own.

Among the other big names of

Benny Carter with an all-British swing orchestra. Later in the year the same company made a sensational coup by collaring the entire American Brunswick, Vocalion, and Perfect catalogues for release on English Vocalion.

The Columbia company, after many delays, also started a series of swing releases, while H.M.V. continued to increase the quantity of its hot rhythm output. But despite all these moves, it is still the English bands like Ambrose's that really sell on records, and the American bands that have to struggle for sales.

* * *

The English exploiters of records, moreover, have not yet jumped to the fact that American record sales, and the enormous increase they have shown in the past two years, can be attributed almost entirely to the nickel-in-the-slot machine market. If some enterprising business man took it upon himself to make every English public-house, restaurant, and amusement hall automatic-gramophone-minded, perhaps we should really begin to have some record sales in England, instead of being satisfied with selling 2,000 copies of a disc which in the States runs to 40,000.

* * *

FROM the general political standpoint, the most important move in dance music here last year was the formation, through force of circumstances and through the initiative of Lou Preager and Jack Hylton, of the Dance Band Leaders' Association, which has helped to give the profession a long-needed esprit de corps, and will undoubtedly devolve to the common good. At present negotiations between the association and the B.B.C. are leading to an amelioration of the terms offered for dance band broadcasts and of the conditions between leaders and song publishers.

One thing the Association will have great difficulty in achieving, and may not even attempt, will be

(Continued in next column)

British dance music, Lew Stone has settled down at the Café de Paris with a smaller band than of yore, but with considerable success; Jack Payne, after arranging what sounded like a very promising tie-up with the Odeon cinema chain, to control their dance music arrangements and create work for many bands in their theatres, has unfortunately, had a disagreement with the company, resulting in the abandonment of the scheme. Roy Fox, Lou Preager, and many other leading bands formerly resident in the West End, still find touring in variety a more profitable means of earning a living nowadays.

And so jazz marches on, with prospects of one of the very best years in its brief but exciting history. With a little of the necessary help and encouragement from the B.B.C., 1937 should be even more of a boom year in the business than was originally expected.

Happy New Year!



Horizon for 1937

Leonard Feather looks for the stars of the coming year and discovers promise of much interest and some excitement

Left: Joe Marsala—tipped for the Gobstick Grand National.

Below: Artie Shaw, clarinet-leader of a new-style band and pretender to the Goodman throne.

THE turn of the year augurs another chapter in the history of Swing Music's new golden era. Whom will fortune favour in these coming twelve months? Let me endeavour to act as an oracle.

The 1936 "Swing Mania" in the United States naturally brought with it a crop of interesting new swing bands; so, amongst those who are so well established already that they can hardly be included in a list of potential stars, we find the orchestras of RED NORVO, BOB CROSBY, ANDY KIRK and STUFF SMITH.

Having It His Own Way

Norvo has at last found happiness in the way he always wanted it: by having a resident job with a full-sized band of his own, playing the type of music he likes best, and having his own wonderful wife, Mildred Bailey, as his vocalist. The band is already



over with Bissett, then joined Jack Harris. He may be a future Teagarden. MOE ZUDECOFF, with Artie Shaw, shows great possibilities.

Reedleads

Alto saxes—only one springs to mind: TAB SMITH, discovered in St Louis by Lucky Millinder, and also recording with Henry Allen. Almost as fertile in ideas as Benny Carter, but without Benny's perfect tone. Watch him.

Crapsodisers

Tenor saxes—DICK WILSON, of course, the velvet-toned guy with Andy Kirk; FREDDY FALENSBY, late of Joe Haymes' Band (provided he can find a good swing job); VIDO MUSSO, with Benny Goodman. These three will go far.

Gobsticks

Clarinets—ARTIE SHAW is the big bet, beyond any doubt. If Benny Goodman were in any danger of declining, I might call Artie "the next Benny Goodman." Listen out also for FAZOLA, sensational discovery of Benny Pollack, recording with Pollack, Shar-

key and Billie Holiday; and don't overlook JOE MARSALA.

Ivoryrattlers

Pianos—a nineteen-year-old New Yorker, JOEY BUSHKIN, is one of the greatest white swing pianists of all. In Harlem the Teddy Wilson school of playing has produced BILLY KYLE (with Millinder), CLYDE HART (with Stuff Smith), and others.

Eggboxes

Guitars—DAVE BARBOUR, with Red Norvo, is the white hope par excellence; TEDDY BUNN, with the Spirits of Rhythm, is the most promising coloured youngster.

Skinspoilers

Drums—the year has been crammed with good drummers rising at last to well-earned fame: GENE KRUPA with Goodman; DAVE TOUGH with Tommy Dorsey; COZY COLE with Stuff Smith and every recording band; CHICK WEBB. Now watch also for GEORGE WETTLING, with Artie Shaw, and for the supreme LIONEL HAMPTON, known at present only as a vibraphone player.

Dogkennels*

Basses—there's only one, and he's the top: a twenty-year-old named

ARTIE SHAPIRO, recently playing with Marsala's jam band and recording with Sharkey. Sounds like a new Kirby or Bernstein, with forceful tone and terrific ideas.

Gutscrapers

Violins—who can there be after STUFF SMITH?

Larynx Libellers

Vocalists—in The Teagarden manner there sings a clever youngster named WOODY HERMAN, leading his own band, an offshoot of Isham Jones'. Amongst the girls, don't neglect PEG LA CENTRA, beautiful and talented star with Artie Shaw.

In conclusion, a few awards for what were, in your humble servant's estimation, the best jazz compositions of the past year: Duke Ellington's *Clarinet Lament*, *Echoes Of Harlem* and *Black Out (Uptown Downbeat)*; Benny Carter's *Scandal In a Flat*; and Foresythe's *Swing For Roundabout*. Best pop songs of the year: *I Can't Get Started With You*, *I Can't Escape From You*, and the British *These Foolish Things*.

Look back at my list of future stars a year from to-day. If the oracle fails you, I promise never to make any predictions again!

SENSATION!

Reginald Foresythe and His Orchestra.

"Swing For Roundabout."
"Revolt Of The Yes-Men."

(****Decca F.6023.)

REGGIE'S return to records is bound to be worth anybody's one - and - six. Indeed, if there is any justice, this latest effort with a pick-up English band is going to cause a minor sensation.

Although *Revolt Of The Yes-Men* is the cuter title, it is the less interesting side. Reggie starts in jazz counter-point where the others leave off, and there is loads to study in this side.

But *Swing For Roundabout* has really captured me entirely. I feel afraid to appraise it after only a few hearings, so deep and vital does its significance seem to be. The only music I have ever heard that was anything like this was part of an unfinished Ellizalde work interpolated in the end of his twelve-inch record, *Rhythm Past And Present*, in 1932. No one had yet carried the torch that Ellizalde abandoned until this amazing Foresythe work came along—a weird, awe-inspiring piece of musical fantasy, building up its eccentric majesty gradually from a simple theme into which contrapuntal parts are woven one by one.

I have no space to say more, except that I am almost certain that this record is a work of genius—and I avoid the use of that word like the plague.

Sharkey and His Sharks of Rhythm.

"M u d h o l e Blues."

"Swing In, Swing Out."

(**Vocalion S.44.)

There Was An Old Woman, She Lived In A Shoe

She Had So Many Children, She Didn't Know What To Do.

There Was Another Old Woman, She Didn't Live In No Shoe.

She Didn't Have No Children, She Knew Exactly hat To Do.

From the intellectuality of Foresythe to these down-to-earth blues lyrics sung by Sharkey Bonano is a long step, yet, in its own way, the Sharkey disc is an even more authentic piece of jazz.

Reginald Foresythe comes back with a bang

"ROPHONE'S" RECORD REVIEW

The lyrics, the trombone gliss at the beginning, Ben Pollack's marvellous New Orleans drumming, Fazola's clarinet, Sharkey's trumpet and croaky voice—all these build up a New Orleans blues atmosphere such as we rarely hear on wax. First time you hear it you'll murmur "Don't see what there is to rave about," but eventually the record will get under your skin.

Most of the musicians hail from the native city of jazz, Sharkey himself having only recently hit New York. This unique and valuable disc indicates that we should hear a lot more of Mr. Bonano.

Teddy Wilson and His Orchestra.

"You Came To My Rescue."

"Here's Love In Your Eyes."

(***Vocalion S.41.)

I am not usually one toicker with fellow-critics, whose views I respect, but my pet peeve has always been the attitude taken towards Helen Ward (alias Vera Lane) by John Hammond. His persecution of this charming singer is made to look very silly in view of the really grand couple of vocals Helen sings in this record—certainly better even than anything she has sung with Benny Goodman.

You Came To My Rescue is the better side for Helen and everybody. With clarinet solos on both sides by a Mr. Benny Goodman, and contributions by Teddy himself, Vido Musso (playing much better than last month), and the wizardly Lionel Hampton on vibraphone, there is practically nothing more one could want of this record, save perhaps a more inspired bass player. It's one of Teddy's best.

Jimmie Lunceford and His Orchestra.

"Taint Good."

"Living From Day To Day."

(**Bruno. 62345.)

Very inadequate examples of the real Lunceford manner, though both sides have their moments.

Louis Armstrong.

****Dipper Mouth Blues."

**"If We Never Meet Again."

(Decca F.6202.)

The first side is mostly played by Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra, with a short contribution by Louis playing

a variation of the identical solo created two decades ago by his mentor, King Oliver. On the reverse Louis has Luis Russell's Band with him again, struggling through one of those doctored-up commercial arrangements in the usual manner.

Following are left-overs from December lists which do not merit full review, and all of which come into the one-star category: The Swingtimers (Regal-Zono. MR.2266); Tempo King (Regal-Zono MR.2267); Dixie Demons (Decca F.6212, 6213); Riley-Farley (Decca F.6222); "Harlem Night" (Parlo. E.11311).

January 2, 1937



Sharkey Bonano produces "authentic jazz," says "Rophone"

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Terrific
- ★★★ Tasteful
- ★★ Tolerable
- ★ Terrible

Since *The Starring System* was inaugurated on October 3, 1936, the following have received the comparatively rare four-star commendation.

The stars are not a guide to comparative artistic merit. They indicate which records are most likely to be worth the average reader's attention.

- Teddy Wilson and His Orch.: "Too Good To Be True," "Sugar Plum." Vocalion S.23.
- Mildred Bailey: "Squeeze Me," "Downhearted Blues." Parlo. R.2257.
- Red Norvo and His Orch.: "Old Fashioned Love," "I Surrender Dear." Col. DB.5012.
- Benny Goodman and His Orch.: "I've Found A New Baby," "Swingtime In The Rockies." H.M.V. B.8481.
- Red Norvo and His Orch.: "I Know That You Know," "A Porter's Love Song." Vocalion S.32.
- Andy Kirk And His Clouds Of Joy: "Lotta Saz Appeal," "Moten Swing." Col. DB.5013.
- Benny Goodman And His Orch.: "In A Sentimental Mood," "You Forgot To Remember." H.M.V. B.8493.
- Gene Krupa And His Chicagoans: "Last Round Up," "Jazz Me Blues." Parlo. R.2268.
- Duke Ellington and His Orch.: "In a Jam," "Black Out." Vocalion S.31.
- Reginald Foresythe and His Orch.: "Swing For Roundabout," "Revolt Of The Yes-Men." Decca F.6023.



Stan King, Monarch of Percussionistic Swing

NORVO and BAILEY an Unbeatable Combination

Hot Records Reviewed . . . by "ROPHONE"

ted Norvo and his Orchestra. "It Can Happen To You." Now That Summer Is Gone." (****Vocalion S.43.) Mildred Bailey and her Orchestra. "More Than You Know." "Long About Midnight." (****Vocalion S.42.) Ever there was any doubt, these two new discs dispel it. Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey are two of the greatest jazzists produced. Norvo's two sides (both with chorus by Mildred) make the perfect record to take home and play to the family when you want to convert them to swing music, by proving that it isn't fast or loud. This band is second to none in quiet swing, firm and individuality. Mildred, the severest of self-critics, considers her two solo sides the best she's ever made! That'll give you an idea of just how

superb S.42 is. With Teddy Wilson, Kirby, Cozy, Artie Shaw and an altogether faultless band, she was obviously inspired by her setting, and the excellent balance and recording (supervised by Helen Oakley) bring out every inflection. Listen to the way she goes into the last eight bars of the last chorus of each side. Her work is full of touches like that, too subtle to describe in words.

Chick Webb and his Orchestra. "Vote For Mr. Rhythm." "You'll Have To Swing It." (***Bruno. 02357.)

"Ella Fitzgerald with Orch." would be a better caption for both these sides. Backed by grand Sampson arranging and solid, swinging work by the band, Ella stamps her personality into every bar. I can even forgive her for saying "Paggerninny." Note Tommy Fulford's fine piano, Chick's drums and the tremendous bite of the bass. A thrilling record.

Frank Froeba and his Swing Band. "Organ Grinder's Swing." "Whatcha Gonna Do." (***Columbia DB5022.)

Far better than I'd hoped, thanks to an almost perfect personnel. Swell work by Joe Marsala, who is about the greatest Chicago clarinet stylist alive to-day; also good stuff from Bunny Berigan, Art Dollinger (tenor) and "solid sender" Cozy Cole. Froeba plays well in *Whatcha Gonna Do*, but should advertise in the Lost and Found columns for that half-bar that's missing from the beginning of his solo in *Organ*



Ruth Gaylor, singing with Hudson-De-Lange Orchestra

Grinder. Coloured vocalist Midge Williams is satisfactory; and last but not most, you can hear for the first time a super-bassist—a new kid, name of Artie Shapiro.

Bob Crosby and his Orchestra. "Woman On My Weary Mind." "Peter Piper." (***Decca F.6229.)

Fighting against a regrettable resemblance to *All Of Me*, the first side still contrives to be Crosby's best since *Dixieland Shuffle*. Homage to trombonist Ward Sillo-way for the last few bars. Reverse has a Bob Crosby vocal with infuriatingly inane lyrics; but plenty of orchestral interest im-preg-nated with the band's characteristic tone.

Don Redman and his Orchestra.

"Bugle Call Rag." "Too Bad." (***Vocalion S.45.)

Once again I say to blazes with these sense-of-humourless jazzologists! Take Don's *Bugle Call* in the light-hearted spirit in which it's offered, and you'll get a kick out of it. Apart from Don's vocal, *Too Bad* is all ensemble playing in a typical Herman Stein arrangement, with Don leading the five-piece sax section to very good effect.

arrangement, excitingly played and marred only by the child-in-pain trumpet ululations. Not until Jimmie realises how offensive these noises sound on wax shall we get a completely satisfactory record from him.

Wingy Mannone and his Orchestra.

"Basin St. Blues."

"Afterglow."

(**Regal-Z. MR2301.)

Not a bad bobsworth. Wingy, though repetitious, builds up a good atmosphere in *Basin St*. However, *Afterglow* hardly adapts itself to his coarse croakings or to the clumsily straight tenor sax. Still, it's a nice tune, and I know of no better version as yet.

Efficient Dorsey

Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

"Stomping At The Savoy."

"In A Sentimental Mood."

(**Bruno. 02357.)

Assuming you all have the original Webb-Sampson disc of *Stomping* and the original Ellington of *Sentimental*, there can be little to justify your interest in the Dorsey renderings, competent and efficiently played though they are.

Red Nichols and his Five Pennies (1928).

"I Never Knew."

"Who's Sorry Now."

(**Bruno. 02356.)

Bix Beiderbecke and his Orchestra (1928).

"Wa-Da-Da."

Miff Mole and his Little Mollers (1927).

"Imagination."

(**Parlo. R2286)

Yes, but there is so much fresh, live and struggling talent of 1937 crying out for your support . . .

Louis Armstrong with The Polynesi-ans.

"On A Coconut Island."

"To You Sweetheart Aloha."

(*Decca F.6082.)

Just play these two and then play *Muggles* or *West End Blues* or *Save It Pretty Mama*. Then you'll know just how tragic it is that Louis has descended to making records with a Hawaiian orchestra.

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Admirable
- ★★★ Agreeable
- ★★ Acceptable
- ★ Abysmal

Benny's Blues

Benny Carter and his Swing Quintet.

"Royal Garden Blues."

"There'll Be Some Changes Made."

(***Vocalion S.46.)

Main feature are: Benny in one of his best clarinet solos yet in *Changes*; Gerry Moore in his wood-

AMERICANA



Charlie Teagarden

MILDRED BAILEY and **Red Norvo**, who have been such a sensation at the Chicago Blackhawk Café, gave a concert on December 20 for the local Rhythm Club along with **Meade Lux Lewis**—who, by the way, is reported to be back in the motor business. . . . Did you

know that **Sigmund Elman** (alias **Harry Finkelman**), sensational hot trumpet man with **Benny Goodman**, is only a part-time musician by profession? He runs two clothing stores and one liquor store in Atlantic City, where **Benny** discovered him last summer. . . . And did you know that the clarinet soloist in **Benny Goodman's Band**, before **Benny** arrives on the stand each evening at the **Pennsylvania**, is **Hymie Schertzer**? . . . And did you suspect that both **Benny Goodman** and **Jack Teagarden** are accomplished trumpet players? **Jack T.** was persuaded to change instruments with brother **Charlie** the other night at the **Hickory House** and while **Charlie** and **Tram** devised chords together on trombone and **C** melody, **Big T.** played some swell blues on trumpet. Man, he's a killer!

If investigations were made to decide who made most swing records in 1936, the record might easily go to **William "Cozy" Cole**, ex-**Wille Bryant** drummer and



Jack Teagarden

friend of **Benny Carter**, with whom he worked in **Bryant's band**. During the year "**Cozy**" supplied the percussion for almost every pick-up band, white or coloured or mixed, used on **Vocalion**, **Brunswick**, **Columbia** and **Bluebird**.

"**Cozy**" (he spells it that way) has waxed with **Teddy Wilson**, **Billie Holiday**, **Bob Howard**, **Putney Dandridge**, **Bunny Berigan**, **Frankie Froeba**, **Dick McDonough**, **Henry Allen**, **Mildred Bailey**, and **Stuff Smith** (of whose band he is a permanent member).

ENGLISH NEWS

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

American Swing Bands to Broadcast to England

The most gratifying sign of recognition granted to swing music by the B.B.C. is this month's surprise revelation concerning the corporation's plans for 1937.

After many months—no, years—of stubborn refusal to recognize jazz as an art form, this dignified broadcasting body has finally yielded to public demand, and to the private demands of certain swing fans who have long been endeavoring to use their influence at Broadcasting House. The result is that arrangements have been made for a series of monthly broadcasts to be made from the United States to the B.B.C. network, featuring leading American swing orchestras.

The main idea of the programs, which will last half-an-hour and have at present been set for a trial three months with a possibility of more frequent broadcasts later on, is to provide the British listening public with music of the kind it cannot obtain at first hand on its native soil; for, to be honest, there is little or no British swing music that can compare with America's best.

The inaugural program in this series will feature **Benny Goodman** and his orchestra, including items by the **Trio** (**Goodman**, **Teddy Wilson** and **Gene Krupa**) and the **Quartet**, featuring **Lionel Hampton**. This is to take place at 3:30 p.m. EST on January 6.

For future broadcasts many swell combinations are being considered, with **Duke Ellington** a probability for the February airing. Others under discussion now include **Red Norvo**, **Artie Shaw**, **Louis Armstrong**, **Chick Webb**, **Bunny Berigan** and **Stuff Smith**.

It need hardly be added that these broadcasts represent a most important step forward in the international interest of swing music, and that any American band featured in the series will benefit enormously from the point of view of publicity, record sales, and prospects of visiting England when and if the ban is lifted.

All-Star British Swing Music Concert

After the broadcast of **Benny Goodman**, the most exciting event in this month, which is making such an auspicious musical start for 1937, will be the British swing music concert at the Hippodrome Theatre, London, on Sunday, January 10.

Sponsored by the **Melody Maker**, this concert will star **Benny Carter** with an English pick-up orchestra similar to that used on his records. It is hoped to prove that, under the right direction and with such brilliant arrangements as **Benny** can provide,

British musicians are capable of interpreting swing music. Most of Britain's few real swing men, such as **Tommy McQuater** (cornet), **Eddie Macaulay** (piano), **Freddy Gardner** (reeds), will probably take part, with **Benny** himself leading on alto, tenor, clarinet, trumpet and even piano. This will be **Benny's** first public performance since he came to England.

Ambrose and Jack Harris Buy Night Club

At last **Ambrose** has managed to purchase an establishment of his own in which to place his orchestra. In partnership with his former musical rival **Jack Harris** (now directing the band at the London Casino) he has bought **Ciro's Club**, which has been closed for some time. The club will re-open in February, by which time **Ambrose's** orchestra will have left the **Mayfair** to move into the newly opened **Ciro's**.

The prospect of **Ambrose** visiting America becomes even more remote in view of this new move, for undoubtedly his interests will be concentrated on his valuable newly-acquired piece of property from now on.

Al Bowlly to Form English Orchestra

Michel ("Mish") Bowley, younger brother of **Al Bowlly**, is on his way here from his native South Africa to help his brother in the formation and direction of an English orchestra.

Al, whose work with **Ray Noble** has just terminated after a successful and lengthy stay in America, now returns to the country he likes best, and is determined, with the aid of **Mish**, to make himself even more popular in England as vocalist and conductor of this projected orchestra. **Mish** is, so **Al** has heard, a talented pianist and arranger; but **Al** will not know the actual extent of his brother's talent until they both get together in England, for they haven't met since 1920!

American Stars for European Commercials

A new and lucrative field would seem to be opening up to American

artists and orchestras with the enlargement of the commercial radio field in Europe.

Because commercial radio shows are forbidden in England, many of them are now being recorded in England and re-broadcast in English from abroad, chiefly from Luxembourg. Some quick-witted sponsor evidently realized that the scope for talent hunting could in this manner be greatly extended, with the result that the **Four Ink Spots**, colored instrumental act now in New York, have recorded a series of programs for the **Hedley Co.**, sponsors of **Ivory Soap**, who have a Luxembourg commercial each Sunday afternoon.

These transcriptions will be shipped across the Atlantic to Luxembourg, and English listeners will virtually be listening to American programs without the necessity of buying a short-wave set!

If only similar arrangements can be made for leading orchestras to transcribe programs for English sponsors, there is no limit to the good that this idea may do.

TEMPO DI JAZZ: by Leonard G. Feather

CHRISTMAS WITH THE DANCE BANDS



How the leaders and the 'boys' intend to celebrate

Christmas has a twofold importance for SIDNEY LIPTON, band-leader at Grosvenor House, for December 25 happens to be his daughter's birthday—on this occasion, her thirteenth.

After the somewhat tiring ordeal of an Empire transmission on Christmas Eve—from 2.21 to 2.55 a.m., Sidney will need all the sleep he can find time for before his family festivities begin. Every year he holds a birthday party for young Miss Lipton, with some sort of attraction in the shape of conjurers and other acts.

Oddly enough, he adds, the most successful turn ever to play at one of these parties was an amateur. Don Whitelaw, his former drummer, was a conjuror in his spare time, and it is unanimously agreed by the Liptons that the show he put up for them some years ago has never yet been excelled.

BRAM MARTIN, who is broadcasting on Christmas Day from 5.15 to 6 p.m., associates the holiday with a kindly deed which he will once again perform shortly before the 25th. Every year he and his band visit Guy's Hospital to play for over a hundred invalids. Having provided them with their annual treat, Bram will return home to Northwick Park, where the young Martins—John, aged twelve; Naomi, six; and Devora, three and a half—will be awaiting the customary merrymaking.

One of the most unexpected adventures is that of the band leader who spent Christmas Day in the workhouse! This actually befell BILLY THORNBURN when, working at the Tivoli Theatre in Hull just six years ago, he was invited, with everyone else on the bill, to give a performance at a local workhouse. He became so interested in his conversations with the inmates that he returned on Boxing Day to renew the acquaintanceship!

Since that year, Billy has spent his Christmas Days in a variety of foreign capitals, including Berlin, Stockholm, and Paris. This year he will at last spend the day at home.

Amongst the luckier dance musicians will be

Roy Fox's boys, for their good-hearted leader, realising what it means to them to work seven days a week, often doing as many as five or six shows a day, has refused the many and highly priced offers that have been made for his services next week, in order to give the whole band a complete week's rest.

In view of the innumerable functions that yearn for such bands as Fox's on festive occasions, this gesture shows a commendable lack of avarice. Naturally, it will be pleasant enough for Roy Fox, too, since he will probably take a short trip to the Continent. Mary Lee, his youthful vocalist, will return home to her parents in Glasgow, and the others will disperse to various parts of Great Britain.

The name of GERALDO is connected with an amusing story of a Christmas occurrence. Just about three years ago this week, his band was to accompany a troupe of Can-Can girls at the Savoy. The girls arrived from Paris without bringing their music for the act, and in his urgent need to have everything in readiness for the opening, Geraldo telephoned Paris and took down no fewer than eight tunes over the wire!

That same Christmas was a memorable one for JACK HYLTON, who was playing at a Paris music-hall to a week's gross-takings of a million and a quarter francs.

MANTOVANI reports that he devotes part of his spare Christmas hours to visiting prisons and playing to the prisoners. It is also whispered that he is giving his wife a car for a Christmas present.

HARRY ROY, before his Christmas dinner, likes to visit a football match with his brother Syd. He and his wife and some of her family then meet together for dinner and pass away time 'looking at the cards' and telling fortunes.

As for your humble jazz reporter, there will be no busman's holiday for him. The day will be spent quietly listening—but dance-music will be strictly *tabu*!

CHRISTMAS, to the average working man, means a relief from routine, a comfortable return to family life. In the world of dance music it has an entirely different significance.

To musicians, Christmas in most cases brings with it a surge of doubled activity, of lightning journeys from one job to another, and of ministering to the desires of those who are taking their holiday less energetically. Semi-professionals who may not play more than once a week normally will find themselves able to ask two or three times their usual fee, night after night, while the demand prevails for 'the personal element' in dance music at parties.

Let us take a glance into the private lives of some of our more prominent dance-band leaders, and discover what the Christmas season means to each of them.

One of the busiest on Christmas Day will be JOE LOSS, the young man with the violin, whose orchestra will once again provide Christmas-night broadcast dance music.

Last year, you may remember, he introduced an unusual and pleasant novelty by leaving the announcements in the hands of the popular news-reel commentator, E. V. H. Emmett. Next week, he tells me, his programme will again depart from its normal routine by means of some fresh novelties.

'I'm trying to get the real party spirit into the broadcast', he said, 'with a selection of old-fashioned waltzes and all kinds of old and new dances. Then we shall probably have a Paul Jones, and a review of the most popular tunes of the year.'

'Won't it be rather difficult to capture the party spirit in the atmosphere of a studio with no audience?'

'All we have to do is to think of the thousands of dancers we shall be playing to. And the studio won't seem so very empty, because I'm expecting my fiancée to come along...'

Before the rehearsal for the airing, Joe and his boys will start the ball rolling with a big luncheon together. Of course, presentations will be made by Joe and the band to each other; but all that is still a secret, so don't say I told you.

TEMPO DI JAZZ By Leonard G. Feather

'Tempo di Swing' should really be the headline for my column this week, for I should like to tell you a little about Benny Goodman, whose magnificent swing orchestra made the inaugural broadcast this week in a series of Transatlantic relays.

Only twenty-seven years old, Benny has risen to fame on the crest of America's sudden swing wave. He has seven brothers (two of whom play in his band) and two sisters, of whom one is his secretary and factotum.

Before forming his present band, he was obliged to do much radio and recording work with 'straight' dance orchestras, which offered him little scope. Early in 1935 he decided to form an orchestra with a complete swing policy, the idea being to give advanced interpretations even of the current popular tunes, allowing plenty of opportunities for improvised solos, and employing coloured arrangers whose scores are written in swing style.

America's youth approved heartily of this unprecedented move, while song publishers complained bitterly that they couldn't recognise their own tunes. At New York's Pennsylvania Hotel, I have seen crowds five or six deep jamming the doorway trying to struggle for accommodation in the packed room where Benny plays.

During his clarinet improvisations, Benny's face lights up with a saturnine and subtle grin. It is always obvious what tremendous pleasure he finds in his work. Crowds swarm round the bandstand; they would rather watch him than dance. The volume of noise is enormous, but it

is orderly, musical noise, and the audience gobbles it up.

Teddy Wilson, aged 23, short and slight, quiet of manner, with a drawl that betrays his Texas origin, is the brilliant coloured pianist who appears in Goodman's cabaret act, known as the Benny Goodman Trio. Never before have white and coloured artists worked together publicly in America.

Lionel Hampton, discovered by Goodman in California, recently joined him to convert the Trio into a Quartet. Hampton was originally known principally as a drummer, but the percussion in the Benny Goodman Quartet is in the lightning hands of Gene Krupa, discussed in this column some weeks ago.

Lingo di Jazz (continued)

IN THE GROOVE: In the correct mood or spirit. JAM SESSION: An impromptu gathering at which musicians play for the fun of the thing, without written music. Obsolescent, one regrets to say, in this country. JAM (*adj.* and *v.*) denotes improvising.

JAZZ: Once despised by dance-music connoisseurs, but now accepted *faute de mieux*. Real jazz is almost exclusively music in steady tempo, with scope for extemporisation. The term does not apply to Gershwin's Rhapsodies, nor to Stravinsky's productions which have been tagged as 'jazz'; nor even to ballads and popular songs such as 'It's my mother's birthday today'.

January 8th

Jan. 16th

THE MELODY MAKER

Hot Records Reviewed by "ROPHON"

Cat-and-Dog PAIRINGS



Teddy Wilson—still the greatest of them all

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra.

- "When A Lady Meets a Gentleman."
- "You Turned The Tables On Me." (**H.M.V. B.8516.)
- "Here's Love In Your Eyes." (**BD.5146.)
- "You're Giving Me A Song And Dance." (**H.M.V. BD.5152.)

LOVE IN YOUR EYES (which, despite the label statement, has no vocal) is backed by a Xavier Cugat rumba, and *Song and Dance* is paired with a Guy Lombardo!

Apart from that, to issue four of his commercial titles when such masterpieces as *Anything For You*, *House Hop*, *I Know That You Know*, *Get Happy*, and the Quartet versions of *Blues*, *Melancholy Baby*, *Tiger Rag* and *Sweet Sue*, lie dormant on their shelves is something of a scandal.

For all that, we must grant that Jimmy Mundy, Benny's arranger, does things with a pop tune that

few arrangers can do. All the records above are just about as good as you could expect them to be. Helen Ward does well enough in her three vocals to make us regret her departure.

Teddy Wilson and his Orchestra. "Pennies From Heaven." "That's Life, I Guess."

heard before; the tunes are utterly meritless; the band has the usual faults.

The issue of the organ solos is to be deprecated. They are far cornier and duller than you would dream possible.

Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

- "Ja Da."
- "Royal Garden Blues." (**H.M.V. B.8517.)

Bud Freeman and his Windy City Five.

- "Keep Smiling At Trouble."
- "What Is There To Say." (**Parlo. R.2285.)

If it comes to a choice between these two, you'll find plenty of Bud Freeman (and a lot extra thrown in) on the Tommy Dorsey disc, which is altogether by far the more interesting, especially as no real example of Tommy's band has previously been released in this country.

Paul Wetstein, Tommy's arranger, has given this band a striking character in its ensemble. On top of this you have the unique style of Bud in *Ja Da*; the amusing and ingenious Dixieland trombone of Tommy; Maxie Kaminsky's trum-

pet; Joe Dixon's clarinet, Dave Tough's drums. In addition to this, *Ja Da* is just that grand old theme, the Sixteen-bar Swing (*How'm I Doin'*, etc.) and you all know *Royal Garden*. So what the hell

BUYERS' GUIDE

- ★★★★ Brilliant
- ★★★ Bright
- ★★ Bearable
- ★ Brutal

more do you want? Bud's own record suffers chiefly because

1,600 SWINGING FANS' NIGHT OUT

Leonard Feather Analyses The Benny Carter Concert And Gives Full Marks To Benny, His Men And The Audience

OF THE SIXTEEN HUNDRED SWING FANS AT SUNDAY'S CONCERT, AT LEAST HALF MUST HAVE BEEN FEELING LIKE TANTALUS AT THE BANQUET OF THE GODS. THAT POOR SUFFERER, YOU MAY REMEMBER, HAD THE CHOICEST OF FRUITS PLACED JUST OUT OF HIS REACH, AND IN HIS STARVATION WAS TORTURED BY THE SIGHT OF THEM.

For a year the jazz fraternity of England has had Benny Carter in its midst, but never until last Sunday was an opportunity afforded, to everyone to feast on the musical delicacies he had to offer. So, when the curtain went up to reveal the rosy smiling, fast-moving figure with a baton, leading thirteen musicians through the familiar strains of "Blues In My Heart," hundreds of Tantaluses were unfettered and their prepared to entertain them in the flesh.

It was not unnatural that Benny proved himself a charming and well-at-ease stage personality, for he has acted as master of ceremonies and ringleader of many an American show.

His alto playing was all one expected: limpid, free and expressive. His solos on clarinet and trumpet brought him no less applause, and I fancy he could have added another string to his bow had he cared to take a chorus on piano. All this instrumental virtuosity was, however, achieved without practice; Benny has scarcely touched his instruments for months past.

GOOD MEN AND TRUE

AS FOR THE BAND ITSELF AS A WHOLE, IT IS REMARKABLE HOW BENNY FOUGHT AGAINST THE DIFFICULTIES OF ARRANGING REHEARSALS TO SUIT THE MEN RECRUITED FROM THE VARIOUS BANDS, AND, INDEED, OF FINDING GOOD MEN AT ALL WHO HAD THE TIME TO UNDERTAKE THE CONCERT. ONLY HIS PATIENT TRAINING AND THE CO-OPERATION OF THE BOYS MADE THE RESULT AS SATISFYING AS IT WAS.

Even the heterogeneous brass section, once it had got into its stride, did some fine work. The rhythm section, man for man, was about the best he could have gathered in England. The saxes mastered those intricate Carter reed-section scores in *Accent on Swing* and other numbers with admirable agility.

Of the soloists, it was not surprising that Tommy McQuater was the most consistently applauded, for his instrument, by virtue of its volume, is more conducive to a demonstrative reaction on the part of a typical rhythm-fan audience.

But, though Tommy proved himself the greatest hot trumpet man in the country, the praise accorded to him should not be allowed to overshadow the credit due to the other two "Macs" who did such Trojan work: Eddie Macauley, England's nearest approach to Teddy Wilson, and Andy McDevitt, Scotland's highest bid amongst clarinetists.

NO COPYING

The best of the other soloists were the two tenor men, George Evans (featured very successfully in *Dream Lullaby*) and Buddy F.; Evans and Benny between them handled the few vocals required for the performance.

One point on which the performers deserve congratulation is the solution they found for the problem of whether or not the audience expect to hear them playing solos similar to those

they had featured on the records with Benny.

Since note-for-note copying of the recordings would eliminate the necessity for inspiration, and since a brand-new solo would perhaps destroy the average listener's conception of the number as formed from the record, most of the boys steered a middle course by making their solos slightly,

even more voluminous roars with requests for numbers as each item came to a reluctant end. Never before has the spirit of rhythmic informality been so successfully captured in the unsuitable atmosphere of a large theatre.

After struggling through a few dozen choruses on *Limehouse Blues* and *Darktown Strutters' Ball*, the gang had to stop jamming because time was running so short.

DIVERSIONS

Waltzing the Blues introduced a few spots of arrangement and a chorus in unison by the full band. I prefer the original idea of jamming the whole thing. Albert Harris had a big band for his chorus here; and you should have heard Eddie Macauley swinging that waltz!

Of the other acts at the concert—Harry Karr, the Swingette and Harold Berens—it need only be said that each was excellent in its class, providing a section of the audience with the type of relief that was required to divide up the programme and offer something for every taste. A roar of welcome went up to Gerry Moore, who came on briefly as accompanist in Berens' comedy act.

Perhaps a word or two regarding the audience itself would not be out of place as a concluding comment. My fear that the place would be packed with "ickies," who would want every number played at ninety bars a minute, was not justified. On the whole, they reacted favourably to the preponderance of slow or medium tempo numbers and lack of flashiness in the performances.

NO COMPLAINTS

To sum up, everything was more successful than I dreamed it could be. If Benny had had a permanently formed band to work with, and if the amplification guy had had a few days more to check up on those cues for solos, perhaps we might have been a step nearer perfection; but I, for one, have no complaints to make about what was unquestionably one of the most pleasurable evenings London's swing fans have spent for many years.



The cover of the souvenir programme

but not entirely, similar, sometimes forgetting about the records altogether. And, of course, several numbers were featured which have not been recorded at all.

Amongst the most successful individual items were *These Foolish Things*, with a swell trumpet solo from Benny; *Gin and Jive*, a new and excellent fast number; *I'm In The Mood for Swing*, also new; *Nightfall*, with Benny on alto instead of tenor owing to mouthpiece trouble with the latter; *Scandal In A Flat*, and the gratifyingly well received *Swingin' The Blues*.

"JAMMING" RIOT

The "jam session" was a riotous success, with hundreds of people shouting out for different soloists to take a chorus, and

TEMPO DI JAZZ

By Leonard G. Feather

DEAR FRIEND LEONARD.—How are you pal? . . . I'm as well and happy as ever, and do hope that you're the same. I've been out to California, as you know I was on my merry way to make a picture with the almighty Bing Crosby . . . well the engagement turned out to be a 'sender' to me. . . . Bing is one of the nices' fellows you ever want to meet . . . yessir he's a prince. . . . When I finished the picture with him he gave me a swell present. . . . It's a Money Clip, which keeps your money folded real nice and it also has a watch on it. I am just crazy about it.

I guess you'll soon be seeing the picture, *Pennies from Heaven*, which I've made with Papa Bing. Give my regards to the folks. . . . I'll sign off now. . . .

I am Trumpet-blowingly Yours,
LOUIS ARMSTRONG.

This naïve and delightfully friendly letter was my first intimation that the debut of Louis Armstrong on the screen was imminent. I have quoted from it because there could be no more appropriate way of drawing your attention to the picture, which reveals Louis as a screen personality of the first water. Even if he had not sung a note and never touched his trumpet, the film would have been a triumph for him simply as a brilliant actor and comedian.

Next Monday's swing-record recitalist is Ambrose's star arranger, Sid Phillips, who will play a selection of records of his own compositions.

Sid Phillips, alto saxophonist, clarinetist, pianist, sometime violinist, and tympanist, was born in London in 1907. After leaving school in 1923 he spent a year in Switzerland and another in Italy, studying music, most of his theoretical knowledge of composing and arranging being the result of an exchange agreement with a Basle Conservatory instructor who accepted saxophone lessons in lieu of payment! He has played and arranged for Ambrose since 1931. He has three brothers in the profession: Harry, who is musical director for a Sheffield hotel; Ralph, double-bass player and assistant to Sid; and Woolf, eighteen-year-old trombone prodigy.

Another recital not to be missed will be given by Leslie Perowne and Harman Grisewood tomorrow, Saturday, at 9.20 p.m. It will be the first of a monthly series of evening record programmes, and will deal with 'fundamental jazz'. That is all its authors will tell me for the present, but it sounds good enough to me.

Lingo di Jazz (continued)

KAZOO: A small contraption similar to the old comb-and-paper idea, which converts humming into a curious sort of buzzing. In Harlem there is a band featuring four kazoos, which play full orchestrations in part harmonies.

KILLER: Similar to JUST TOO BAD, usually in the complimentary sense.

LICK: A rhythmic phrase used in solos or accompaniments.

MARIJUANA: Mexican cigarette smoked by American musicians. Also known as 'Reefer', 'Weed', 'Tea', 'Muggles'.

MELODY INSTRUMENTS: As opposed to 'rhythm instruments': the reed, brass and string sections.



Artie Shaw

PEOPLE ask me why I formed an orchestra with strings instead of a reed section. The answer is quite simple. I detest saxophones!

Perhaps that needs a lot of explaining. Well, I'll go back into my own personal history, and I think you'll understand. I was born twenty-six years ago in New York; I'm an only child. Although my greatest idol, as long as I can remember, has always been Louis Armstrong, it was on a C melody saxophone that I first took up music. I have never studied music seriously. Now, having played a saxophone for a long time, I know just what brutal instruments they are. You just can't get the soul, the variety of expression out of them that is necessary for jazz. Ask any saxophone player who doubles trumpet which instrument he gets more kick out of playing, and the answer will always be the trumpet.

I don't miss the saxes when I'm doing my arranging, either; but perhaps that's because I've had an unorthodox history as an arranger, too. I started doing arrangements, hit-and-miss style, in Cleveland some years ago. Then I stopped altogether, and after not writing a single note for five years I was called on, through an accident, to start again.

It happened this way. I was

doing a radio show with Lennie Hayton, and one of the arrangements ran a minute short. It had to be ready for next day, so I offered to take it to a friend of mine who, I said, could fix it up quickly. They gave me the arrangement; then I couldn't find my friend, and, in the emergency, decided the best thing would be to write the stuff myself, without telling Lennie.

Well, we ran it through next day and it happened to sound swell. Lennie got a terrific boot out of it. "Who is this guy? Give me his number," he said. And then I broke the news!

Around that time I was doing a lot of work with radio house bands. It's a good way of making a living, but a soul-destroying one, with scarcely ever a chance to play the way I like to. At one time I became so disheartened with it all that I gave up everything and went to live out on a farm, where I did very little but read. After eight months I came back and went to school, completing my education at Columbia New York University. But I studied mainly science, not music. I did occasional radio work, just to keep body and soul together, but got my only musical pleasures out of sitting in with some of the Harlem jam bands. By then, of course, I was concentrating exclusively on clarinet.

Swallowed by "Commercials"

Although I was still more or less swallowed up by commercial work, some of the swing fans heard about me by this time

ARTIE SHAW

latest New York Swing sensation,
who specialises in clarinet and strings,

SAYS

"I DON'T LIKE SAXOPHONES!"



George Wettling,
drummer with Shaw



Peg la Centra,
the band's vocalist

few records; four sides orvo's Swing Septet, with Frankie Trum-chestra — *Plantation* bled, *Blue Moon* and *de Bill's*, for Victor. His had something to forming a band, but sing to the circum-were directly respon-ging this about.

eday evening, at the a friend of mine, I part in a sort of sion—only we played oms and Mozart addition to this I lly sat in with Stuff Onyx Club. So the with strings was by familiar to me.

n invitation to take yx Club's big swing was to be held at a nd was obviously one of the most ta in the history of decided to write s for myself, and t accompaniments drums.

hadn't listened to many months, and that the clarinet-a would sound like Benny Goodman actually, I had

never even heard). I decided to branch out with something different, and hit on the idea of the string quartet. So I wrote a jazz quintet in movements which bore such names as "Blues," "Stomp," and so on, instead of the more customary "Allegro," "Andante," etc.

Agents Got Busy

Well, the outcome of it all was that, on the morning after the concert, I had telephone calls from five different agents suggesting that I should form a permanent band of this type. I decided to add a brass section and fill out the rhythm to the usual size, as well as retaining the two violins, viola and 'cello; and, as a concession, I did also decide to include one saxophone, a tenor; but I use it more or less as part of the brass section, as far as my arrangements are concerned.

So at last I've got what I wanted—an orchestra of my own, playing the kind of music I really feel like playing. I signed up with Rockwell-O'Keefe and started at the Lexington Hotel, New York; then I worked at the French Casino, and in December made my stage debut at the Paramount Theatre, New York, the same two weeks that they were playing Louis' picture "Pennies From Heaven" on the screen. I was never so nervous in my life as on the first performance, but in a few days I had all the confidence I needed. Eddie Condon was with me at this time, reading music for the first time in six years; and George Wettling, that marvellous drummer, had just joined the band.

Trying to Tell Them

My main difficulty up till now has been convincing people that, despite the string section, this is not a "sweet" or "slush" band. The strings are used to give variations of tone-colour, supply chords and backgrounds, and take a very occasional few bars by themselves. That is why I think the band at least has the merit of being different from anything tried before.

I do most of the arranging, but I'm helped out sometimes by Joe Lippman, the pianist, and Jerry Gray, my first violin. I have brought the strings up to the right degree of prominence now by having a special series of micro-phones set up so that each man in this section is individually amplified. And the 'cellist has fixed up an amplification system right inside his instrument!

My own personal tastes in music are pretty much those of anyone who likes real swing music. In other words, Bessie Smith is my favourite singer, and I used to go nuts over the "boogie-woogie" pianists like Pinetop Smith and Meade Lux Lewis. Of my own records, one of my favourites is *Billie's Blues* which I made with Billie Holiday; that was a swell session altogether. We did three other sides—*Did I Remember*, *No Regrets* and *Summer-time*. I've also recorded with Mildred Bailey

ARTIE SHAW AND HIS ORCHESTRA

January, 1937

Artie Shaw, Clarinet.
Tony Pastor, Tenor Sax.
Zeke Zarchy, 1st Trumpet.
Lee Costaldos, 2nd Trumpet.
Moe Zudecoff, Trombone.
Jerry Gray, 1st Violin.
Frank Siegfried, 2nd Violin.
Sam Rosenblum, Viola.
Peg la Centra, Vocals.
Bill Schumann, 'Cello.
Joe Lippman, Piano.
Tony Gatzuzi, Guitar.
George Wettling, Drums.
Ben Ginsberg, Bass.

English Record Releases:—

"Japanese Sandman"	Vocalion Swing Series S. 25.
"A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody."	
"It Ain't Right"	Vocalion 513.
"South Sea Island Magic"	
"You're Giving Me A Song and Dance"	Vocalion 518.
"Darling, Not Without You"	
"Sugar Foot Stomp"	Vocalion Swing Series S. 48.
"Skeleton In The Closet"	

in *More Than You Know*, *Long About Midnight*, *For Sentimental Reasons* and *It's Love I'm After*; and with Bob Howard in *Whose Baby Are You?* and *You Hit The Spot*.

Under my own recording contract with the American Brunswick (English Vocalion) Co., I've made a number of commercial titles and a few hot records, of which the best up to the present are *Sugar Foot Stomp* and *It Ain't Right*. Pretty soon I hope to record my own compositions, such as *Streamline*, and my theme number, of which I interpolated a few bars in the record of *Skeleton In The Closet*.

I am very proud of Peg la Centra, who has developed into one of the very best white girl vocalists, as you probably know by now from the records.

Out On the Road

Now I'm all set for a long road tour with the band, and once we're out of town for a while I shall have a better opportunity of getting the men into shape and keeping the personnel steady. We shall be spending Mardi Gras in New Orleans, which will be a wonderful treat, as this French-American home of jazz makes that the big time of the year for festivities.

Maybe some day, too, I shall be able to bring the band to England. In any case I want to thank you for the interest you've shown, and hope the band will really justify it from now on. Good-bye, and good luck!

TEMPO DI JAZZ . . . By Leonard G. Feather

As already stated in the *RADIO TIMES*, the BBC has planned to make this a memorable year for listeners interested in swing music. The relays of American swing bands, and the evening programmes of swing records, will be given on alternate fortnights; the 11.30-to-midnight records will go under the title of 'Swing Time' every Wednesday; and for the next twelve Monday afternoons, from 4.0 to 4.30, there will be a series of swing record recitals presented by well-known musicians, as well as by notorious jazz journalists and a few common-of-garden laymen who like jazz.

Starting this series next Monday afternoon will be Edgar Jackson, record critic of *Compton Mackenzie's Gramophone* magazine. It would be difficult to find a better choice for the compère on this opening programme. Edgar's contact with jazz dates back to pre-war days; yet today, at forty-one, he has not lost a fraction of his enthusiasm, and can indeed show a more intelligent and an aesthetic interest in the latest swing record than most people of half his age.

Born in London and educated at Claysmore and Cambridge, he served during the war while still a youth. His journalistic career started with

a small paper published by a music company, in 1926 he inaugurated *The Melody Maker*, of which he remained editor until 1950, before resigning to become manager to Jack Hylton. After a year with Hylton, during which the two of them visited the United States, Jackson became a freelance journalist and manager, his proteges having included Pat Hyde, Howard Jacobs, and several night-club and recording bands under his own name.

His chief hobbies are listening to short-wave programmes at four in the morning (he is a great technical expert and radio enthusiast) and playing the piano.

* * * * *

KING OF SONG (4): Will Hudson

Until recently, the description 'commercial swingman' might have been called a contradiction in terms, for song publishers invariably believed that any popular song which savoured of swing style was doomed to financial failure. Then Will Hudson came along and proved them wrong.

Among his most successful pieces of evidence

are 'Organ Grinder's Swing', 'Moon Glow', 'You're not the kind', 'Nitwit Serenade', 'Hobo on Park Avenue', 'Tormented', 'Cowboy in Manhattan', 'Yankee in Havana', and his latest, 'Mr. Ghost goes to Town'.

Hudson started his career as a post-office clerk. He was originally brought to New York by Cab Calloway. A year ago he and one of his lyric-writing partners, Eddie de Lange, formed a band of their own, known as the Hudson-deLange Orchestra, which has risen to become one of the most popular bands in America.

Hudson is a prolific arranger and a tireless worker; his average bed-time is 5 a.m., usually following a tour of the night clubs to hear the latest 'jam' bands. Yes, even without Prohibition they still have night life in New York!

LINGO DI JAZZ

JIG: A coloured man. **JIG TIME:** A fairly fast tempo.

JIVE (n & v): Used in Harlem to denote almost anything. Can mean to joke, to cajole, to fool. As noun, can mean drink.

JUR TOO BAD: One of those confusing jazz terms which can have two entirely contrary meanings. 'That boy's just too bad!' may mean that his playing is sensational, or else that it is sensationally bad. You simply have to examine the context.

Trumpet: Advice On Mouthpieces

By CHARLES COLIN

HOW to choose that magic mouthpiece is one of the most insistent and most repeated problems that arise in the minds of unsatisfied and half-satisfied trumpet players. This writer's desk is stacked high with letters in form of SON calls for immediate help and guidance from beginners, amateurs, and professional men, all asking for the mouthpiece ideal. In a great number, the desire for more competence in the higher registers is the goal.

Recently a trumpeter in another corner of the globe sent in an accurately detailed diagram of his embouchure with accompanying correspondence in an effort to do the trick by mail. On his own initiative he had changed with bad results and now is in the desperate struggling stage and wants to get back to the point of proficiency where he was before.

Prejudice Conquered

Later, when he became concert master at the Central Park Theatre in Chicago, his orchestrations attracted the attention of Ted Fio Rizo, who offered him a contract. This time he managed to overcome his prejudice against popular music and soon even began to write popular tunes himself, the first of which was *Sweet Sue*.

He has collaborated with such lyric writers as Gus Kahn, Sam Lewis, Bing Crosby (*Love Me To-night*), Ned Washington (*Can't We Talk It Over*), Lee Wiley (*Got The South In My Soul*), and in *Sweet Sue* with Will J. Harris. He has conducted and arranged for every artist who has ever been within a mile of the Brunswick studios.

Next week: *Someday, Sweet-heart*.

CURSORILY referred to yesterday by colleague Paul Holt (due home from USA last night), hot-music hit called "Flat-foot Floogie" deserves fuller, more reverent investigation.

Its full name is "The Flat-foot Floogie with the Floy Floy" a name which, to devotees, is "meaningless" only as a Picasso abstract is meaningless in the sense that it's not meant to represent mere 3-dimensional natural objects.

It was written in New York by two lightish young Negroes—24-year-old SLIM GAILLARD, Detroit ex-hatmaker guitarist, & 23-year-old SLAM STEWART, Englewood ex-odd-job-man bass-fiddler.

GAILLARD, more articulate of the two, explains (as do James Joyce's fans), "We were sort of talking a new language."

They thought of a new dance. Name "floogie" emerged from their sub-conscious. Dance was to be done flat-foot, so that got in the title. The floy floy seemed an artistically inevitable climax.

TILL the night when they improvised this masterpiece together in a club which they have never been able to find again, Gaillard & Stewart had never met.

JAZZ

ESSAIS D'INITIATION (9 et fin)

par GEORGES DANIEL et ANDRÉ HOEIR

(Voir Jazz Hot Numéros 26 à 32-34)

Les grandes Figures du Jazz

(cent noms à retenir)

novateur, il contribua à la popularité du *Jamaica shout*,

aux disciples de Lester

— Considéré à peu près comme le père du jazz. Il fit craquer, vers 1900, et imposa une nouvelle manière de jouer le pas sur l'art collectif. *35. Big Butter and egg* ; *Perdido street blues* (son Maître).

avec l'orchestre de Liopoldo et des disciples de Ch. Christian.

— Originaire de Kansas-City, son grand succès fut *Rock-a-Bye* (Columbia).

— Des derniers survivants du jazz, le plus grand spécialiste du *swing*, avec Tommy Ladnier (Decca), *Muskrat Ramble*

1931. Fut le plus célèbre des *blues* (Odéon). *Clarinetistes de la Nouvelle-Orléans. Diga Diga Doo*, avec Duke Ellington

— Originaire de l'arrière-pensée (chez Ellington) et des conceptions nouvelles. *John*

— Des plus originaux de la période du *swing*.

— Conceptions du mouvement du *swing*.

— Le « par accords » très apprécié (Decca). *Solistes de l'instrument.*

— Disciples de Hawkins. *Laura*

— Spécialistes modernes du *swing*, *Trio*, avec Errol Garner

— Originaire de l'arrière-pensée depuis 1926. Fut le plus célèbre *blues* *Feather*, avec El-

— Des musiciens les plus marquants de l'époque du *swing*.

— Originaire de l'arrière-pensée, puis s'affirma comme un grand spécialiste du *swing*.

— Musicien très réputé ; l'un des plus grands spécialistes du *swing* (Mercury) ; *Salt Peanuts*,

— Le plus grand spécialiste du *swing* du *be-bop*. *Charlie*

— Le père du *be-bop* de batterie. *Things to come*, avec

— Originaire de l'arrière-pensée vers 1936 chez Count *Blue* (Odéon).

— Originaire de l'arrière-pensée pendant la période du *swing* (Jazz Sélection).

— Des rares musiciens de jazz de son talent de chanteur, remarquables disciples de

— Des chefs de file de l'époque du *swing* (Mercury).

— Des conceptions extrêmement originales (Apple), avec Ch. Parker

— Des survivants de la grande époque du *swing* de Seven d'Armstrong vers

DODDS (Johnny), cl. — † 1940. Fut le partenaire de King Oliver (1920-24) et de Louis Armstrong dans le Hot Five (1925-28). *Ballin' the Jack* (J.R.S.).

EDISON (Harry), tp. — Un des principaux disciples de Roy Eldridge. *Rock-a-bye Basie*, avec Count Basie (Odéon).

ELDRIDGE (Roy « Little Jazz »), tp. — L'un des chefs de file de la période du « swing ». Son influence sur les trompettistes prit le pas sur celles d'Armstrong et d'Allen à partir de 1937-38. *All the cats join in* (Decca).

ELLINGTON (Edward Kennedy « Duke »), ch. orch., arr., p. — Figure unique dans l'histoire du jazz. Elargit le champ de cette musique par ses conceptions orchestrales et harmoniques d'une grande hardiesse. Créateur du « jungle-style ». Son orchestre, fondé en 1924, a toujours été considéré comme le plus original, sinon le plus parfait, de tous les grands ensembles. *Black and Tan Fantasy* (La Voix de son Maître) ; *Saddest Tale*, *Echoes of Harlem* (Odéon) ; *Ko-Ko*, *John Hardy's wife* (La Voix de son Maître).

FITZGERALD (Ella), vc. — Après des débuts sensationnels en 1934 (avec Chick Webb), est devenue l'une des chanteuses de jazz les plus populaires, sans rien perdre de son originalité. *Lady be good*, *How high's the moon* (Decca).

GARNER (Errol), p. — L'un des musiciens les plus marquants de la jeune génération. A renouvelé les conceptions modernes du piano. *Blues Garni*, *Trio* (Blue Star).

GILLESPIE (John « Dizzy »), tp, vc, ch. orch. — L'un des promoteurs du *be-bop*. Par sa personnalité et sa virtuosité étonnantes, il s'est imposé comme le chef de file, avec Charlie Parker, de la jeune école. *Hot House* (Swing) ; *Two Bass Hit* (La Voix de son Maître).

GOODMAN (Benny), cl, ch. orch, blues. — Contribua, en 1935, au succès énorme de la « swing music ». Technicien prestigieux, son esthétique fut et demeure très discutée. *Tiger Rag* (Odéon) ; *China Boy* (La Voix de son Maître).

GORDON (Dexter), ts. — Appartient au mouvement *be-bop*. *The Chase* (Blue Star).

GRAY (Wardell), ts. — Appartient au mouvement *be-bop*. *The Chase* (Blue Star).

HAMPTON (Lionel), vib, ch. orch., dm, p. — Se démarqua en 1936 avec le Quartette Benny Goodman et devint très vite l'une des figures marquantes de l'époque du « swing ». Fondé en 1940, son grand orchestre reprit, en les poussant à l'extrême, les conceptions de Count Basie. *Flyin' Home* (Decca) ; *Hot Mallets* (La Voix de son Maître).

HARRISSON (Jimmy), tb, vc. — † 1931. L'un des premiers en date des grands solistes du trombone. *Whiteman Stomp*, avec F. Henderson (Columbia).

HART (Clyde), p. — Connus comme un accompagnateur de grande classe. *Hot Mallets* (La Voix de son Maître).

HAWKINS (Coleman), ts. — Le plus important spécialiste du ténor. Son évolution, de 1926 à la guerre, suit, ou parfois, précède celle du jazz en général. *Jamaica shout* (Odéon) ; *Crazy Rhythm* (Swing) ; *Yes-terdays*, *Rainbow Mist* (Jazz Sélection).

HENDERSON (Fletcher), ch. orch., p. — Son orchestre, fondé en 1921, fut une des premières formations de jazz, et la plus importante, avec celle d'Ellington, de 1926 à 1933 environ. Il fut dissout en 1936. *Whiteman Stomp* (Columbia).

HIGGINBOTHAM (J.-C.), tb. — L'un des grands spécialistes de l'instrument entre 1930 et 1940. *St-Louis blues*, avec L. Armstrong (Odéon).

HINES (Earl « Father »), p, ch. orch. — S'inspira de Louis Armstrong pour créer le « trumpet-piano style » vers 1927. Très brillant soliste, il fut le chef de file d'une lignée de pianistes qui aboutit à Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Billy Kyle et King Cole. *A Monday Date* (Jazz Sélection) ; *Tight like this*, avec L. Armstrong (Odéon).

HINTON (Milton), b. — Excellent spécialiste de l'instrument. *Hot Mallets* (La Voix de son Maître).

HODGES (Cornelius « Johnny »), as, ss. — L'un des plus grands solistes de jazz. Entré chez Ellington en 1928, il y fit toute sa carrière. Quoique nullement négligeable, son influence n'a pas été en rapport avec son exceptionnelle valeur. *Home town blues* (Swing) ; *The mood to be wooed* (La Voix de son Maître) ; *Sultry Sunset* (Odéon), avec Ellington.

JACKSON (Milton), vib. — Une des figures importantes du mouvement *be-bop*. *Round about midnight*, avec D. Gillespie (Blue Star).

JACQUET (Illinois), ts. — Semble avoir été à l'origine, vers le début de la guerre, d'un style de ténor très personnel à mi-chemin entre Hawkins et Lester Young. *Blues*, avec le J.A.T. Philharmonic (Disc) ; *Robbin's nest* (Jazz Sélection).

JOHNSON (James-P.), p. — L'un des premiers grands pianistes de jazz. Fut à l'origine d'une longue lignée de pianistes qui va de Fats Waller, son élève, à Errol Garner. *Comin' on with the come on*, avec Mezz Mezzrow (Swing) ; *Ain't Misbehavin'* (Decca).

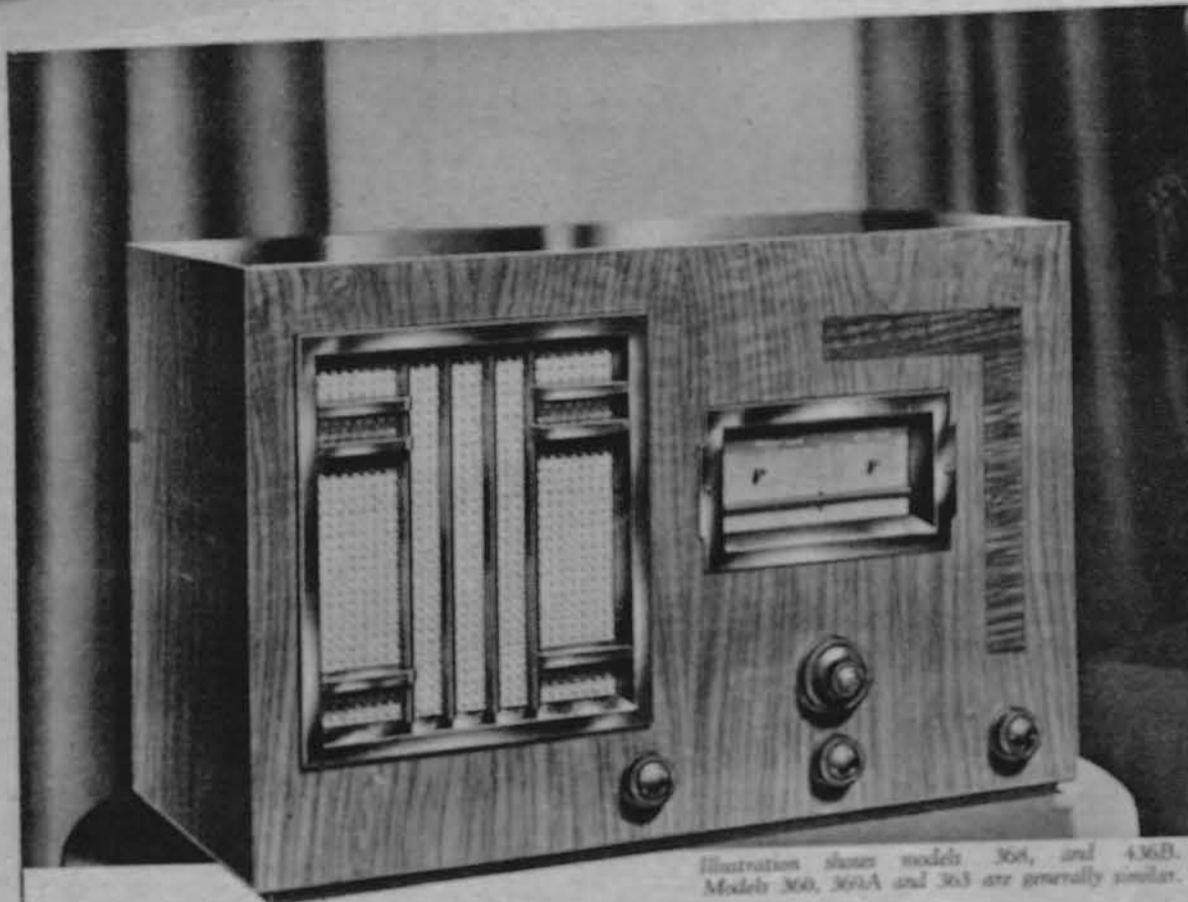


Illustration shows models 364, and 436B. Models 360, 360A and 363 are generally similar.

SUPER-FERRODYNES

REGD.

Incorporating special super-selective coils and a Cossor Screened H.F. Pentode in the first stage, this popular series of Receivers provides a wide choice of programmes with adequate selectivity.

Battery Model 360

With sensitive Moving Iron Speaker. **£5 . 15**

H.P. Terms: 12/6 deposit and 12 monthly payments of 16/-.

Battery Model 363

With 8-in. P.M. Moving Coil Speaker. **£6 . 15**

H.P. Terms: 15/- deposit and 11 monthly payments of 15/-.

Battery Model 436B

With Class B Output and 8-in. P.M. Moving Coil Speaker. **£8 . 8**

H.P. Terms: 25/- deposit and 11 monthly payments of 16/-.

All-Electric Model 368

For use on A.C. Mains **£8 . 18 . 6** only.

H.P. Terms: 15/6 deposit and 12 monthly payments of 15/6.

Universal Model 369A

For use on either D.C. or A.C. Mains. Universal adaptation. **£8 . 8**

H.P. Terms: 14/6 deposit and 12 monthly payments of 14/6.

De-Luxe A.C. Model 367

(Not illustrated). Special Triple Selector Circuit, Thermometer Tuning **9½ GNS.**

H.P. Terms: 17/- deposit and 12 monthly payments of 17/-.

Batteries are not included in the prices of battery models.

Illustration below shows Superhets Models 366A and 364

COSSOR RADIO

For Radio at its very best—for Radio that is simple—selective—and sensitive—decide on Cossor. Cossor Radio is built in the Empire's largest self-contained Radio factory. It is tested and re-tested at every stage of production. A Cossor Receiver will bring you a wealth of B.B.C. and European programmes—station after station—one at a time—at generous volume—clear—clean cut—free from interference. See and hear Cossor Radio at any good Wireless Shop, or send the coupon below for catalogue fully illustrated in colour.

SUPERHETS

These fine Cossor Superhets have a very high degree of selectivity. At a turn of the single tuning knob, station after station can be heard—at satisfying volume—free from interference.

A.C. Mains Model 364

As illustration on right, has Thermometer Tuning. **11 GNS.**
H.P. Terms: 20/- deposit and 12 monthly payments of 20/-.

De Luxe A.C. Model 365

Not illustrated. Cabinet finished in walnut and old gold. Has Neon Visual Tuning Indicator, 10-in. Concert Grand Speaker, **14 GNS.** etc.
H.P. Terms: 25/- deposit and 12 monthly payments of 25/-.

Battery Model 366A

As illustration on right, incorporates the new Thermometer Tuning. **9 GNS.**

H.P. Terms: 17/6 deposit and 11 monthly payments of 17/6.

Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

FREE!

16 - PAGE CATALOGUE
PRINTED IN FULL COLOUR
GIVING DETAILS OF ALL
COSSOR RECEIVERS AND
RADIOGRAMS

USE THIS COUPON

To A. C. COSSOR LTD., Melody Dept., Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of your latest catalogue in full colour.

Name

Address

P.S. 6/12/35.



A. C. Cossor Ltd., Highbury Grove, London, N.5, and Branches.

7951

PIPER HEIDSIECK

SCHENLEY'S GENUINE
BACARDI
SERVED
NO SUBSTITUTIONS TOLERATED

Pommery

WHITELEY'S
KINGS RANSOM
ROUND THE WORLD

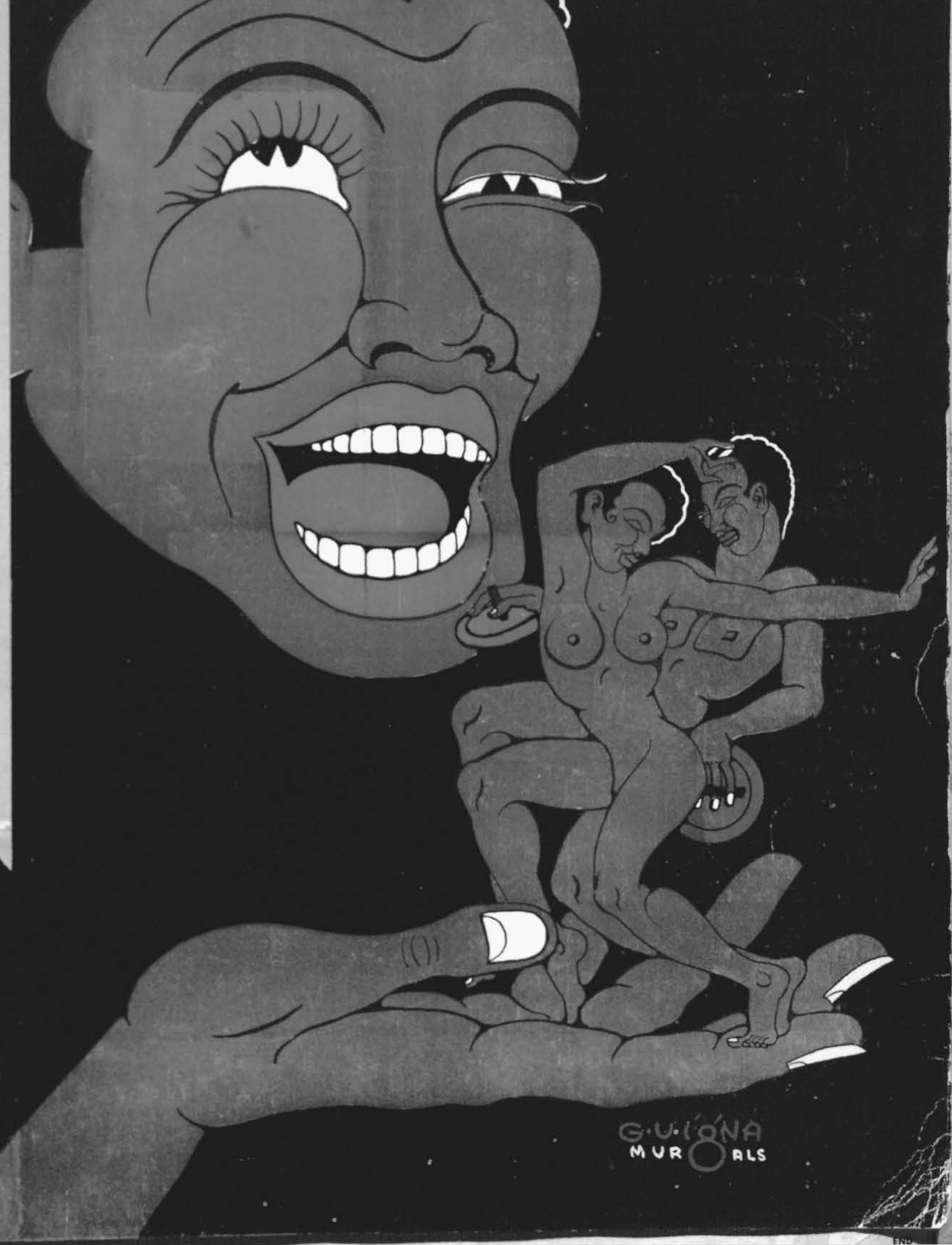
LORD
CALVERT
(BOTTLED IN BOND)

FOUR
ROSES

Pol Roger

G. U. I. O. N. A
MURALS

COGNIES



WINES

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL .75

CHAMPAGNE		Qts.	Pts.
Piper Heidsieck, Extra Dry (1926)	10.00	5.50	
Pol Roger, Brut (1926)	10.00		
Lanson, Pere et Fils (1926)	10.00	5.50	
Veuve Clicquot, Yellow Label (1926)	10.00		
Charles Heidsieck, Extra Dry (1926)	10.00		
Louis Roederer, Brut (1926)	10.00		
Moet & Chandon, White Seal (1928)	10.00		
Krug (1926)	10.00		
Ernest Irroy (1928)	10.00	5.50	
Mumm's Cordon Rouge (1926)	10.00		
Cazales (1923)	8.00		

DOMESTIC CHAMPAGNE

	Qts.	Pts.
Gold Seal	5.50	
San Benito	5.50	
Great Western	5.50	

RED BORDEAUX (Imported Clarets)

	Qts.	Pts.
Medoc	3.50	2.00
Margaux	4.00	2.50
Chateau Lafite Rothschild	5.00	2.75
Chateau Pontet Canet	4.00	2.50
Chateau La Mission Haut-Brion	5.00	2.75
St. Julien	3.50	2.00

WHITE BORDEAUX (Imported)

	Qts.	Pts.
Barsac	3.50	2.00
Graves Superior	3.50	2.00
Sauternes	3.50	2.00
Haut Sauternes	3.50	2.00

IMPORTED TOKAY

	Bot.	Drunk
Sweet and Dry	6.00	

COCKTAILS

Bronx	.50
Clover Club	.60
Alexander	.60
Bacardi	.60
Daiquiri	.60
Dubonnet	.50
Manhattan	.50
Jack Rose	.60
Martini	.50
Orange Blossom	.50
Sazerac	.60
Side Car	.60
Stinger	.60
Pink Lady	.60
Rum Sarthe	.50
Old Fashioned, Canadian or American Bonded	.75
Old Fashioned, Blended Whiskey	.60

FANCY MIXED DRINKS

Sloe Gin Fizz	.60
Sloe Gin Rickey	.60
Claret Punch	.65
Gin Daisy	.60
Gin Fizz	.50
Golden Fizz	.60
Silver Fizz	.60
Gin Rickey	.50
Mint Julep	.75
New Orleans Fizz	.75
Sherry Cobbler	.75
Sherry Flip	.60
Tom Collins	.60
Whiskey Punch	.60
Whiskey Sour	.60
Horses Neck	.60
Lemonade	.50
Orangeade	.50
Claret Lemonade	.65
Planters Punch	.75
Gin Buck	.50

BOTTLED BEERS, ALES AND STOUT

King's	.50	Budweiser	.50
Pabst Blue Ribbon	.50	Heineken's Imported	.75
Schlitz	.50		
Flanagan-Nay	.50	Burke's Bass Ale	.75
		Guinness' Stout	.75

MINERAL WATERS

Pt.	Nips	Pt.	Nips
Canada Dry Ginger Ale	.60 .35	Perrier Water	.60 .35
Appolaris	.60 .35	Club Soda	.60 .35
White Rock	.60 .35	Poland Water	.60 .35
		Celestine Vichy	.60 .35

AMERICAN BONDED RYE

Old Crow	.75
Kentucky Tavern (17 Yrs.)	.75
Mount Vernon	.75
Old Taylor	.75
Old Schenley	.75
Old Overholt	.75
I. W. Harper	.75
Old Granddady	.75
Antique	.75

CANADIAN RYE (Bonded)

Lord Calvert	.70
Seagram's V. O.	.70
Canadian Club	.70
Guggenheimer	.70
Seagram's "83"	.70
Green River, 7 Yrs.	.70

AMERICAN RYE

Calvert Reserve	.50
Paul Jones	.50
Three Feathers	.50
Old Daddy	.50
Penn Tavern	.50
Golden Wedding	.50
Hiram Walker	.50
Old Downs	.50
Seagram's 7 Crown	.50
Highball, 10c. Extra	

SCOTCH

Peter Buchanan	.65
Buchanan Liqueur	.65
Whiteley's Kings Ransom	.65
Whiteley's House of Lords	.65
White Horse	.65
Vat 69	.65
Ne Plus Ultra	.65
Haig & Haig *****	.65
Haig & Haig Pinch Bottle	.65
Cutty Sark	.65
St. James	.65
Cream of Barley	.65
King George	.65
Highland Nectar	.65
Kintore	.65
Johnny Walker, Black Label	.65
Ben Coe	.65
Teachers Highland Cream	.65
Black & White	.65
Long John	.65
Highball, 10c. Extra	

IRISH WHISKIES

E. & J. Burke's	.60
Old Bushmills	.60
Jamesons	.60

COGNAC—BRANDY

Planat ***	.60 .75
Otard	.60 .75
Penn Tavern	.60 .75
Remy Martin ***	.60 .75
Martell ***	.60 .75
Hennessy ***	.60 .75
Remy Martin V.S.O.P. (40 Yr.)	.75 1.00
Courvosier V.O. (20 Yr.)	.75 1.00
Napoleon (40 Yr.)	.75 1.00

APPLEJACK

Hildick's	.60
Laird's	.60

SPARKLING BURGUNDIES

	Qts.	Pts.
Chauvenet Red Cap (Imp.)	8.00	4.25
Caves du Val d'Or	7.00	3.75
Pierre Ponelle (Imp.)	7.00	3.75
Francois (Dom.)	5.50	3.00

RED BURGUNDIES (Red Still)

	Qts.	Pts.
Macon	4.00	2.50
Beaune	4.00	2.50
Pommard	4.50	2.50
Chambertin	5.00	2.75

WHITE BURGUNDIES (Still)

	Qts.	Pts.
Chablis	4.00	2.50
Chassagne		
Montrachet	5.00	3.00
Vouvray	4.00	2.50

RHINE and MOSELLE WINES

	Qts.	Pts.
Liebfraumlisch	4.00	2.50
Hocheimer	4.00	2.50
Johannisberger	4.00	2.50
Zeltinger	4.00	2.50
Berncastler	4.00	2.50
Oppenheimer	4.00	2.50

ITALIAN WINE (Imp.)

Chianti (Brolio)	3.50
------------------	------

TOKAY

Sweet Wine	4.00	.75
------------	------	-----

APERITIFS

Dubonnet	.50
French Vermouth	.50
Italian Vermouth	.50
Sherry	.50

LIQUEURS

Benedictine and Brandy	.60
Cointreau	.50
Benedictine	.50
Apricot Brandy	.50
Grand Marnier	.50
Chartreuse—Green and Yellow	.50

CRÈME DE MENTHE

Crème de Menthe—Green and White	.50
Blackberry Brandy	.50
Crème de Cacao	.50
Kummel	.50
Cherry Brandy	.50
Anisette	.50
Crème de Yvette	.50
Legendre Herbsaint	.50
Curacao Orange	.50
Rock and Rye	.50

RUM

Schenley's Bacardi	.50
Oro-Gold Blanca-White	

GIN

Fleischman's	.50
King Arthur	.50
Capitol Club	.50
Walker's Gayosa	.50
Paul Jones	.50
White Satin	.50

MENU

Minimum Charge After 10 P. M. Sundays \$2.50 per Person; On Saturdays, Holiday Eves and Holidays \$3.00 per Person

MINIMUM CHARGE FOR DINNER WEEKDAYS \$1.50 PER PERSON; AFTER 10 P. M. \$2.00 PER PERSON

MINIMUM CHARGE FOR DINNER SAT., SUN. & HOLIDAYS \$2.00 PER PERSON; AFTER 10 P. M. \$2.50 PER PERSON

APPETIZERS

Hors d'Oeuvres	1 25	Oysters or Clams on Half Shell	45	Grapefruit Suprême	50
Hearts of Celery	50	with Cocktail Sauce	50	Stuffed Celery	75
Half Grapefruit, Maraschino	40	Fresh Melons in Season	50	Fruit Cocktail	50
Fresh Beluga Caviar	2 00	Tomato Juice	30	Chopped Chicken Liver, Onions	50
Green or Ripe Olives	40	Fresh Shrimp Cocktail	75	Crab Meat Cocktail	60

SOUPS

Chicken Consommé with Rice	30	Cream of Tomato	40	Onion au Gratin	50
		Chicken Okra	40		

FISH

FILET OF SOLE, MARGUERY	1 50	BROILED BLUEFISH, MAITRE D'HOTEL	1 50
-------------------------	------	----------------------------------	------

STEAKS AND CHOPS

LAMB CHOPS	1 50	BROILED SIRLOIN STEAK (Per Person)	2 25
STEAK MINUTE, O'BRIEN POTATOES	1 75	FILET MIGNON with FRESH MUSHROOMS	2 50
BROILED HAMBURGER STEAK	2 00		

SANDWICHES

Imported Caviar	2 00
Domestic Caviar	1 25
Turkey, Russian Dressing	1 00
Imported Sardines and Tomatoes	75
Combination	75
Lettuce and Tomato	75
Ham Sandwich	75
Western Sandwich	75
Cheese Dream	1 00
Tongue Delite	75
Imported Swiss Cheese	80
Melted Cheese	75
Chicken Sandwich	1 00

Special Southern Fried

Chicken Dinner

\$1.50

CELERY OLIVES

CHICKEN CONSOMME with RICE or CHICKEN OKRA

SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN

with CANDIED YAMS and CORN FRITTER

HOT BISCUITS AND HONEY

APPLE PIE DEMI TASSE

Served from 6 to 9:30 P. M.

SANDWICHES

Cannibal with Chopped Egg	1 00
Hot Chicken Sandwich	1 25
Chopped Chicken Liver	75
Steak Sandwich	1 50
Roast Beef	1 00
Hot Roast Beef	1 25
Cream Cheese with Bar le Duc	75
Ham and Egg Sandwich	75
Hamburger Sandwich	1 00
Chicken Club Sandwich	1 25

SPECIAL FEATURES

Spaghetti with Chicken Livers, Caruso	1 50	Sweetbread, Virginia	2 00
Roast Prime Ribs of Beef	1 50	Chicken Liver Sauté with Bacon	1 50
Chicken Currie with Rice	1 75	Minced Chicken à la King	1 75
Cold Roast Beef and Potato Salad	1 50	Assorted Cold Cuts with Chicken	1 75
Chicken Liver Omelette	1 25	Beef Steak, Tartar	1 75
Roast Vermont Turkey, Cranberry Sauce	1 75	Chicken Mexicaine	1 75
Southern Fried Chicken, Candied Yams	1 75		
Sliced Beef Steak, Sauce Robert	2 00		
Sliced White Meat of Chicken, Royal	2 25		
Broiled Fresh Mushrooms on Toast	1 50		

VEGETABLES

Green Peas	40	Spinach, Plain	30	French Fried	30	Julienne	35
Oyster Bay Asparagus	75	Creamed Spinach	40	Hashed Brown	35	Lyonnais	40
String Beans	40	Lima Beans	40	Au Gratin	45	Candied Sweet	40
Buttered Beets	40	Stewed Tomatoes	35	Boiled	30	Home Fried	35
Buttered Carrots	40	Grilled Tomatoes	40				

SALADS

Chicken Salad	1 75	Welsh Rarebit	1 00	Shirred Eggs, Chicken Livers	1 25
Combination	1 00	Long Island	1 25	Ham or Bacon and Eggs, Plain or Country Style	1 25
Hearts of Lettuce	1 00	Golden Buck	1 25	Scrambled Eggs and Onions	1 25
Lettuce and Tomato	1 00				

Orien

CHICKEN CHOW MEIN
CHICKEN CHOP SUEY
CHINESE PEPPER STEAK
MUSHROOM AND GREEN PEPPER CHOP SUEY
CHICKEN YOCAMEIN (Chinese Noodle Soup)

CHEESE

Camembert	40	French Ice Cream	
Philadelphia Cream	50	Petit Fours	
Roquefort	40	Peach Melba	
Imported Swiss	50	Meringue Glacée	
American	40		

Our facilities are especially suited for catering to all occasions. Kindly have your committee or chair help you with timely suggestions!

THERE IS NEVER A COVER CHARGE AT

CONNIE'S INN

BROADWAY AT 48th STREET



Owing to our elaborate show, a minimum of \$2.00 per person is required to be spent on Weekdays and \$2.50 on Sundays, for which you may partake of food and beverages.

On Saturdays, Holiday Eves and Holidays the minimum spending amount is \$3.00 per person at all tables.

MINIMUM CHARGE STARTS AT 10 P. M.

